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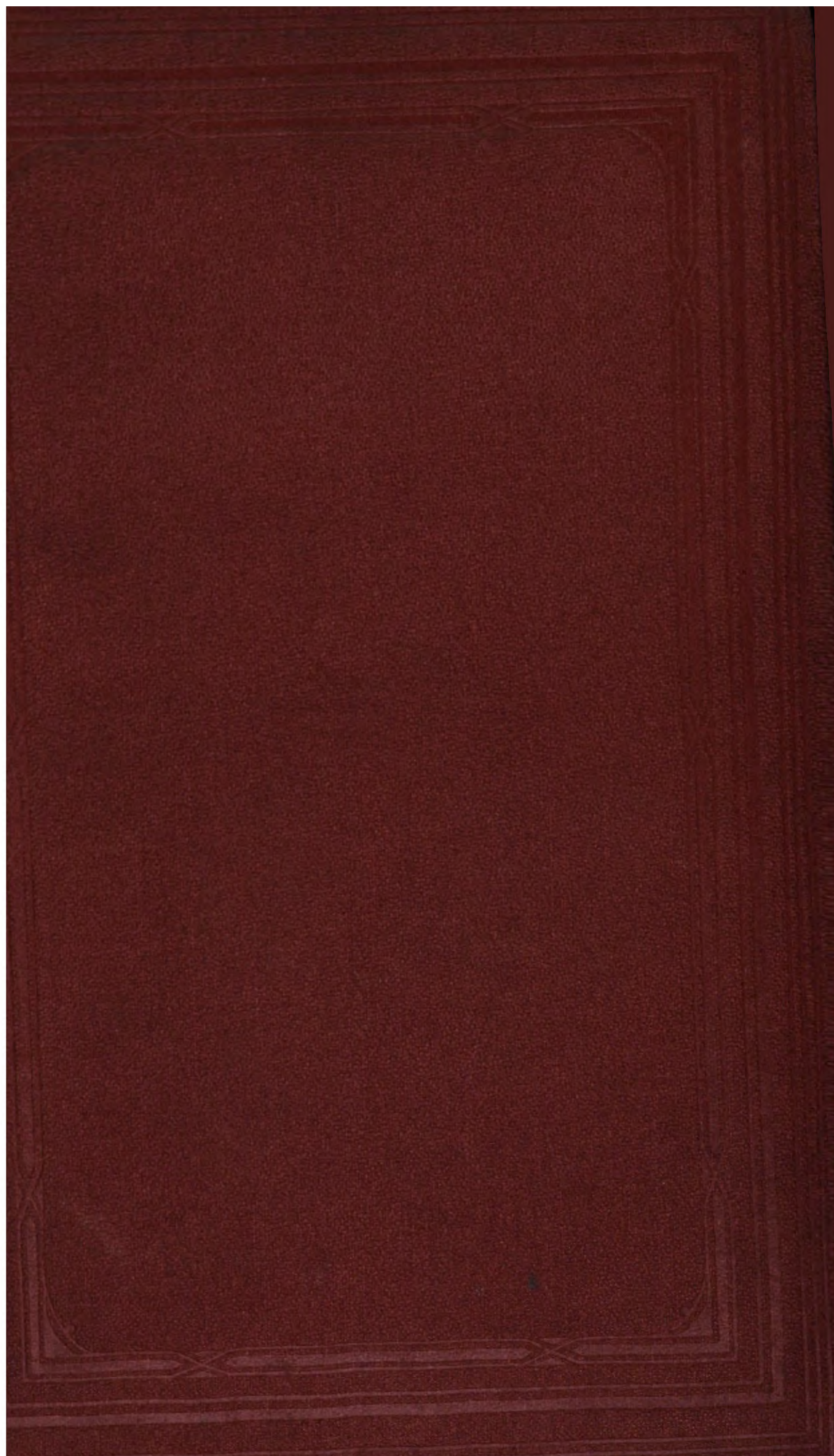
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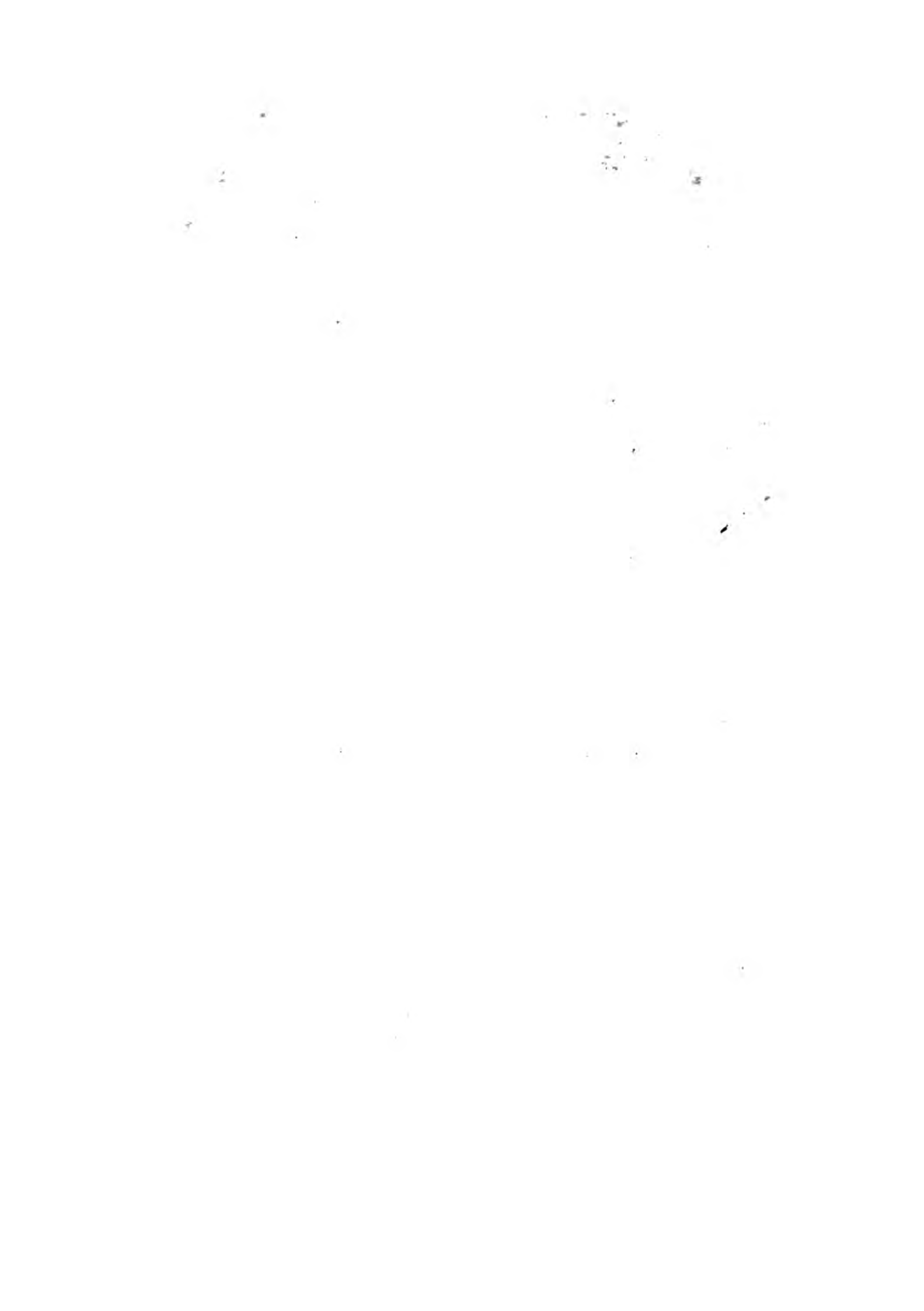
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GOSPEL-HUSBANDRY;

OR,

THE PILGRIM IN THE MISSION FIELD.

A SERIES OF

Short Devotional Readings;

WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES.



BY HENRY SMITH, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE PILGRIM'S STAFF,"
ETC., ETC.

LONDON:

WILLIAM MACINTOSH,
24, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1866.

141. j. 47.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST REVEREND
THE VICE-PATRON,
THE RIGHT HON. THE PRESIDENT,
THE VICE-PRESIDENTS,
AND
THE COMMITTEE
OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

This Work

IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



To the Reader.

It has long been my privilege to stand in close connexion with the Church Missionary Society. I have enjoyed the opportunity, not only of marking the principles which govern its movements, but of seeing them tested by the results of its efforts. And I have besides considered it part of the duty imposed upon me, by the relation in which I stand towards the Society, to make myself acquainted with the annals of its growth, from its infancy until the present day of its ripened manhood. The result of this experience and study has happily established me in the conviction—a conviction which I hold in common with all those who have traced effects to causes, in accounting for its success—that the great Lord of the harvest has crowned its labours with His special blessing,—because they have been conducted with a single eye and a single heart to His glory, in the unfolding of His salvation in the face of the heathen ;—because, on the part of the governing body, as well as of its

agents, the corner-stone of their counsels, resolves, and operations, has been a determination to “know nothing save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified;”—because they have, with one accord, persevered, under the grace and in the strength of the Blessed Spirit, in seeking light and wisdom from above, as the indispensable qualification for extending the borders of the Redeemer’s kingdom upon earth. And the Society has approved itself no less faithful a servant of the Church of England; the appliances of its husbandry having been none other than the teachings of that glorious Gospel, without which she cannot have a “name to live.” The course of the Society, indeed, has been one even tenor of stedfast faith in Christ, and fidelity to His service; it has lent itself to no Gospel which was not His Gospel, and advanced no doctrine, and taught no practice, but those which are drawn from the infallible standard of truth, that “engrafted Word” which alone is able to save souls.

To the records of this Society, then, I have had recourse for many of the spiritual and moral lessons to be found in the following pages; and to scarcely any other source, for the exhibition of the fruits of the seed sown.

Pray for me, Christian reader, that the instruc-

tion which I have gathered, if, by the Divine blessing, it should prove wholesome for you to learn and take to heart, may not be lost upon my own soul ; and that to both of us it may prove “ a savour of life unto life.” So shall the harvest be blessed unto him that sows, as well as to him that reaps.

H. S.

May He, who has drawn so many hearts by the great magnet of His Cross, and the attraction of His Love, draw us all nearer and nearer, that in His Light we may see more and more Light; and, in His Love, yet more and more warmth of love, till heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and time, and influence, and money, and talents, and life itself, are wholly given up to His work—His service—His glory!

*Rev. W. W. Champneys. Anniversary Sermon preached
before the Church Missionary Society, May 2, 1853.*

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ABASEMENT of self: Du Moulin—Wogan—Mathews . . .	156
AGE, old: Wilberforce—Baillie—Golled	172
AFFECTION, Filial: Becon—Moravian Hymn—S. Crowther . . .	193
ATONEMENT, the: ¶ E. Bickersteth—Luther—Bp. Corrie—Hobbs	170
BAPTISM: Bullinger—Lake—Williams—Fisher	14
——— into Christ's death: Perkins—Hale—British Guiana . . .	68
BLOOD, the precious: Friend—Doddridge—T. Taylor—Cockran . .	219
BRITAIN, its duty: B. Woodd—Overton—C. Buchanan	87
CHASTENINGS: Tyndale—Baillie—¶ Pascal—Sargent	174
CHILDREN, Christ's "little:" Bp. Jewel—Thomason—Hobbs	54
———, the lost: Woodd—R. Montgomery—Krapf	69
CHRIST, extension of His kingdom: Archbp. J. B. Sumner— Gardiner—D. Wilson	3
——— Crucified, of preaching: S. Augustine—Quarles—Mathews —Jowett	12
———, the Great Physician: Bp. Hall—Clories—Dicker	20
———, the light of man: Bp. Brownrig—Champneys—Cotterill— Buchanan	28
———, our strength: Haweis—Hales—¶ Becon—Quarles— Zwingli	29
———, Church of: Desanctis—Bacon—W. Jones—McNeile	31
———, none but: Eliot—Watson—Quarles—H. Martyn	45
———, dying unto: Bp. Jewel—Tyndale—Guion—Cockran	55
———, choosing: Jones—Moultrie—Krusé—Brown	65
———, His righteousness: Hooker—Crabbe—Guana-mattoo	71
———, forsaking all for: Bradford—Young Brahmin—Leutpolt . . .	86
———, living without: Bishop Reynolds—Mayor	91

	PAGE
CHRIST, blood of: Taylor—Bp. Sprat—Watts—Cockran .	120
——, God with us: Townshend—Krapf	134
——, none but: Goode—Cecil—Abdool Messeh	142
——, love to: J. Montgomery—Sir M. Hale—Maika	178
——, a perfect Saviour: Bishop Babington—¶ C. Rhenius	215
——, and His Church: Watts—Arndt—Cockran	223
CHURCH (house of God)	34
COMPANIONSHIP: Venn—Cowper—Samuel	131
CONTENTMENT: Watson—¶ Bishop Hooper—Devasagayam	206
CONVERSION: ¶ Lord Hatton—Coleridge—North-American Indian	161
COVETOUSNESS: Bishop Brownrig—H. K. White—McClutchie	213
CROSS, the (preaching): Bp. McIlvaine—Bp. Coverdale—Millman —Mathias	41
DARKNESS, Heathen: Dale — Holywell — Church Missionary Society's Report	60
—— : Bishop Brownrig—Goode—Buchanan	121
DEATH, hope in: Bates—Arnold—Weeks	7
——, joy in: Bradford—Fletcher—Jane Grey—Kenner	77
——, preparedness for: Cunningham—Hemans—Davis	128
——, the dying Christian: Lord Teignmouth—Wolters	179
DEATH, an abomination: Kettlewell—Byfield—South—Herbert— Fox	21
DECEIVER, the great: Brodrick—¶ Krapf—Kendall	210
DENIAL, SELF-: Arnot—Preston—S. Augustine—S. Basil—Quarles —Gobat	76
EARTH and heaven: Green—Krapf	226
EDUCATION: Baxter—Cecil—Abdool Meeshed—Selkirk	177
ENEMIES, forgiveness of: Huss—¶ Bishop J. Taylor—Bishop Heber—E. Taylor—Davies	148
ENGLAND, the Church of: Bp. Jewel—Coleridge—Chillingworth— ¶ Edward VI., Primer—D. Wilson	33
EXAMINATION, SELF-: Bishop Latimer—Johnson	168
FAITH, its fruits: Bp. Hooper—Hales—Chandler—¶ Jenks—J. Pratt	17
——, its nature: Fournier—Bp. Latimer—Hickes—Brown	72
——, justification by: Origen—Luther—Church of England— Toplady—Obeck	25
——, purifying: Archbishop Usher—Heidelberg Catechism—Sir E. Tennent	84

	PAGE
FAITH, a dead : Homily—Bishop Brownrig—Scott—Coleridge— Bp. Smith—Crowther	145
—, the only way : Haweis—Watson—Coleridge—¶ Budd	199
—, rule of : Bishop Stillingfleet—Bp. Grindal—S. Jerome— Watts—Powell	212
FEAR OF GOD : Bishop Ridley—Mede—Bishop Bull—Bunyan— ¶ S. Augustine—Brett	123
FORGIVENESS OF SIN : Ambrose—S. Augustine—Crabbe—James	144
FORMS, catholicity in : Book of Common Prayer—Church of England—Ignatius—Krapf	96
FRIEND, the heavenly : Krishna—Watson—P. Simeon	202
GOD, the Word of (standard of faith) : S. Basil—Origen—¶ Nowell —J. T. Johnson	16
—, the house of : ¶ Schwartz—Bishop of Montreal	34
—, His will, and ours : Comber—S. Augustine—Bp. Andrews— Bp. Heber—Schwartz—Devasagayam	35
—, love to man : Baxter—¶ Bp. Ken—Davison—Kogel	38
—, Word of, our judge : Bradford—¶ Book of Common Prayer, 1559—Thomas—Davis—Fisher	43
—, its sufficiency : Homily, Church of England— ¶ Homily—Kelly—Dennis	61
—, neglect of : Wycliffe—Bridges—Martyn—Wolters	73
—, ways of ; W. Goode—C. Fry—Slave-trade	94
—, love to man : McNeile—Hale—Klein	102
—, children of : Burkitt—P. Henry—S. Wilhelm	147
—, the Word of (reverence for) : Bishop Nicholson—Cudworth —Beale, &c. (See also " Word of God ")	194
GOSPEL (the glad tidings) : Bp. Brownrig—C. E.—Vaughan	1
—, spread of the : Bradley—Pettit—J. Tucker	78
—, leaven : Melancthon—Shekh Sulib	100
—, land of the : Edward VI.—Freysel—Bp. Heber	117
—, rejection of the : Bishop Brownrig—S. Cyprian—Johnson	141
—, remedy : Preston—Watts—Bishop Corrie	163
—, power of the : D'Aubigné—C. Elizabeth—Wanganai	175
HAPPINESS : Wogan—Savanarola—Toplady—Weitbrecht	48
HEART, the Given : Hale—Bishop Patrick—Elliott—Attera	99
—, the Natural : Venn—Baillie—Dixon	103
—, the, to be Christ's : W. Jowett—Quarles—W. Johnson	15
—, the New : ¶ Edward VI., Primer—Vaughan—C. Buchanan	85

	PAGE
HEART, the New: ¶ Bishop Beveridge—The Zemindar	196
HEATHEN, the, Christ's Inheritance: ¶ Bp. Nicholson—Montgomery—L. Richmond	2
——— Millions, the: ¶ Bickersteth—Birks—Hoffman	51
———, love for: Hoffman—Watts—Bishop D. Wilson	154
HEAVEN: Watts—Musculus—Keach—Schaffter	222
HOLINESS, its nature: Cudworth—¶ Past Years—Graf	125
HOPE, the Believer's: Hooker—Maunsell	110
———; Teste—Flavel—Neff—Ward	220
HOUSE OF PRAYER: Homily—Harding	114
———, Reverence in: ¶ Townshend—Herbert—Bishop Dealtry	139
HUMILITY: Watson—Wogan—C. Fry—Abdool Messeeh	47
———: F. Neff—Bishop Sanderson—Bishop J. Taylor—Trench—African Convert	217
IDOLS, Worship of: Origen—Madras Journal—J. Montgomery—Fox	184
IMMANUEL'S CAPTIVES: Bishop D. Wilson—R. Montgomery—Gurnon—Hobbs	162
IMPROVEMENT, Religious: Frederick William III.—American Missionary	42
INDUSTRY: Bishop Hall—C. M. Gleaner	221
JESUS, Access to: Eliot—Whitehead—Schmid	44
——, Trust in: Burns—Butscher—Eckhardt	59
——, Fulness of: Winslow—M. N.—Biddulph—Davies	67
JOY, the Missionary's: Bishop Anderson—Lyte—W. Johnson—Bishop Corrie	181
JUDGING, Charity in: Archbishop Sandys—Bishop Hopkins	155
JUDGMENT, the Last: Bishop Heber—Greaves—Caldwell	204
JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH: Origen—Luther—Church of England—Toplady—Obek	25
KNOWLEDGE (Religious) of the Heart: Cudworth—Herbert—Schwartz	30
——— of Christ: Archbishop Leighton—Schwartz	192
LAMB, the, of God: Woodd—¶ Shuttleworth—Labrador	83
LIFE of Christ in Man: Worthington—New Zealand Chief	105
——, Humble: R. Montgomery—Boys—R. Davis	182

CONTENTS.

xiii

	PAGE
LITURGY, the English : Simeon—Walton—Crowther	169
LORD, the House of the : W. Goode—W. Cockran	10
—, His Day : Joceline—R. Fletcher—J. Beale	19
LOVE, Brotherly : Rose—Bp. Latimer—Elem. M. Theology—Jesty	63
— of the Father and the Son : Keach—Bernard—Watts— Kissling	198
— of Neighbour : Archbishop Cranmer—Abraham	140
— : Lactantius—¶ John Huss—Robertson	214
— for the Heathen : F. Close—Dale—Gillies—Settee	216
LUKEWARMNESS : Bishop Brownrig—F. Quarles—Neff—Hawkins	146
MAN, Creation of : ¶ Townshend—Marsden	124
—, Fall of : Keach—Lyte—Hoffmann	153
—, Depravity of : Bullinger—Bp. Reynolds—Keach—Dr. Duff	188
MARRIED STATE, the : Serle—Mounsell	130
— : P. Henry—C. Wesley—Weitbrecht	176
MEDIATOR, the One : King Edward VI.—Bp. Reynolds—Corrie	9
MELODY, of Public : S. Jerome—Hooker—C. M. Institution— Jones	22
MISSION, the Grand : B. Woodd—T. Scott	27
—, every Man's : Smith—J. Montgomery—Bickersteth	92
MISSIONARY, the ; his Office : Richmond—Logan—Nyländer—Budd	52
— ; his Joy : Bishop D. Wilson—Phelan—C. Simeon	173
MISSIONARIES, Prayer for	66
—' Farewell : Bishop Wilson—Harrison	135
MISSIONS, the God of : Horne—¶ Krapf	126
—, the Harvest Ripening : ¶ Swete—C. Wesley—J. Thomas	74
—, Fruits of : Singer—Archd. Brown	227
MOMENT, the Present : Smith—Bp. Corrie	90
MORNING : Scriver—Watts—W. Wilberforce	116
MORROW, the : Latrobe—¶ Bishop Nicholson—L. Strong	190
NATIVITY, Feast of Christ's : ¶ Bp. J. Taylor—C. E.—N. Zealand	57
NEW YEAR'S DAY : H. E. C.—¶ Hobson	98
NIGHT : R.—Joceline—Fisher	115
NINEVEH : Keith—Goode—Perkins	113
OBEDIENCE : Anglo-Saxon Homily — ¶ Townsend — Vaughan— Burkitt—Schmid	152
ONENESS IN CHRIST : Cumming—Bishop Hooper—J. Collier	158
OUTWARD OBSERVANCES : Cudworth—Rev. W. Krusé	164

	PAGE
PARENT, the Unnatural : Keach—Smith—C. M. Papers	53
PARENTS, Duty of: Bp. Ken—Bp. Jewel—¶ R.—Davies—C. M. Society's Schools	39
———' Love to Children : Keach—Watts—Davis	40
PERSECUTION for Christ's Sake: Archbp. Leighton—Bp. Hall—¶ Bp. Ridley—Newton—Paleario	111
PRAYER, Duty of: Smith—Tupper—Mounsell	4
———, Intercessory : Byfield — Hankinson — Gollmer — ¶ D. Wilson	5
——— for the Heathen : ¶ J. Swete—Watts—Adley	13
——— Closet : Forsyth—Becon—Hymn—¶ Wilberforce—Davis—Melancthon	56
——— for Missionaries : ¶ C. E.—Horne—Bickersteth	66
———, directions for : Edw. VI., Primer—Leupolt	118
———, profit of : Old Hymn—Origen—Cockran	186
PRAYERFULNESS : Flavel—Coleridge—W. Jowett	201
PRIDE : Law—Milton—R. Taylor	88
PROTESTANTISM and Romanism : Cudworth—Newman—Bilderbeck	197
REDEEMED, the : Bradley—Baker	122
REDEMPTION : Winslow—¶ Luther—Lefevre—Jones	203
REFUGE, the sure : Bishop Horne—M. Henry—Herbert—Frey	195
RELIGION (formalism) : Bp. Hopkins—Watson—J. T. Wolters	18
———, personal : American—Herbert—N. Zealand	187
REPENTANCE : Sanderson—¶ Bishop Coverdale—W. Rowley	80
——— ¶ Archbishop Cranmer—Primitive Hymn—Indian Girl	143
RESIGNATION : Worthington—¶ Savonarola—Blonde	211
RIGHTEOUSNESS, justifying : Goode—P. Henry—Cockran	132
ROCK, the : Origen—M'Caul—Paulinus—Report C. M. Society	58
ROD, the : Hale—A'Kempis—Phelan—Butscher	97
ROME, the Church of : Desanctis—C. Buchanan	32
SABBATH, the	19
——— : ¶ M. Hale—Origen—Worth	138
———, reverence for : Old Sonnet—Barenbruck—Cobbold	207
SACRIFICES : Philo—Bishop Shuttleworth—Bishop Corrie	166
SALVATION (of free grace) : Bradford—¶ Flavel—Wendnagel	8
——— of others, zeal for : ¶ Bishop Coverdale—Latrobe—W. Johnson	183
SANCTIFICATION : Martyn—¶ Martyn—Pascal—B. N.—Prissada	171

	PAGE
SATAN, yoke of: Vaudois Confession—J. Montgomery—J. Knight	93
SCHOOL, the Sabbath: J. Harding—Kingsmill—Beale	150
SCORNER, the: Burns—Habington—Labrador	70
SERPENT, the: Lightfoot—Newton—Vishnoo	36
———, his kingdom: T. Taylor—Latrobe—Buchanan	149
SHEPHERD, the good: Stevenson—¶ Smith—Hartley	95
SICKNESS, prayer in, &c.: Bishop Coverdale—African Communicant	127
SIN, conviction of: S. S. Y.—¶ Dean Boys—G. E. Smith—A Brahmin	79
———, sense of: Bishop Reynolds—¶ Swete—Corrie	101
SINNER, the, his refuge: Pascal—Bp. Coverdale—Bp. Gobat	64
SINS, little: Venn—Bishop Taylor—¶—C. Taylor	108
SPIRIT, the Holy: Bp. Andrews—¶ Letter from a Missionary	24
———, guidance of the: Bp. Berkeley—Scott—Latrobe—Farrar.	157
———, help of the: ¶ Book of C. P., 1559—Bridges—Hurt— Abdool Messeeh	46
———, indwelling of the: Bishop Coverdale—¶ Bishop Selwyn	189
———, mediation of the: Venn—Croly—New Zealander's letter.	129
———, sanctification by: Nec. Doctr.—South—Davis—Williams	107
STEDFASTNESS: John Huss—Kelly—Abbeokouta	218
STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS: Tyndale—Beaumont—C. Buchanan	81
——— in Jesus: M'Duff—¶ Bull—C. Taylor—Thomason	89
SUPERSTITION, horrors of: Cunningham—Krapf	165
SUPPER, the Lord's: Aelfrick—¶ Bp. J. Taylor—Haweis—Report C. M. Society	49
———: ¶ Townshend—Hobbs	112
———: Ambrose—Wogan—Basil—Tinnevelly	158
THANKFULNESS: Saunders—Tract—Saunders—Pettit	62
———: Baillie—African boy—Abdool Messeeh	171
———: S. Jerome—J. Quarles—Thomason	208
THINGS, earthly: S. Ephraim—Gleaner	119
THOUGHTS, the: Bishop King—¶ Lord Clarendon—New Zealand Convert	167
TIME AND ETERNITY: Chalmers—F. Quarles—Bishop Corrie— Beale	185
——— (preciousness of): Crouch—¶ Lucas—A Hindoo's thoughts	209
TRADITION: Edward VI.—Cox	109
TRIALS, submission under: Cecil—C. M.—Krapf	11
———, purifiers: ¶ Bp. Coverdale—Cowper—Schaffter	75
——— (mercies); N. Watches—Norton—Krapf—C. Friend	205

	PAGE
TRINITY, the: Nowell—Evelyn—Bishop Wilson	82
———, the: ¶ Nestorian Liturgy—David Taiwanga	151
UNBELIEF: Perkins—Cowper—Rowley	225
WAGES, ministerial: ¶ Zwingli—Bp. Ken—Biddulph—Gollmer	23
WICKED, doom of the: R. Hall—Law—Bp. Heber—Adley	50
———: R. Watson—Latrobe—Davis	133
WISDOM, man's: Smith—Latrobe—Sharkey	136
——— unto Salvation: Theodoret—Cyril—Hilary—Cowper— Rowley	137
WOMAN (wives): Homily—J. Montgomery—Mayor	37
WORD OF GOD, thirst for the: Queen Elizabeth—Krusé	104
———, prayer before reading: Archbishop Leighton— ¶ Edward VI.'s Primer—Harding	106
WORKS, the witness of faith: Buchanan—Macarius—Schwartz— Sandreczki	26
WORSHIP, domestic: Watkins—Henry—T. S. N.—Bp. Brownrig— Hunter	6
———, Divine: Howels—Watson—Cockran	191
———, false: ¶ C. M. Paper—Hindoo Hymn—Kolben	200
WRATH, the day of: ¶ Cradock—G. Sandys—Earl of Argyle	224
YOUNG, the: J. Montgomery—Joceline—Sir J. E. Tennant	159

THE desire of all nations shall come.—*Hagg.* ii. 7.

THE faith of God's people desired Emmanuel's coming, not for themselves alone, but for others also. The Jews were not to engross the "oil of gladness" to themselves, but to borrow vessels of their neighbours, and to pour it unto them. The patriarchs were desirous to raise up seed to their dead brethren, the Gentiles—to gain the Gentiles to the Gospel of Peace. . . . And Christ answers all desires. To every part and power of the soul, Christ becomes a kindly, proper, full satisfaction. He is called the "true Light," that the eye of the soul may have wherewith to be enlightened. He is the "Word," that the ear of the soul may have what to hear: the "Bread of Life," that the taste of the soul may have what to feed upon. Indeed, Christ hath in Him all that we need, or can possibly wish for. He is the poor man's riches, the despised man's honour, the hungry man's food, the sick man's health, and the dying man's life. Verily, "the desire fulfilled," saith Solomon, "is a tree of life." Here we have the true Tree of Life, the very leaves whereof shall heal the nations.—*Bishop Brownrig.*

Lo! here a shining path of duty lies!
 Here stretch thy helping hand! Here bend thine eyes!
 'Tis ours to utter forth the glad decree,
 To ope the prison-doors, the captive free;
 To give the balm-drops for the restless mind—
 To mourners comfort—eyesight to the blind;
 From hedges and highways 'tis ours to bring
 The poor, the halt, the maimed, to banquet with our King!

Charlotte Elizabeth.

I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies and the judgments of God—by dawning hopes and revived terrors—by the ashes of your dead friends, and by the spirit of the dead which breathes in the living—by the groans of perishing Heathens, and by the joys of heaven-born, laborious, consistent Christians—by the pains of hell, and by the glories of heaven—come, lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of your tent—come, bring the gold, the silver, and the stones, which are to form the gates, the walls, and the battlements of the last city to be built—come, enlarge the commission of your angel, and bid Him fly with His everlasting Gospel to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people—to preach unto all them that dwell on the earth, "from the river to the sea, and from the flood to the world's end."—*Rev. E. T. Vaughan, Church Missionary Anniversary Sermon, May 2, 1815.*

ASK of me, and I shall give Thee the Heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession.—*Ps. ii. 8.*

¶ RAISE up Thy power, O Lord, and come amongst us! Set Thy King upon Thy holy hill of Zion. He is Thy only begotten Son from everlasting, and yet was content for our redemption to humble Himself to the womb, and be born and made of a woman, that He might preach Thy law, and make known the glad tidings of salvation to all people. Give Him, therefore, the Heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession! Merciful God, who hast made all men, and hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and wouldest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live, have mercy on all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy Word; and fetch them home, blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of Thy true Israelites, that there may be but one fold and one Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.—*Bishop Nicholson.*

Lo! for the travail of His soul,
 He claims the promised heritage;
 The Father's gift—from pole to pole—
 Earth's utmost bound, to time's last age.

J. Montgomery, Jubilee Hymn, 1848.

Brethren, as you love Christ, so will you seek out and feed His sheep. Hear Him then; for He saith unto thee, "Feed my sheep." Go quickly into the streets and lanes of the city to find them. Go into the highways and hedges. Go into the forests and mountains of the vast continent. Go into the isles of the sea, that are afar off. Prepare your vessels. Embark your messengers. Bid them to seek the "lost sheep," and gather them to the fold, and feed and bring them up for Christ. And, although you should not be permitted to hear of your success in this life, yet remember, "The time is short;" "The Lord is at hand." Soon shall you and your converts from among the Heathen meet in the presence of God, and join in the heavenly chorus, saying, "Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"—*Legh Richmond, Church Missionary Sermon, May 23, 1809.*

HE shall see of the travail of his soul.—*Isa.* liii. 11.

OH, reflect how guilty indifference to this cause must needs appear in the sight of the Son of God! He did not think it much to leave the bosom of the Father, with whom He was before all worlds; He did not think it much to take upon Him the infirmities and sufferings of man; He did not think it much to feel the exquisite sense of sin, though without its guilt, and to undergo its direst penalty: and can there be such apathy in men, that they should deny Him the glories of a triumph so hardly achieved, and grudge Him the fruits of his victory? Every soul taken from the power of Satan is a jewel added to his crown; and every soul which Satan still retains through our neglect or delay, is a jewel withheld from his reward. As far, then, as depends on you, let Him “see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied.” * * * Let Him behold you meditating on your own reconciliation with God, through “the blood of the everlasting Covenant,” till you are filled with a desire to carry forth the olive branch of peace to those who are still at enmity with Him, still “aliens from the commonwealth of Israel.”—*Archbishop Sumner.*

As once on Gadara's sandy shore
The legion felt Thy sovereign power,
And left the soul, possess'd before;
Now, Lord, Thy saving grace display,
Spoil Satan of his boasted prey,
Let darkness be exchanged for day,
Till o'er each people, near, remote,
The banner of the Cross shall float!—*Capt. Gardiner.*

Say not, “The success of Missions is doubtful.” Doubtful! You have already had success more than adequate to the scanty means employed. What! have you forgotten Krishnagur, and Tinnevely, and Burdwan, and Agra, and Benares? There are now, taking all your Missions throughout the world, above eighty thousand native Christian worshippers; and nearly ten thousand Communicants. The increase, during the last ten years, has been more than sevenfold; and if the succeeding ten years should be blessed at the same ratio, half a million of souls would be brought under Christian instruction in India alone, and at the end of a period equal to the length of the Society's past labours, the whole population of Hindostan would be the Lord's.—*Bishop D. Wilson, Sermon, Church Missionary Anniversary, 4th May, 1836.*

IN the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee,
and will look up.—*Ps. v. 3.*

A PRAYERLESS morn is the harbinger of an unblest day. He who rises from his pillow, and launches into the sea of temptation, without seeking God's stay and blessing, has trampled upon an opportunity of setting his soul forward on the way to heaven. If Satan have stolen away our first thoughts, what shall be our surety that God will have our last? If the first step which we take each day be not to walk meekly with our God, how can we expect that He should stoop down to accompany us during the remainder of the day? Oh! what will those hours, and days, and months, and years, which He vouchsafes to us upon earth, be to us in eternity, if drawing near to Him in prayer do not hallow the erstlings of each morning's thoughts? The prayer of faith is the daybreak of a glorious immortality.—*Smith.*

Pray with boldness! Pray in faith!
Tremble not as others may:
He that conquers hell and death
Is the friend of those that pray.
M. Tupper.

I was returning (it was on a Sunday) from a village by a new road, and suddenly came upon a very feeble old man (a New Zealander), sitting by himself, naked, on his mat, in the sun. "Why have you not been to church?" said I. "How can I, who cannot walk one step?" "Well! I hope you pray to yourself?" "Yes." "Repeat your prayer." He immediately commenced a very simple, figurative, spiritual prayer, of which I fear I can give but an inferior report. I was struck with the emphatic abruptness of the commencement—"Have mercy upon me! have mercy upon me!" He then proceeded: "Place me upon the mountain's peak! place me upon the rock! place me upon the height, where my view maybe clear! Lo! Christ is Thy Son! and He died to save me!" I was delighted to hear that prayer is his constant practice, and that, a few Sundays previous, my native teacher, sent by me to the same village, on returning by that road, heard in the house a person, loud in prayer, as with a number. He waited to see who they were, and found this old man by himself, without a person near him!—*Rev. R. Maunsell.*

PRAY one for another.—*James v. 16.*

WE ought to pray one for another. One great means to get a large heart in prayer, and perseverance in the practice of it, is to endeavour after tender and affectionate desires to help others by prayer. And Christians should desire the prayers of others, and improve their interest in the affections of their friends by seeking prayers of them. And it is not enough to pray for others, but we must pray with others, and mutually help one another by Faith, Knowledge, and Prayer.—*Byfield.*

Oh! Thou good and gracious Father,
Write on us Thy saving name!
Oh! Thou gentle Shepherd, gather
With Thine arm each helpless lamb!

Feed us in Thy verdant meadows,
Lead us by Thy quiet streams,
Till, beyond the vale of shadows,
Heaven's unclouded glory beams! *Hankinson.*

The evil spirit is walking to and fro in the earth, to entice unstable souls. These cases have excited much sympathy and prayer among all our converts here; they pray for the return of their backsliding brethren, when, at the same time, they are paying due attention to St. Paul's warning—"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." (1 Cor. x. 12.)—*Abbeokonta, February, 1852.*

¶ (For the enlargement of Christ's kingdom.)

O Divine Redeemer, and Lord of all, who, after shedding Thy most precious blood, art, as a "lamb that was slain," pleading for a lost world, and waiting for "all things to be put under Thy feet," look down in pity upon us; bedew our very souls with Thy blood; let this blood raise us up ministers, missionaries, confessors, martyrs. "Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Thou most mighty, and in Thy majesty ride prosperously." Let Thy "name endure for ever;" let "Thy name be continued as long as the sun; let men be blessed in Thee, and all nations call Thee blessed. Yea, blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be Thy glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with Thy glory. Amen and Amen."—*Bishop Wilson (Calcutta), Anniversary Sermon before the Church Missionary Society, May 4, 1846.*

O COME, let us worship, and bow down.—*Ps.* xcv. 6.

WHEN God gives a house, we ought to raise an altar in it to His praise.—*H. G. Watkins.*

Grants of mercy call for returns of duty.—*M. Henry.*

Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh,
 Inspire the humble prayer—
 The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
 The sinner's heartfelt tears.
 And may our adoration rise,
 As fragrant incense to the skies.

If of Thy heavenly grace one beam
 Yet in our bosom shine,
 Oh, kindle it into a flame,
 Of grace and truth Divine;
 And bid each earthly passion flee,
 That would withhold our hearts from Thee!

T. S. N.

Fervour—earnestness—confidence,—these are the three qualifications of prayer that Christ directs us to. So to pray, we may be sure to speed.—*Bp. Brownrig.*

Even the tenant of the North American wilds may be a schoolmaster to lead prayerless households to the mercy-seat of a prayer-loving and prayer-answering God. “The Indians are making slow but perceptible progress, both in spiritual and temporal things. . . Family prayer is regularly maintained both in their tents and houses, when at their hunting-grounds, as well as at the station (at Cumberland, Rupert's Land); and often I have felt refreshed and encouraged, when passing their tents and houses, by hearing the voice of prayer and praise proceeding from the inmates. Their prayers are simple and child-like, offered up with great fervency and devotion, and, no doubt, find acceptance through the all-prevailing merits of Him who ever liveth to make intercession for His people. When absent from the station at their hunting-grounds, I have every reason to believe that the Lord's-day is valued, and properly observed. They hold regular prayer-meetings among themselves, which the oldest and most experienced conduct. Thus, in the midst of the forest, do these children of nature raise an altar to the true and living God, and make the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as a rose.”—*Rev. J. Hunter.*

TO me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—*Phil. i. 21.*

EVERY penitent believer has just cause of joy in death, for Jesus Christ has reconciled God, destroyed Satan, and conquered death. And the last day of his life is the first of his glory.—*W. Bates.*

It is fearful to go from light to darkness—from all we have ever known and loved, to that of which we know and love nothing. But if death, even thus by nature, is full of horror, what is he with his worse sting besides—the sting of our sins? What is he when he is taking us, not to nothingness, but to judgment? But he is ours, if we are Christ's, for Christ has conquered him.—*T. Arnold.*

“ Yet a little ” *—Thou our Sun,
 Shall to us no more go down ;
 Then the race, the victory won,
 We shall wear the conqueror's crown.

“ Yet a little ”—and our God,
 He who loved and called us here ;
 Led us all the way we've trod,
 Shall Himself our light appear.

Several of the Christian converts (of Freetown, Sierra Leone) who have departed this life, have borne witness to the power of the Gospel to give peace and hope in the hour of death. The Rev. J. V. Weeks reports of a poor widow :—“ It may be truly said of her that she was a Christian indeed. . . . The last time I saw her, she had broken a blood-vessel during the previous night in a fit of coughing. At intervals, when able to converse a little, she said, ‘ I wish to be with my Saviour, but hope He will help me to bear my pain patiently, and wait His time. Oh ! what did my blessed Saviour suffer to save my poor soul ! All my hope is in Christ. I loved Him, and endeavoured to serve Him, when I was well and strong ; but since I am sick and weak He is far more good to me than I ever remember before. I can die happy ; I am not afraid of death, because my blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, has enabled me of His goodness to trust altogether in His mercy. He took His blood—His own heart's blood—to pay for my sins. The work is all His own. Praise His holy name ! ’ In three days from this time, she was removed from this world of sin and sorrow to that of joy and eternal happiness.”

* Heb. x. 37.

BY grace ye are saved.—*Ephes. ii. 5.*

THE grace of God, our most merciful Father, keep your mind and soul in Christ Jesus, who alone is our full, sufficient Saviour, for in Him we be complete, being made through His death, and one only oblation made, and offered by Himself upon the cross, the children of God and fellow-heirs with Him of the celestial kingdom, which is the free gift of God; and cometh not of merits, but of the mere grace of God, given to none that putteth any manner of hope or trust in any other thing, visible or invisible.—*John Bradford.*

¶ Lord! give me Christ, and deny me whatever else Thou pleasest. Pardon my sins, heal my wounds, save my soul, unite me to Christ! Let me be poor—let me be anything, rather than a Christless, graceless, hopeless soul!—*Flavel.*

“ Pardon and peace from God on high ! ”
Behold, He lays His thunder by ;
And rebels, that deserve the sword,
Are made the children of their Lord !

(*On the baptism of a young Brahmin.*)—The Rev. J. C. Wendnagel says :—“ The Brahmin had, previous to his conversion, sought among several different sects for an answer to his anxious inquiry, ‘ How can this soul be saved from hell ? ’ But he had obtained no satisfaction from the various directions which he received. ‘ Then I came,’ he said, ‘ to Gorruckpore, by the mercy of God, and received from the minister a New Testament, in which I found that God is great, almighty, without darkness, and merciful—that there is salvation in Christ Jesus, who died for us—that we are sick, miserable, and weak creatures, and sinners by birth. The “ glad tidings ” of our Lord Jesus entered into my heart. Now I know that my soul will be saved, and I wish that my brethren, the Brahmins, may likewise bow their heads before the Lord Jesus Christ, that their souls may be saved also.’ ” Of another convert, a Hindoo woman, Mr. W. says, “ Her questions and answers were those of a soul hungering and thirsting after salvation. She often exclaimed, ‘ Oh ! that my father and mother would find what I have found ! ’ Tears ran down her cheeks when she heard of the love of Christ, and of His sufferings for poor sinners. . . . Both of these have lived, ever since they were baptized, as true Christians, and now are joined in holy matrimony.”

SEEING, then, that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession.—*Heb. iv. 14.*

CHRIST is our only Mediator, our Gate, Head, Shepherd, Redeemer, and Sovereign Lord, who, after He had taught, instructed, done many miracles, and suffered death for us, and pronounced salvation to all that believe on His name, and from the power of His passion faithfully believe to be saved,—ascended into heaven with great honour and glory, and is seated on the right hand of God, his Father, where He ever intercedes for us.—*King Edw. VI.*

Oh! where could man have found out a creature of capacity enough to bear the sins of the world, or the wrath of God? Where could he have found out in heaven or earth a priest that durst accompany such a sacrifice into the presence of so consuming a fire? Oh, where could have been found out such an altar? . . . No, no; the misery of man was too deep and inextricable for all the created counsel in the world to invent a deliverance! No other than God himself did study to save me; how great reason, then, that I should study to serve Him.—*Bp. Reynolds.*

No other sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt;
 No tears but those which Jesus shed,
 No blood but that He spilt.

It is well known that Mahomet endeavoured to set up a system of Deism, on which he grafted various observances well suited to gratify the two leading passions in fallen nature—self-dependance, and love of sin. His followers have not been able to repose in that system, but have exalted the grandsons of Mahomet, whose death they annually commemorate, into martyrs for their sects, and rely on their death for the forgiveness of sins. These were the sons of Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet, by Ali; and on the death of their father, were opposed by a competitor for the supremacy, who, it is said, procured one of them to be poisoned by means of one of his concubines; the other was slain in battle. An opinion is become current among the Mahometans, that, on the day of judgment, Fatima will appear before the throne, with the heart of the poisoned son in one hand, and the head of the murdered son in the other, and will demand acquittal, on account of their death, for their followers, which they suppose will be granted.—*Corrie.*

UNTO them will I give in mine house, and within my walls, a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters!—*Isa.* lvi. 5.

His house is the very “gate of heaven:” the believing mind longs to behold again and again that “glory of the Lord” which he has seen in His “sanctuary,” and to taste again those “waters of life” which have refreshed his soul in this “dry and barren land.”—*W. Goode.*

I love with Christian souls to meet,
 Where hymns of praise are given,
 And earthly music rises sweet,
 An offering to heaven;
 For angels seem to linger nigh,
 And God, our God, is there;
 Who, from the glories of His sky,
 Bends to His creatures' prayer.

“On the 31st December, 1844,” says the Rev. W. Cockran, for twenty years engaged in the mission to the North American Indians, “I held a meeting for the purpose of ascertaining what means we could raise for building a stone church. Almost all the males attended. I addressed them on the zeal and liberality of the children of Israel, when it was proposed to build the Tabernacle. If Moses found a willing people, the present assembly were equally so. Silver and gold they had none; but stones, lime, shingles, boards, timber, and labour, were cheerfully contributed, and to such an amount as perfectly astonished me. * * * The shingle-makers proposed to give 10,000 shingles each, and the lime-burners 400 bushels of lime each. The masons proposed to dress the stones for one corner, and lay them, gratis. Boards and timber were promised in the same liberal manner. One black, curly head, descended from the line of Ham, by his father's side, stood up in his leather coat, and said, ‘I shall give ten pounds.’ The eyes of all were turned towards him, and a smile played upon every countenance. I said, ‘I believe our brethren think you are too poor to raise such a sum.’ He said, raising his arms, ‘Here is my body; it is at your service. It is true, I can neither square a stone nor lay one: but there will be the floor and the roof; turn me to them, and then you will see, if God give me life and health, that the value of the sum shall be raised.’ In materials and labour above £700 were promised.”

LO, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt: and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.—*Dan. iii. 25.*

BRETHREN, if you are called into the furnace of affliction, above all take care with whom you walk there, and how you walk. If you enter the furnace in your own strength, much more from fanaticism or obstinacy, you may suffer, and even be burnt up there: but if you enter in a holy fear, to glorify God, and to avoid sin, to be a light to a dark world, depending upon Divine promises, then you will enter according to the will of God, and you will overcome. The Christian will honour God; and he will be honoured by God.—*Cecil.*

Christ will sit as a refiner; and, when He puts us into the fire, we should say to Him, “This trial, this fire, is thy servant. Command it to purify; and let my bonds be burnt thereby. (*Dan. iii. 21.*) Command it to burn up my lusts, my corruptions, and to set my soul at liberty.”—*Ibid.*

My soul, repose beneath the wing
Of thy dear Shepherd, Lord, and King;
No harm can reach thee, sheltered there,
While safe beneath thy Master's care.
Yes; though thou see'st th' uplifted rod,
Be still, and know that—Christ is God.
Be still! The cloud which sinners dread,
Shall break in blessings o'er thy head! *C. M.*

(*On the Loss of a Devoted Wife*).—“My heart and body wept for many days; and even now, although the first ebullitions of weeping and grief have passed away, I cannot look back to those days of trial and affliction without weeping; but I have experienced what St. Paul writes to the Corinthians:—For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so also our consolation aboundeth by Christ. I would not wish that the Lord had otherwise dealt with us; for His stroke is a blessing, and His chastisement is glory throughout.”

This meek female disciple, among her last words, said:—“Do not praise me in your account of my last hours; but tell our friends that the Saviour has pardoned me, a poor and miserable sinner!”—*Rev. Dr. Krapf, May, 1844.*

GOD forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—*Gal. vi. 14.*

SPEAK out: preach, preach Christ and Him crucified; scatter the seed. * * For that man will be accounted most to be glorified in Christ now reigning, who has learnt to glory in Christ once crucified.

“Wherefore, let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord!” But in what Lord? In “CHRIST CRUCIFIED.” Where there is humility, there is majesty; where weakness is, there power is: where death, there life. Would you attain to the one, beware and scorn not the other. * * Be not ashamed of the Cross of Christ; inasmuch as it was for this thou receivedst the sign of the Cross itself on thy brow.—*S. Augustine.*

O take thy Saviour's Cross, the nails and spear,
That, for thy sake, His holy flesh did tear;
Use them as knives thine heart to circumcise,
And dress thy GOD a pleasing sacrifice! *Quarles.*

The Missionaries of the United Brethren among the Greenlanders began their labours by endeavouring to convince them, by many philosophical arguments, of the existence of God, and to give them some notion of the Divine perfections; but no good followed. The missionaries changed their ground, and represented Christ dying, “the just for the unjust,” to bring us to God; they pointed to the crucified Redeemer, and said, “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!” They preached **GOD THE SAVIOUR**, and they succeeded; they preached mercy through the blood of atonement, and seized upon the hearts of the Greenlanders; they exalted **JESUS** on His atoning cross; and then they drew these savages unto Him!—*Rev. K. W. Mathews, Church Missionary Anniversary Sermon, May 1, 1822.*

The chief, Jowett, at a missionary meeting at Kautotche, New Zealand, Dec. 1, 1851, said:—“My friends, although I am not an old man, I have tasted human flesh. Some years ago, it was sweet; the Gospel came, and I would not receive it. I then went to Turanake, and I again tasted human flesh; but it was no longer sweet. Why was it not as sweet as it was before? It was now bitter to my taste. It was the Gospel that told me it was wrong.”

IN every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering; for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts.—*Mal. i. 11.*

¶ O THOU Saviour of the world, who wast sent to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel, have respect unto the covenant, for the dark places of the earth are full of the abodes of cruelty. O let Thy righteousness be openly showed in the sight of the heathen, and let all the ends of the earth see Thy salvation.

Bless Thy servants to whom Thou hast committed the ministry of reconciliation. Make them mighty in the Scriptures. Let utterance be given them, that they may open their mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel, and to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Let them be an example both to Jew and Gentile, in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in purity. And, as it is Thou alone that giveth the increase, we beseech Thee that Thy hand may be with Thy servants, so that all may turn unto Thee, and Thy name be great among the heathen, from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same. So mayest Thou be glorified, O Father, in Thy Well-beloved, even Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*J. Swete, in part.*

Pity the nations, O our God,
 Constrain the earth to come;
 Send Thy victorious Word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.

Watts.

Joseph Fenn, a young man of Nellore, baptized by that name—a name dear to the South Indian Mission—thus describes his feelings upon applying for baptism:—"He who delivered Noe from the flood by keeping him in the ark—He who raised Joseph next the throne from captivity and the depth of the old well,—when I was buried in the destructive pit of Heathenism, was moved by His own arm to take me out, and raise me up to hear and believe His promise, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and now my desire to be sheltered in His ark is no less than that which would be the longing of a traveller athirst to drink, while travelling through a wilderness where there is scarcity of water. The people who know of my desire make it a subject of talk and ridicule; but I draw consolation from the words of my Saviour, 'For my sake if ye are reviled and persecuted, happy are ye.'"—*Rev. W. Adley.*

AS many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ.—*Gal. iii. 27.*

BY Baptism we are gathered together into the fellowship of the people of God. Whereupon, of some it is called the first sign or entry into Christianity. . . . Baptism, therefore, is a visible sign and testimony of our ingrafting into the "body of Christ." Paul saith, "All ye that are baptized, have put on Christ." (*Gal. iii. 27.*) But to put on Christ is to be made one with Him, and, as it were, to be joined and incorporated with Him, that He may live in us, and we in Him. For He only, by the Spirit, regenerateth and reneweth us, and most liberally enricheth us with all manner of good gifts.—*Bullinger.*

Our mother, the Church, in Baptism, doth lend us, when we are infants, other men's feet to walk by, other men's mouths to speak, yea, and other men's hearts to believe; but when we are come to age, we must use our own, and that, not for others only, but also for ourselves.—*Bp. Luke.*

Grant, that in Thee they here put on
Thy kingdom's panoply,
And in the path of duty run
Like children of the sky. *Williams.*

You would be much interested had I opportunity to relate the various questions and answers of the poor Sandh (David Ysingh), respecting the truths and the power of the Gospel of Christ. He was willing to believe (and much in prayer with Amud, the Brahmin convert, on the subject), that it was the power of God unto salvation. In a severe sickness which he endured, the alarm of his mind was indescribable, lest he should die; and not having been baptized, should have no interest in the blood of Jesus Christ. On his recovery, he came with Amud to Meerut, and was with me some time. Last Christmas he was baptized, by the name of David Ysingh, publicly in the church. . . . The service was very affecting, from the extreme animation of feeling manifested by the old man, and the earnest manner in which he lifted up his hands over his breast, and called aloud on Jesus, the Son of God, to save his soul and body. As I poured the water over his reverend-looking brow, his countenance seemed to beam with heavenly joy, and many of the spectators were ready to weep with him.—*Rev. J. Fisher.*

THE flesh lusteth against the Spirit.—*Gal. v. 17.*

THERE is a . . . warfare between Christ and Satan, which all feel in their hearts when they try to serve God in earnest. Christ says, "Love the ways of religion." Satan whispers to us, "Religion is a very melancholy thing." Christ says, "Keep my sayings in your heart;" but the devil comes, and tries to snatch them away. Christ teaches how to pray; but Satan tries to hinder us from prayer. Now, which of these two shall prevail in your heart—Christ or the devil? If you will choose Christ, you will find Him the best master. . . . Let Him dwell in your hearts by faith. Where Christ reigns, Satan may try to be master, but never can he succeed. . . . "Christ will bruise the head of Satan." He will set His foot upon him, and crush him.—*W. Jowett.*

Myself, then, I must sacrifice;
 And so I will, mine heart: the only thing
 Thou dost above all other prize
 As Thine own part—the best I have to bring.
F. Quarles.

A negro woman once came to me (when at Regents', Freetown); she was much distressed, and wept, and said that she had two hearts, which troubled her so much, that she did not know what to do. One was the "new heart," that told all things that she had ever been doing. The same heart told her that she must go to Jesus Christ, and tell Him all her sins, as she had heard at church; but her "old heart" told her, "Never mind! God no save black man, but white man. How know He died for black man?" Her "new heart" said, "Go, cry to Him, and ask." "Old heart tell me, do my work first; fetch water, make fire, wash, and then go pray. When work done, then me forget to pray. I don't know what to do!" I read to her the 7th chapter of Romans, and showed her that the Apostle Paul felt the same things, and spoke of two principles in man. When I came to the verse, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" she said, "Ah, massa, that me—me no know what to do!" I added the words of St. Paul, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ," and explained to her the love of Christ—how He died for sinners like her. She burst into tears; and she has continued ever since, so far as I can know, to follow her Saviour.—*Rev. W. Johnson.*

ALL Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect.—*2 Tim.* iii. 16, 17.

IF whatsoever is not of faith is sin, as the Apostle saith, and faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God, then whatsoever is not found in holy Scripture, being not of faith, must needs be sin.—*S. Basil, Hom.* xxix.

Out of God's written Word all knowledge of His things may be discerned. But if anything remain which holy Scripture doth not determine, let us not hearken to any other scripture. For in this present world God would not that we should know all things.—*Origen in Levit., Hom.* iv.

Still on Thy holy Word
We'll feed, and live, and grow;
Go on to know our Lord,
And practise what we know.

¶ I humbly beg of Almighty God, that He will not suffer the seed of His doctrine to perish in my heart, as sown in a dry and barren soil; but that He will, with the Divine dew of His heavenly grace, so water and make fruitful the dryness and barrenness of my heart, that I may bring forth plentiful fruits of godliness, to be gathered and laid up in the barn and garner of the kingdom of heaven. Amen.—*Dean Nowell.*

Abraham was a desperate character, and two years before had been immured in prison for two years, as found guilty of manslaughter. In gaol he was visited by missionaries and catechists, heard and embraced the truth, and, being a man of great energy of character, made great progress in Christian knowledge. Some time after the expiration of his confinement, he was admitted to baptism. I asked a Pundit what were the feelings of the Heathen upon this baptism. The reply was, that they all rejoiced at it, because now that he had become a Christian, he would not act as formerly, and they should cease to fear him. What an attestation is this to the power of the Gospel! Even Heathens rejoice at the baptism of a desperate thief and cruel character.—*Rev. J. T. Johnson, Nellore.*

FAITH, if it hath not works, is dead.—*James ii. 17.*

FAITH is, not an opinion and knowledge only, but a vehement, earnest, and certain persuasion of God's promises in Christ; and out of this faith springeth all godliness and virtuous works; and whatsoever springeth not hereof is sin.—*Bishop Hooper.*

To know, and believe perfectly, the whole story of Christ's Resurrection, what were it if we did not practise this resurrection of our own? God will not reckon with thee how much thou knowest, but how well thou hast lived. * * To have "risen" as Christ hath done, so to have digested the Resurrection of Christ, as that we have made it our own, this is rightly to understand the doctrine.—*John Hales.*

May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
 Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
 May guile depart, and discord cease,
 And all within be joy and peace.
 And Christ shall be our daily food,
 Our daily drink His precious blood;
 And thus the Spirit's calm excess,
 Shall fill our souls with holiness.—*Chandler.*

¶ O good Lord! make me resolved to live a life of faith and holiness, according to Thy blessed word and will. And let me not only think and purpose to live godly in Christ Jesus, but bring my purposes into actions, my actions into habits, and my habits into uniform perseverance, so enduring to the end, that I may be saved! —*Jenks.*

We wish our missionaries to be "living preachers." We would have them speak feelingly and convincingly to all around them, by their mutual forbearance and love—by their disinterestedness and self-denial—by their deadness to the world—by their tender and affectionate regard to the present and eternal interests of all with whom they may have intercourse—and by their unwearied zeal in exhibiting to all the love and grace of their crucified Lord.—(Instructions to the Rev. E. Bickersteth, before departing on a mission to Western Africa, December 26, 1815.)—*Rev. J. Pratt.*

WORSHIP the Father in spirit and in truth.—
John iv. 23.

WE are very apt to rest contented if we can but approve ourselves before men, and carry a fair show of religion and godliness. But consider how weak and foolish this is; for, first, we cozen them with our appearances; and then, we cozen ourselves with their opinions of us. * * When we perform duties of religion only to be seen and applauded of men, we make God only our pretence, but men our idols; and set up as many gods before men, as we have spectators and observers.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

If our holiest services be not sprinkled with Christ's blood, they are no better than shining sins.—*T. Watson.*

Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of His Son,
A new and chosen race.

(*Thyatira.*)—Service being over, we called on the Oeconomos, the first priest and representative of the Greek bishop, hoping to find an opportunity for useful and religious conversation; but it was impossible. * * Speak to these men on earthly things, tell them political news, or anything but religion, and you will find open ears; for Divine and spiritual things they have no taste. Their religion is nothing more than going to church, bowing, and making the sign of the Cross, fasting, &c.

Toward evening we visited the Greek church, which was built in the year 1382. The Evening Service had just begun; but oh! where is the devotion of the worshippers? If an Apostle were to appear in such a congregation, what would he say? And is not He always present, whose "sacrifices are a broken spirit and a contrite heart?" * * The church is surrounded by a burial-ground. On many of the graves we observed small lanterns, in which, from time to time, they keep lights burning. I asked the son of our landlord for what purpose they lighted these lamps? "To benefit the soul," was the reply. "Ah!" I said, "if no better light has been kindled in their souls, these lamps will be of no avail."—*Rev. J. T. Wolters, 1844.*

THIS is the day which the Lord hath made.—*Psalm*
cxviii. 24.

WHAT canst thou say for thyself, why thou shouldst not wholly on this day give thyself to God's service? Seeing God thus commands thee, persuades thee, in His mercy, and teacheth thee both by rule and His own most gracious example, how canst thou be so devoid of grace, nay, of reason, as not to obey so just a Master—so merciful a Father—so gracious a Teacher? * * * If thou make not a conscience of keeping this day, however a dull security may possess thee to flatter thyself, thou indeed makest conscience of nothing. I am persuaded, if thou canst dispense with thyself to profane this day, either for thy profit or thy pleasure, thou wilt not stick, upon the like occasion, to break all the Commandments one after another.—*E. Joceline.*

Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord!
For from His tongue sweet mercy flows:
Wait on His Cross! wait on His word!
Upon that tree redemption grows!
He will redeem His Israel,
From sin and wrath, from death and hell.

R. Fletcher.

The Lord's Day is kept among us (at Regents', Freetown, Sierra Leone) in this manner. At one o'clock we meet for family prayer. Then the twelve older communicants go and visit the sick; and if they know any place where the people do not attend, they go and invite them to come to Divine service. At ten the bell rings; but it is often of no use, the church being filled by half-past nine. At half-past ten the bell rings again; when we begin the service, we sing a hymn, after which I read morning prayers. All are present when I read the Exhortation. I have never, or very seldom, observed one individual to come in after it. Then, another hymn; then, after a short prayer, the sermon. At three o'clock, and again at seven, all attend public worship. I rarely miss any of them; all are in the habit of attending—husband, wife, and children, leaving their homes locked up. Between the services, the families, sometimes by themselves, and at others, several families together, are employed in singing and prayer; and this in every quarter of the town. After evening service, they retire to their houses; and I have many times heard singing in the town till even past midnight.—*Rev. J. Beale.*

HE hath anointed me to set at liberty them that are bruised.—*Luke iv. 18.*

* * * ALL is finished : He would be spitted on, that He might wash thee ; He would be covered with scornful robes, that thy sins might be covered ; He would be whipped, that thy soul might not be scourged eternally ; He would thirst, that thy soul might be satisfied ; He would bear all His Father's wrath, that thou mightest bear none ; He would yield to death, that thou mightest never taste of it !—*Bishop Hall.*

Turn—turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain :
Thy shield, when inward foemen sway ;
Thy hope, when joy has passed away ;
Thy balm, when thou art comfortless ;
When earth is misery, thy bliss !

A feeling of sadness comes over one's mind as one observes the precautions taken by the idolaters in the hopes of averting this malady (the cholera), more especially from their dwellings ; sometimes a square piece of cloth, tinged with yellow, and dotted with red spots, with the sign of Siva, is suspended with a row of leaves from the lintel of the street-door ; sometimes Vishnoo's sign, worn by his followers on the forehead, the middle stroke red or yellow, the rest white, is traced on the door ; and sometimes the three parallel white strokes \equiv which the worshippers of Siva wear on their forehead, appear on the doorposts. One also observes precautions taken to avert the effects of the evil eye ; for everything in the shape of gross superstition is here ; an earthen pot dotted over with white to protect a newly-built house ; or a lump of kneaded rice, or cow-dung with a twig inserted, kindled in the street before a house supposed to be under this spell. * * * It is scarcely credible how much the heathen are in bondage.—*Rev. J. J. H. Clories, from Madras.*

On my questioning a very afflicted man as to the experience of Christ's love in his sickness, he replied, with great animation, " Yes, Christ is good to me. Christ is a good doctor for me. In my sickness, when the people go away to farm, and leave me, and lock the door upon me, I pray to Christ many times in the day. Christ is good for me."—*Rev. E. Dicker, Sierra Leone.*

THE wicked worketh a deceitful work; but to him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward.—*Prov. xi. 18.*

ALL false or deceitful acts, speeches, or practices, are an abomination in God's eyes, and so can never bring down, but may stop, a blessing—will move Him not to bless, but to blast our design. If we hope to succeed, that can only be in well-doing. Seek not help from any sin, since that were to renounce Him.—*Kettlewell.*

To walk wisely is, not to walk craftily or deceitfully: for such wisdom of serpents is required, as may stand with the innocence of doves.—*Byfield.*

Deceit, falsehood, and hypocrisy are more directly contrary to the very essence and design of religion, and carry on them more of the express image and superscription of the devil, than any bodily sin whatever.—*South.*

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both;
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.—*G. Herbert.*

I was discussing the subject (of lying) with a very respectable Brahmin, who defended the doctrine that falsehood was allowable in some positions, and added, "A man was once sent to hell for not telling a lie." On my inquiring the circumstance, he said, "It was related in one of his sacred books, that a certain devotee had retired to the forest as an anchorite, and, among other restrictive vows, had sworn that he would never tell a lie. It chanced one day that some travellers, who were pursued and hard pressed by robbers, fled to the hermit's hut, and begged permission to conceal themselves in his little garden. They had scarcely done so, when their pursuers came up, and demanded of the hermit if he knew where the travellers were. The hermit considered in himself, "If I tell them I do not know, I shall be speaking falsely and break my vow; but if I tell them where their victims are, they will take and kill them." The alternative was painful, and the hermit decided on speaking the truth: the end was that the travellers were murdered, and the hermit was cast into hell by God for not having told a lie to conceal them."—*Rev. H. W. Fox's Missions in South India.*

SINGING and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—*Ephes. v. 19.*

WE must sing, and chant, and praise the Lord more with the heart than by the voice. This is what is here said, "Singing and making melody," &c. Let our young men listen to this; let those observe it whose duty calls them to sing in the Church; we must sing to God not with the voice, but with the heart. Not like actors in a tragedy, need your throat and mouth be prepared with emollient draughts, in order that the strains and notes of the theatre may be heard in the church; but Christ's people should sing with fear, and obedience, and knowledge of His Word. Should any man have (as these men call it) a bad voice, yet, if he come with pious works as his warrant, God will account him a good singer.—*S. Jerome.*

The prophet David was the author of adding unto poetry melody in public prayer, melody both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God. In which considerations the Church of Christ doth likewise at this present day retain it, as an ornament to God's praise, and an help to our devotions.—*Hooker.*

Hark! what mean those joyful strains,
Rising sweet o'er land and sea?
Heathen tribes have burst their chains!
'T is their song of liberty!
God hath heard His people's prayer;
God hath blest their work of love;
Thousands sav'd from Satan's snare,
Worship Him who reigns above.

C. M. Instructor.

(*Rupert's Land, N. America.*)—The congregations at both the churches continued to increase, and it was sometimes with difficulty Mr. Jones could make his way through the crowd to the reading-desk. Often, when setting forth a Saviour's love, he saw the deep feelings of his hearers, especially among the half-breeds, manifesting itself in tears; and, on one occasion, he speaks of his own mind being much affected at the manner in which the whole congregation, English, Scotch, Swiss, Germans, Canadians, Norwegians, half-breeds, and Indians, joined in singing, "Crown Him Lord of all;" little thinking, he says, when he first read that hymn in Welsh, that it would be brought home to his heart with so much power and interest in the American wilderness.—1824.—*Miss Tucker's "Rainbow in the North."*

GOD is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love.—*Heb. vi. 10.*

¶ O JESUS! Thou hast thrust me into this conflict. Therefore do I call upon Thee, with a sure trust, to finish what Thou hast begun. If I have built up anything in error, do Thou cast it down with Thy mighty hand! If I have laid any other foundation but Thee, let the arm of Thy might destroy it! O Vine, full of sweetness, whose husbandman is the Father, and whose branches are we, do not abandon Thy grafts! For Thou, Lord, hast promised to be with us even unto the end of the world.—*Zwingli.*

Stand but your ground, your ghostly foe will flee!
 Hell trembles at a heaven-erected eye.
 True courage keeps the SAVIOUR in its sight;
 He best can teach us conduct in our fight.
 Devote yourself to God, and you will find
 God fights the battle of a will resign'd. *Bp. Ken.*

In reviewing a period of four and thirty years spent in the work of the ministry, while shame and confusion cover me in the remembrance of my own unfaithfulness and unprofitableness, I am bound, by every tie of truth and gratitude, to bear witness that I have served a good Master, "whose service is perfect freedom," and whose wages, even here, are rich and sure. Trust Him implicitly, for He is worthy. Serve Him zealously, for He claims your utmost exertions. Count nothing dear, so that you may finish your course with joy, and the ministry which you have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.—*Rev. T. T. Biddulph's Address to Missionaries, Nov. 19, 1819.*

Well may we now ask, What is the fruit of your seven years' labour at this place? Alas! I see but little. I had almost said, "I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought:" for, after seven years' labour, there is not one from among the Popos whom I can consider converted to God. * * * But, although we see no fruit among the Popos, I do believe that our labour has not been in vain in the Lord. * * * Some of the strangers, Youstas, and others residing here, have heard God's Word. Some are convinced of the truth; some waver; some strive with the devil, the world, and the flesh to come out; others have gained the victory, and live by faith.—*Rev. C. A. Gollmer, Lagos.*

HE shall teach you all things.—*S. John xiv. 26.*

CHRIST is gone, once for all. We have no hold but in His promise, "I will send Him." And Christ will "send Him;" but mistake Him not; not unless we call for Him, and be ready to entertain Him, the Paraclete.—*Bishop Andrews.*

(*Prayer for Christ's Ministering Servants.*)—¶ O Lord, my God, who, by Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ, hast promised Thy Holy Spirit to all them that ask Him of Thee, I beseech Thee to give Him to Thy ministering servants, especially to those who are preaching Thy saving truth to such as know not Thee, in all the graces and assistances of which they stand in need. And this I ask, in all humility and godly earnestness, as the most precious gift Thou canst bestow upon them; for, without His sanctifying grace, how shall they be made strong against their weakness and infirmities; or how can any one of us desire or do anything that Thou wilt be pleased to accept and bless? . . . O Thou, the Almighty Paraclete, be Thou unto them that bring good tidings of great joy to them that sit in darkness, a Spirit of sanctification and consolation—a Spirit of counsel in all difficulties—a Spirit of understanding in all doubtings—of courage in all dangers—of constancy in all persecutions—of comfort in all troubles—and of submission to Thy teaching, Thy holy will, and Thy saving governance. Grant this for His sake, who sent Thee unto us, even Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

I daily see the impossibility of converting a soul, without the effectual working of the Spirit of God. I often think, were Christians throughout the world, to consider this point enough, how would they pity us, and the souls committed to our charge! How would they become helpers together with us and God! How would they, as well in secret as in public, and in the family, wrestle with God for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, till He made Jerusalem a praise upon earth! A Christian must be himself, in some respects, a missionary, to enable him to enter into the feelings of missionaries.—*Letter from a Missionary.*

Lord, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God. *Cowper.*

HE shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness.—
Jer. xxiii. 6.

HE, Christ, is the priest, and the propitiation, and the sacrifice; and this propitiation comes to every one by way of faith.—*Origen.*

This is the ONLY SOLID ROCK. This Rock did Satan shake in Paradise, when he persuaded our first parents that, by their own wisdom and power, they might become “like unto God;” hereby seducing them to renounce their faith in God, who had given them life, and the promise of its continuance. * * The kingdom of Satan is to be withstood by this doctrine, all-powerful as it is heavenly. Whether we be rude or eloquent—whether we be learned or unlearned—this ROCK must be defended, this doctrine must be published abroad in words of fire.—*Luther.*

We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and not for our own works or deservings.—*Church of England, Art. XI.*

Like Noah's dove, no rest I find,
But in Thy ark of peace;
Thy cross, the balance of my mind,
Thy wounds, my hiding-place!

Toplady.

“I am a sinner, saved by the mercy of God in Christ. By nature I am impure and unholy. Nothing in me, no merit of mine, could make me the object of God's distinguishing grace. * * I beheld myself a lost and undone soul, lying with a multitude in a world of wickedness, subject to the just wrath of God. But I at the same time heard of the offer made to a perishing world by the Saviour, CHRIST. I beheld the whole world overwhelmed by a flood of sin and misery, and the Ark of Redemption floating on the waters. Every page of the Gospel shewed me that there was no salvation but by the Ark of Christ; that His atonement on the Cross was the only atonement for my past and future sins; that His gracious Spirit, influencing my soul, was the only preservative from my evil passions, and from an ensnaring world; and that His mediation alone procures our access to God, and warrants an answer to our prayers.”—*Obeck, Calcutta, 1803.*

IT is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy.—*Rom.* ix. 16.

THE doctrine of our Church maintains, that no man can glorify God by his works until he be restored to the favour of God through that faith which justifies his person ; that, until the heart be purified by the grace of God, and the motives of action be under the influence of His Spirit, we can neither glorify God in our business, nor in our devotions, neither in solitude nor in a tumult, neither by abstinence nor by festivity. Our works, however, will ever testify our faith, of what sort it is ; whether it be a general belief in Christianity, which is common to good and bad men, or a true and lively faith wrought in the heart by the Spirit of God, and “ leading the soul captive to the obedience of Christ.”—*C. Buchanan.*

The kingdom of heaven is not the hire of works, but the grace of the Lord, prepared for His faithful servants.—*Macarius.*

How vain the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built ;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word ;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before their Lord.

Others may glory in what they please ; I will glory in nothing else but JESUS CHRIST, and HIM CRUCIFIED ! Should I presume to rely upon my own virtue, I must soon despair. Though I heartily wish to obey God, and follow the example of my Saviour ; though I will stedfastly endeavour, by the grace of God, to subdue my inclination to sin ; yet, in all this, there is, and ever will be, imperfection ; so that I dare not stand upon so rotten a ground. But, “ to win Christ, and to be found in Him, in life, in death, in the day of judgment,” was St. Paul’s wish, has been the wish of every true Christian, and shall be mine as long as I breathe.—*Schwartz.*

A Greek pilgrim, one of a multitude who had come for baptism in the Jordan (as it is termed), being asked by the Rev. C. Sandreczki whether he believed that the water-immersion could wash out his sins, replied—“ We have been to Mar Saba, and the monks there told us we must go to the Jordan to be cleansed from our sins. We are ignorant people, and must believe what we are told to believe.”—1853.

NEITHER came I of myself, but He sent me.—
John viii. 42.

DO**T**H any one ask, “Where is the authority for missionary exertions?” Behold; it stands upon the authority of the Most High God. The Lord Jesus Christ is the angel—the messenger of the Covenant. The ministers of the Gospel are “Ambassadors for Christ.” Behold, He, the Redeemer, saith, speaking of Himself, “I proceeded forth, and came from God; neither came I of myself, but He sent me.” The grand Mission, then, was that of God the Father to a world lying in wickedness, misery, and death. The grand Missionary was the Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of the Father. He came on a commission of mercy, as the Prince of Peace; came from heaven down to earth, from honour to dishonour, from glory to indignity, from adoration to contempt, from a throne to a manger, from homage to persecution; from a crown to a cross, from life to death; to save the souls of men.—*Basil Woodd, Church Missionary Sermon.*

Rise, Saviour, rise! Ascend Thy throne,
And claim the nations as Thine own!
Put forth Thy strength! The million throng
Of dying souls to Thee belong!
Rend the high heavens! In light descend!
Scatter Thy foes! Thy right defend!
The victim from the spoiler wrest,
And in Thy glory stand confest!

The Apostles themselves were the missionaries of Christ, as their name imports. The Saviour sent them forth to “preach the Gospel to all nations.” Other ministers were ordained to teach and rule particular Churches; but the commission of the Apostles reached to the whole world. And in this, at least, they had no successors; for none were ever thus sent forth immediately by Christ himself to make “disciples of all nations.” It appears, also, to me, that Timothy, Titus, Trophimus, Tychicus, and others (who seem to have been designated by the name “Evangelists”), were missionaries sent forth by the Apostles, or by the Church, or by both in perfect concord. They were assistants to the Apostles in executing their grand and extensive mission * * * they were their helpers in the work of evangelizing the nations. * * They had no stated charges, at least at first, but were employed in extending, as they could, the kingdom of Christ among men.—*Rev. T. Scott.*

I AM come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on Me should not abide in darkness.—
John xii. 46.

THE light of Christ's divinity makes and measures out the day of eternity. He is not only light in Himself, but a light to others; a supernatural light of saving knowledge—to dispel and drive away the mist of ignorance, and the blackness of darkness of sin.—*Bishop Brownrig.*

If a man, whose body was radiant and bright as the sun, were walking through a land of Egyptian darkness, all who followed him would actually walk in the light; and the closer they kept to him, the clearer would the light be, and the safer their road. He who follows Christ, follows one from whom light streams upon the road we are to go, laying bare its hidden pitfalls, discovering its stumbling stones, showing all its turnings and windings, and enabling us to walk safely, surely, and cheerfully on our way. But it is only those who thus "follow Christ," that find light in Him. * * * Their path is "like the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day;" because they are keeping close after and coming nearer to Him, who is the day-star of the soul.—*W. W. Champneys.*

Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine! Thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing on Thy wing;
To Thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come! *Cotterill.*

There is nothing worth living for of equal importance with the diffusion of this light. Fulfil ye, then, the Divine command—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

We must all meet at a future day, in a larger assembly, when we shall behold Him, who hath said, "I am the light of the world." Let every one of us, then, at this time, "bear witness to the light," by contributing, according to our ability, to its extension throughout the world; for we know not how great a blessing may, "through the tender mercy of God," result to ourselves and others, from the circumstances of this service. Let it not be our reproach, that we have seen the light of civilization, and have not seen the "Light of Life."—*C. Buchanan, Church Missionary Sermon, 1811.*

MY strength is made perfect in weakness.—2 Cor.
xii. 9.

THE more we see and feel our own weakness, the more firm we stand in the power of God.—*Howeis.*

Christ alone is army and forces enough: and with Him we can never have too many enemies.—*J. Hales.*

¶ O LOVING Lord and most gentle Saviour, Thou seest our weakness, misery, and no strength. Thou knowest again the valour, might, and power of our adversaries. . . . Notwithstanding, Lord, we do not despair. For although there be not so great strength in us, that we may be able to resist this great company that cometh against us, yet have we this one refuge and succour, even to lift up our eyes to Thee, and to say, Our help cometh from the Lord our God, who made heaven and earth. If God be on our side, who can be against us? The battle, O Lord God, is Thine.—*Becon.*

Great God! There is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress—Thou that seem'd my foe.
'Tis Thou, that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Thou art my God; by Thee I fall or stand;
Thy grace hast given me courage to withstand
All tortures, but my conscience and Thy hand. *F. Quarles.*

As long as the Lord permits, I will do His work without fear of the world, or of the pride of its oppressors. . . . My own strength is nothingness itself, and I know the power of my adversaries; but I know likewise that I can do everything through Christ strengthening me. . . . Oh, my beloved brothers, the Gospel receives this power from the blood of Christ, that the most cruel persecutors, instead of arresting, do but help forward its progress. Those alone are the true soldiers of Jesus who do not fear to bear in their body the wounds of their Master. All my travail has but one end—to make known the inexhaustible treasures of bliss which Christ has purchased for us, that all may seek refuge in the Father, through the death of His Son.—*Zwingle.*

HEREBY we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments.—1 *John* ii. 3.

ALL the skill of cunning artizans and mechanics cannot put a principle of life into a statue of their own making. Neither are we able to inclose, in words and letters, the life, word, and essence of any spiritual truths, and, as it were, to incorporate it in them. . . . Ink and paper can never make us Christians, can never beget a new nature, can never form Christ, or any true notions of spiritual things, in our hearts. The Gospel, that new law which Christ delivered to the world, is not merely a dead letter without us, but a quickening spirit within us. . . . There is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding. “But we shall not meet with this spirit anywhere but in the way of obedience; the knowledge of Christ, and the keeping of His commandments, must always go together, and be the mutual causes of one another. Hereby we know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments.”—*Cudworth*.

He that a welcome sacrifice would bring
Must fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.
A sacred temple of the Holy Ghost
Each part of man must be; but his heart most.—*G. Herbert*.

(*To a Young Friend*.)—As you have spent many months and years in learning useful things, let your heart now be given over to your God. . . . I beseech you, by the mercy of God, my dear John, to mind *now* the best, the one needful thing. Examine your heart; and whatever you find in it that is not agreeable to the will of God—and you will find much of that sort—acknowledge it; bewail it before your God; entreat Him to wash and cleanse you from all your sins. Having obtained pardon and peace through Jesus, watch and pray, that you may not lose what you have gained; but that you may grow daily in faith, love, and hope. . . . If you read your Bible, and pray heartily to God, you will get strength every day to go on and prosper in His way. . . . Our time is but short. Eternity, awful eternity, is at hand. Let us, therefore, not trifle away our time; but let us seek the Lord and His grace, His blessing, and His strength.”—*Schwartz*.

JERUSALEM, which is above, is free, which is the mother of us all.—*Gal. iv. 26.*

BEWARE, my brethren, lest in things which regard your religion or your faith, ye receive any testimony but that of the Gospel of Christ; and no less beware of whatsoever is opposed to its doctrine. Let us not deceive ourselves. It is not because a man is a Roman, or an Evangelical, or a Protestant, or by whatsoever other name he may be known:—it is not this which can redeem his soul; neither by our personal merits, nor our good works, can we save ourselves, or purchase heaven. Election is of the free grace of God; and there is but one salvation, even “through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all; the one sacrifice for sins for ever,” by which “He hath put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.” (Heb. x. 10, 12; ix. 26.)—*L. Desanctis.*

There is a universal or Catholic Church of God, dispersed over the face of the earth, which is Christ’s spouse and Christ’s body; being gathered of the fathers of the old world, of the Church of the Jews, of the spirits of the faithful dissolved, and the spirits of the faithful militant, and of the names yet to be born, which are already written in the Book of Life.—*Francis, Lord Bacon.*

As a society of spirits, the Church is nowhere and everywhere. The “true worshippers” of God are they who worship Him “in spirit and in truth.” Wherever these are, there is that “Jerusalem, . . . which is the mother of us all.”—*W. Jones, of Nayland.*

We covenant, with hand and heart,
To follow Christ our Lord;
With world, and sin, and self to part,
And e’er obey His Word. *Moravian Hymn.*

The Church Missionary Society requires that **JESUS CHRIST**, and not the Church of Christ, shall be set forth as the Saviour of men; that the blood of the Lamb, and not the waters of baptism, shall be preached for the cleansing away of sins; that communion with Jesus shall be ascribed to the power of the Holy Ghost, and not to transubstantiation or consubstantiated bread. It does require, that no part of God’s message to man shall be wilfully reserved, at the discretion of the messenger; especially will it not allow the Cross to be reserved.—*Dr. M’Neile, Church Missionary Anniversary Sermon, May, 1845.*

THE strange woman . . . forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God.—*Prov.* ii. 16, 17.

IF the Church of Rome had remained faithful to Jesus, she would have believed, in common with every true disciple and with the holy Apostles, that holy writ is sufficient to teach whatsoever we ought to believe, and hope, and practise. But, forsaking the doctrine of our heavenly Master, she is grown earthly and sensual. She shuns the eye of her spouse; she turns away her own from the glass in which she would behold her hideousness, and seeks elsewhere than in the image of her consort, arguments to vindicate her lapse. . . . The Church of Rome, scorning the Divine doctrine of her heavenly spouse, becomes a profligate, and, in order to gloss over her crime, takes refuge in “old women’s fables;” she treads the same path which the Pharisee and hypocrite trod before her; casts the Gospel of Life from her, and sets up her own inventions in its stead!—*L. Desanctis.*

At Augboor, near Trichinopoly, is a church, where the priest reads the Syriac mass instead of the Latin, which he does not understand. Nor do his people understand the Syriac; for to them he preached in Tamul. At this church there is a union of Romish ceremonies and Pagan superstitions. They have their “Rutt Jattra.”* I examined the Rutt, which is built in the usual manner, with three cables to pull it. Only that, instead of the Hindoo devices, it has hell and the devils on the lower part, heaven and the blessed on the higher, and, above all, the Pope and the cardinals! . . . At Tutycorin, there is a rich Romish church. The “Rutt” is attached to this church, as at Augboor. The priest told me he walked before it in processions. In the Hindoo temples it is usual to ring bells and strike gongs the moment the idol is unveiled. In analogy to this, bells are rung and drums beat at Tutycorin, when the Virgin Mary is unveiled. There are three bells within the church, of large size, which have a terrible effect on the auditory nerves. I requested the priest to undraw the curtain before the Virgin, that I might see the golden image, but I was not apprized of the thunder that was to accompany the exhibition.—*Rev. C. Buchanan.*

* The car in which the image of the Virgin, instead of Juggernaut, is carried about.

THAT which ye have already, hold fast till I come.—
Rev. ii. 25.

WE are come, as near as we possibly could, to the Church of the Apostles, and of the old Catholic bishops and fathers; and have directed, according to their customs and ordinances, not only our devotions, but also the Sacraments and the form of Common Prayer.—*Bp. Jewel.*

The Church of England is the golden medium. To the Bible it appeals as its only base; to the united suffrage of the first centuries as the best and safest comment.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

The constant doctrine of it is so pure and orthodox, that whosoever believes it, and lives according to it, undoubtedly he shall be saved; and there is no error in it which may warrant any man to disturb its peace, or renounce the communion of it.—*Chillingworth.*

¶ O Lord Jesus Christ! most true Pastor, Shepherd, and Herdsman of our souls, we most humbly beseech Thee mercifully to behold Thy poor and scattered flock, whom Thou hast purchased with Thy most precious blood, and to send them such shepherds as both can and will diligently seek up the lost sheep, lovingly lay them on their shoulders, and faithfully bring them home again to the sheepfold. . . . Endue them with Thy Holy Spirit, that they may be faithful, wise, and devout servants, giving Thy household meat in due season. . . . Finally, grant, we pray Thee, most merciful Saviour, that in all things they may so behave themselves according to Thy blessed will and commandment, that when Thou, the most high Bishop and chief Shepherd, shall appear, they may receive the incorruptible crown of glory. Amen.—*Edward VI., Primer.*

Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,
I'll go thy safest road;
Thy people shall my people be,
And thine shall be my God.

The safety of the best-constituted Church is not its admirable formularies, not its secular supports, not its riches, nor numbers, nor power,—but the blood of the Lamb, boldly testified of by its bishops and clergy in their living doctrine.—*Bishop Daniel Wilson, Metropolitan of India. Sermon before the Church Missionary Society, May 4, 1846.*

EVEN them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer.—*Isa.* lvi. 7.

¶ O LORD! be merciful unto us, and hear our prayer that we make before Thee in this place. As often as we from henceforth shall here gather together, let Thy Spirit animate our hearts to seek Thy face sincerely, without hypocrisy. As often as we shall hear Thy Word, let us do it with unfeigned intent to obey and keep it without exceptions. As often as Thy sacraments, which are holy means of entering with Thee into a covenant of love and obedience, are administered in this house, oh! be pleased to make them effectual to the salvation of our souls. And, finally, when strangers, who do not know Thy name, hear of all the glorious doctrines and modes of worshipping Thee preached in this house, incline, O Lord, their hearts—oh, mercifully incline their hearts to renounce their abominable idolatry, and to worship Thee, O God, in the name of Christ. In this manner make this a place where Thy name is glorified, Thy kingdom sought after, and Thy will duly performed!—*From Rev. C. F. Schwartz's prayer on dedicating the Church at Trichinopoly, May 18, 1766.*

Lord! when before Thy throne we meet,
 Thy goodness to adore,
 From heaven, Thine endless mercy-seat,
 On us Thy blessing pour;
 And make our inmost souls to be
 An habitation worthy Thee!

There—at the Indian settlement on the Red River—on the morning of the Lord's own blessed day, we saw them gathering already round their pastor, who was before his door; their children collecting in the same manner, with their books in their hands, all decently clothed from head to foot; a repose and steadiness in their deportment—at least, the seeming indication of a high and controlling influence upon their characters and hearts. . . . There were, perhaps, two hundred and fifty Indians present, composing the whole congregation. Nothing can be more reverential and solemn than the demeanour and bearing of these people in public worship. . . . Around were their humble dwellings, with the commencement of farms, and cattle grazing in the meadow. The neat, modest parsonage or mission-house, with the school-house as its appendage, forming the leading objects in the picture, and carrying upon the face of them the promise of blessing.”—*Bishop of Montreal. Visit, 1844.*

NOT my will, but Thine be done.—*Luke xxii. 42.*

GOD'S will must be done *by* us, and then we may cheerfully consent that it should be done *upon* us ; for He can will no evil to those that serve Him.—*Dean Comber.*

¶ Here us, blessed Jesus, from Thy throne of grace, and so mould our hearts by Thy Holy Spirit, that we may indeed be strengthened to do the will of Thy Father and our Father, in earth, even as it is in heaven. Write in our hearts what our Father commandeth us to do, and then let Him command what He will.—*S. Augustine.*

Yea, such is our corruption, that though God will, we will not. It is certain, then, that we have not, of ourselves, either will or ability, but that it is God who giveth both.—*Bp. Andrews.*

Be ours, O King of mercy, still
 To feel Thy presence from above ;
 And in Thy Word, and in Thy will,
 To hear Thy voice, and know Thy love !
Bishop Heber.

Under all the severe sufferings which preceded the departure into bliss of the sainted Schwartz, he never uttered a single expression of impatience ; his mind was always calm and serene. Once, when he suffered very severely, he said, “ If it be the will of the Lord to take me to Himself, His will be done. May His name be praised ! ”

(*Tinnevelly.*)—Pakhian, when attacked by the fearful cholera, wiped the tears from her mother's eyes, and comforted her husband by directing him to look to the Lord. So clear was her faith in a Saviour present with her, that she spake of Him as before her eyes. “ Why, then,” asked her husband, “ do you not request the Lord Jesus to spare your life for some more years in this world, for the benefit of our children ? ” “ No ! ” she replied, “ I always prayed that the will of the Lord might be done, and now I submit to His will.”—*Rev. J. Devasagayam.*

I WILL put enmity between thee and the woman.—
Gen. iii. 15.

AND was there any need of this? Had not the devil spite and enmity enough against men without God's putting enmity between them? Yes—enough and enough again: but man had not enmity enough against the devil. He had been too much friends with him, in hearkening to him, obeying him, complying with him to the violating God's command, and the undoing of all mankind; and should he still continue in that compliance with him, there were no hopes of recovery, no way but eternal ruin. Therefore, it was a most comfortable and happy passage, when God Himself takes on Him to dissolve this society, and to set them at odds,—that the seed of the woman should set the devil at defiance, be an enemy to him, and fight against him; and at last, through God's strength and good assistance, tread him under foot.—*Lightfoot.*

Against me earth and hell combine,
 But on my side is power Divine;
 Jesus is all, and He is mine!

J. Newton.

The heathen Hindoos have a tradition, that their god, Vishnoo, appeared ten times upon earth; at the eighth, under the name of "Krishna." On an old wall of one of their temples he is represented under two figures: first, as a sufferer, his body being coiled round by a serpent, which is biting his foot; and, secondly, as a crowned conqueror, delivered from his tormenter, seizing his body with both hands, and trampling upon his head. It has been supposed, that the origin of this traditional representation is as follows:—"The grandson or great-grandson of Noah, when first settling in Hindoostan, was desirous to preserve among his posterity that gracious 'promise,' on the faith of which he and they might live and die in a state of reconciliation with God, and in the assurance of salvation from all the evils which the Serpent and the Fall had brought on them. As writing was not then invented, he might use sculpture or painting to keep up among his descendants the memory of this inestimable promise, and would probably cause it to be figuratively recorded by some such emblems."

This view of the Hindoo figures now extant may well confirm and enliven our own faith in the holy Scriptures, and show how the traditions of a distant nation minutely agree with the written Word. It ought also to inflame us with increased zeal for the conversion of the Heathen, when we see that their first fathers and ours walked with God in the exercise of the same faith.

YE husbands, dwell with your wives according to knowledge, giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life.—1 *Pet.* iii. 7.

THE husband ought to be the leader and author of love, in cherishing and increasing concord, which then will take place if he will use moderation and not tyranny, and if he yield something to the woman. . . . But he which will do all things with extremity and severity, and doth use always rigour in words and stripes, what will that avail in the conclusion? Verily, nothing, but that he thereby setteth forward the devil's work; he banisheth away concord, charity, and sweet amity, and bringeth in dissension, hatred, and irksomeness, the greatest griefs that can be in the mutual love and fellowship of man's life.—*Homily on Matrimony.*

May we the law of love fulfil,
 To bear each others' burdens here;
 Suffer, and do Thy righteous will,
 And walk in all Thy faith and fear.
 So may our union, here begun,
 Endure for ever, firm and free;
 At Thy right hand may we be one—
 One with each other, and with Thee! *J. Montgomery.*

The heathen females in Ceylon "are never taught to read, and are never treated by their husbands with more respect than servants. There is considerable difficulty to persuade them to allow their daughters to be instructed. How little do females in England know the value of their superior privileges! Could they see their degraded sex in heathen countries—engrossed in ignorance, enslaved by vice and sin, excluded from social intercourse, standing as menial servants behind their own husbands while they are eating their food,—and could they hear their cries, when suffering from the cruel rage of their despotic lords, they would be constrained, by every feeling of humanity, and, above all, by gratitude to Him who, 'though He was rich, yet for their sakes became poor, that they through His poverty might be rich,' to exert themselves in every way to promote the temporal comfort and eternal welfare of millions, whose condition has long, far too long, been unpitied and disregarded."—*Mayor.*

THE Lord direct your hearts into the love of God.—
2 *Thess.* iii. 5.

HAVE you perceived at the heart that the love and favour of God is far better than all the treasures and pleasures of this world? * And do you verily believe that all the blessed shall see His glory in heaven, and perfectly love, and praise, and serve Him, and be filled with perfect joy for ever in this blessed sight and love of God? And do you set more by the hope of this heavenly glory than by your life and all this world? And do you prefer heaven before earth in your esteem, your desire, and heartiest labour and diligence to make it sure?—*Baxter.*

¶ O heavenly Father, settle in my soul a “lively faith in Thy mercy through Christ,” a steady belief of all Thy love to sinners, and an affectionate reliance on the merits and mediation of Thy crucified Son, of my being accepted in the Beloved, for whom I will ever adore and love Thee.—*Bp. Ken.*

Heavenly Tutor! of Thy kindness,
Teach my dulness, guide my blindness,
That my steps Thy paths may tread
Which to endless bliss do lead.

In knots, to be loosed never,
Knit my heart to Thee for ever,
That I to Thy name may bear
Fearful love, and loving fear!

T. Davison.

Last winter, Jacob, a native assistant of mine, was summoned to his rest. On the day before his death, having been asked how he felt, he replied, “I shall not rise from this bed again. I am called hence to the Lord.” He then raised his arm, stretched it out, and said, “Look! my arm is nothing but bones and skin; it is the same with my earthly body. The flesh is dead within me; my desire is fixed on my heavenly country—that country where I shall behold Him who loves me, and whom I love. Yes, I shall see Him shortly.” When asked whether he feared death, “Oh, no,” he answered; “how can I love Christ and fear death? How can death affect me? The death of Christ was the death of Death!”—*Rev. J. Kogel. Greenland.*

* *Matt.* vi. 20, 21; *Col.* iii. 1, 3, 4, &c.; *Ps.* lxxiii. 25; *lxiii.* 3; *2 Pet.* ii. 10; *iii.* 11, 12; *Phil.* iii. 20, 21; *Matt.* vi. 33; *John.* vi. 27.

YE fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.—*Ephes. vi. 4.*

TAKE conscientious care to season your children, as early as you can, with the love of God, which is “the first and great command,” and with “the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom;” for the awful love and the filial fear of God must always go together.—*Bishop Ken.*

Let us look upon our children as upon the great blessings of God. They are the Lord’s vessels, ordained to honour; let us keep them clean. They are Christ’s lambs, and sheep of His flock; let us lead them forth into wholesome pastures.—*Bishop Jewel.*

¶ O Lord! for Jesus’ sake, let Thy holy eye be upon the beloved of my heart for good. O Thou, who gavest, keep them for Thine own. Let Thy right-hand lead and guide them continually, and thine everlasting arms be underneath them to hold them up in every danger and temptation, and finally bring them through the great waterflood to the haven of Thy rest.—*R.*

Our schools have been better attended, and have increased in numbers. The day-scholars attend regularly, and generally spend their holidays in the school-room, or on the premises. Much sickness has prevailed among the children. * * Several of them have died, of whom we have hope that the “good Shepherd” of the flock has gathered these lambs into His heavenly fold. We were fearful that this mortality might have proved a hindrance to the parents in sending their children; but from what they witnessed in the deaths of those who have been taken from us, the reverse is the case. Their general observations are—“Let our children die, and go to Christ. Although we love them, and our hearts are filled with sorrow on account of their death, yet they go to Christ, and are safe. The sorrow we now feel is nothing to the sorrow we *should* feel, if they were to grow up and become wicked, and be in danger of being lost for ever.”—*Rev. R. Davies, Kaikohi, N.Z.*

In 1849, there were, in the Eastern District of New Zealand, eighty-eight schools, with 3,500 pupils; and in the Western, twenty-eight schools, with 2,322 pupils; all under the Church Missionary Society.

BEHOLD, all souls are mine ; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine.—*Ezek. xviii. 4.*

WHAT are they that thou lovest so dearly, and who lie in thy bosom mortally wounded ; and wilt thou not be troubled for them ? What ! not one sigh or tear come from thee for them ? Be astonished, O heavens ! what a hard heart hast thou ? * * * If a child be dangerously sick, or wounded externally, how ready are you to inquire for some skilful physician, or chirurgeon, and what speed will you make ! And will you not be as tender and careful of his soul ?—*Keach.*

O, let the children of your flesh
Be dedicate to God ?
Pour out Thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in Thy blood.
Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall Thy salvation come,
And countless households meet at last
In one eternal home ! *Watts.*

Jemima, the only surviving child of four born to Charles Taurua and his wife Sarah, was about twelve years of age, and had long been in attendance on Miss Davis's school ; she had made progress, not merely in the general instruction afforded to her, but in the knowledge that maketh "wise unto salvation." Symptoms of the same disease which had been so fatal to her brothers and sisters manifested themselves in her constitution ; and it became evident that Charles and Sarah would soon be childless. Mr. Davis visited them just about the time when the case assumed a hopeless aspect. On communicating to the child her near approach to eternity, her answer was—"I had rather die than live in the midst of a sinful world." Turning to the mother, Mr. Davis inquired of her, "Sarah, how are you prepared for this ?" Her answer was, "I am prepared." "Yes !" added the father, "I shall be thankful to know my children have gone before me. I shall have no further care for them on account of sin. They will be safe. I know my child must die. I do not wish to keep her in this sinful world. Let her go to be with her Saviour. But do not think I shall not feel her loss. For the last week my grief for her body has disjointed my frame ; but when she is gone, I shall think of others. I have them in my heart."—*Kaikohi, N.Z.*

FOR Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel: not with wisdom of words, lest the Cross of Christ should be made of none effect.—1 *Cor.* i. 17.

WE hold this to be essential to all Gospel preaching, that we keep exceedingly distinct the message of Christ, as calling the sinner to the nearest, and the most direct, most personal coming to His feet; as calling us to the enjoyment of that privilege always and everywhere—as much in the closet as in the Church; as much in our ordinary exercises of heart, as when we kneel at the communion-table; and always in perfect independence of human ministrations to open the door or facilitate our acceptance. We must preach the riches of Christ as John saw them represented in “the river of water of life.”—*Bishop M. Ilvaine (Ohio, U.S.).*

Far be from us all rejoicing, save only in the Cross of Jesus Christ! Far be from us all confidence in our own works and merits; for all our health consisteth in the Cross of Jesus Christ, wherein we may, undoubtedly, well set all our hope.—*Bishop Coverdale.*

Bound upon th' accursed tree,
 Sad and dying, who is He?
 By the last and bitter cry,
 The ghost resigned in agony;
 By the lifeless body laid
 In the chamber of the dead;
 By the mourners come to weep
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep:
 “Crucified!” we know Thee now:
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

Millman.

The missionaries of the United Brethren among the Greenlanders began their labours by endeavouring to convince them by many philosophic arguments of the existence of God, and to give them some notions of the Divine perfection; but no good followed. The missionaries changed their ground, and represented Christ dying, “the just for the unjust, to bring us to God;” they pointed to the crucified Redeemer, and said, “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!” they preached God the Saviour, and succeeded; they preached mercy through the Atonement, and seized upon the hearts of the Greenlanders; they exalted Jesus on His atoning Cross, and then they drew these savages unto Him.—*Rev. B. W. Mathias, Church Missionary Sermon, 1820.*

GROW in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.—*2 Pet.* iii. 18.

EVERY man, without exception, has, in every station, a twofold calling—the one for heaven, everlasting! the other for earth, social! Considered as a reasonable and immortal being, there can be no limit to his moral culture; the career opened to him is without end, and without halt. He must endeavour more and more to improve; that is, to become more and more pleasing to his Maker, and more and more like to his Saviour in purity of mind and life. Man is never so good that he may not become better; his strivings, therefore, must not relax. The greater his moral improvement and growth in goodness, so much the richer does he become in usefulness and general worth as a member of society. The capability of human nature for unlimited improvement is to me its noblest feature, and the clearest proof of its Divine origin; yes, and the most manifest evidence, that, if it be spiritualized of God, it will, as a necessary consequence, be again united to Him.—*Frederic William III., King of Prussia.*

Oh! not alone my body feed;
 Supply my fainting spirit's need.
 Oh, Bread of Life! from day to day,
 Be Thou my comfort, food, and stay!

I profess to be a Christian, and, through the free grace of God, have the happy assurance that I am a Christian. It is, then, my unspeakable privilege to be endlessly advancing in the Divine life. It is also my sovereign obligation so to do. The measure of my Christian devotion yesterday will not suffice for to-day, nor its measure to-day, for to-morrow. My body might be sustained in health by a regimen of no constant augmentation: it is material and decaying. But my spirit, if I live as becomes a Christian, craves more and more of God with every additional day of my life. * * I need more love to God, more brokenness of heart, and more of the Spirit of Christ now, than ever before; and my necessities will be greater the next hour than they are now; and greater in the succeeding hours than in the next; and thus onward through every succession of the infinite future. This element of eternal progress is the sublimest principle of my religion. It lives on God. Truth and holiness are its life.—*American Missionary.*

THE word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him at the last day.—*John* xii. 48.

THE word which the Lord hath spoken, in that day when the Lord shall come, it shall judge; the Word, I say, of God shall in that day judge. . . . It were good for men to agree with their adversary, the Word of God, now whiles they are in the way with it; lest, if they linger, it should deliver them to the judge, Christ, who will commit them to the jailer, and so they shall be cast into prison, never to come out thence till they have paid the uttermost farthing;—that is, Never!—*Bradford*.

¶ Pour out upon me, O Lord, Thy holy Spirit of wisdom and grace. Govern and lead me by Thy holy Word, that it may be a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my steps. Show Thy mercy upon me, and so lighten the natural blindness and darkness of my heart through Thy grace, that I may daily be renewed by the same Spirit and grace; by the which, O Lord, purge the grossness of my hearing and understanding, that I may profitably read, hear, and understand Thy Word and heavenly will, believe and practise the same in my life and conversation, and evermore hold fast that blessed hope of everlasting life. Amen.—*Book of Common Prayer*, 1559.

With thousand thanks I praise Thee, Lord,
For giving me Thy holy Word,
To teach me here Thy Son to love,
And be, through Him, a saint above.

*From a hymn by Thomas, a converted Indian.**

“You must look to God,” said Sarah Taureca to her husband, before he went out to teach. “Yes,” he answered, “before I open the Testament I will go to the secret place, and seek direction from God.” He went, and doubtless found what he sought after.—*Rev. R. Davis, Kaikohi, N.Z.*

A Mussulman judge came to the converted Brahmin, Anuad, and asked him to read to him, which he did, eight or ten chapters of St. Luke. The man went away, exclaiming, in the spirit of the officers sent to apprehend Jesus, “Never was there one to compare to the Lord Jesus Christ! He must be God.”—*Rev. J. Fisher*.

* See Leutpolt's “Recollections of an Indian Missionary.”

HIM that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.—
John vi. 37.

CHRIST walked this earth in humble guise, but full of grace and truth, purposely to show how willing He was to be approached of men. And He will resent the coldness of the heart which cannot confide in Him. Christ has taken on Himself the whole burden of our salvation, and will resent the unbelief of the heart which would bring in other mediators to stand between God and us, or Him and us. Mary, the mother, had no freer access to Him than Mary the Magdalen; and the Apostle who leant on His bosom was not more near to Him than may be the humblest of ourselves. . . . Christ is in heaven before God for each of you, and easy of access by each of you—ready to hear each of you speaking separately unto Him—ready to receive each of you—desiring to be the friend of each of you severally—giving Himself to each, as though there were none other to share His love—desiring to be the counsellor of each, the guide, the strengthener, the comforter of each, that for himself comes unto Him.—*Dean Eliot.*

I draw near, as Thou wert by me;
Yes, I do believe Thee nigh me;
Heal me, who my hope hast been,
Cleanse me, and I shall be clean,
When washed in blood of Thine,
O Majesty Divine!

Whitehead.

Late this evening I was called to a sick man, who had been ill for a considerable time. It was gratifying to see how he threw himself into the arms of Jesus. "Nothing," said he, "can attract my mind again in this world. My time is come. Jesus calls me!"

I was informed that a sick communicant (whom I had visited two days before) had exchanged time for eternity. A few hours before he died, when asked by a Christian brother how he felt about his soul, he answered, "Fear not, my brother; my cause is settled with the Lord. He is my salvation!"—*Rev. D. H. Schmid. Freetown, S.L.*

CHRIST is all, and in all.—*Col. iii. 11.*

SUBSTITUTE none for CHRIST, and let none be substituted for Him. None so great, none so good, none so loving as He. None can be so near to you; none can so understand your every need; none can so pity, so help you; none can be so ever-present with you. Make Him your friend, your counsellor, your only reliance; and be it your care that no power on earth, whatever it call itself, place itself between you and Christ; but whatever be its name, and whatever be its pretensions, and whatever be its boldness, thrust it aside as an unholy thing, the enemy alike to you and to your Saviour.—*Dean Eliot.*

Christ died once, but lives ever. . . . When He hath done dying, He hath not done living.—*T. Watson.*

To Thee, dear Lord, my pensive soul aspires;
 Thou art the fulness of my choice desires;
 Thou art that sacred spring, whose waters burst
 In streams to him that seeks with holy thirst.
 Thrice happy man—thrice happy thirst, to bring
 The fainting soul to so, so sweet a spring. . . .
 In grief Thou art our joy; in want, our wealth;
 In bondage, freedom, and in sickness, health;
 In pain, our help; in triumph, our renown;
 In life, our comfort, and in death, our crown.

Quarles.

After a long and blessed season in prayer, I felt the spirit of adoption drawing me very near to God, and giving me the full assurance of His love. My fervent prayer was that I might be more deeply and habitually convinced of His unchanging, everlasting love, and that my whole soul might be altogether in Christ. I scarcely knew how to express the desires of my heart. I wanted to be all in Christ, and to have Christ for my "all in all"—to be encircled in His everlasting arms, and to be swallowed up altogether in His fulness. I wished for no created good, or for men to know my experience, but to be one with Thee, and live for Thee, O God, my Saviour and my Lord. O may it be my constant care to live free from the spirit of bondage, at all times having access to the Father!—*H. Martyn, August 14, 1805 (when at Cork, on his first mission to the East).*

BEHOLD, I will pour out my Spirit unto you.—
Prov. i. 23.

¶ O LORD JESUS CHRIST, the Lamb as white as snow, the vanquisher of Satan's tyranny, give unto us, thy little sheep, the strength and virtue of Thy Spirit, that, being in our own selves weak and feeble, and in Thee strong and valiant, we may withstand and overcome all assaults of the devil, so that our ghostly enemy may not glory on us, but, being conquered by Thee, we may give thanks to Thy mercy, which never leaveth them destitute that put their trust in Thee—who liveth and reigneth God for ever without end. Amen.—*Book of Common Prayer, 1559.*

“Ask, and it shall be given you.” If, then, your helplessness is a real grievance, bring it to Him with an honest desire to be rid of it. If you have never prayed, now is the time for prayer. If you cannot pray, at least make the effort. Stretch out the withered hand in the obedience of faith. If your heart be hard, your convictions faint, your resolution unsteady,—all is provided in the promise, “I will pour out my Spirit upon you.”—*C. Bridges.*

Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete!
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.
Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Hart.

Alas! alas! the field of our heart, as it were, withereth! Who but the Holy Spirit can refresh our fainting and worthless souls with Christian doctrine.—*Abdool Messeeh.*

May the Holy Spirit, through the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, make even me fit for this, that He may abide always with me! Through God's mercy, not by my doing, I pray, that having kept me stedfast in the faith of His Son, He would include me among the obedient of His holy Church; and may He preserve me from that hypocrisy, of which Christ, my advocate, hath spoken—“Ye are they which justify yourselves before men, but God knoweth your hearts; for that which is highly esteemed among men, is abomination in the sight of God.”—*The same, to the Church Missionary Society, Jan. 1, 1816.*

BE clothed with humility.—1 *Pet.* v. 5.

WE see Christ humbling himself to the death : and will a humble Christ ever be received into a proud heart? A sight of God's glory, and a sight of sin, may humble us. Was Christ humble, who was all purity? And are we proud, who are all leprosy? * * The emptier the vessel is, and the lower it is let down in the well, the more water it draws up; so the more the soul is emptied of itself, and the lower it is let down by humility, the more it fetcheth out of the well of salvation. God will come into a humble heart to revive it (*Isa.* lvii. 15). That is none of Christ's temple which is not built with a low roof.—*T. Watson.*

The Cross of Christ is the death of pride, and the womb of humility. Can dust and ashes be proud, when it seeth its Maker laid low in the dust of shame and death?—*Wogan.*

Humility!—the sweetest, loveliest flower
That bloomed in Paradise, and the first that died—
Has rarely blossomed since on mortal soil.
It is so frail, so delicate a thing,
'Tis gone if it but look upon itself;
And he who ventures to esteem it his,
Proves by that single thought he has it not. *Caroline Fry.*

(*Agra*).—Molwee Rownee and Moonshee Meer Ulee, with three of their followers, having come here * on business, determined to ascertain his (Abdool the convert's) uncleanness by personal inquiry. Abdool answered, "God bless you, who have taken such trouble for a poor sinner like me, who has no refuge but in Christ." One of them replied, "God has not made such a shameless fellow as you upon the face of the earth." Abdool said, "You say true, I am even worse than you describe." On a sudden they asked, in a milder manner, "How will you answer this to God?" Abdool replied, "It is most true! I know not what I can answer; but I hope in the word that the Lord Jesus Christ has spoken, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' I firmly trust that He, and not another, will answer for me, a sinner. His grace is universal, and He casts out no one from His presence; neither, I trust, will he dismiss me in despair." When they heard this they rose and departed, saying, "God give you understanding;" and Abdool answered, "Amen!"

* Chunar.

THE Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.—*Hab.* ii. 20.

THE Lord alone is He of whom we are to ask happiness: His “holy temple” the place alone we are to find it in. Happiness is a plant that grows nowhere but in holy ground. The seeds of it are sown in the holy Catholic Church militant upon earth; its harvest to be reaped in heaven. Let the earth, then, and all its vain pretences to felicity, “keep silence before God;” while all false objects of worship, and all worshippers of false gods, stand mute before Him, convicted and convinced, that the dispensing of happiness, as well as punishing the guilty, is the sole prerogative of God: that, without holiness, none can see Him; without seeing Him, none can be happy.—*Wogan*.

Did sensual indulgence constitute happiness, animals would be kings in the kingdom of happiness, and thou wouldst yearn to debase thyself to their estate; for, in such a kingdom, thou wouldst be free from the fear of death—the knowledge of thy God—the terrors of judgment to come—the law of sin—the appalling sense of God’s holiness—the war between the flesh and the Spirit.—*Savonarola*.

Object of my sole desire,
 Jesus, crucified for me!
 All to happiness aspire,
 Only to be found in Thee.
 Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below;
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above. *Toplady.*

“A year since,” writes a Hindoo youth to a missionary, “I was an Atheist; afterwards I turned to Materialism: and what am I now? A Christian, baptized in the name of Jesus, and indescribably happy. The retrospect of the past fills my mind with astonishment. * * I hated the Christian religion, and could not bear the thought of the possibility of being convinced of the truth: yet I could not remain quiet. Against all my strongest resolutions, and contrary to the inclinations of my own heart, I was led, step by step, nearer to Christianity. I could not resist its evidence. The doctrine of the Scriptures, which appeared to me before pure nonsense, I now found to be Divine wisdom. * * Something of what the Scripture calls free grace must have exercised its influence upon me; and if ever a sinner has been converted by free grace, it is I.”—*Weitbrecht’s “Missions in Bengal.”*

TAKE, eat: this is my body. This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many.—*S. Mark xiv. 22—24.*

THE bread is Christ's body; not bodily, but spiritually; not the body in which He suffered. . . . That holy wine is the Saviour's blood which was shed for us, not in actual thing, but in spiritual understanding. . . . Christ's body is the truth itself. This pledge we do keep mystically, until that we be come to Him, the truth itself.—*Aelfrick. Hom. Paschal.*

¶ O Lord Christ, my sins have separated between me and my God; but Thy love and Thy passion, Thy holiness and Thy obedience, hath reconciled us. And though my sins would deter me, yet they make it necessary for me to come; and though Thy goodness amazes me, yet it is so full of goodness, that it invites me.—*Bishop J. Taylor.*

The word "Sacrament" is derived from the oath by which the Roman soldiers bound themselves to their general. Thus it is our "Oath of Allegiance," wherein we swear fidelity to JESUS, the Captain of our salvation.—*Haweis.*

Thy body for our ransom given,
Thy blood in mercy shed;—
With this immortal food from heaven,
Lord! let our souls be fed.
And as we round Thy Table kneel
Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.

(*Communicants.*)—The missionaries exercise great caution in admitting their converts to the Lord's Table, and interpose an interval of probation between their baptism and their coming to the Sacrament. All, moreover, who are admitted as communicants, are enrolled and subjected to strict ecclesiastical discipline. Under such a system, therefore, the number of communicants affords a criterion by which the state of the Missions may be ascertained. . . . In 1835, the number of communicants was below 800. This year (1844) they approach to 10,000!* Surely, we may well pause upon this fact, in admiring gratitude to Him, to whom be all the praise! "Ten thousand immortal souls gathered from among the heathens, to take, and eat, and drink at their Master's Table!" O may it prove a gracious earnest of their sitting down at the "Marriage Supper of the Lamb!"—*Report, Church Missionary Society, 1844-45.*

* In 1853, they amounted to 16,772.

THE candle of the wicked shall be put out.—
Prov. xxiv. 20.

IN approaching every other object, it is easy to exceed the proper estimate; but what, if it be lawful to indulge such a thought,—what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle? Or, could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness? to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth? Or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe? —*R. Hall.*

¶ O my soul! if thou art shut out of God thou art imprisoned in the dark workings of flesh and blood; for what is thy desire but to live to the vanity of this world? Verily, that desire is thy darkness, thy death, thine imprisonment, and thine utter separation from God. O Christ, raise my soul to Thee, that it may not perish a stranger in a foreign land.—*W. Law.*

While sinners in despair shall call,
 “Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!”
 The saints ascending from the tomb,
 Shall joyful sing—“The Lord is come!”—*Bishop Heber.*

I render unto my gracious God abundant thanks for this His special grace, who, in great mercy, has received me, a miserable sinner, with my two daughters and one son, into His Church, by baptism. I hope that my wife and other son will very soon be joined to the flock of the Lord, which is my entire anxiety and desire. Oh! I praise God for revealing His truth to me. Had He not shown me this mercy, my precious soul, and the souls of my family, would have gone to eternal perdition. Although our relations and friends call us names and disregard us, saying we have joined with low-caste people, yet God has given me firmness of mind to know, that though men can burn our bodies, they can do nothing to our souls; and therefore, I will fear Him, and not men. May the grace of God enable me and mine to continue and grow in His faith to the end of life, through our Lord Jesus Christ!—*A Cingalese convert, at Nellore. Rev. W. Adley's Journal.*

SAY among the Heathen, that the LORD reigneth.—

Ps. xcvi. 10.

¶ ALMIGHTY FATHER, who wouldest have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth, pour out Thy Spirit upon all flesh, and accomplish the purposes of Thy elect, speedily giving Thy Son a dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve Him, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion.—*E. Bickersteth.*

Jesus! arise with saving might,
Send forth the tidings of Thy love;
Disperse the gloom of Pagan night,
With beams of mercy from above.
The isles await Thy coming, Lord,
A herald voice prepares Thy way;
O haste the promise of Thy word,
O bid the Heathen own Thy sway.

Jubilee Hymn, Nov., 1848.—T. R. Birks.

(*China.*)—According to the customary calculation, out of from thirty-five to thirty-six individuals, one dies annually. Of the 360 millions of Chinese, therefore, ten millions die every year, and above 27,000 every day. Each hour, 1,141 depart out of life, without God, and exchange time for eternity without hope. Even were a thousand Chinese to be converted every day, and we did not take into account the entrances into the world and the departures out of it, a thousand years would revolve before China would be laid at the foot of the Cross. And why should there be so long a tarrying for the accomplishment of this gigantic work? How seldom are we able to give an answer where the dark things of God are to be inquired into. . . . Look back! Thousands of years have been required to make China what she now is,—like to the gigantic tree of Africa, whose boughs serve as a dwelling for a whole tribe of natives. During those thousand years, China has in many an art drawn nearer and nearer to the European pattern. But in one it has remained behind—in that science which makes man truly man, transforms him into a child of God and an heir of His kingdom, and converts an earthly into an heavenly dominion. But the day of grace, when the millions shall hear “the glad tidings,” is at hand. . . . God appoints the day-spring to all and each of the nations; “the time of this ignorance” He hath “winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.”
—*Hoffmann's Mission Hours.* 1847.

BLESSED are ye that sow beside all waters.—
Isa. xxxii. 20.

INTO how high a dignity and how weighty an office and charge is the missionary called. To be a messenger, a watchman, and a steward of the Lord; to teach, to premonish, to feed and provide for the Lord's family; to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ for ever. How great is the treasure committed to their charge—the sheep of Christ, which He bought with His death, and for whom He shed His blood.—*Legh Richmond.*

The onward progress of his zeal
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law Divine.
He who spread forth the arch of heaven,
And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the bases of this earth,
And formed the human soul,—
Thus saith our God: "Thee have I sent,
A prophet from the sky,
Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
The message from on high.
Before Thy face the shades of death
Shall take their sudden flight;
The people who in darkness dwell,
Shall hail the glorious light.
The gates of heaven shall 'sunder burst,
The iron fetters fall,
The promised jubilee of heaven
Appointed rise o'er all!"

Logan.

He who ventures first into a Heathen country with the glad tidings of salvation, exposing himself to dangers, like the spies in Canaan, does as much in the vineyard of his Lord as he who gathers in the clusters of grapes. So, whether dead or alive, we are working together, and the time will surely come when those that sow and those that reap will rejoice together.—*Rev. — Nyländer.*

¶ Brethren in Christ! blessing be on your heads. Be of good comfort. Go on your way rejoicing, bearing precious seed—"the work of faith, the labour of love, and the patience of hope." May your life be a life of faith, working by love, and your death a death of assurance, full of immortality.—*Rev. R. Budd.*

HE that loveth not, knoweth not God.—1 *S. John*
iv. 8.

SPIRITUAL captives, such as are in bondage to sin and Satan, cannot be redeemed with money. It is not silver or gold that can purchase the redemption of one of Satan's slaves. Nay; if a man should offer up his son or his daughter, "the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul," it would be utterly rejected. But there is good news for the slaves and captives of sin and the devil—a Gospel to be preached to them. God is full of bowels. He, the Lord Jesus, hath laid down a satisfactory price and ransom for these captives, who, through faith in Him, shall obtain deliverance. . . . Oh, by how much the bondage of sin and Satan exceeds all the slavery that man can possibly be exposed unto, by so much the more ought that means to be improved that may effectually accomplish his redemption.—*Keach*.

The Spirit of Christ lights a flame that warms and softens the heart; the spirit of Satan brings a frost that freezes and hardens it.—*Smith*.

Come, Jesus, all-victorious Lord,
Thy grace and power make known;
Strike with the hammer of Thy Word,
And break the hearts of stone.

A Christian woman in India, the widow of a missionary, hearing that one of her Hindoo neighbours had lost her husband, and intended, according to their wicked custom, to be burnt with her husband's body, went to try to dissuade her from her purpose. This woman had five children, and these poor children were in hopes that their mother would not be burnt, but would live and take care of them; but the wicked people so deluded the woman's mind, that she did not care for her children, but consented to die. And it is scarcely to be believed, but it is a part of their cruel superstition, to make the eldest son set fire to the pile which is to burn the dead body of his father and the living body of his mother! "I never shall forget," says the missionary's widow, "the screams of the eldest son, when he was told that he must set fire to the fuel at his mother's head! I turned to a Brahmin (that is, a Heathen priest), and said, 'Why do you suffer this?' He replied, 'It is a bad custom.'"—*C. M. Papers*. No. XXVIII.

I WILL be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters.—*2 Cor.* vi. 18.

GOD saith, Your children are my children. They are the sons of God. They are born anew, and are well shapen in beautiful proportion: make them not monsters. He is a monster, whosoever knoweth not God. By you they are born into the world; be careful, also, that by your means they may be begotten unto God. You are careful to train them in nurture and comely behaviour of body; seek also to fashion their minds unto godliness. You have brought them to the fountain of baptism, to receive the mark of Christ; bring them up in knowledge, and watch over them that they be not lost.—*Bp. Jewel.*

Lord, lead them to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow;
And guide them to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

A more unpromising spectacle can scarcely be imagined than the interior of one of our village schools (in India), especially during the first six months after it has been opened; but let the mind of one of these little despised ones be expanded by instruction, and, above all, let his heart be renewed by the Holy Spirit, and drawn to serve God in the Gospel of His Son, and he becomes a zealous and highly-useful preacher of righteousness—an instrument, a chosen instrument of spiritual good to thousands of his fellow-countrymen. . . . Similar instances have actually occurred.—*Rev. T. Thomason.*

Paripooranum, the second little girl removed from us by death, when at home was constantly reading her Testament, to the surprise and delight of her friends. When at school, she would sometimes find a passage of Scripture, and teach her little companions; and when she heard them tell an untruth, would say, "God sees you, and will be very angry with you if you tell untruths." May we all, who take any part in teaching these little ones, be more prayerful and earnest in endeavouring to lead them to the Saviour!—*Mr. S. Hobbs. Sathankallaur, Tinnevely.*

WHETHER we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord.—*Rom. xiv. 8.*

LET us die with Christ: let us be crucified unto the world. Let us be holy eagles, and soar above. . . . There let us behold the body that was crucified for us, and the blood which was shed for us. . . . Let us offer up our bodies, a living, pure, holy, and acceptable sacrifice to God. So shall we be partakers of the death of Christ, and of His resurrection.—*Bishop Jewel.*

Let us look diligently whereunto we are called, that we deceive not ourselves. We are called, not to dispute as the Pope's disciples do; but to die with Christ, that we may live with Him.—*Tyndale.*

My soul! rest happy in a low estate,
 Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteemed or great.
 To take the impress of a will Divine,
 Be that thy glory, and those riches thine!
 Confess Him righteous in His high decrees,
 Love what He loves, and let His pleasure please;
 Die daily; from the touch of sin recede;
 Then thou hast crowned Him, and He reigns indeed!

—*Guion.*

I was sent for to visit an aged Indian woman. I had for a long time known her as a very eminent Christian. The following conversation took place:—"What made you first think of becoming a Christian?" "As soon as I heard the Word," pointing to her New Testament, "I believed it, and begun to try to do it. The more I learned of it, the more I liked it, and endeavoured to do as it told me, and I felt happy when I heard it." "You have suffered a great deal of affliction; you have followed your husband and six children to the grave: what did you think of God when you were suffering the loss of all these? Did you not think Him a hard Master?" "When I had my husband with me, and was surrounded by my children, I felt myself strong; when God removed them, one after another, I felt myself weaker by every stroke; and it made me cling closer to God." After a long conversation of the like nature, she desired me to let her son know that she looked forward to death with hope and joy; believing that, through the blood of Christ, all her sins were pardoned, and that for His sake, she would be admitted into the kingdom of God.—*Rev. W. Cockran, 1851. N.W. America.*

THE Spirit itself maketh intercession for us.—
Rom. viii. 26.

IN prayer we taste the great and consoling truth of the Spirit's intercession. Its importance none can estimate too highly; for a man of prayer is a man of power. A praying soul is a thriving soul; insomuch that we may say, as a general truth, our spiritual condition here will be exactly proportioned to our diligence in this exercise. Our great adversary, the devil, is aware of this. He knows full well the secret of our strength. Hence the closet is the Christian's battle-field. There he conquers, and there he overcomes. Satan aims at this fortress. He triumphs when he has succeeded in baffling prayer; but he "trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees."—*J. H. Forsyth.*

Wheresoever thou be, thou mayest make and appoint thine altar. . . . For God disdaineth not the place; but requireth one thing, that is to say, a fervent mind and a pure soul.—*Becon.*

In faith we raise our prayers to Thee,
 Through that most holy name,
 On which, for mercy and for peace,
 Hope rests her stedfast claim.
 For that dear name, assist us, Lord,
 To run our heavenward race;
 And O, may no unholy life
 Our holy faith disgrace. *Primitive Hymn.*

Since I have continued to pray, and to think on God, my heart has been full of light: I pray and I think; so I am happy.—
A New Zealand convert's remark to Rev. R. Davis.

¶ I cast myself at the foot of the Cross, bewailing my exceeding sinfulness and unprofitableness, deeply, most deeply aggravated by the infinity of my mercies. I plead Thy precious promises, O Saviour, and earnestly pray to Thee to shed abroad in my heart more love, more humility, more faith, more hope, more peace and joy; in short, to fill me with all the fulness of God, and make me more meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.—*Wm. Wilberforce.*

If I had no inquietudes, I should have no occasion to cry unto the Lord; but since I know that, by prayer, piety overcomes disquiet, how can I but pray always? In this wise, am I constrained to cry unto my Father; and so doth my cry drive away my torment.—*Melancthon.*

THE Word was *made* flesh.—*S. John* i. 14.

¶ HOLY and immortal Jesus! I adore and worship Thee with the lowest prostration and humility of soul and body, and give Thee all thanks for that great love to us, whereof Thy nativity hath made demonstration; for that humility of Thine expressed in the poor and ignoble circumstances which Thou didst voluntarily choose in the manner of Thy birth humbly desiring, that, as Thou didst clothe Thyself with a human body, so Thou mayest invest me with the robes of Thy righteousness!—*Bishop J. Taylor.*

Soft as the snowy flakes, that steal
From fleecy clouds their mystic birth,
Saviour of men! thou didst reveal
Thy glories to a thankless earth;
No beams effulgent round Thee thrown;
Thy brightness, purity alone.

And, snowlike, still Thou dost descend
Where Grace her silent work hath done,
Subdue with noiseless force, and blend
Opposing natures into one.
Thine awful purity they see,
And gazing, shine, enrobed in Thee!

—*Charlotte Elizabeth.*

Christmas Day at Wanganui, N. Z., 1849.—An immense congregation collected in my field; each, as he came, quietly placed himself next the person who had come before him. When all were assembled, a dense mass of human beings stood before me to hear the Word of Life. If I had felt I was anything more than an instrument employed to utter what the Lord might give me to say, I should have been cast down; but, having the promise that He would be with His servants to tell them what they should say, I believed and felt that what was said went to the hearts of the hearers. Full four thousand were present. I called over the names of the teachers throughout the district for the coming year. I next administered the Sacrament to 270 persons: it was received with great reverence. I crossed over, and gave the usual services to the Europeans: the military attended; but not more than twenty settlers were present! Immediately after dinner, I again held service, and restored the lapsed, who had given tokens of contrition, and then administered the Sacrament to the remainder of my communicants, about 200, making a grand total of 766, who had attended this sacred rite.—*Rev. J. Tayler.*

UPON this rock I will build my Church.—*Matt.*
xvi. 18.

IF we speak the same as Peter spake, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!" we are made Peter; and to us it shall be said, "Thou art Peter;" for he is the rock, whosoever is a true confessor of Christ.—*Origen.*

Let others choose as they may; let them vaunt in their Roman privileges; I choose CHRIST, and, by His grace and mercy, hope to abide in Him, and on Him, to the end. If Scripture be true; if Moses, and Hannah, and David, and Paul, and Peter, be worthy of belief in this matter, CHRIST is the true, the only, the living Rock that was smitten for our salvation, and from whence flow forth the waters of life. Yes; "their rock is not as our Rock, our enemies themselves being judges."—*A. M'Caull, D.D.*

Christ is the Rock on which the house is built that cannot fall. He is the Rock in which man may dig deep. He is the Rock that follows us with a flowing fountain through the wilderness of this life.—*Paulinus.*

Our Rock is Christ; no other name
Avails before the Throne:
His bleeding love shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

Why has this nation stood like a rock, while the waves (all Europe being leagued against us) have assaulted her on every side? And what hope can we have that she will still stand impregnable, whatever furious storms may yet assail her? She has (built up on the only Rock of Salvation) been great in her sufferings! Her Christians have raised her to a high character. She has looked beyond herself. She has been the asylum of suffering humanity. And the days of her deepest calamity, and her fiercest conflicts, have witnessed the rise of more Institutions to bless the world than ever rose in any nation. Nor, while she thus proceeds, is it according to the course of the Divine dispensations that she should perish. God has mercy for her yet in reserve.—*Annual Report of the Church Missionary Society, 1815.*

SUCH trust have we through Christ.—2 *Cor.* iii. 4.

AMIDST all your doubts and fears, look up into the Temple, and behold the unceasing and omnipotent mediation of Him who is not only both Priest and Sacrifice, but also King of Righteousness and King of Peace. . . . Have your faith in constant and lively exercise, your views steadily directed to JESUS, who hath ascended from the Cross into heaven; and recollect that you are kept, not by your own strength, but by the power of God and the influence of his Holy Spirit, bestowed upon you through Christ. . . . Ah! here is our security, not that we keep ourselves, but that we, amidst all our weaknesses and wanderings, are kept by the power of God; and that He will graciously help us to follow the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, and be our stay and defence, till we reach the “city of habitation.”—*Professor Burns.*

I was not called to walk alone—
 To clothe myself with love and light;
 But for Thy glory, not my own,
 My soul is precious in Thy sight.
 My evil heart can never be
 A home or heritage for me:
 But Thou canst make it fit for Thee!

To judge from my own experience, a missionary has more to fear from his own heart than from anything else. This he must strictly guard against; and, in believing prayer, look to Jesus, till he obtain power to conquer the robbers of grace that lurk there; and to renounce everything which may lure him from Christ's blessed fellowship: such, for instance, as “looking back” after one's own country, seeking property, ease, honour, or reputation.—*Rev. I. Butscher.*

How many a soul is still kept in bondage by the “liar from the beginning;” and how many do not even feel the weight of the chain with which they are bound! Nevertheless, we look onward to the time when the Lord's salvation will have fully visited this continent, when Christ will have said to the prisoners, “Go forth! To them that are in darkness, Show yourselves!” All this will be done by our Lord Jesus Christ; and the sooner for the more we pray in faith, “Thy kingdom come!”—*Rev. J. Eckhardt, Rabbai Empia, E. Africa, 1849.*

THE way of peace they know not.—*Isa.* lix. 8.

WHO can disguise or dispute the moral, social, and intellectual debasement of the vast majority of the human race? Who can contemplate, without sickening and shuddering of the heart, those dark places of the earth which are full of wickedness, where every man's hand is against his fellow, and the hand of his fellow against him; where the strong are all oppression, and the feeble are all slaves? . . . Oh! there is, throughout the universe, but one healing "fountain:" it is that which has been "opened for sin and uncleanness," in the precious blood of Christ! And bear witness, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—bear witness the length and breadth of the universe—that, wherever it has been unsealed in the midst of barren and barbarous lands, "the wilderness and the solitary places have been glad for it, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose."—*Rev. Canon Dale's Jubilee Sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral, October 29, 1848.*

No dawn of saving light,
 No day of holy rest,
 E'er breaks upon the heathen's night,
 To soothe his troubled breast.
 To Christ, then, praise be given,
 The noblest, sweetest, best,
 For He has brought us light from heaven,
 And hope of endless rest.
 Lord! let Thy saving light,
 Thy day of glorious rest,
 Soon chase from earth the toilsome night,
 And soothe each wearied breast.

Holywell Meeting, July 16, 1850.

(*The Brahmin's Prayer.*)—"I performed the rites of the Ganges, and I called this good—I worshipped wood and stone; I called this good—I heard the shasters of men, that are false and vain; I called this good. Lord, I am a most wretched creature to this day! I know nothing—nothing! I have spent all my days in wickedness, and have not attained the least knowledge of my God. O put far from me these evil things! O make them depart far from me! I have hearkened now to Thy Word. I will hear shasters no more. I will not hold in least regard the idols of wood and stone any more! All are vanity! lies! Wretched sinner that I am, save! O save—save—save me! Give, O Lord! give me to know—Hell, what? heaven, what? Without the blood of Christ I shall never be saved. Without the flesh of Christ, I shall never live!"—*Church Missionary Society's Report, 1807.*

FROM a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures,
 which are able to make thee wise unto salvation.
 —2 *Tim.* iii. 15.

THE words of Holy Scripture be called words of everlasting life; for they be God's commandment, ordained for the same purpose. They have power to turn, through God's promise; and they be effectual through God's assistance; and being received in a faithful heart, they have ever an heavenly, spiritual working in them.—
Homily on Holy Scripture.

¶ For Thy mercies' sake, O God, vouchsafe to purify our minds through faith in Thy Son Jesus Christ, and instil the heavenly dew of Thy grace into our hard and stony hearts, to supple the same, that we be not contemners and deriders of Thy infallible Word; but that, with all humbleness of mind and Christian reverence, we may endeavour ourselves to hear and to read Thy Holy Scriptures, and inwardly so to digest them, as shall be the comfort of our souls, and sanctification of Thy holy name; to whom, with the Son and the Holy Ghost, three persons and one living God, be all laud, honour, and praise, for ever and ever. Amen.—*Homily on Reverent Estimation of God's Word.*

I love the sacred Book of God;
 No other can its place supply;
 It points me to the saints' abode,
 And gives me wings, and bids me fly.
 Oh! whilst I'm here, thou shalt supply
 His place, and tell me of His love;
 I'll read with Faith's discerning eye,
 And get a taste of joys above.
 I know His Spirit breathes on thee,
 To cheer and stay His people here;
 May thy sweet truths prove life to me,
 Till in His presence I appear!

Kelly.

A friend came to see Dennis, the Chinese child of God, during his last bitter sufferings. "Oh!" he said, "my suffering is so great, my pain so bad! What do you think it is keeps me alive now? It is this," he added, putting his hand on his Bible; "it is this keeps me alive. You know Jesus says, Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; and it is this that keeps me alive now—nothing else could."

IN everything give thanks ; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—1 *Thess.* v. 18.

OH, my dear brethren, whom I love in the Lord, being loved of you also in the Lord, be merry and rejoice for me, now ready to go up to that mine inheritance, which I am myself indeed most unworthy of: but my dear Christ is worthy, who hath purchased the same for me with so dear a price. Oh, wretched sinner that I am, not thankful unto that my Father, who hath vouched me worthy to be a vessel unto his honour.—*L. Saunders.*

Would you be a happy Christian? Then be a thankful one. A thankful spirit is like a sun in a man's soul, making everything to look light and bright around him. . . . Would you be a growing Christian? Then tell of God's salvation from day to day. Thanksgiving is a kindly way of petitioning God. Just as vapours drawn up from earth return to it in showers again, so praises for old mercies bring down large supplies of new.—*Tract, "Count up your Mercies."*

Be mindful of all duty due unto the Lord above,
 Be thankful for His benefits, the pledges of His love :
 Consider with yourselves, I say, to sanctify the Lord,
 In every place continually, by thought, and deed, and word.

—*L. Saunders, Martyr, 1555.*

"In addition," say the native Christians of the province of Tinnevelly, in their address to Queen Victoria, "to the justice, security, and other blessings which all in common enjoy, we, who are Christians, are bound to be more especially grateful for having received, through the indefatigable exertions of English Missionary Societies, the privilege of ourselves learning the true religion, and its sacred doctrines, and of securing for our sons and daughters, born in these happier times, the advantages of education. Many among us once were unhappy people, trusting in dumb idols, worshipping before them, and trembling at ferocious demons; but now we all, knowing the true God, and learning his holy word, pass our time in peace, with the prospect of leaving this world in comfort, and with the hope of eternal life in the world to come. We feel we have not words to express to your gracious Majesty the debt of gratitude we owe to God for this His bounteous grace!"—*Quoted in a Lecture by the Rev. G. Pettit, late of the Tinnevelly Mission, March 7, 1850.*

THOU shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—*Matt.*
xix. 19.

Love in Christ “loves not so much the perishing body as the undying soul.” Here is indeed real love, because it looks to eternity.—*H. J. Rose.*

The way to get is to scatter that you have. Give, and you shall gain.—*Bishop Latimer.*

No man loveth God, who doth not love his neighbour; nor can any love his neighbour truly, who doth not first love God.—*Elemen. Nat. Theol.*

Do you love Jesus, when His garb is mean;
Nor shrink to let your fellowship be seen?
Do you love Jesus, blind, and halt, and maimed?
In prison succour Him? nor feel ashamed
To own Him, though His injured name may be
A mark for some dark slander's obloquy?
Do you love Jesus in the orphan's claim,
And bid the widow welcome in His name?
Say not, “When saw we Him?” Each member dear,
Poor and afflicted, wears his image here;
And, if unvalued and unknown by thee,
Where can thy union with the “body” be?
And if thou thus art in the body dead,
Where is thy life in Christ, the living Head?
And, if dissevered from a living Vine,
How canst thou dream that thou hast life divine?

The love which these people—the emancipated Christian Africans of Regent's Town—manifest among themselves, and towards their minister and all faithful missionaries; their anxiety and the fervency of their prayers, that the Gospel may be made known through all nations; these things are worthy of the admiration of all Christians. It may also be said of the inhabitants of Regent's Town, that they “dwell in love,” and that they live a life of prayer and praise to Him “who loved them, and gave Himself for them.” Besides their meetings for prayer every morning and evening, the hearts of many of them seem to be full of the love of Christ the whole day; and when they “are merry,” they sing psalms; such vocal music resounds from all parts of the town. A dispute is seldom known among them. It is the most heart-cheering sight to see them flock together in crowds to the House of Prayer. . . . Let me entreat you all to be unwearied in your efforts and prayers, that all Africa may become as Regent's Town. Such is the fruit of the Gospel!—*Mrs. Jesty, 1819.*

COME unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.—*Matt. xi. 28.*

THERE is, properly, no tie existing between myself, and God, and Christ. But He has been made sin for me; all my stains have fallen upon Him. He is become viler than I; and, instead of abhorring me, He deems himself honoured by my coming to Him for succour! Holy himself, He is the better able to sanctify me. He adds my wounds to his own; and, by virtue of this union, I am saved.—*Pearce's Pascal, Vol. II.*

Oh! the exceeding burthen of our sins, that the Son of the eternal God must suffer so sore stripes and cruel pains for us to reconcile us with His Father! Oh! the exceeding great love which He declareth unto us, in that He taketh all rebuke upon himself for us! Oh! that we considered this with true devotion, so that we might say with Christ and David, "I am ready to be scourged, and my plague is always before me!"—*Bishop Coverdale.*

Return! Return to thy forsaken Friend,
 So long despised, forgot—
 That now, thou wandering heart, 't were just,
 If He should "know thee not!"
 Yet on, press on, towards the mercy seat;
 And if thou perish, perish at His feet.

At Jerusalem, the Rev. S. Gobat was led to the acquaintance of a young Maronite, who had been expelled from his own land. Their first meeting was at Safet; and it appears that, observing the Christians about him did not lead a life in conformity with the Bible, he had begun to entertain doubts whether the Bible was truly the Word of God. He accompanied the missionary to Jerusalem; and, while sitting upon the roof of a house in that city, Gobat related to him the facts of a conversion, and in the course of it quoted those words of our Lord, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden." The young man, conscience-struck, immediately afterwards left him, and went into retirement. The Word of God had brought conviction to his soul; and it was blessed to his, as pointing out the sinner's only refuge, and as the beginning of his thorough conversion. He subsequently declared that he had previously read the New Testament through four times without the light of this text breaking in upon him.

I DETERMINED not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.—1 Cor. ii. 2.

You have made a wise choice in choosing CHRIST; in giving up yourself to Him, you gave yourself up to eternal enjoyment. Stand by your choice! What you left are dying things, shadows, dreams, and phantoms. Let nothing allure you. What have you gained by choosing CHRIST? Everything!—*T. Jones. (Creaton.)*

Jesus must be the *Lord of the heart*. Short of this, you are short of what will carry you to heaven.—*Ibid.*

Rejoice in hope and fear;
 Rejoice in life and death;
 Rejoice when threatening storms are near,
 And comfort languisheth.
 When, should not they rejoice,
 Whom Christ his brethren calls;
 Who hear and know His guiding voice,
 When on their hearts it falls?—*J. Moultrie.*

The Rev. W. Krusé, speaking of a convert from Romanism, writes:—"For some time his errors clung to him with great force. . . . After many conversations, it pleased the Lord to remove the scales from his eyes, when he at once exclaimed,—'None but Jesus! None but Jesus! He is all my hope, and all my salvation!' In every instance the man's conduct is entirely changed. He does not dare to deny 'the Lord that bought him;' and although occasionally suffering persecution for the cause of Christ, he still adheres stedfastly to the truth he has embraced; openly confessing Christ before men wherever he goes."—*Cairo.*

Archdeacon Brown, treating of the text, "If so be that being clothed, we shall not be found naked," one of the natives observed, "If a man travelling through a desert country sees signs of a coming storm, and hastens to build himself a shelter, that he may not be found naked and exposed to the storm; another sees the same sign, but travels on till he is overtaken by the rain, and not being clothed or having any shelter, he shivers and dies: so a man travelling through the world sees the clouds of God's anger against sin arising; but, taught by his Lamp" (a New Zealand expression for his Testament), "he covers himself with faith in Christ, and is not found naked in the storm; while another sees the same signs, but knowing nothing of Christ, he seeks no shelter, but travels on, naked in his sins, till overtaken by the storm of God's wrath, he perishes everlastingly."—*Taupo, N. Zealand.*

INTREAT now the face of the Lord thy God, and pray for me.—1 *Kings* xiii. 6.

¶ SPIRIT of grace, and truth, and power,
 Be near in every weary hour ;
 Thy Pentecostal unction shed,
 Almighty ! on Thy servant's head :
 For him Thy boundless gifts I claim—
 The heart of zeal, the tongue of flame ;
 To him the wisdom give, and love,
 That blend the serpent with the dove ;
 Oh ! bring Thy rich endowments near
 Of counsel, might, and holy fear.
 Spirit of fire ! pervade, enfold ;
 Consume the dross, refine the gold.
 Spirit of healing ! sweetly rest
 On every wound that scars his breast.
 Spirit of light and life ! display
 Salvation's full and finished day,
 That his own gladdened soul may share
 The Gospel wealth his lips declare.
 Beyond my prayers—beyond my thought—
 Oh ! be th' abundant blessing wrought !
 In him, a chosen vessel, place
 The treasure of Thy boundless grace :
 Yea, with Thyself his spirit fill ;
 There reign, and work Thy sovereign will.

Charlotte Elizabeth.

Go forth, ye soldiers of the Cross, and may the God whom you serve go forth with you, and teach your hands to war, and your fingers to fight ! Rejoice in your high and holy calling, and, in the grateful and humble triumph of your souls, say, Unto us, who are less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that we should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.—*Rev. M. Horne.*

I commend myself to your prayers. I earnestly ask you to give me your prayers, so that I may have Christian wisdom, faith, self-denial, humility, courage, and love. Next to the prayers of the Great Intercessor, much of my hope is in the prayers of His servants. They have never fallen—they never will fall—in vain to the ground. It may thus please God to honour the weakest and the humblest instrument, that He Himself may have all the glory.—*Rev. E. Bickersteth's Reply, on departing for the West African Mission, December 26, 1815.*

IT pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell.—*Col. i. 19.*

THINK of the myriads, once drinking from the stream below, but who are now drinking from the Fountain-head in glory. And yet is this Fountain as full as ever. . . . Jesus is as full of pardoning grace for the guilty, and of justifying grace for the vile, and of sanctifying grace for the unworthy, as ever. . . . Oh! what a precious truth is this. . . . What, reader, is your want? what your sorrow? what your trial? what your infirmity? what your burden? Whatever it may be, repair with it to this Fountain of living water; despair not of a gracious welcome, and of an adequate supply. . . . It needs no persuasion to flow, for it flows spontaneously; and wherever it flows, there is life.—*Winslow.*

Have I no sins that chase my rest?
 No guilt to bow my spirit down?
 No doubts, no fears within my breast?
 No cause to dread a Father's frown?
 But where's my altar? where my priest?
 Where my peace-offering and cleanser—where?
 My Saviour—clothed in blood-stained vest—
 All three in One—behold them there!—*M. N.*

(*A Converted Hottentot's Expostulation at a Missionary Meeting.*)—What pity 'tis—what sin 'tis, that you have so many years got that heavenly bread, and held it for yourselves, not to give one little bit, one crumb, to poor heathen! There are so many millions of heathen, and you have so much bread! And you could depend upon it should not have less because you gave; for Lord Jesus would give the blessing, and you should have the more. You may not think, when you do something for poor heathen, you shall have less for yourselves; but contrary. Lord Jesus's fountain always full; thousands after thousands could be helped. He always same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The more we do for others, the more we shall be blessed—the more we shall have for our own soul.—*Quoted by the Rev. T. T. Biddulph, in a Sermon before Church Missionary Society, 1804.*

“I inquired,” says the Rev. C. P. Davies, “of Hamuera, a native catechist, of Pukewanaki, New Zealand, who was on a sick-bed, ‘What do you think of this sickness?’ ‘It is all good. My God is very good to me. He has given me time to think about my soul. I lean upon Jesus only. He is all in all.’”—*April 30, 1850.*

WE are buried with Him by baptism into death.—
Rom. vi. 4.

IF once you receive Jesus Christ, and the pardon and remission of sins through Him, you cannot be so baptized unto Him but you must be baptized into His "death." That is, of necessity, sin must be crucified in you; you must be "dead" to sin, as He was; you cannot be baptized unto him for justification, but you must be baptized likewise for mortification of the flesh, and for resurrection to newness of life.—*W. Perkins.*

His wounds, our cure; His bonds, our liberty;
His death, our life; His grave, our victory.—*Sir M. Hale.*

Lord, plant us all into Thy death,
That we Thy life may prove;
Partakers of Thy cross beneath,
And of Thy crown above!

(*British Guiana.*)—One of our little girls had been lingering for some time. There was no hope of recovery. . . . The knowledge she had acquired of Scripture was astonishing. "My hope," she said afterwards—"my only hope is, Jesus died for me. I love Jesus; I love Him ever since. I always liked to hear you talk of Him." A short time afterwards, she sent for Mr. Bernau. I found her suffering severely from pains in her knees; but she was soon composed when I told her how much more the Saviour suffered for us. Her state of mind was truly enviable; and ever afterwards, when asked how she was, no complaint escaped her lips; she always said, "Very well, Sir." One evening, late, she called for me, and said, "I am not baptized. Will you not baptize me before I die?" I read to her that Jesus said, "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved." "I believe," she here added, "that His blood will wash me. I wished to ask you ever since. Oh! Sir, do baptize me." After having spoken to her a few words of comfort, I baptized her into the death of our Lord; hoping that, having been "planted in the likeness of His death," she may "be also in the likeness of His resurrection." The scene was a truly solemn one. . . . A few days afterwards, she departed this life in peace, having given charge that her corpse should be conveyed to the girls' school, and from thence to the grave, the children accompanying, and singing a hymn.—*C. M. Record.*

HE shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children.
—*Mal. iv. 6.*

WE hail the advent of the blissful period, when so many dreadful enormities shall vanish at the revelation of the glory of the Lord; when the Indian, instead of drowning his first-born child in the river Ganges, as an offering to an imaginary goddess—the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul—instead of murdering his helpless babe before some horrid effigy—shall come with faith and gratitude to the Christian temple; shall bring his beloved child to the holy font of Christian baptism; shall devoutly enter it into the covenant of God; shall present it as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God; and the Church of Christ shall see her sons growing up as young plants, and her daughters as the polished corners of the Temple.—*Basil Woodd.*

Oh! in the vernal prime of youth,
How blest are they who bring
Their souls a sacrifice for Truth,
And round Christ's altar cling!—*R. Montgomery.*

The Wonicas, at certain periods of the year, celebrate their Wagnaro, when the young people are permitted to govern public affairs. . . . The Wagnaro, or "Festival of the Children," cannot terminate, unless they have slain somebody in the fields, or bought, by common contribution, a slave whom they may kill! When this has been done, the festivity terminates with eating and drinking, and with the washing of their bodies, which they cover with mud during the Wagnaro, in order that they may remain unknown when they slay anybody on the road. How happy are our Christian children at home, who are encouraged to raise contributions for pulling down the works of Satan and darkness, while the parents and relations of African children encourage their benighted offspring to contribute to the committing of murder and other cruelties. . . . I can assure such dear little children (at home) that I appreciate *their* efforts in particular. I expect the greatest blessing to arise from the co-operation of children. Their simple prayers for missionaries have such a value in my eyes, that I often think, in the greatest dangers and difficulties, that the Lord will hear the cry of the babes for my deliverance.—*Dr. Krapf's Letters from East Africa.*

DESPISEST thou the riches of His goodness?—
Rom. ii. 4.

WHERE shall the man, whose whole life has been marked by disregard of the Divine authority, and by acts of rebellion against heaven, reap the fruit of his crimes? Where shall be his final and everlasting abode? . . . Know thou betimes, proud scorner, for that thou hast hated knowledge, and hast not chosen the fear of the Lord, because thou wouldest none of His counsel, and hast despised all His reproof, He will laugh at your calamity: He will mock when your fear cometh. Oh, know betimes, it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.—*Professor Burns.*

Will you, bold sinners, still pursue
 Your valiant wickedness, and brave
 Th' Almighty justice? He'll subdue
 And make you cowards in the grave.

Then, when He as your judge appears,
 In vain you'll tremble and lament,
 And hope to soften Him with tears—
 To no advantage penitent.

No sorrow then shall enter in
 With pity the great Judge's cares.
 This moment's ours! Once dead, his sin
 Man cannot expiate with teares. *Habington.*

A trivial circumstance will, in God's hand, become a channel of grace. We had expelled an Esquimaux woman from our community, for she had become a scorner. But she repented, and was received back. She told us,—“Last summer, reflecting on my state and wicked ways, I observed the tip of a stone sunk in the morass hard by. And as I looked, I thought I heard a voice crying to me, ‘Thou art like that stone.’ I felt it was true. I frequently gazed on the stone afterwards, and beheld it sink deeper and deeper in the morass. It was an emblem, I felt, of my own sinking deeper and deeper in sin. I felt, too, that it was high time I should return to my good old path. Oh, it was Jesus himself who called me back to Him. I cast myself on His mercy; my icy heart was melted, but, alas! I am yet a sinner. I will wrestle with the Lord for forgiveness, and not cease until I can learn to read His blessed Word.”—*Moravian Mission, Labrador, N. America.*

NOT having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ.—*Phil. iii. 7, 8.*

No man is blessed but in the righteousness of God. Every man whose sin is taken away is blessed; therefore every man, whose sin is covered, is made the righteousness of God in Christ. This righteousness doth make us appear most holy, most pure, most unblameable before Him.—*Hooker.*

Pilgrim, cover'd is thy sin!
 Keep the way to Zion's gate;
 There till Mercy let thee in,
 Knock and weep, and watch and wait.
 Knock! He knows His children's cry;
 Weep! He loves the mourner's tears;
 Watch! for saving grace is nigh;
 Wait! till heavenly light appears.

Crabbe.

(*Madras, Aug. 6, 1850.*)—Early this morning I visited M——, who was very ill. Her previous conduct was unblameable; she was a regular communicant and attendant on the means of grace. On Sunday last, after inquiring minutely into the state of her soul, and administering the Lord's Supper, I urgèd on her the necessity of closely examining herself, and seeking the assistance of the Holy Spirit, of confessing to the Lord every one of her sins which came to her remembrance, and of asking pardon for them, looking stedfastly to Christ, the Saviour of sinners. To-day she said she felt much worse. I then asked her whether, as I advised her, she had thought on her sins and confessed them to Christ? "Oh, yes," she said; "last night I thought on my sins and confessed them all to God." "Where do you think you would go to were you to die to-day?" "I will go to the Lord." "Do you think that your sins are pardoned?" "O, yes!" "Who pardoned your sins?" "The Lord." "Was it on account of your good works that He pardoned them?" "O, no!—on account of my Lord, who suffered and died on the cross for me." "Would you like to remain in the world some time longer?" "No; I have no desire to stay here. I long to be with my Lord at once." . . . After referring her to Matthew xi., John vi., and 1 John ii. 7. I knelt down and prayed with her. . . . M—— died a few hours after I left her. I hope she is now in the arms of her blessed Redeemer.—*Journal of the Rev. D. Guana-muttoo.*

BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—*Acts xvi. 31.*

TRUE faith is clear and transparent. It is like a glass, which brings remote objects close to the eye, yet not so distinctly that we can discover the inward parts thereof; it brings them, however, near enough to discover their outward realities, and assure us of their consistency and effect, so that we may rejoice in the sight of them. Faith is grounded in the witness of God to the things unseen of the eye—on the glad experience of our own souls. It conveys to us the peace which passeth understanding, and establishes our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.—*Fournier.*

Christ is the Book of Life. . . . All that believe in Him are in the same book, and so are chosen to everlasting life; for only those are ordained which believe. Therefore, when thou hast faith in Christ, then thou art in the book of life. . . . And again: if thou be without Christ, and have no faith in Him, neither art sorry for thy wickedness, nor have a mind and purpose to leave and forsake sin, but rather use and exercise the same, then thou art not in the book of life.—*Bishop Latimer.*

Guide Thou my way, who art Thyself
 My everlasting end;
 That every step, or swift or slow,
 Still to Thyself may tend! *Hickes' Dev.*

(*Rotorna, New Zealand.*)—Turare, a little girl, was seized and murdered during the late war; but her father escaped, and her remains were recovered. “I buried poor Tarore at the Pa. Those who so narrowly escaped a like death followed the corpse to the grave. . . . After singing a hymn, and addressing the assembled party, Ngukuku, her father, asked me if he might say a few words, and on my assenting, he said, with deep solemnity of feeling,—‘There lies my child; she has been murdered, as a payment for your bad conduct. But do not you rise to seek payment for her. God will do that. Let this be the finishing of the war with Rotorna; now let peace be made. My heart is not dark for Tarore, but for you. You urged teachers to come to you. They came, and now you are driving them away. You are crying for my girl. I am crying for you—for myself—for all of us. Perhaps this murder is a sign of God’s anger for our sins. Turn to Him! Believe, or you will perish.’”—*Rev. A. N. Brown, 1836.*

UNTO you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of men.—*Prov. viii. 4.*

THERE is full great need to hear the commandments of God read and preached and taught, and so to learn them, and do after them, as God hath bidden on pain of damnation. But what man is there now-a-days who feareth to break God's commandments, or setteth any prize by the sweet Word in all God's law? Dear God! it is a wonder of all the wonders upon earth, that from the beginning of our days, even to our last end, we are never weary, night or day, in labouring for worldly goods, pleasing to our wretched body, which shall here last but a little season; while, about the learning of God's law, which shall be food or nourishment for our souls, that either in bliss or pain shall ever last,—about such things may we not labour truly to the end for one hour of the day.—*Wycliffe.*

The wisdom that saves the soul, sanctifies the life.—*C. Bridges.*

Say, wouldst thou live? This hallowed page shall tell
Where life's best joys and holiest treasures dwell;
Say, must thou die? Ah! prize this sacred lore,
That points to worlds where death can wound no more.
H. Martyn.

The light of Divine truth is breaking in upon the darkness which has so long covered the Christian nations of the East. Superstition and ignorance, picture-worship, and a round of unmeaning ceremonies, do not any longer satisfy the minds of many in the Eastern Churches. Hierarchical despotism is losing its hold on the minds of the people. The dissemination of the Word of God is exposing the vain traditions of men. There is, in the hearts of many, a process of fermentation going on, just as it was at the time when our blessed Reformation was drawing near. . . . Here we are in the midst of a spiritual darkness which may be felt. We pray, but an evil heart of unbelief will sometimes tell us that we, as it were, pray and labour in vain. . . . We will wait patiently and prayerfully.—*Rev. J. T. Wolters, January, 1850.*

LIFT up your eyes, and look on the fields ; for they are white already to harvest.—*John iv. 35.*

¶ O THOU, Almighty God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, whose power alone can renew the hearts of sinful men, look down in compassion, from the habitation of Thy holiness, upon a world lying in ignorance and in iniquity. We bless Thee that Thou hast taught us to pray, “Thy kingdom come,” and are encouraged to plead before Thee Thy gracious promise, that “all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.” We beseech Thee, hasten the fulfilment of Thy promises. Send forth Thy light and Thy truth unto the benighted corners of the earth ; enlighten the millions who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and turn them from the power of Satan unto Thyself, the living God. O thou blessed Lord Jesus, help us, that they may forsake their refuge of lies, and be delivered from the wrath to come !—*Swete.*

When Thou first the work begun,
 Small and feeble was Thy day ;
 Now Thy Word doth swiftly run,—
 Now it wins its widening way !

C. Wesley.

(*Tinnevelly.*)—“On looking back,” says the Rev. J. Thomas, “upon the period which has now elapsed since I first went to Tinnevelly (1837—1847), and contrasting the present state of things with what it was then, I cannot help feeling that God has done great things for that part of the missionary field. In every direction there is the most marked improvement. Excellent churches have been erected ; order has obtained to a great and happy extent ; the services of the Church are everywhere duly performed ; vast numbers have been baptized ; and the number of communicants has surprisingly increased. In these respects, in my district alone, upwards of three thousand have been baptized, and upwards of four hundred admitted to the Lord’s table. Education is afforded to a much greater extent ; and consequently the number of persons who can read is proportionably greater. The holy Scriptures are liberally circulated, and in proportion as the people are taught to read, the demand for them increases. In every point of view the field presents a most encouraging aspect.”

WHY art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God. —*Ps.* xlii. 11.

¶ O JESU! kindle us with the fire of Thy exceeding love, which Thou in so much adversity hast well tried for us. Grant us the help of Thy grace, to the strengthening of our weakness, when the heavy burden of adversities fall upon us, that through the terrible overcharge of them we be not oppressed and thrown down. Give us grace, so to chasten and subdue our body and flesh, that it may be subject unto the Spirit, and obedient unto Thy will in all things.—*Bishop Coverdale.*

God in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil;
 These spring up and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil.
 Trials make the promise sweet;
 Trials give new life to prayer;
 Trials bring me to His feet,—
 Lay me low, and keep me there. *Cowper.*

“ We cannot too often recal to our minds, that the great object of the Saviour’s dying on the cross was not to purchase unto Himself a ‘powerful’ Church on earth, but a ‘holy’ Church; and that He hath appointed afflictions and trials as one of the blessed means for the establishment and purification of that Church. By these He designs to separate the chaff from the wheat, to lead sinners to repentance, to humble His people, and to cause them to relinquish all dependance on their own resources, and place it in the Saviour alone. I am happy to be able to express my conviction, that this gracious design of the Saviour has been in some degree attained in the Nellore district by the late afflicting dispensations. Many ‘professors,’ unworthy of the Christian name, have by that means been separated from the Church, having left it of their own accord, or having been excluded from it. Others have felt their need of closer communion with Christ, of more prayer, renunciation of the world, self-denial, and faith. In general, I may say, very many in the Mission have received a more correct idea of the nature of the kingdom of God, as a kingdom which is not of this world, and have seen the necessity of ceasing from an arm of flesh.”—*Rev. P. P. Schaffter.* (1847.)

IF any man will come after me, let him deny himself.
—*Matt. xvi. 24.*

IT is easier to deny one's-self a desire, than to satisfy the cravings which fester out of its gratification.—*J. Arnot.*

Look what thy several inclinations are; even therein part from thyself—deny thyself; resist thy personal and particular lusts; that is the term from which thou must go forth. And so likewise it is to be considered, that every step thou takest in the way of righteousness, it is so many steps “from death to life;” thou art so much nearer thy journey's end, for “*salvation is now nearer than when you believed.*”—*J. Preston.*

Empty thyself of thyself, in order that thou mayest be filled.—*St. Augustine.*

It is but the flesh that suffereth. Let us not spare it. Since we must die, let us die, that we may live.—*S. Basil.*

Oh, take thy Saviour's cross, the nails and spear,
That for thy sake His holy flesh did tear;
Use them as knives thine heart to circumsise,
And dress thy GOD a pleasing sacrifice! *F. Quarles.*

Some time before the baptism, by the Rev. S. Gobat, of a daughter of Abraham at Genoa, her relations sent her the copy of her father's last will, by which he bequeathed her 15,000 francs if she live and die a Jewess; but contrariwise, if she forsake his faith, leaves her nothing, and considers her no longer his daughter. She and her husband were at the time in difficult circumstances. She did not hesitate, but was enabled by grace to resist the temptation. Soon after, when she thought herself, being seriously ill, to be on the verge of dying, and this before she had been baptized, her husband, conceiving she could not be interred in Christian ground, asked her whether she wished to be buried with the Jews? “No,” she replied; “I have separated myself from the Jews and their errors. I believe in Christ, and commit to Him my soul and body. It now depends on His righteousness, as well as His mercy, to care for my body, and save my soul!”

THEM also, which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him.—1 *Thess.* iv. 14.

SEE that thou let the world die to thee, before thou die to it,—else thou shalt die indeed, when otherwise thou shalt never die.—*Bradford.*

How lovely is death, when we look at it in Jesus Christ. To die is one of the greatest privileges of the Christian.—*Fletcher, of Madeley.*

As touching my death, rejoice as I do, good sister, that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption. For I am assured, that I shall, for losing of a mortal life, find an immortal felicity; for which I pray God grant you, and send you of His grace to live in His fear, and to die in the true Christian faith!—*Lady Jane Grey, to her sister, the Lady Catherine.*

When death is coming near,
When thy heart shrinks in fear,
And thy limbs fail,
Then raise thy hands and pray,
To Him who smoothes thy way,
Through the dark vale.

Death comes to set thee free;
Oh! meet him cheerily,
As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy wand'rings end!

“Two laymen and their wives, six in number, who accompanied Brother Butscher from England to Africa, are reduced to ONE within eighteen months. What can we say, ‘who are but of yesterday? The Lord is mighty in battle;’ but we know that He is also mighty in truth, love, and mercy; and He makes no mistake in sending the messenger of death to Mr. and Mrs. Quast, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, and Mr. Meisner. ‘The dead cannot praise Thee;’ but the death of the dead in Christ must and doth praise Thee, Thou King over life and death. ‘Spare us, good Lord, and save Thy people in the dying hour, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood, and be not angry with them for ever!’ ”
—*Rev. M. Kenner, from Bashia, 1813.*

I WILL be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.—*Ps. xlvi. 10.*

THE conversion of the Heathen is as certain as it will be glorious. We have the steadfast promise of our God—nay, promise upon promise, to ensure it. It is begun. The Word of the Lord has been heard among the bones; and, “behold, a shaking,” and more than a shaking; there is breath and life, where once was death. The first part of the exceeding great army is already risen up; the shout of a king is among them; and heaven will in the end resound with the triumphs of the host.—*C. Bradley.*

The Lord, whose banners we unfurl,
Our feeble work doth bless;
And thousands, through th' awakening world,
His conquering power confess.

From land to land the tidings tell,
Till all mankind are free,
Till every voice in triumph swell
The song of Jubilee!

O Thou! to whom all power is given,
Soon be Thy victory won!
Return, and reign, till, as in heaven,
On earth Thy will be done!

—*C. M. Jubilee Hymn, 1848.—Rev. G. Pettit,
late Missionary in Tinnevelly.*

(*South India.*)—“In 1807, not a Bible was to be purchased; in 1849, the issue, from the Bible Society’s store alone, was 12,000 copies per annum. In those days no missionary of the Church of England had ever set foot in South India, and four or five were the total of Danish and German missionaries of the Lutheran Church, and four or five native priests. Now, there are about fifty missionaries of the Church of England, of whom six are native; nearly the same number of German, besides those faithful men connected with other Christian bodies. . . . Lastly, referring to Tinnevelly, the 3,000 native Protestant Christians, whom Mr. Hough found there in 1816, have, in less than thirty-four years, multiplied more than tenfold, amounting to more than *thirty-four thousand!* ‘Who then shall despise the day of small things?’ or refuse to acknowledge that the Lord has blessed us?”—*Rev. John Tucker’s Lecture on the South India Mission of the Church Missionary Society.*

WOE is me! for I am undone; . . . for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.—*Isa. vi. 5.*

JESUS CHRIST is the sinner's life. (Col. i. 27.) When did we ever hear of a sinner converted without CHRIST? When of one converted by any but CHRIST? What is to animate and rouse us, but CHRIST HIMSELF? Who is to show us the sinfulness of sin, but HE who suffered so intensely on account of it? What is to change us, vile and polluted as we are, into the image of the holy God, but contemplating and admiring His image in the adorable Redeemer?—*S. S. Y.*

¶ O most merciful Father, behold Him which hath suffered; and, of Thy goodness, remember him for whom He hath suffered. . . . Behold Him, who was wounded for my transgressions, and bruised for my iniquities! Behold, O Lord, and own and accept my sacrifice, through His sin-offering and blessed sacrifice, who loved me, and gave HIMSELF for me. Amen.—*Dean Boys.*

Conceived in sin, and born in woe,
One thing, O Lord, I ask to know—
The wonders of Thy love:
To taste the Saviour's grace divine,
And make Thy pleasure wholly mine;
Then dwell with Thee above.—*G. E. Smith.*

(*A Brahmin's Confession at his Baptism.*)—I have continued a great sinner, a very great sinner! I don't know how long, but from my very being born I was a sinner, I believe. And I went to Juggernaut, and to Benares, and here and there to "Povjah" (worship); but I was still very bad—very great sinner. When I found no good among Hindoos' worship, I went to Mussulman's—to Lucknow [mentioning a great Mohammedan doctor there] to inquire; but found no good in Mussulman's religion; but all bad—very bad. Then I met with the Ten Commandments, and these two—my duty towards God, and my duty towards my neighbour. This did my heart good—very good. This is Jesus Christ's Word, and I pray to Him for His grace; and He give me understanding. Now I know true God; my heart love His Word. I no more love sin, or bad way: therefore I know Jesus Christ is God. . . . Now He has given me grace, I am all light within. Will He put light with darkness again? No! I shall go to God after death.

RETURN, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings.—*Jer.* iii. 22.

GOD commandeth, and man disobeyeth; man disobeyeth, and God threateneth; God threateneth, and man repenteth; man repenteth, and God forbeareth. . . . This is ever God's manner,—when men change their deeds, to change His doom; when they renounce their sins, to recal their sentence.—*Bp. Sanderson.*

Oh! loose then, Lord, my tardy tears,
And break this fleshly rock asunder,
And on my night of gloom and fears
Pour a new day of peace and wonder;
All deadness from my soul remove,
Melt—melt my icy unbelief;
Let grief add feeling to my love,
And love pluck out the sting of grief.

¶ Thy holy blood, O Jesus! make me pure and clean from all sin, and sanctify me in body, soul, and spirit, that they may cheerfully wait for Thy coming, and live with Thee for ever. Amen.—*Bp. Coverdale.*

Mohun, a Hindoo inquirer, said that he generally poured out his groans thus:—"O Lord, who art true and holy, I am not worthy to come before Thee, who am nothing but sin. My transgressions are very many, great, and heinous. I am a helpless cripple, unable to deliver myself, nor have I any power to draw nigh to thee as I ought: but Thou art merciful; for Thou didst die for sinners! This encourages me to come before Thee, and beg for mercy from Thee, thou God of mercy. Thou hast been so gracious to me, as to enable me to see in myself a vile sinner. I trust, therefore, Thou wilt continue to teach me, and lead me into Thy true way. Thou seest how short I come in asking; but Thou knowest all my wants. Do, therefore, for me according to my necessities, and let not my soul perish!" Nothing appeared so admirable as to hear this in his own language, and proceeding from a heart deeply affected and in real earnest. Oh, that the gentle Shepherd would carry this, I trust, His tender lamb, in His own bosom, and grant him his earnest desire, through His own dying love!—*Rev. W. Rowley, Chunan.*

MY strength is made perfect in weakness.—*2 Cor. xii. 9.*

Lo, Christ is never strong in us till we be weak. As our strength abateth, so groweth the strength of Christ in us: when we are clean emptied of our own strength, then we are full of Christ's strength; and look, how much of our own strength remaineth in, so much lacketh there of the strength of Christ. . . . The weakness of the flesh is the strength of the Spirit. And by "flesh" understand wit, wisdom, and all that is in a man before the Spirit of God come; and whatsoever springeth not of the Spirit of God, and of God's Word.—*Tyndale.*

This—this must be the medicine of my woes,
 To yield to what my Saviour shall dispose;
 To say to Him, in every time and place,
 "Withdraw Thy comforts, so Thou leave Thy grace!"
 —*Beaumont.*

Abdallah, of Cabul, was brought to Christ by searching the Scriptures. He fled from persecution to Bochara, where Sabut, his friend, recognised him, and, having received from him the confession of his having forsaken the false prophet for Jesus, "knew no pity." "I caused my servants," Sabut acknowledged, "to seize him; and I delivered him up to Morad Shah, King of Bochara. He was sentenced to die. . . . An immense multitude assembled with the chief men of the city. I also went, and stood near to Abdallah. He was offered his life, if he would abjure Christ; the executioner attending by him with his sword in his hand. 'No!' said he, 'I cannot abjure Christ!' Then one of his hands was cut off at the wrist. He stood firm; his arm hanging by his side, with but little motion. A physician, by desire of the King, offered to heal the wound, if he would recant. He made no answer, but looked up stedfastly to heaven, like Stephen, the first martyr, his eyes streaming with tears. He did not look with anger towards me. He did look at me, but it was benignly, and with the countenance of forgiveness. His other hand was then cut off. But, Sir," said Sabut, in his imperfect English, 'he never changed, he never changed!' And when he bowed his head to receive the blow of death, all Bochara seemed to say, 'What new thing is this!'" Sabut had hoped that Abdallah would have recanted. When he saw that his friend was dead, he resigned himself to grief and remorse. It was Christ's call to Sabut himself.—*C. Buchanan.*

THESE three are One.—1 *John* v. 7.

IN one substance of GOD we must consider—the *Father*, which of himself begat the Son from all eternity, the beginning and first author of all things;—the *Son*, even from eternity begotten of the Father, which is the eternal “wisdom” of God the Father;—the *Holy Ghost*, proceeding from them both, as the power of God spread abroad through all things, but yet so as it also continually abideth in itself; and yet, that God is not thereby divided. For, of these three Persons, none goeth before the other in time, in greatness, nor in dignity; but the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three distinct persons, in eternity of like continuance—in power, even—in dignity, equal—and in Godhead, one. There is, therefore, one eternal, immortal, almighty, glorious, the best, the greatest—God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.—*Dean Nowell*.

Why should we pry into what the angels dare not look into, but cover their modest faces, whilst they sing, Thrice holy to the thrice holy Trinity? The Apostles asked not Christ; the Son has not revealed it; the Father conceals it, because we could not in this imperfect state comprehend it. We behold the majesty; we see not into the mystery.—*Evelyn*.

Come, holy, holy, holy Lord,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, come!
Be mindful of Thy changeless Word,
And make my thirsting soul Thy home!
Thrice holy Lord, awake! awake!
In me Thy glorious self reveal;
Let me Thy seven-fold gifts partake,
And all Thy mighty working feel!

The Karta-bbojas of Krishnagur, whose name means worshippers of the Creator, reject all idolatry, and worship one God, the Creator of all things. They perform their devotions in the night, when they eat and drink together, and sing hymns or poems of a religious character. They have an expectation that God will become incarnate, and visible to their bodily eyes. They have also the idea that there is a Trinity of persons in the one God, whom they call “Karta” (Creator), “Thakoo” (Son), and “Moha-prabroh” (Great Spirit). The Hindoo mythology, as is known, is full of incarnations and traces of a Trinity. These sectaries are supposed to be 100,000 in number, scattered from Hooghly to Benares.—*Bp. D. Wilson (Calcutta)*.

BEHOLD the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.—*John i. 29.*

THE whole ceremonial ritual was an embodied representation of the Gospel and its blessings : it was “ a shadow of good things to come : ” it was “ a figure for the time then present, ” but the substance was Christ ; the object prefigured was the Saviour of mankind. The innocent victims, which bled in the morning and evening sacrifice, were types of the grand Sacrifice of the Cross ; and, could they have spoken, this had been their language—“ Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. ”—*Basil Woodd, Church Missionary Sermon, 1807.*

¶ O Lamb of God ! Thy holy blood flowed for my salvation. Visit me with Thy salvation, O Lord ! And let me not be confounded for ever !

Dear, precious Lamb ! through my vile heart
 Thy cleansing streams convey ;
 O sanctify each inmost part,
 And wash its stains away.
 What, though polluted it hath been,
 By shame and fear oppress'd,
 Cleanse Thou, O Lord ! and it is clean ;
 Bless Thou ! and it is blest.—*Bp. Shuttleworth.*

(*Hebron, Labrador.*)—The heavenly Shepherd has, of His grace, called Paksant, the enchanter, into His fold. He had for years been the scourge of his countrymen, and a zealous slave of the prince of darkness, for his exorcisms were attended with bloodshedding and murder. His very proximity was a cause of panic and dread. There is something miraculous in the re-creation of this monster. He is become quite a new creature—full of love towards all—and of horror and penitence when he recalls his former career of crime. His heart clings to the Lamb of God. “ Oh, ” said he, “ to Jesus I pray and cry. Would that I could pray as I ought ! ” The ninety heathen, of whom he is one, had rejected the Gospel of peace for seventeen years, and thrust it away from them with scorn, saying, “ We heed not your visits ; we will not hear of your Jesus, of whom you speak as the Lamb led to the slaughter for us ; our enchanters can do much more for us than your Jesus ! ” In His infinite pity, He has made them His own.—*Moravian Missionary. 1849.*

YIELD your members servants to righteousness unto holiness.—*Rom. vi. 19.*

FAITH makes the heart pure. It were a dishonourable thing to entertain God in a sty—a filthy and unclean heart; but if faith dwells there, it makes a fit house for the habitation of the King of Saints. Therefore, it purifieth the heart. Well, then; dost thou think thy sins are forgiven thee: and that thou hast a strong faith; and yet art as profane and as filthy as ever? How can it be? It is a most holy faith that justifieth; it is not a faith that will suffer a man to lie on a dunghill. . . . That faith which must bring a man to God, the “holy of holies,” must be most holy.—*Archbp. Usher.*

It is impossible that they who are incorporated into Christ through faith should not bring forth the fruits of thankfulness.—*Heidelberg Catechism, 1563.*

Great First and Last! Thy blessing give!
 And grant us Faith, Thy gift alone,
 To love and praise Thee while we live,
 And do whate'er Thou wouldst have done.

(*Ceylon.*)—However scanty may be the outward evidences of conviction, there are symptoms perceptible which afford good grounds of hope for the future. It is a remarkable fact, that since the natives have had daily opportunities of witnessing the blameless lives of the missionaries, and the social happiness which has been diffused, even by the partial observance of their purer and more benevolent ethics, there has sprung up among the Hindoos of Jaffna a new party of “Gooroos,” who profess to have engrafted on Brahminism many of the leading morals of Christianity, and claim them as originally emanating from their own system of religion. The native community are already venturing on the admission, and, it is to be hoped, the conviction, that “there is truth in Christianity,” and that it is “a good religion,” which must eventually prevail in Ceylon. It is no uncommon remark of the old men, in reply to the exhortation of the missionaries,—“Do not urge me to change: I am now too old, and must follow in the religion of my fathers. But here are my children; Christianity will prevail in their day; and, if they will, let them become Christians now.”—*Sir E. Tennent, 1851.*

VERILY, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—*John* iii. 3.

¶ LORD, the heart of man is naturally corrupt and unsearchable through the multitude of sins which lie buried in it, insomuch that no man can say, My heart is clean, and I am clear from sin. Remove from me, therefore, O heavenly Father, my corrupt, sinful, stony, stubborn, and unfaithful heart. Create in me a clean heart, free from all noisome and ungodly thoughts. Breathe into my heart, by Thy Holy Spirit, godly and spiritual motions, that, out of the good treasures of the heart, I may bring forth good things, unto the praise and glory of Thy name. Amen.—*Edward VI., Primer.*

Lord, since as easy 't is for Thee
 To make man good as bid him be,
 And with one glance, could he that gain,
 To look him out of all his pain,—
 O send me from Thy holy hill
 So much of strength as may fulfil
 All Thy delights, whate'er they be,
 And sacred institutes in me.
 Open my rockie heart, and fill
 It with obedience to Thy will ;
 Then seal it up, that, as none see,
 So none may enter there but Thee.
 O hear, my God ! Hear Him, whose blood
 Speaks more and better for my good.—*Vaughan.*

“*Verily, verily, I say unto you.*” Verily, verily ; it is an undoubted truth, an unchangeable principle of the heavenly dispensation, that, except a man be renewed in his mind by the Spirit of God, he hath not power even to see or behold the kingdom of God. If our Saviour hath delivered any one doctrine of the Gospel more clearly than another, it is this of a spiritual conversion ; and the demonstration of its truth is found in all lands where the true Gospel is known. Christians, differing in almost everything else, yet agree in the doctrine of a change of heart, through faith in Christ. This is, in fact, that which distinguishes the religion of God in Asia from the religion of “men.” In every part of the earth, where I myself have been, this doctrine has been proclaimed as the hope of the sinner, and the glory of the Saviour.—*C. Buchanan.*

HE that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.—*Matt. x. 37.*

IF Christ be our Captain, we must follow Him as good soldiers. . . . Wherefore, as He forsook Father and heaven, and all things to come to us ; so let us forsake all things, and come to Him. . . . Run into His lap, whiles His arms be open to embrace you !—*Bradford.*

Long sunk in superstition's night,
 By sin and Satan driven,
 I saw not, cared not, for the light
 That leads the blind to heaven.
 I sat in darkness—reason's eye
 Was shut, was closed in me ;
 I hastened to eternity
 O'er error's dreadful sea.
 But now, at length, Thy grace, O Lord,
 Bids all around me shine !
 I drink Thy sweet, thy precious Word,
 And kneel before Thy shrine.
 I've broke affection's tend'rest ties,
 For my blest Saviour's sake ;
 All, all I love beneath the skies,
 Lord, I for Thee forsake !

By a young Brahmin, on his baptism.

I never witnessed a severer struggle than at the last baptism I performed previous to leaving India. Jughundan, a Brahmin, had been with me for a length of time as an inquirer. He had some property, but it was in the possession of his wife and children. He worked hard to earn his bread ; and we found him diligent and faithful in the discharge of his duties. He was very anxious to have his wife join him, and share with him in the blessings of the Gospel. He wrote to her ; but she would not, or was not allowed to come to him. He found that he must either relinquish the thought of becoming a Christian, or give up his property and family. He never cared for his property ; and, after a severe conflict, he was willing to give up his wife also ; for he said, "She knows better ; she might come to me if she chose : but what have my two innocent babes done ? Why must I see them brought up in heathenism ?" After some days had elapsed, he said, "I see clearly I must relinquish Christ or my family. The die is cast. I will relinquish my family, and save my soul !" —*Rev. C. B. Leupolt.*

UNTO whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.—*Luke xii. 48.*

OH, how does the duty of gathering in the heathen rise in its demands, when we reflect that this very island was once the stage of idolatry, of bloodshed, of human sacrifices,—of every crime!

. . . An ancient writer observes, that the Druids reared large images of oziers, filled with living men and other animals; then setting fire to them, they burnt these miserable beings, as an offering to their cruel divinities. They reserved criminals, thieves, and robbers for this purpose, and captives taken in war: if these were wanting, they sacrificed innocent persons! . . . These horrid rites might have been our fate to this day. We, our wives, our sons, our daughters, our helpless infants, might thus have been reserved as sheep for the slaughter! . . . Observe the glorious change! . . . The victim bleeds no more; the Gospel is preached; the grand, the only sacrifice—the blood of Christ, cleanseth from all sin; while personal safety, civil and religious liberty, are diffused under the shadow of the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.—*Basil Woodd, Church Missionary Sermon, May, 1807.*

Shall we, whose land was shrouded
In error's thickest veil;
Shall we to realms beclouded,
In love and duty fail?

Oh! pray till every pagan,
Idolatrous and dark,
Beholds his gods, like Dagon,
Cast down before the Ark!

Cease not! till every nation
Immersed in heathen gloom,
Shall cry aloud—"Salvation!
Thy kingdom, Lord, is come!"

Overton.

Let Great Britain imitate the example of the Chaldean king, and send forth to all the world her "testimony" concerning the true God. She also reigns over many nations which "worship idols of wood and stone;" and she ought in like manner to declare to them "the signs and wonders of the Almighty." And in this design every individual will concur, of every Church, family, and name, whose heart has been penetrated with just apprehensions of the Most High God, who have known His judgments, and experienced His mercy.—*C. Buchanan.*

WOE to the crown of pride.—*Isa.* xxviii. 1.

EVIL could have no beginning but from pride, nor any end, but from humility. . . . Poor mortals! What is the one wish and desire of your hearts? What is that you call happiness and matter of rejoicing? Is it not when everything about you helps you to stand upon higher ground, gives full nourishment to self-esteem, and gratifies every "pride of life?" And yet life itself is the loss of everything, except pride be overcome! . . . Pride must die in you, or nothing of heaven can live in you! Under the banner of this truth, give up yourself to the meek and humble spirit of the Holy JESUS, the overcomer of all sin, and pride, and wrath. This is the one way—the one Truth—the one Life! There is no other open door into the sheepfold of God. Everything else is the working of the devil in the fallen nature of man. Humility must sow the seed, or there can be no ripening in heaven. For pride is death; humility, life: the one is all hell, and the other all heaven.—*Law.*

God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts. Who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve, who only stand and wait. *Milton.*

The Rev. R. Taylor had, in 1847, a conference of the chiefs on the Wanganni River, New Zealand; and at this conference, Mamuku, one of them, thus expressed himself:—"I am a 'Totura,' a stiff tree. Many have tried to bend me; but none succeeded, save Te Teira (Mr. Taylor). I was like a 'make' (a hard stone used to sink nets). Many have tried to break me; he only has been able to do it." This chief became a diligent searcher of God's Word, and very anxious to know all Mr. Taylor could tell him of the "New Jerusalem." Mr. T. afterwards reported of him, "His deep attention quite surprised me. It showed most plainly the power of God's Word, when it could lay hold of such a hard heart as that of this cruel warrior."

THE Lord will give strength unto His people.—*Psalm*
xxix. 11.

Go, mourn thy weakness and unbelief. Cry unto the strong for strength. Weary and faint one! thou hast an Omnipotent arm to lean on. “*He fainteth not, neither is weary!*”—*M. Duff.*

¶ Most merciful Lord Jesu! Behold my weakness, and consider my frailness, best known unto Thee! Grant me Thy grace and Holy Spirit, that it may always work in me, and persevere with me unto the end. Oh, assist me with Thy strength, that flesh and blood overcome me not; for I am too weak of my own power to do anything that is good; but my righteousness and strength lieth only in Thee!—*Bull's Christian Prayers.*

Upon His promise rest thy hope,
And keep His love in view:
He stands engaged to hold thee up,
And guide thee safely through.

An African convert thus illustrated his feelings:—“That man who trusts to himself is a fool. He stand like a man who wants to go to his country without a canoe or a ship; he jump into the water and swim till the shark catch him, and then he go down. So those who trust in themselves, they go on till they go down into hell. As for me, my heart stand like a man have gun and powder; he wound plenty; so my sin wound Jesus Christ every day: but He is God, and cannot die. Suppose He no show mercy, and make me strong; I die in hell.” Another thus described his sense of dependance on Divine strength:—“I stand like grass what grow in the brook: when the water is low, he lift up his head, and look fine; but when the big water come, it knock him down and run over him. Or (I am) like grass grow in the street; one man walk and mash him, and another mash him, but he still live, although he do not grow high. So I stand. One trouble and another come; but I still live, because God keep me!”—*C. Taylor.*

The Rev. T. T. Thomason wrote thus to a friend in England, shortly before his death:—“It is meet and right that God should lay such a sinful creature upon the shelf, and show him that he is good for nothing. Yet, clearly as I see this, and feel it in my inmost soul, I have no power to profit by it, and my sinful nature starts aside as a deceitful bow. Without Christ we can do NOTHING. This lesson I desire to learn.”—*Barrakpore, June, 1829.*

BEHOLD, now is the *accepted* time.—2 Cor. vi. 2.

It is ours to work “to-day.” Christ will see to His own “to-morrow.”—*C. Buchanan.*

Beloved, delay is a thief, that may rob us of an eternity with Christ. Oh, tarry not for a convenient season to enrich your souls out of His treasury, so full of grace and truth. Are seasons in His hands or ours? Has He made a covenant with any one amongst us, that our eye shall not be closed for ever upon the deceit and emptiness of this miserable estate of ours before our souls have time to answer the question, “Am I thine?” Are you sure that He is not numbering your days, while you are scanning a long perspective of years? . . . Yes, there are convenient seasons, but for the things of this life only. Oh! that the things of eternity centered on this one absorbing conviction; even upon this—that, for the concerns of our never-dying soul, there is no other season, none other accepted time, but—the PRESENT MOMENT! —*Smith.*

Oh, none can turn the glass for man
 When all its golden grains have run;
 None can collect the scattered sand
 Dispersed by time's unsparing hand.
 Then, Christian, since this truth is plain,
 That time once gone ne'er comes again,
 Improved, bid every moment pass—
 “See how the sand rolls down your glass!”

(*Agra.*)—“Among those who have become candidates for Baptism are a Hindoo, who has been a faqueer of the Jogi tribe, and his wife and child; and a Brahmin boy about fifteen years of age, whose first impressions seem to have been produced much after the manner of the first converts in the days of the Apostles. The faqueer, after being much affected during the reading of John xviii., of his own accord laid down the trappings of his order, and begged to have some employment given him. The boy, during the reading of Acts iv., and especially when Abdool (the native catechist) explained verse 12—‘Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved,’ broke off his Brahmin's cord, and quietly cast it behind him; and is now daily learning to read the Scriptures.”—*Rev. D. Corrie.*

IF any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.—*Rom.* viii. 9.

CROWNED with honour and riches, what art thou, if living without a Saviour? . . . A splendid rose set in a glass of water, that hath neither root nor length of day! Alas! by how much is thy state sadder, for thou fadest and diest too; but it is to rise again, and not bloom in the garden of Christ's Canaan above.

An unfruitful Christian is the most unprofitable creature that exists; there are no secondary uses that can plead in favour of a dead vine, to keep it from the fire: it must be either for fruit or for fuel; to all other purposes it is utterly unprofitable. Infinitely, therefore, doth it concern the soul of every man to be restless and unsatisfied with any other good thing till he find himself entitled to happy communion with the life of Christ. Let every man seek the life of Christ through communion with Him by faith!—*Bishop Reynolds.*

Thy day of grace shall sink in night,
 Thy noon shall pass its prime;
 Oh! turn and seek thy Saviour's face,
 In this accepted time!

The natives of Ceylon (nominal Christians baptized under Dutch sway) have no knowledge of a Saviour's love, no feeling of their need of His salvation, and consequently no regard to His laws or to His name. They have not renounced their idolatry, nor forsaken the worship of devils. . . The Buddhist priests wear a long yellow robe which covers the whole body from the neck to the foot. . . . It is contrary to their religion to marry. In their temples they have several large figures of Buddha, before which they and their people prostrate themselves, and offer gifts. They deny that the heavens and the earth were created by a superior Being, and assert that all things exist by chance. He has appeared about three hundred times in the world, in the form of birds and beasts. They regard Buddhu as a sort of God, who has obtained the pre-eminence by chance. They believe in the transmigration of souls; and suppose that all bodily diseases are the consequences of sin committed in our former state of existence. They expect that happiness or misery will be awarded to all hereafter, according as they have done good or evil in this life. The worship of the devil is quite as common as that of Buddhu.—*Rev. R. Mayor.*

HE that winneth souls is wise.—*Prov.* xi. 30.

A TREMBLING concern for the well-being of our own souls can alone rouse and keep alive in us concern for those of others. Such grace received is both the fruit and aliment of heart-love towards its gracious Giver. We cannot possibly love Him whom we hail as the Shepherd and Bishop of our own souls, without loving them for whom He died also, without yearning for the salvation of every brother and sister in the common corruption of our flesh. We cannot pray and desire to share in the redemption which He has wrought for us, without praying and desiring, and labouring too, that every fellow-mortal should be brought unto Him, and have part in the glory of His blessed work. Love to man is the great and acceptable seal of love to God. It is a hollow and spurious faith which does not erect an altar of love to the glory of its Author and Finisher. And hence the missionary spirit of a nation becomes at once the nurse and witness, the stay and bulwark, of vital religion within its borders. Oh, may its life be maintained and enlarged among us by the life-giving Spirit of the very God of Love!—*Smith.*

O Father, glorify Thy Son,
And Thou, in Him, be glorified,
Till all the straying sheep be won,
For whom the Lord, their Shepherd, died!

—*J. Montgomery, C. M. Jubilee, 1848.*

Very remarkable was the grace of God given to our beloved country, at the close of the eighteenth century, in making it the principal seat of the revival of pure religion in His Church, and in raising up the spirit of Christian missions, not only at that season of general infidelity, but also during the revolutionary wars in which England was struggling. It became, no doubt, one of the invisible shields and bulwarks of our beloved land. If David could say of the literal Zion, "They shall prosper that love Thee," we doubt not it is equally true of our spiritual Zion. As our nation seeks first the kingdom of God, we are most effectually seeking temporal prosperity for the whole of our vast empire. . . . At the close of the last century, their principal Societies directly engaged in missions; and, in 1799, those more or less devoted to them received altogether £13,635: but, in 1846, of £1,214,442 received by the whole of the Societies of evangelical Christendom, £993,142 were raised by those of British Protestants.—*Bickersteth,*

THE devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.—1 *Pet.* v. 8.

IT is the work of Antichrist to deprive and rob Christ of His merits, together with the all-sufficiency of grace, justification, regeneration, remission of sins, sanctification, confirmation, and spiritual nurture, and to impute such merit to his own power and works. . . . He preaches salvation as consisting of works.—*Vaudois Confession*, 1120.

Hail to the glorious plan that spread
The light with universal beams,
And through the human desert led
Truth's living, pure, perennial stream.
—Behold a new creation rise,
New spirit breathed into the clod,
Where'er the voice of wisdom cries,
"Behold thy Saviour and thy God."

J. Montgomery.

Returning from Juffna (Ceylon) in the evening, I saw at a distance a splendid procession of the idols from the principal temple, attended with canopies, torches, music, &c. The inhabitants of those parts through which the procession was to pass, were employed all day in cleaning and ornamenting their streets. Scores, perhaps hundreds, of valuable plantain trees were thus destroyed, to prepare for this idolatrous ceremony. Expense is nowhere regarded, when the object is the promotion of Satan's kingdom. These trees were stuck up and made into the form of booths or harbours, at the entrance of every door or gate, and particularly at the corners of the roads. Every leaf and stick was carefully swept out of the way; and the roads were sprinkled to lay the dust. Under each booth was placed an earthen pot, containing water, a cocoa-nut, herbs, flowers, &c., as an offering to the idols. Before the procession passed, the booths, &c. were well lighted with lamps, and numbers of persons attended the ceremony; but in a few minutes afterwards all was darkness and silence. The lights were extinguished, and no one dared to appear in the streets for fear of the devil; so hard is the bondage in which they are held by their infernal master. They would by this ceremony appease him, as the author of all the sickness which prevails. They suppose that he walks about the streets after sunset, and meets them at the corners. After dark, therefore, for some time past, all has been silent as death. Hence the parading of Conderswang and his two wives about the streets by night.—*Rev. J. Knight.*

ALL His ways are judgment.—*Deut.* xxxii. 4.

¶ BLESSED Jesus! may thou be my wisdom; may I honour Thee by practically ascribing wisdom to Thee, and freely believing its exercise, even in the darkest and most unintelligible dispensation. Soon shall the whole Church of God review the whole of Thy dispensations in the light of the heavenly world, and the whole, no doubt, shall then appear as it is now represented to the faith of the believer in Thy Word, as the plan of infinite wisdom in every part, in every stage, from the beginning to the end; and the whole assembled Church of the Redeemed shall ascribe “to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb,” not only “the power and the riches,” but “the wisdom,” together with “strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever. Amen.”—*W. Goode.*

If clouds and darkness rest upon the soul,
 Darkness is welcome, since it is His will; ·
 In nature's saddest moment Faith can say,
 “Though He should slay me, I will trust Him still!”

· · · · ·
 As evening's pale and solitary star
 But brightens while the darkness gathers round,
 So faith, unmov'd amid surrounding storms,
 Is fairest seen in darkness most profound! *C. Fry.*

(*Prediction*, 1820.)—The slave trade, which, like the upas, blasts all that is wholesome in its vicinity, has, in one important instance, been here, in Sierra Leone, overruled for good. It has been made the means of assembling on one spot, and that on a Christian soil, individuals from almost every nation of the western coast of Africa. It has been made the means of introducing to civilization and religion, many hundreds from the interior of that vast continent, who had never seen the face of a white man, or heard the name of Jesus. And it will be made the means under God of sending to nations beyond the Niger and the Zaire, native missionaries, who will preach the Redeemer in the uttermost parts of that country, and enable their fellow-countrymen to hear “in their own tongue the wonderful works of God.”—*Hibernian Auxiliary Church Missionary Society.*

THE LORD is my shepherd.—*Ps. xxiii. 1.*

OH, wonderful words! The Lord Jehovah is my shepherd! I, a creature of yesterday, yet the eternal God is my keeper! I, a frail and dying mortal, yet the Self-existent is my preserver! I, a sinner that have often strayed like a lost sheep, yet Jehovah is my shepherd! Oh, how good, how great a shepherd, is the Lord my shepherd! His hand has led me all my life long unto this day! His bounty has supplied my wants! His long-suffering has borne with the perverseness of my heart! His gracious promises have spoken comfort to my soul! His everlasting arm has been around me for a defence! Oh, for a heart to love my Shepherd as I ought!—*John Stevenson.*

He seeks me when I stray,
Directs my every path;
And when I walk through death's dark way,
Draws near with rod and staff.
My table He doth spread
In presence of my foes;
With oil He doth anoint my head,
My cup with wine o'erflows.

Anon.

¶ Be Thou, Lord, our shepherd, and we shall not want. Let Thy loving-kindness and mercy follow us all the days of our life. And when we pass through the valley of the shadow of death, be Thou still with us. Let Thy rod and thy staff comfort and support us. And, at the last, graciously receive us into Thy heavenly fold, there with Thy people and the sheep of Thy pasture to give Thee thanks for ever!—*Smith.*

Passing by a flock of sheep, I bade a shepherd call one of his sheep; he did so, and it instantly left its pasturage and companions, and ran up to the hand of the shepherd with signs of pleasure, and with a prompt obedience which I had never before observed in any other animal. It is also true of the sheep in this country, "that a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of a stranger." The shepherd told me that many of his sheep are still *wild*, and had not yet learned their names, but that by teaching they would all learn them. The others, which knew their names, he called *tame*. How natural the application. The good Shepherd laid down His life for His sheep; but many are still wild; they know not His voice.—*Rev. J. Hartley.*

THEY who are sanctified, are all of one.—*Heb. ii. 11.*

WE condemn no other nations, nor prescribe anything, but to our own people only; for we think it convenient that every country should use such ceremonies as they shall think best to the setting forth of God's honour and glory, and to the reducing of the people to a most perfect and godly living, without error or superstition.—*Preface to the Book of Common Prayer.*

Every particular or national Church hath authority to ordain, change, and abolish ceremonies or rites of the Church ordained only by man's authority, so that all things be done to edifying.—*Art. XXXIV., Church of England.*

All of ye run together, as to one temple of God, as to one altar, as to one Jesus.—*Ignatius.*

'Mid differing forms how sweet to feel,
That love can all our breaches heal;
While each to each with fondness saith,
"One Lord, one fellowship, one faith!"

(*The Rev. Dr. Krapf, to the Aduna, at Gondar, June 10, 1843.*)
—"It is our desire to establish an union and communion with you in Christ, our common Head and foundation-stone; and not to hate one another on account of some difference in our respective religious worship. Do not you require us to abandon the forms and orders of our Church, as we likewise do not call on you to relinquish yours; but it is the object of our Society and of ourselves to be here with you on a similar footing as our brethren, Messrs. Krusé and Lieder, are with the Copts in Egypt: for Christ, our heavenly High Priest, who offered Himself up for us, has not appointed either you or us to mutual enmity, but to mutual love and edification. . . . Let us, then, in love dwell together, and, grounded on the Word and Spirit of that one common Saviour, Jesus Christ, joined together for mutual edification, labour to perform His holy will."

Peter Chaundy, a converted Hindoo, jealous of too great stress being laid upon externals, had a favourite saying: "It is the heart, and not the dress, that is to be changed."—*Krishnagur, 1843.*

HEAR ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.—
Micah vi. 9.

STRIVE “to discern and perceive what the end of God is in sending it; for the rod hath His voice and His message. . . . Learn the message of the cross, and improve it to that end for which He sent it. It may be to bring into remembrance some sin past unrepented of, and so it bids thee ‘look backward.’ It may be to prevent thee from some sin, and so it bids thee ‘look forward.’ It may be God is pleased to use this cross to stir thee up to dependence upon Him, to seek Him by prayer, and so it bids thee ‘look above.’ It may be thy heart begins to settle upon her lees, and grow proud and wanton, and so it bids thee ‘look within thee.’ . . . Learn, therefore, the message of the cross, and by this means thou shalt be delivered from the evil of the evil.”—*Sir M. Hale.*

Oh, poor and infirm Christian! willingly endure the rod of the Lord, for the purification of thy soul, and for the forgiveness of thy sins through the faith of Christ. Be glad if thou seemest sometime forsaken, that so, with the poor and despised Lazarus, thou mayest be made meet to rest in Abraham’s bosom!—*T. a’-Kempis’s “Rules.”*

Behold! the Lord a balm provides,
 For every throe the soul can feel;
 Lo! mercy soothes, though judgment chides,
 And wisdom wounds, that love may heal.
 Yes! when a bitter cup we meet,
 ’Tis but to show a Father’s care,
 And bid us taste how pure and sweet
 The honey-drop he mingles there!

Phelan.

Let us not be discouraged on account of our disappointments, but let us continue in well-doing. We shall not be disappointed at the last, if we go on humbly and sincerely in our work, entirely depending on our Divine Master; even in the days of His humiliation He knew what was in man, and could, therefore, be neither deceived nor disappointed. Yet, ‘He suffered a Judas near Him; a Jewish sanhedrim to condemn Him; a Pilate to deliver Him to be crucified; and all to accomplish the glorious work of redemption!’ Let us, then, suffer too, that our work, which is the Lord’s work, may be glorified in us.—*L. Butscher, Missionary.*

MAKE you a new heart, and a new spirit.—*Ezek.*
xviii. 31.

THIS day unveils another year,
Another twelvemonth's round ;
In praise and prayer, in faith and fear,
Grant, Lord, we may be found.

In praise—for blessings numberless
Throughout the twelvemonths past.
In prayer—that Thou wilt keep us safe,
While this year's life shall last.

In fear—for oft we've strayed and sinned,
For oft transgressed Thy law ;
Give, Lord, that of Thy heavenly wrath
We daily stand in awe!

In faith—for hath not Jesus said,
"Repent and be forgiven?"
"Go, sin no more! Believe in Me,
And fit thy soul for heaven."

H. E. C.

¶ Most gracious Lord God, I begin this day and this year with Thee, praying that, by the strength and grace of Thy sanctifying Spirit I may be enabled to continue and end them to Thy honour and glory. Thy sparing mercy hath indeed been with me during all the days and years of my pilgrimage. Oh, withdraw not Thy lovingkindnesses, but do Thou, O Almighty God, grant that I may in all things obey Thy blessed will, through Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

The first day of the New Year was the day for an eclipse of the sun, and I had an opportunity of observing the Chinese superstitions practised on such an occasion. As soon as the eclipse commenced, the idols were all clothed in black, and a horrid din of drums, gongs, &c., was set up. At intervals Buddhist and Lamaist priests came out into the open court to chant a sort of litany, and make prostrations. Then three mandarins came out of the temple and made solemn prostrations. This process was repeated until the eclipse was over, or, according to Chinese notions, until the "celestial dragon" had ceased his efforts to drown the sun. Then the idols were stripped of their sable garments, and decked in their usual gorgeous apparel, the deliverance being, of course, due to the intercession of the idols, occasioned by the offering of the priests' prayers! Oh, that the Sun of Righteousness may soon shine forth on this benighted land, never to be eclipsed!—*Rev. J. Hobson.*

MY son, give me thine heart.—*Prov. xxiii. 26.*

THOU hast a little casket may make
Thee welcome for thy gift. The Lord will take
This little present well and in good part,
Because thy best. Give to thy God thy heart!—
I mean thy will, thy love, thy truth, thy fear,
Thy best affections that inhabit there
In that small cell. 'Tis true, thou giv'st no more
Than what of right was justly His before.
Although thy heart be foul, yet He'll accept,
And take it well—'tis all He doth expect.
Nor is its guilt thy loss. He'll make it clean,
Fill it with grace, and give it thee again. *Sir M. Hale.*

¶ Fill me, O Lord, with a most ardent love to Thee, now that I here offer up myself, in truth and sincerity of heart, to be wholly disposed of by Thee. Behold, O Lord, my will lies at Thy feet. I would have no will of my own, but desire only that Thy will may be done!—*Bishop Patrick.*

I myself am a redeemed sinner, a ransomed captive, “a brand snatched from the burning,” a prisoner delivered from the grasp of the tyrant. I feel, I see, I own, but one deliverer, the Lord Jesus Christ—God in His blessed Son. Shall I then not “live to Him who died for me?” Must I not, in a peculiar sense, present myself, “my soul and body, a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Him,” who gave Himself for my salvation? “The love of Christ must constrain” me, dwell in me, animate, moderate, direct, rule, be the master-spring of all my actions. What He has done, is doing, and will do for me, must be ever before my eyes. A life of believing love, adoring thankfulness, and grateful service, must be all my wish, my delight, and my prayer. A life of endless praise must be all my hope.—*Dean of Wells' Church Missionary Sermon, May 2, 1814.*

“I went again to visit a member of my flock who was exceedingly ill. No sooner did he see me than he began,—‘Master, to believe with the whole heart is a happiness. It enables me to rejoice both in time of health and sickness. I am very happy,’ he said; ‘although I feel much pain in my body, yet in my soul I do not feel any.’”—*John Attera, a native catechist at Wellington, Sierra Leone.*

A LITTLE leaven leaveneth the whole lump.—
1 Cor. v. 6.

THERE is a remedy for the malignant disease which cankers our human nature; there is an antidote with which the Son of God hath enriched that true Church of his, wherein the voice of His everlasting Gospel is heard. Well may we ask, how is it possible that the fermentation of an atom of Evangelical leaven should have virtue sufficient to eradicate so desperate a malady? . . . As well, thou imaginest, might I hope to move the whole body of the Alps out of their place with a bulrush or a little finger. But learn, that the Son of God Himself infuseth His own virtue into the leaven, and that the Word of His Gospel is not an empty sound, but in very truth the power of God,—a power, mighty not only to expel our loathsome malady, and all its ills, but to endue us with health of soul, and restore us to life, wisdom, righteousness, and eternal bliss!—*Melancthon.*

(*The first labourer in India for the Church Missionary Society.*)—
“Shekh Sulib was born at Delhi, and was zealous in support of the Mahometan faith. On a visit to his father, at Cawnpore, he heard the late Rev. H. Martyn, the Company’s chaplain at that station, preach to the poor natives, who assembled on Sundays on the lawn before his house. . . . He sought for some employment at Cawnpore, that he might hear more from such a teacher; and having engaged himself to copy Persian writings for Sabul, who was then living with Mr. Martyn, he obtained a lodging on the premises, without making known his wishes, and thus enjoyed many opportunities of obtaining the information which he desired, particularly by inquiring of the native children the subjects of their lessons at school; and by this mode he was enabled to gain some insight into Divine truth. When Mr. Martyn had finished his translation of the New Testament into Hindoostanee, the book was given him to bind. He did not let slip the opportunity. On reading the Word of God, he discovered his state, and found therein a true description of his own heart. He soon decided in favour of Christianity, but concealed his convictions, till Mr. Martyn, being about to leave Cawnpore, he could no longer refrain, and earnestly desired to be baptized. . . . At his baptism at Calcutta on Whitsunday, 1811, he received the name of Abdool Messer, ‘the servant of Christ.’”—*Church Missionary Report, 1814.*

THE heart of the sons of men is full of evil.—*Eccles.*
ix. 3.

THE knowledge of sinne will make us more earnest in mourning for it—more importunate in our prayers against it—more humble in our confessions of it—more unquiet till we become acquitted of it by the blood of Christ, and warned by His Spirit from it—more urgent to lay hold upon the victories and promises of Christ against it. This is the sum of all, and a most sufficient encouragement. The grace of Christ in us will weaken much; the grace and favour of Christ unto us will forgive the rest; and the power of Christ at the last will annihilate all.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

¶ I bless Thee, O Lord, for that faithful saying, which is worthy of all acceptation, that CHRIST JESUS came into the world to save sinners. I give thanks to Thee, that Thou hast laid on Him the iniquity of us all; and that in Him we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace. And I praise Thee for the promise of the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to convince us of sin, to testify of the Saviour, to shed abroad His love in our hearts, and to fill us with all joy and peace in believing! Unto Thee be the glory for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake. Amen.—*Swete.*

Behold your God—the Virgin's child,
The everlasting One who died—
The "holy, harmless, undefiled,"
The scorn'd, and scourged, and crucified!
Oh, turn to Him, exalted high,
Pardon, and hope, and peace to give;
Low at the cross of Jesus lie,—
Look, and repent,—believe, and live!

I am deeply conscious that the evil propensities of my nature are by no means eradicated; and I ought to be alarmed that they do not more alarm me. I feel daily that I sin, and resolve daily against my propensities, yet daily am more or less overcome. Oh! I desire to awake unto righteousness! I desire to be alarmed; to be saved from sin, and quickened, and made alive unto God. O Spirit of light and love, of power, and of a sound mind, work in me to will and do of Thy good pleasure!—*Rev. D. Corrie.*

GOD commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.—*Rom. v. 16.*

“GOD is love.” God loved the world—this fallen, sinful world. Here is the beginning of wonders, that “the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy,” should love such creatures as fallen man! This is the primary truth of revelation, the deep source of all our blessings. Here we learn the disposition, the inward feeling, of God towards His sinful creatures. It was not anger, because of the creature’s sin, but love, because of the Creator’s goodness. It was mercy! . . . love exercising compassion. . . . The holy angels have never required mercy, properly so called; and the angels that sinned, “and kept not their first estate,” have not received mercy, but have been cast down to everlasting darkness. Man is the vessel of mercy, the chosen and favoured object of Divine compassion. . . . God the Father did not so love the world as to compromise His righteousness, or justice, or truth, but He “so loved the world” as to give “His only” beloved Son.—*H. M’Neile, Church Missionary Sermon, May 5, 1845.*

Poor, wretched man! Thou wast lost, undone!
 Thou hadst rebelled against thy God, and, though
 Under the chains of death, thou didst not know
 Or feel thy bondage; thou didst rather scorn
 Than seek a pardon. Yet, in this forlorn
 Estate of thine, thy injured Maker sends
 His Son to seek and save thee! He descends
 To save His rebel; though He did not need,
 He seeks thy love; becomes a man, to bleed
 And die for thee—an enemy, that never
 So much as asked help!—and to deliver
 Thy soul from endless death, and with His own
 Abasement to procure for thee a crown! *Sir M. Hale.*

(*Gambier, West Africa.*)—“One of the girls interprets for us with much feeling, and often adds a sermon of her own. . . . She will speak of her own accord to the children and to others, with the greatest fluency and earnestness, for half an hour together, going through the most important doctrines of Christianity, and dwelling, often with tears, on the love and sufferings of Christ, and on the necessity of believing in Him, and being made conformable to Him.”—*Letter from Mrs. Klein, 1816.*

THE imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth.
—*Gen. viii. 21.*

ALAS! when nothing appears wrong to the superficial observer, all may be wrong within. The state of the heart, the general system, may be wholly wrong and corrupt. Every principle of action may be polluted. The fear of man, the love of applause, the desire of self-indulgence, the thirst of fame, may be the springs, and the only springs, of action. . . . The conduct may not be directed for one hour by the pure principle of love to God, or real benevolence to man. Here, in the heart, is the lamentable power of corruption seen. Here we have need to be cleansed. . . . We must pray to God to give us a new heart. We must be engrafted into Christ Jesus, the living vine, and, by union to Him, receive a new power to bring forth new fruit.—*J. Venn.*

My God! would that from earthly trammels free,
My thoughts could win their upward way to Thee,
And there awhile in lofty regions prove,
The purifying glow of holy love.

Baillie.

Among the Muirs of Hindustan, "Female infanticide and the sale of women had their origin in the heavy expense attending marriage ceremonies. The sums were payable by the male side, were unalterable, equal for the rich and poor, without any abatement whatever in favour of the latter. What first established the payment is unknown, but it was so sacred, inviolable, and even a partial deviation so disgraceful, that the most necessitous of the tribe would not incur the imputation. Hence arose as decided a right over the persons of women, as over cattle or other property. They were inherited, and disposed of accordingly, to the extent of some selling even their own mothers! Hence also arose infanticide. The sums payable were beyond the means of so many, that daughters necessarily remained on hand after maturity, entailed immortal disgrace, and thus imposed a necessity for all female progeny becoming victims to their family honour. On the establishment of British rule, both evils gradually diminished. Females were not allowed to be transferred, except for conjugal purposes; their consent was to be obtained, and their choice consulted; kind and humane treatment was enforced, and the whole system of considering them as mere cattle was discouraged." The complete and voluntary abolition of these revolting customs has been effected.—*Lieut.-Colonel C. J. Dixon.*

I HAVE esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food.—*Job xxiii. 12.*

I WALK many times in the pleasant fields of God's holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goddisome herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memorie by gathering them together, that so, having tasted their sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life.—*Written by Queen Elizabeth, on a blank leaf of St. Paul's Epistles, during her imprisonment at Woodstock.*

Divine Instructor! glorious Lord!
 Be Thou for ever near;
 Teach us to love Thy sacred Word,
 And find the Saviour there.

Oh! may Thy heavenly pages be
 Our first, our chief delight;
 And still new beauties may we see,
 And still increasing light.

(*Upper Egypt.*)—At Nagade, neither rule nor order could be observed; crowds pressed forward into the water, and up to the sides of the boat. We sold several Testaments and parts of Scripture, and distributed many tracts; but still there was a fresh demand. I endeavoured to speak to the people, but could not be heard. . . We crossed in a small boat to a small island in the middle of the river, but even thither some followed us. One poor man swam across, and purchased a New Testament, which, when he had obtained, he joyfully tied up in his only robe, and holding it above his head, returned with his prize. Others then followed his example. Some, who had no money, brought fowls, pigeons, &c., in exchange. . . Before quitting, a poor dumb man made application, in a most touching manner, for a book for his child; he placed his hand on his boy's head, and looked up into my face most beseechingly. It was impossible to resist. Holding his book over his head, and literally skipping with joy, he retired, uttering the piteous sound which dumb people usually make.—*Rev. W. Krusè.*

LET this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—*Phil.* v. 5.

SUCH Christians as have high and dear thoughts of the life of Christ, which is the life of “God manifested in the flesh,”—they that have it most in their eye, and are most affected and enamoured with it,—these Christians are most visibly bettered, and differ eminently from others. There is a more excellent spirit in them; they are more “poor in spirit,” more “pure in heart,” more “meek” and “merciful,” more obedient and resigned to the will of God, and every way more exemplary; more of “God” is in them of a truth. . . Oh! what a transcendant privilege and advantage it is, that they have the Spirit and life of Christ set before them!—*Worthington.*

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy Word;
But in Thy life Thy law appears
Revealed in living characters.

Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy heavenly image here,
That God, my Judge, may own my name
Among the followers of His Lamb!

Early in 1852, there was a gathering of 120 New Zealanders in the district of Kaitotehe, when one of the chiefs present, Levi Mokora, observed—“There is but one great thing. It is the Gospel, which invites all to repentance. Why have we left off eating one another? It is because the Gospel has come to us. Why have our evil practices been given up? It is the Gospel. Why do our quarrels end without bloodshed? It is from the Gospel. The Gospel is good for the body, as well as for the soul; I say, therefore, let us be zealous to send the Gospel to that island where the natives are eating one another.” Tarapahia, another chief, also said—“We had become more wicked than others, even eating one another; then this new thing came—the Gospel, to root out our wickedness. Let us, then, magnify the Gospel, receive it ourselves, and send it to others.”

OPEN Thou mine eyes.—*Ps.* cxix. 18.

WE are all too little in the humble seeking and begging for Divine knowledge, and this is the cause why we are so shallow and small proficient. “If thou cry and lift up thy voice for understanding, search for it as for hid treasures;” sit down upon thy knees, and dig for it. This is the best posture to fall right upon the golden vein, and go deepest to know the mind of God in searching the Scriptures,—to be directed and regulated in His ways, to be made skilful in ways of honouring Him and doing Him service. This neither man nor angels can teach thee, but God alone.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

¶ O Lord! vouchsafe, I most humbly beseech Thee, to breathe into my heart Thy blessed Spirit, that He may renew the senses of my mind, open my mind, reveal unto me the true understanding of Thy holy mysteries, and plant in me such a certain and infallible knowledge of Thy truth, that no subtle persuasion of man’s wisdom may pluck me from Thy truth, but that, as I have learned the true understanding of Thy blessed will, so I may remain in the same continually, come life, come death, unto the glory of Thy blessed name. Amen.—*King Edward VI., Primer, 1553.*

The heavenly page of Gospel grace
 Stands open day by day;
 Lord! we draw near to seek supplies,
 To learn, and to obey!

(*Aleppie, Southern India.*)—“I have recently established a Bible class for the younger members of this congregation. They come to me every Thursday morning, when we first implore the blessing and presence of God, and then proceed to read a chapter of the New Testament. I sincerely hope that this may be found a means of grace to us all. Many of them already possess a considerable knowledge of the Divine Word. I hope they will so treasure it in their hearts, that it may operate as a spirit of holiness, of comfort, and of spiritual might.”—*Rev. J. Harding.*

BEING sanctified by the Holy Ghost.—*Rom. xv. 16.*

THE Spirit of God is, of His nature, all holy—yea, holiness itself; that is to say, He is the only Ghost or Spirit, which, with the Father and the Son, is, was, and ever shall be, the author, causer, and worker of all holiness, purity, and sanctimony, and of all the graces, comfort, and spiritual life which is wrought and cometh into the heart of any man, insomuch that no man can think well, or do anything that good is, but by the motion, aid, and assistance of this Holy Spirit. . . . Neither is it possible that the heart of any man can be purged, purified, sanctified, or justified, without the work and operation of this Holy Spirit.—*A Necessary Doctrine, &c., 1543.*

The Spirit always guides and instructs before He saves; and as He brings to happiness only by the way of holiness, so He never leads to true holiness but by the paths of knowledge.—*South.*

O Spirit! Lord of life and light,
 Arrayed in glories heavenly bright,
 Who burst the darkness of the night,
 And opened man's bewildered sight,
 Hear, Paraclete, and save!
 Oh, turn, turn not Thy face away,
 But sanctify a worm of clay—
 A tenant of the grave!

Collett.

The New Zealanders use very figurative language. After asking one how he felt, he said, "The Holy Spirit has begun to dig at the top of my heart, but works downwards very slowly; he seems to need a spade, that he may more effectually work down to the many roots which are there; sometimes, there is a great dust in my heart."—*Rev. R. Davis.*

¶ O Jesus Christ, let Thy Spirit come to us, to preserve our hearts, and to drive out the evil spirit. Soften our hearts by Thy Holy Spirit! Cleanse our hearts by Thy blood, O Jesus Christ, our Master! Thou didst purchase us, Thy servants, O Jesus Christ, our Lord, the Son of the almighty and everlasting God!—(Written by Ouru, who had been long seeking to make himself useful to his New Zealand fellow-countrymen.)—*Rev. W. Williams.*

HE that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little.—*Eccles. xix. 1.*

WHENE’ER I read of that sad night
 The Saviour was betrayed for me,
 I think, in that dear Saviour’s sight,
 How grievous every sin must be !
 How can I say, or hear, or touch
 Things that may hurt my soul within,
 And think it cannot matter much,
 Because it is a little sin !
 A hasty thought, a passing deed,
 A word we would not speak again,
 To endless misery may lead,
 And rend my soul with ceaseless pain.
 As little blows will fell a tree,
 So little sins destroy the soul ;
 O blessed Lord, I come to Thee,
 From little sins to make me whole.

Behold a conflagration. With what dreadful fury it rages ! The largest houses are devoured by it in a moment ; the strongest fall victims to its uncontrollable power. Yet this fire, which now resists the united wisdom and power of man, originated from a small spark, and might at first have been extinguished by a child. . . . “ Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth ! ” No one becomes extremely wicked at once. Little sins are but steps. Watch against the beginnings. The spark may soon be extinguished. The law of God requires that the evil principle itself be mortified and annihilated.—*Jno. Venn.*

He that is grown in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, esteems no sin to be little or contemptible, none fit to be cherished or indulged. The well-grown Christian is careful that no spot or taint sully the virgin whiteness of his robes.—*Bp. J. Taylor.*

¶ O Lord, most holy, grant me to remember, not the smallness of the law, but Thy justice, Thy purity, and Thy greatness, who art the Lawgiver. And endue me with Thy grace and Holy Spirit, that I may loathe the least sin as well as the greatest ; and behold in every “ mote ” a “ beam.”

My sinful heart trouble me : me stand like a man that take bill-hook, and go to bush, and cut big tree. He cut little and little, till, by and bye, he throw it down. So me stand : sin cut me little and little, till, by and bye, it throw me down into hell.—*Confession of an African.*—*Mr. C. Taylor.*

THEY have sought out many inventions.—*Eccles.*
vii. 29.

WHEN God had sent His only Son to heal our infirmities, and to reconcile the world unto Himself by His death, the devil instantly changed the institutions of Christ into human traditions by his minister, the Pope. . . . He cannot belong unto God, or be His servant, whilst, under the pretence of religion, and the command of God, he usurps unto himself the authority of Christ, as appears in all his works. (King Edward VI., “Primacy of the Pope,” 1549.) Our religion consists not of old customs, or the usages of the fathers, but in the Holy Scriptures and the Divine Word, and that is older than the world, if you think antiquity and custom makes a thing good: for God is the Word, who was without beginning, and shall continue without end. And if you think truth ought to be obeyed and followed, all truth is contained in that book. . . . Moreover, our God, and Saviour, and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, said, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life:” He did not say, “I am the old custom.”—*Edward VI., against the Primacy of the Pope.*

In vain poor man to darkness flies,
To shield him from God's view;
He scatters far his mist of lies,
And maketh all things new.

(*North-American Tradition.*)—Man was at first created by a divinity, named Etulupass; but he was originally imperfect. His mouth was not divided, his eyes were closed, and his hands and feet immoveable. In short, he was a statue of flesh rather than a living being. A second divinity, called Ecannum, more benevolent, seeing man in this imperfect state, took pity on him, and, with a sharp stone, opened his mouth, unclosed his eyes, and imparted motion to his hands and feet. Not satisfied with these gifts, the compassionate deity taught man how to make canoes, paddles, nets, and domestic utensils. He also overturned rocks into rivers, which, by obstructing the progress of fish through the waters, enabled them to take sufficient to satisfy their wants.—*Cox's "Columbia River," &c.*

I KNOW whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him.—*2 Tim. i. 12.*

“ I KNOW in whom I have believed.” I am not ignorant whose precious blood hath been shed for me. I have a Shepherd full of kindness, full of care, full of power; unto Him I commit myself; His own hand hath engraved this sentence in the tables of my heart, “ Satan hath desired to winnow thee as wheat; but I have prayed that thy faith fail not.” Therefore, the assurance of my hope I will labour to keep, as a jewel, unto the end: and by labour, through the gracious mediation of His prayer, I shall keep it.—*Hooker.*

Sweet is the thought! Time flows apace,
This earth is not our resting-place;
And sweet the promise of the Lord
To all who love His name and Word.
Thou weeping pilgrim, dry thy tears,
Comfort on every side appears:
An eye beholds thee from above—
The eye of God—and God is love.

On the 18th of February, I visited Nopera Homitti, a young man apparently near the grave. I asked him as to his hope for eternity. He replied, “ My only hope is in Jesus my Saviour.” I said, “ About eighteen months ago, I knew you to be a wicked young man. . . . Have you repented, and fled to Christ, as your only refuge? Do you feel your need of Him?” He answered, “ Yes; my dependance is on Christ alone.” I then said, “ Your conduct for the last year has been consistent. You have been constant in your attendance on the means of grace. Do you depend upon that for your hope of salvation?” “ No,” was his reply; “ in Jesus is my hope!” I continued: “ It is now a month since you were baptized; you are perhaps depending partly upon Christ, and partly on your baptism?” He again replied, “ My trust and hope for the pardon of my sins, and the salvation of my soul, is not upon anything I have done, or on my baptism, but on Jesus alone.” . . . “ Do you love secret prayer, and have you been habitually engaged in it?” His answer was, “ Yes; within the last few months.” I then asked, “ Is the Saviour precious to you? Do you desire to be conformed to His image?” He gave assent by gesture. Prayer with him, and reading John xiv., closed the scene.—*Rev. R. Maunsell, Katotches, New Zealand, 1847.*

THOU, therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—*2 Tim. ii. 3.*

WHAT! would you be at glory, and will you not follow the leader in the only way to it? You shall have full as much of this world's goodwill as He had. If it hate you, He bids you to remember how it hated Him. Say, "I will wear a crown, where Jesus was crowned with thorns."—*Archbp. Leighton.*

Look still for what you suffer, and for whom? For the truth—for CHRIST. What can be so precious as truth? Not life itself. All earthly things are not so vile to life, as life to truth. Life is momentary, truth eternal; life is ours, truth is God's. Oh, happy purchase, to give your life for the truth.—*Bp. Hall.*

¶ The Lord grant us His heavenly grace and strength, that we may confess Him in this world, amongst this adulterous and sinful generation, that He may confess us again at the latter day before His Father, which is in heaven, to His glory, and our everlasting comfort, joy, and salvation.—*Bp. Ridley.*

Glory to God! hold on in faith!
Knowledge by suffering entereth:
And life is perfected by death.

For Him I count all gain as loss;
Disgrace for Him, renown;
Well may I glory in His Cross,
While He prepares my crown.—*Newton.*

(*Aonio Paleario, the Italian Martyr, to his Wife, on the Day of his Martyrdom.*)—My beloved consort, I would that thou shouldst not afflict thyself with my rejoicing. The hour is come, when I shall pass out of this life to be with my Lord, my God and Father. I depart with as much gladness as one called to the marriage of the great King's Son; and I have besought my Lord to grant me this out of his boundless grace and mercy. In the meanwhile, beloved, take comfort in God's will, and my resignation. Watch over the desolate family that survives me, training and nurturing them in the fear of the Lord; and be unto them both a father and a mother. I am now an old man, of threescore years and ten—an useless vessel. Let our children bethink themselves that they be virtuous and diligent, and lead an honest life. God the Father, our Lord Jesus Christ, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, abide with thy Spirit.—*Rome, July 3, 1570.*

WE are all partakers of that one bread.—1 *Cor.* x. 17.

¶ O LORD, we come to Thee, with the full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, which Thou, of Thy tender mercy to us men, didst give—the sacrifice of Thine only Son, Jesus Christ, upon the cross, for our redemption. In His name we pray. His blood we plead. In His atonement we trust. Oh, accept that sacrifice, and pardon our sins, and bless our souls. We come with the commemoration of that great sacrifice, and patiently wait Thy promised grace and blessing at Thy holy altar, the table of Thy holy communion. . . We come to Thee with the sacrifice of ourselves.—*Canon Townsend.*

Lord, as we round Thy table kneel,
Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.

(*Nalloor, South India.*)—In February last, he, Royappen, came to me, looking extremely ill. He was so changed, that I was obliged to ask him who he was, and could scarcely believe that it was Royappen. . . . After some inquiries respecting his illness, I asked him, Whether I could do anything for him? And he asked me to administer the Lord's Supper to him. Perceiving that this request was made with very great earnestness, I endeavoured to ascertain whether he held any superstitious views with respect to this Sacrament, and asked him why he wished so strongly to receive it. He replied, "In obedience to the command of Christ, and in remembrance of the love of Him who so loved me as to wash me from my sins in His own blood;" and added, "I do not suppose that this act of mine will make any atonement for my past sins. That atonement has been already made; and it is in remembrance of this, and in gratitude for it, that I wish to receive the Lord's Supper. Circumstances prevented me from fulfilling his desire; for I was obliged immediately to leave the place for a long journey. On my return I went to Royappen. . . . He again begged to have the Lord's Supper administered to him. . . . When all was ready, I returned to his house, and found four assembled. I could not fail to notice that each man was of a different caste!—a Retty, a Vellalan, a Savalakaran, and a Pallan; and, I suppose, also, in the estimation of the heathen, there was a Parrian, for thus they would doubtless think of me. Our Christianity is, indeed, a blessed, uniting principle!—*Rev. S. Hobbs, July, 1850.*

I WILL cast abominable filth upon thee, and make thee vile, and will set thee as a gazing-stock—*Nahum* iii. 6.

THE great Nineveh is no more. No more of its name is sown; the town near to its site is called by another name (Mossed). But, its name, written in the Word of God, shall not pass into oblivion, till tongues shall cease and prophecy fail.—*Dr. A. Keith.*

Sinners, hear Jehovah speaking!
 Ye who, madly God despise!
 Hear, lest, in His wrath awaking,
 Vengeance rend you as it flies:
 None can save you,
 If His arm in judgment rise.—*Goode.*

On the 16th May (1849), we crossed the Tigris, and visited the ruins supposed to mark the site of Nineveh. These ruins are just opposite Mosul, about three-fourths of a mile distant from the river. This alluvial space may have been formed since the period of Nineveh . . . The ruins consist of ridges, like old walls, inclosing an area, perhaps four miles long, and about two miles broad. The inclosed area is mostly a level, cultivated space. On the western bound of this area, and about the middle, longitudinally, is a regularly shaped mound of quadrangular form, perhaps fifty feet high and as many rods square, and nearly level on the top, suggesting the idea of a castle and inclosed palaces. From the top of this mound excavations are now prosecuted for ancient remains, and with most interesting success. Mr. Layard, who is devoted to this enterprise, was absent. . . . Descending by an earthy staircase, formed by the excavators, some twenty or thirty feet, and then passing longitudinally under ground, we were suddenly ushered into ancient marble palaces, the walls all beautifully sculptured. We were filled with inexpressible wonder and delight. Rod after rod in the same great halls, we passed along slabs of marble, nicely fitted together, each slab about six feet high, eight feet long, and six or eight inches thick, all exquisitely carved with spirited representations of various scenes of the chase, of battles, . . . forts besieged, of trains of camels, of horses, and mules. There were also rural scenes, &c. Several slabs were inscribed with the cuneiform character.—*Perkins.*

STRENGTH and beauty are in His sanctuary.—
Ps. xcvi. 6.

COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
 O God, on all assembled here ;
 Behold us with a Father's love,
 And for our help and peace appear.

Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord !
 May we Thy true disciples be ;
 Speak to each heart the mighty word—
 Say to the weakest, " Follow me ! "

Command Thy blessing in this hour,
 Spirit of Truth ! and fill this place
 With humbling and with healing power—
 With living might and quickening grace.

Jehovah ! Maker ! Saviour ! Guide !
 One true, eternal God confess'd !
 Open Thy gates of mercy wide,
 And grant us pardon, cleansing, rest.—*Anon.*

Let us resort to the house of the Lord diligently together. Let us there, with reverent hearing of the Lord's holy Word, calling on the Lord's holy name, giving of hearty thanks unto the Lord for His manifold and inestimable benefits daily and hourly bestowed upon us—celebrating also reverently the Lord's holy sacraments—serve the Lord in His holy house, as becometh the servants of the Lord, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life.—*Homily on the Right Use of the Church.*

(*Allepie District, South India.*)—Our people have been repairing and cleansing their spacious old church, and it now presents a beautiful appearance. All this they have been doing at their own expense, from what is termed "The Church Fund." One of the members, it appears, made a vow, when a grandchild was sick, that if it should please God to restore it to health, he would give some substantial present to the church. This he has now had the opportunity and the privilege of doing. His gift has been the entire cleansing and whitewashing of the interior, while the cost for repairs has been defrayed from the contributions of the people. It is quite refreshing to witness such an instance of awe and veneration for God's house ; and it is the more gratifying, because so very uncommon among the Christians of India.—*Rev. J. Harding, April 19, 1850.*

EVEN the night shall be light about me.—*Psalm*
cxxxix. 11.

Lord, when mine eyes are sealed in sleep,
Can I their opening ascertain ?
Or from the stupor of repose
Be sure they 'll wake to earth again ?
O Lord, my God, receive my prayer ;
Forgive the sins which I have done ;
And if I sleep, and wake no more,
Receive my spirit by Thy SON :
In faith of His dear blood alone,
Be every fault and sin forgiven ;
And may that blood have planed the way
Safely to meet Thee, Lord, in heaven!—*R.*

Shut up the day with humble thanksgiving for all the benefits that day received, and hearty repentance for all thy sins committed, naming and bewailing them. For thou knowest not, if thou repentest not to-night, whether thou shalt rise to repent to-morrow. . . . Commit thyself, and all that is thine, to God in zealous prayer. . . . So, going to bed, take thy rest ; beginning and ending in Him, who is both “ first and last.”—*E. Joceline.*

At Rohut, the principal village (near Delhi), the inhabitants gather together every night into one place (a small choppah-house), where they pray extempore, each for himself, and bless and praise the “ one true God ” for all His mercies. Anund Messeeh (or “ Joy of Christ ”—the name given at baptism to this native evangelist) asked, “ Do you pray in the name of Jesus, the Son of God ? For Christ said, ‘ Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you.’ ” “ We never have done so,” was the reply ; “ but we will follow your counsel.” And now, daily prayer is offered up to God by a knot of Indian villagers, in the prevailing name of Jesus Christ. Anund wrote out for them several copies of the Lord’s Prayer, and of other prayers from our Liturgy, which they promised diligently and regularly to use. In none of the villages was there anything of congregational worship, but all seemed to use private prayer.—*Rev. H. Fisher.*

PUT ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Rom. xiii. 14.*

How many of us make godly vows in our waking hour, and then, plunging into the vortex of the world, clean forget our resolutions, and give up ourselves, in body, soul, and spirit, to its sinful ways. We are like the son, who kisses his father's cheek in the morning, and, during the remainder of the day, avoids no occasion to vex and offend him. But the true disciple never exchanges one coat for another, but wears the same garment at all hours; he "puts on the Lord Jesus Christ;" and his clothing, as a chosen vessel of his Divine Master, is woven of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

O thou, that callest thyself by the name of Christ, forget not, that though thou art "in the world," thou canst not be "of the world."—*Scriver.*

Once more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To Him that rules the skies.
 Night unto night His name repeats,
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heaven on which He sits,
 To turn the seasons round.
 'T is He supports my mortal frame,
 My tongue shall speak His praise;
 My sins would rouse His wrath to flame,
 But yet His wrath delays.
 Dear God! let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a peaceful night.

Watts.

I must put down that I have lately had too little time for private devotions. I must take at least an hour for them in the morning. I can sadly confirm Doddridge's remark, "that when we go on ill in the closet, we commonly do so everywhere else." I must mend here; I am afraid of getting into what Owen calls a trade of sinning and repenting. Yet, where can I go else? Thou only, Lord, canst pardon and sanctify me. Oh! what unspeakable comfort it is to cast oneself on the Saviour as a guilty, weak sinner in myself, but as trusting in the gracious promises of God, through the Redeemer! Let him that is athirst come! Lord, I must flee to Thee, and cleave to Thee. Be Thou my all in all!
 —*Life of W. Wilberforce*, vol. iv., page 92. Dec. 30, 1812.

THE kingdom of God . . . shall be given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.—*Matt. xxi. 43.*

¶ (*Edward VI., three hours before his death*):—"Lord God! Deliver me out of this miserable life! Howbeit, not my will, but Thine be done! Lord! I commend my spirit to Thee! O Lord, Thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with Thee: yet, for Thy name's sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve Thee. O my Lord God! bless Thy people, and save Thine inheritance! O Lord God, save Thy chosen people of England! O Lord my God! defend this realm from Papistry, and maintain Thy true religion, that I and my people may praise Thy holy name, for Thy Son Jesus Christ his sake!"

O England, see thy privilege! God hath sent His Word, and therein revealed to thee the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. . . . O England, see and prize thy privilege—the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven—lest God remove them, and lest God depart from us, even as He departed out of the temple before the destruction of Jerusalem.—*Freysel.*

Defend, O God, with guardian hand,
The laws and ruler of our land,
And grant our Church Thy grace to stand
In faith and unity.

The Spirit's help of Thee we crave,
That Thou, whose blood was shed to save,
May'st, at Thy second coming, have
A flock to welcome Thee! *Bishop Heber.*

(*From an Address of the Church Missionary Society to the brethren gathered from among the Heathen, Mahomedans, and others. Jubilee, 1848-9.*)

"Our fathers were once as you and your fathers, bowing down to dumb idols, without God, and without Christ, and without hope. But God has long since given to our fathers the knowledge of the Gospel, and they have told us, their children, the same; and we, thus knowing the love of Christ, have desired that His name and salvation may be published through the whole world. God has in part fulfilled our desires. . . . Blessed be His holy name that the labours, and sufferings, and prayer of His servants have not been in vain!"

TAKE ye heed, watch and pray.—*Mark* xiii. 33.

BEING adorned and garnished with faith, hope, charity, meekness, soberness, equity, pity, and godliness, go in Christ's name, and pray unto God with all diligence. . . . And in thy faithful prayers remember that thou pray for our Sovereign. Pray—

1. Because thou hast need ;
2. Because God commands thee ;
3. Because of God's promises.
4. Pray in faith of God's promise.
5. Ask all things in Christ's name.
6. Ask worldly and temporal things conditionally.
7. Appoint God no time.
8. In any wise, pray in charity.

9. Ask things pertaining to thy salvation, remission of sin, and life everlasting, without condition. For these hath God certainly promised to all them, that with a true, faithful, and obedient heart do come unto Him in earnest and continual prayer.—*King Edward VI. Primer.*

O that it may be as natural to me to pray to Thee, as it is to breathe!—*Bishop Patrick.*

With tears—with bitterest agony,
The Saviour wrestled, soul, for thee ;
Ere He could all-triumphant rise
To plead the accepted sacrifice :
So, till the world shall pass away,
Shall stand His words, " Arise, and pray ! "

I call the boys now and then separately to me ; listen to their little complaints, if they have any ; speak to their hearts, and pray with each alone. Having spoken to a little fellow concerning the Saviour's love, and how willingly He hears children, I asked him whether he ever prayed in private. He replied, " Yes ; " and exclaimed, while tears rolled down his little black cheeks, " Pur han se nation chatta "—" With me it will not go." " I cannot pray myself," he continued, " but I pray with another boy." As I did not quite understand him, I asked for an explanation, when he told me that several of the boys would not pray themselves, and that they had therefore chosen leaders ; that is, certain boys who could pray. These then gather the boys around their bedsteads, and pray with them in the morning as soon as they awake, and in the evening before they go to sleep.—*Rev. C. B. Leupolt, Benares.*

HE that is of the earth, is earthly.—*John iii. 31.*

COME, my beloved, let us cast away from us all anxiety and care for this vain and perishing world; and, with all zeal and devotedness, seek to serve Christ alone, for He is our Lord and Sovereign Master. Behold! His day is verily at hand; and His presence is most surely coming upon us. Come then, my friends, let us prepare ourselves and be watchful, waiting for our Lord, even the bridegroom from heaven! Let no one look back! But let each of us fix his eyes above on that heavenly beautifulness, on those joys of the immortal bridegroom, that our soul may be filled and satisfied.—*S. Ephraim Syrus.*

In vain doth earthly bliss afford
A momentary shade;
It rises like the prophet's gourd,
And withers o'er my head.

But of my Saviour's love possessed,
No more for earth I pine;
Secure of everlasting rest
Beneath the heavenly Vine!

The Chinese are in some respects a civilized people. . . . The painful feature in their state is, that they live so completely without God in the world. . . . Of one true and living God they have no distinct idea; and there is no word in their language which expresses the same with our word "God." . . . Instead of God, they have many idols, to whom they make prayers and offerings, in the hope of obtaining a larger share in this world's goods, which is all they care for. The world is everything to them, and they have no care beyond it; as if they believed that, with the death of the body, human consciousness terminated. "Wealth," observes Mr. M'Clutchie, "is the summum bonum in the estimation of a Chinese. Their common salutation on New Year's Day is 'Fah-dsay! Fah-dsay!'—may you become rich (this year)! . . . Even their most solemn worship, that of their ancestors, seems to be engaged in by them from an expectation that their imagined dutiful conduct may be rewarded by the acquisition of wealth. . . . A ferryman exclaimed to a comrade, 'Why should you imagine that foreigners worship ancestors? They have plenty of money, and therefore need not do so!'"—*Gleaner*, vol. i., p. 3.

YE are come to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel.—*Heb. xii. 22—24.*

THIS precious blood opens heaven for our prayers ; for it pleads for us now in heaven, and speaks better things for us than the blood of Abel. That called for vengeance on the sinner ; this intercedeth for daily grace for daily sin, and procures for us daily mercies for daily supplies.—*T. Taylor.*

Seeing that we, neither we ourselves, nor any other friend, could contribute any just price towards our redemption, to whom could we have recourse ? Whither should we flee for refuge, but to that one God and one Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus ? Flee to Him we did not neither ; nor could we first ; rather He sought us out, found, overtook us, fleeing from Him. In our deplorable condition “the good Samaritan had compassion on us,” weltering in our blood, the blood of our sins on the ground, of sins that required His blood to cure our wounds, and heal our bruises.—*Bishop Sprat.*

In vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own :
Jesus, there's nothing but Thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

.
'Tis by Thy death we live, O Lord ;
'Tis on Thy Cross we rest :
For ever be Thy love adored !
Thy name for ever bless'd !

Watts.

(*Dying Aspiration.*)—“This is the last sickness in which you will have to visit me,” said a dying Indian ; “I know that I must soon die ; but I have no fear on that account. I have a Saviour, a friend in heaven, who hears my prayers, who turns my heart away from this world, from my wife and children, and draws it to Himself.” Then stretching out both his arms, as a bird spreading its wings to fly, he exclaimed, “I want to go and be with Him, who has washed away my sins in His own blood ; and now gives me rest and peace in the midst of pain ! I have sent for you to tell me as much as you know about this new state I am going to.”—*Rev. W. Cockran.*

THE dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.—*Psalm lxxiv. 20.*

IGNORANCE (of the Gospel) is the hold of Satan, where he keeps his captives in chains of darkness. It is the shadow of death; the very borders, and suburbs, and inlet into hell.—*Bishop Brownrig.*

Ignorance of God is another name for vice, and vice is misery; and the threefold night of ignorance, pollution, and wretchedness, still enwraps by far the greater portion of the habitable globe. . . . Men are “going daily to the generation of their fathers, and never see light.” (*Psalm xlix. 19.*) . . . O Christian! this is darkness; not the darkness of one nation, or of two; but the darkness of every heart and of every clime, where Jesus’ name, Jesus’ power, are unknown! Once ye were thus “darkness,” but “now are ye light in the Lord.” And, O consider! ye are more than this. As ye are light *in* the Lord, so ye are light *for* the Lord!—*Rev. F. Goode, Church Missionary Sermon, April 30, 1838.*

Lord! bid Thy angel speed his flight
Amidst the darkness here below,
And shed Thy Gospel’s glorious light
O’er regions lost in sin and woe.

I have indeed seen that darkness; but it is not easy to describe it. No man can know what it is, who has not seen it. It is no less dreadful than when the Israelites beheld at a distance the thick darkness of Egypt from their dwellings “in Goshen, where there was light.” I have been in what the Scriptures call “the chambers of imagery” (*Ezek. viii. 12*); and have witnessed the enormity of the pagan idolatry, in all its turpitude and blood. I can now better understand those words of the Scriptures—“The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.” (*Ps. lxxiv. 20.*) I have seen the libations of human blood offered to the Moloch of the heathen world; and an assembly, not of two thousand only . . . but of two hundred thousand, falling prostrate at the sight before the idol, and raising acclamations in his name. . . . —*C. Buchanan, Church Missionary Sermon, June 12, 1810.*

REDEEMED from among men, being the first fruits unto God and to the Lamb.—*Rev. xiv. 4.*

Go up to heaven. Ask the Redeemed who are singing there what they most prize. The answer is, "salvation." Go down to hell, and ask the weepers there what they most need. No other sound comes through the darkness than "salvation." . . . Now, collect us again, when a hundred years are gone, put the same question to us: we too have learned the language of eternity; we ask for "salvation." We no longer say in our hearts, "The world now, and eternity hereafter." This is our cry, "O save us! Give us grace! Give us mercy!" Better to be a convicted, pardoned sinner, than an unpardoned angel.—*T. Bradley.*

Redemption! Oh, the thrilling sound!
It tells of joy in woe;
Of more than prophets saw or heard;
Of all that man can know.

Redemption! God's best charity,
To man imprisoned long;
The world's reprieve—the sinner's plea,
And heaven's eternal song!

(*Uava, New Zealand.*)—On the 21st July, 1849, Mr. C. Baker buried two of his flock, who, he says, "had long given him satisfactory evidence that a change had been wrought in them by the Divine Spirit." On the 22d (Lord's Day) I spoke from Hebrews xii. 22, 23. I could not help dwelling on the fact of their communion with us last Sunday at the Table of the Lord, and on the belief that they are now before the throne of God, holding communion with the ransomed in glory. The last time I conversed with these happy Christians was on Saturday week. The elder, George Taikehu, who had been for many years a priest, said, that he had no fear of death. He added, that he beheld, by faith, a ladder, as it were, that reached from earth to heaven, on which he was about to mount; and that, after death, his body would be raised incorruptible. The other, Charlotte, was a young wife, who had for years been a worthy character. . . . Her husband told me this morning that her end was triumphant. All was peace!

FEAR Him, which after He hath killed, hath power to cast into hell ; yea, I say unto you, fear Him.—*Luke xii. 5.*

HE that will not fear Him that threatens to cast both body and soul into everlasting fire, whom will he fear? With this fear, O Lord, fasten Thou together our frail flesh, that we may never swerve from Thy laws.—*Bishop Ridley's Letters.*

We must do our work out of the fear of God, and conscience of His commandments, not out of respect of profit, or fear, or praise of man ; for such as do so are hypocrites. . . . God esteems our actions and works, not according to the greatness or exactness of the performance, but according to the sincerity and truth of our hearts in doing them.—*J. Mede.*

The more we fear, the less reason we have to fear. If we fear God, we need not fear anything else. In His fear we are safe and secure ; and all the powers of hell cannot hurt us.—*Bishop Bull.*

Move me, my God, to watch and pray,
To strive to be sincere ;
To take my Cross up day by day,
And serve Thee, Lord, with fear. *Bunyan.*

¶ O Father of Life ! Leave me not under the power of wicked imaginations, nor puffed up with a proud look ; but turn away from Thy servant a haughty spirit and vain desires, and fill my heart with grace of Thy Holy Spirit, that I may always think of Thee, and serve Thee with reverence and godly fear.—*S. Augustine.*

The Indians of Guiana seem to consider the “ good Spirit ” as a being too high to notice them ; and, not knowing Him as a God “ that heareth prayer,” they concern themselves but little about Him. It is not, therefore, surprising that they should have the most abject dread of the evil principle, and not regarding God as their protector, seek blindly to propitiate devils. Superstitious fear thus reigns, where holy love is wanting. Their belief in the power of demons is craftily fostered and encouraged by a class of men who are their sorcerers or priests, professing to hold intercourse with familiar spirits, and to cure diseases by their means.—*Rev. W. H. Brett.*

THE Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground.—*Gen. ii. 7.*

¶ O God! the Creator and Father of the spirits of all flesh, we pray Thee, that as Thou didst provide an help meet for man in Paradise, and didst ordain the holy bonds of marriage for the mutual society, help, and comfort that one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity, so guide and direct us in the bonds we form,—that those who are bound together as flesh of one flesh, may be helps meet for each other in the pilgrimage of this life. May they live, like Isaac and Rebecca, in perfect love and peace together, and walk according to Thy laws. May husbands love their wives, and know no bitterness against them. May wives love their husbands, live in subjection to them, and adorn themselves with the ornaments of a meek and quiet spirit. And so may they twain be of the same mind one toward another, and one body in Christ.—*Canon Townsend, in part.*

O God! who madest earth, sea, and air,
And living creatures, free as fair,
Thy hallowed praise is everywhere—
Hallelujah!

Yea woods, and winds, and waves convey
To the rapt ear a hymn, and say,
“Him, who hath made us, we obey—
Hallelujah!”

With respect to the creation of the world, the New Zealanders have been taught, from time immemorial, by their priests and fathers, to believe that three gods made the first man. . . They also believe, that the first woman was made of one of the man's ribs. This is a remarkable tradition, and must have had its origin from Divine revelation; the general term for bone is “Eve.” All the New Zealanders believe, that the first woman was made of an eve, or bone, taken from the side of the first man. I have had many conversations with him (Duatterra, a convert), on this subject, but never found him to vary in the least in his account of this tradition.—*Rev. J. Marsden.*

BUT as He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.—1 *Pet.* i. 15.

HOLINESS is the best thing which God Himself can bestow upon us, either in this world or the world to come. True evangelical holiness, that is, “Christ formed in the heart of the believer,” is the very amen and quintessence of the Gospel.—*Cudworth.*

¶ Gracious Father! set before us continually the example of the meek and lowly Jesus, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. Be it, in the strength of thy blessed Spirit, our constant endeavour to walk even as He walked, and to go on from grace to grace till we at length appear before our God in the heavenly Sion!

I thank Thee I am not mine own,
 But have to live to Thee alone;
 Each passing day, each passing hour,
 To live by Thy great power.
 Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
 'T is all Thine hand, Thine orderings!
 'T is blest to breathe in Thy sure love—
 On Thee, in Thee, to live and move;
 'T is blest each day still to live on
 In Thy sustaining Son;
 Whate'er may come, it is all Thine—
 To love Thee, and obey, be mine.

Thoughts in Past Years.

Whilst I and my people wish to feel thankful for every token for good, we are not satisfied as if nothing more were wanting, but desire rather to “go on ever unto perfection,” growing in “every good word and work,” until we be complete in Christ. Taking this as the standard which we aim at, who would not find abundant, if not overwhelming cause for deep humiliation before God? Our Church members may be trained, by rule and discipline, creditably to walk in the ranks of Christ’s soldiers, so as to make a creditable figure; but . . . to have all the Christian graces in active, purifying exercise in the daily avocations of life—to face the enemy in the full use and active employment of the whole armour of God,—this, alas! is not so easy!—*Rev. J. U. Graf, Sierra Leone.*

I CAN do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me.—*Phil.* iv. 13.

DO TH UNBELIEF ask, Who is sufficient for these things? The God whom we serve, the Creator, Upholder, and Governor of all worlds, in whose hands are all hearts, and whose pleasure is served by every varying event. He is ALL-SUFFICIENT; His wisdom and power, His faithfulness and truth, will not be neutral witnesses of the patience of hope, and labour of love. The unsearchable riches of Christ, and His inexhaustible grace, are ALL-SUFFICIENT to supply all our necessities. He will go forth with our hosts, marshal their orders, inflame their courage, Himself lead the war, and scatter the alien armies. And, in the hands of the Divine Spirit, the evidence of the Gospel is ALL-SUFFICIENT to convince the most sceptical; the motives of the Gospel are ALL-SUFFICIENT to subdue the most obdurate; and the sanctions of the Gospel ALL-SUFFICIENT to triumph over the most worldly, sensual, and ferocious. Our all-sufficiency is of God; we can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth us.—*Rev. M. Horne, Church Missionary Sermon, 1811.*

Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall Thy work be done.

(*The Missionary's Prayer.*)—¶ O Lord, give me zeal, with wisdom, love, and compassion, toward these lost sheep! Give me faith with patience under all that may dismay me! Give me humility and meekness amidst all occurrences provocative of showing an uneven temper! Let all my talking, doing, and living among these heathen be a heaven-born plant of Thy hand alone! Let me not stand upon mine own ground, upon my own schemes, methods, feelings, exertions—upon nothing that proceeds from my own self; nor upon my prayers, nor upon that which Thou hast done within me by Thy sanctifying influences! But let me stand upon Thy mighty power, and upon what Thou wilt and can do for the salvation of these, Thy utterly-ruined creatures! I cannot, neither will nor shall, do any real good unless Thou go before me with the breaking through of Thy exceeding mighty power!—*Rev. Dr. Krapf.*

THE prayer of faith shall save the sick.—*James v. 15.*

BID the sick call upon God for faith, patience, and other spiritual gifts, for remission of sins and forgiveness, and the washing away of all transgressions by the blood of Jesus Christ, his only Mediator and Redeemer, so that he may say, "O Lord Jesu; my heart's desire is of Thee to be healed, comforted, and refreshed. I wholly commit and yield myself to Him. Yea, O merciful God! strengthen Thou my weak belief!" Then rehearse to him the Articles of the Christian faith, and recite before Him the Lord's Prayer. Exhort also such as stand about the sick to pray for him, considering that our Lord hath made a rich and faithful promise, "When two or three," &c. And forasmuch as all instructions must be taken of the Word of God, therefore let one or more of these parcels following be read:—Psalm vi., xxii., xxv., xxvii., xlii., li., xci., cxvi., cxxxix., cxlii.; Isaiah xxxviii. (prayer of Hezekiah); Luke ii. (psalm of Simeon); John xi. (of Lazarus), xiv., xvii. (the passion of Christ, and specially of the two murderers); Rom. viii.; 1 Cor. xv. These serve to make prayer fervent, and true belief strong.—*Bishop Coverdale.*

Teach me, with meek, submissive awe,
 To own Thy sovereign will;
 E'en from Thy rod my comforts draw,
 And weep, but thank Thee still.
 Let me Thy ruling hand discern,
 Thy voice of mercy know;
 And from Thy gentle teaching learn
 To seek no bliss below!

(*Sierra Leone.*)—A sick communicant in Freetown rejoiced in his sufferings. When I asked him what it was that made him to rejoice, he said, "Because I see in the Old and New Testament, that all those whom God loved, and who served Him, had to suffer. Many come to me, and some in a very sly way, advising me to use some country fashion, which soon would release me from my trouble. But I tell them, 'Here is my Bible, which tells me, it is the will of God that I should suffer, and therefore I will have nothing to do with your fashions.'"—*Mr. Chanan, June 19, 1846.*

SET thine house in order; for thou shalt die.—
Isa. xxxviii. 1.

ARE we meet for the holy “inheritance?” Are we prepared for the world where nothing that is impure can enter? Are we familiar with the themes in which its happy spirits delight? Are their occupations already our choice? And would heaven, if we were suddenly admitted into it, be, as it ought to be, rather another stage of the same existence, than a new mode of being, demanding a total transformation of all our habits of feeling and acting? Soon, my brethren, our children, or our other connexions, shall stand over our tombs. Soon they will water some new heap of earth, or fabric of stone, with their tears. Soon you and I shall live only in the memory and hearts of our successors. O, let us labour to bequeath to them the satisfaction of sorrowing not as those without hope; of being able to regard us as among “the spirits of the just;” of contemplating us, by the eye of faith, as admitted to the marriage-supper of the Lamb, and drinking the cup of His joys in the kingdom of glory!—*J. W. Cunningham.*

Oh! if Thy guardian care, my God,
 The pilgrim's course attend,
 I will not fear the dark abode
 To which my footsteps tend.
 For thence Thine all-redeeming Son,
 Who died the world to save,
 In light, in triumph rose, and won
 The victory from the grave.

Hemans.

The first sick person I visited was an elderly woman. For years she has been an attendant on all the means (of grace), and is now, I hope, through Divine grace, prepared to enter into her Master's presence. She says that Christ is everything to her—that she feels that she is near to Him, and He to her. Being asked how she felt with regard to her sins, she replied,—“They are hateful, but I shall lay my sinful nature down with my body; I shall not take that with me. That burden will be laid down, and I shall flee lightly to Christ.” . . . Four days afterwards I buried Rahab. Happy change for her!—*Rev. R. Davis, Kaikohi, New Zealand.*

IF any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.—*Rom. viii. 9.*

It is chiefly through the medium of the Holy Spirit that the communion of the Church with the Father and the Son is maintained. It is the office of the Spirit to dwell with the saints, to abide with them, and to seal them to the day of redemption. . . . The Spirit dwelleth with the saints as in a temple. . . . This union of the soul with the Spirit of God is manifested and cherished, on His part, by communicating to it holy desires, by shedding upon it His sanctifying influences, and by the consequent production of heavenly light, and knowledge, and hope, and peace, and all spiritual consolations. On our part it is maintained by meditation and prayer, by diligence in the use of all the appointed ordinances, by cherishing the blessed influences imparted to us, and by studying to walk in all the commandments of our Lord blameless; for He has declared, “If any man love me, and keep my commandments, my Father will love him, and we will come to him, and make our abode with him.”—*John Venn.*

Spirit of God! descend upon my heart,
Wean it from earth, through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee, as I ought to love. *Croly.*

The New Zealander, Tooï, to the Rev. E. Bickersteth.

“Jesus Christ, He die on the cross for New Zealandman’s sins, and Englishman’s also. Suppose you believe Him, He save you, and make you happy, as he has made Thomas Tooï happy by His Holy Spirit. . . I very ill in bed, so many friends pray for me. Jesus looked on me, and made me better. . . I no afraid to die. Jesus die for my sins. I feel quite happy. I hope my heart be quite good, the time I get home to New Zealand. I tell my countrymen, ‘Come, countrymen, come into house, and worship God: suppose you no worship God, you no happy.’” In another letter, he says,—“I tell my countrymen, Englishman no hang himself; not eat a man; no tattooing; no fall cutting his self. My countrymen will say to me, ‘Why Englishman no cut his self?’ I tell them Book of Books say, ‘No cut—no hang—no tattoo.’ I tell them they sin—they do wrong. I know that Jesus’ blood cleanseth all sin. . . Jesus, our Lord, He find a way to heaven for all who know Him.”—*December, 1818.*

GOD blessed them.—*Gen. i. 28.*

THE blessing of God is all in all. . . . What a comfort is it to true Christians, truly married in grace, as well as nature, to reflect, that as they are helpers of each other's faith and joy in this world, so they shall be everlasting friends, in a more exalted way of life, in the kingdom of God.—*A. Serle.*

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace;
 Come and dwell within each heart,
 Light, and life, and joy impart.
 Make us both in Thee complete,
 Make us both for glory meet,—
 Meet to stand before Thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light!

I killed an ox on the occasion (of the marriage of two of our scholars), and gave a feast in English style to the relatives and scholars. . . . The speech which excited most attention was made by our head-teacher, John. His wife, Sophia, is an humble, sincere, Christian woman. He seems to have a sincere love for her. He began by alluding to a story of a bird which, as it drunk in the stream, kept one eye on the water and the other watching the sky. John applied the idea to husband and wife, and illustrated the necessity of union by the Maori story of a double-headed gunner, one of whose heads desired to go into the hole, the other to go out,—the creature, by the dispute, obtaining neither rest nor food. Then, addressing the married couple, he said, "Sophia and I were the first married couple in this district; and from the day of our marriage to the present hour, I have never lifted a hand to strike or slap her. Pomare, you are young, and I am old; my beard has now lost its stiffness, but recollect that my wife and I have lived in peace and love to the present day." He was so overpowered with his feelings, that tears gushed from his eyes; he covered his face with his handkerchief, and was for some time unable to proceed. He resumed: "You heard what the bishop said when here at the confirmation, how he reminded us, that our sons should be as plants grown up in their youth, and that our daughters should be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace. Now, Pomare and Beatrice, retain your Christian profession, and be polished pillars in the house of God."—*Rev. R. Mounsell.*

ALL my delight is upon the saints that are in the earth, and upon such as excel in virtue.—
Ps. xvi. 3.

LET us each say to our souls, “What is thy state, and with whom dost thou hold communion? Is it with men of a worldly spirit? Dost thou rejoice only in their pleasures, grieve only in their sorrows, engage only in their employments? Then, thou art of the world, even as they are of the world. But happy indeed art thou if thou canst say, ‘My delight is with the saints that are upon the earth, and with such as excel in virtue;’ my communion is with the Father of spirits, and with His Son, Jesus Christ, my Redeemer, and with the angels above.”—*J. Venn.*

Mark how the world rewards the fools
That live upon her treacherous smiles;
She leads them blindfold by her rules,
And ruins all whom she beguiles.

Cowper.

Samuel, by caste a Rajpoot, having learned to read and write, that he might study the New Testament, afterwards said, that the account of the Saviour’s nativity, and the opening verses of the Sermon on the Mount, convinced him that Christianity was true, and nerved him to endure the troubles which he knew he should have to meet on becoming a Christian. Those troubles soon commenced, as is usual in India, and his friends and relatives laboured, both by persuasion and force, to get from him the books of the English, as they called them, but in vain. Aware of the power which sin has over the natural heart, he avoided the company of those who had been his former associates, and prayerfully strove against its power. Continually might he be seen in a corner of his verandah reading the Testament; sitting thus, as it were, at the feet of Jesus, and learning His words. At times his heart would find vent in such expressions as these: “I often wonder at the change which has taken place in me, for I now find that those very things which once were pleasant to me, either I never think of, or wonder I should ever have delighted in them. I do, therefore, believe that God has changed my heart. . . . I feel it no hardship to give up sin; nay, that it is for one’s own good and happiness to do so.”—*Calcutta Christian Intelligence.*

HE saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment.—*Matt.* xxii. 11.

LET the sinner endeavour to weave a garment of his own ; it will never stand instead of the marriage garment of the Lamb. It will be found, in experience, a covering narrower than a man can wrap himself in it. It has neither sufficiency of extent, nor beauty of ornament, to appear before the law, or before a holy God. But the righteousness of Jesus is the seamless robe, infinite in its extent, without spot, and wholly beautiful. ¶ “Clothe me with it, Thou dear Redeemer! Let me be found, not in mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but in that which is of the faith of Thee, O Christ, the righteousness which is by faith. Then shall I be safe from the accusations of conscience, the charges of the law, the wrath and justice of a holy God, and stand complete in Thee, O Justifier.”—*W. Goode.*

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Men will not stoop to be saved by the righteousness of Christ.—*P. Henry.*

(*Indian Settlement, Rupert's Land.*)—*December 28* : I was out all day. I visited the schools, and called upon a sick man, and prayed with him. I was happy to learn that his whole trust was in the righteousness of Christ. I said, “My friend, I shall not see you again. Before I can pay a visit to this part again, you will have entered into the invisible world. Tell me if you rest in anything of your own ; or if you build on any other foundation, excepting that which God hath laid, even Jesus Christ?” He turned his head, and gazed. “What have I to trust to ? I am a sinner.” And, raising both hands, he exclaimed, “God forbid that I should trust in any but in the Lord Jesus, who has redeemed me!”—*March 11* : Asking a blind youth how he had employed his mind, since he lost his sight, six years ago, he said, “In going over those things which I learned at school. I have not been able to distinguish day from night ; but I have felt such delight in reflecting on the love of God in sending His Son to seek and to save and justify lost sinners, that I have not found the days and nights long.”—*Rev. W. Cochran, 1838.*

AND no man could learn that song, but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth.—*Rev. xiv. 3.*

How fearful the recollections of the backslider, “who turned aside unto his crooked ways, and is now led forth with the workers of iniquity!” The redeemed remember their triumph over death. “The wicked are taken, not as victims, but as conquered slaves.” To them, “there is God; but He is a consuming fire;”—Christ, but they rejected Him;—His atoning sacrifice, but they counted the sanctifying blood of the atonement an unholy thing;—the Holy Spirit, but Him they grieved, vexed, and quenched. The place in which the wicked dwell is one of darkness and horror; the companions with whom their lot is cast are their own immortal nature—the eternity which stretches immeasurably before them;—these supply no subjects which can be uttered in song. “Weeping, wailing, gnashing of teeth,” are the only sounds heard among them. Oh! we must learn the song now, if we learn it at all.—*R. Watson.*

There's a world without hope in the regions below,
Where souls that are lost find no balm for their woe;
Though varied and fierce be the pangs that they bear,
'T is the thought of “For ever” bows down with despair.
From the pains of the damn'd, from the rule of hell's king,
No herald of joy hope of succour may bring;
No gleamings of grace ever brighten the skies,
For the fire never sinks, and the worm never dies.
'T is the harvest of wrath o'er a harvest of sin,
And the torments to be are as they that have been;
But the sense of eternity deepens the gloom:
No respite to torment—no end to their doom!—*Latrobe.*

Yesterday morning, Tamiti, the priest, died. I shall not soon forget his anxious look, and strong disavowal of all goodness and truth in his former life and ways. Surely, this ought to have an effect on those at least who heard him. In dying, he was asked several questions. “How is it now with you, who told us formerly you commanded any number of gods in the sea and on land? You must wait awhile, and converse with us. Tell us to which place you are going: for we are told there are only two places,—a place of pain, and a place of joy. To which of these are you going? Are you going above or below?” The poor creature requested them to let him die. At length, he said, “I am going to my own place, below!”—and died. Awful death!—*Rev. R. Davis, N. District, New Zealand, January 26, 1849,*

IS the Lord among us, or not?—*Exod. xvii. 7.*

As the people said, "Is God among us, or not?" and God appeared to them on the rock that was smitten,—so is Christ, the Emmanuel, God with us, and among us, the spiritual rock itself—the rock that was smitten with the rod of the lawgiver of Israel, when the priests betrayed him, in the presence of all the elders of Israel, of the people, and of the multitude. So did He pour forth the streams of living water upon the Church, when, after His passion and death, He sent forth the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, as He still pours forth the same streams upon the Church, upon the soul, and upon all the means of grace.—*Canon Townsend.*

Holy Saviour, friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine:
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to Thee.

"The Lord will provide. He is strong and mighty, and with His people alway." This was the anchoring ground of my faith; and I am thankful to confess, to His glory, that my faith hath not been put to shame. . . . On the 14th June, in the afternoon, some of our bearers complained that they could go no further, and stretched themselves on the ground. I endeavoured to encourage them to make a strong effort to get on, in order, by all means, to reach the Tzavo that evening. Some of them followed me, and others remained. I also felt my strength gradually declining; but, with God's assistance, it was upheld by the fixed determination to reach the Tzavo. I would have paid a dollar for a bottle of the worst description of water, if it had been obtainable. At last, about sunset, we found ourselves at once before the deep bed of the Tzavo, which one cannot see until standing on its high banks, which are adorned with high trees. We first crossed this fine river, whose waters reached my loins, and then lay down on the opposite bank to refresh ourselves with its cool yellow water. . . . No emperor or king can possibly more relish his most exquisite and delicate wine, than I with my people did this precious water.—*Rev. Dr. Krapf, East Africa.*

I AM appointed a preacher, and an apostle, and a teacher of the Gentiles.—*2 Tim. i. 11.*

LORD, prostrate at Thy mercy seat,
Oft shall my lips Thy name repeat,
Cherished with childlike love;
And, even in death, the thought so dear
Shall lend my cheek a falling tear,
Ere seeks my soul a happier sphere,
A lasting rest above.

Jesus, obedient to Thy voice,
Behold Thy son renounce his joys,
Thy messenger to be;
Of earthly aims no more possess'd,
But with Thy gracious presence blest,
Lord, I shall find Thy peace my rest—
My home, my heaven in Thee.

Suffer me to remind you of the supreme importance of LOVE TO CHRIST, as the ruling motive of your conduct. There is no principle that can animate you in the habitual discharge of the duties of your important work, but the love, the constraining love, of a dying Saviour. May the Spirit of God fill your hearts with this holy affection! That month, that week, that day, which passes over you without affecting views of the Cross of Christ, is not only a period of time lost to your high efforts, but positively injurious to all your capacities for real service.—*Rev. D. Wilson (Bp. of Calcutta).*—*Address to Departing Missionaries, November 10, 1814.*

(*Farewell Words of a Native African Missionary.*)—I have often thought of the kindness of God to me, in bringing me from a heathen country, where I was no better than any of my fellow-creatures, to a country where I have had the means of receiving that religious instruction, of which millions of my fellow-countrymen are deprived. And it is my daily prayer to God—to that God who has been so kind to me—that He would teach me to make use of the talents which He has given me, in such a way as those do who are called His faithful servants. It is my duty and my desire to promote the great cause among my lost countrymen. I pray to God, therefore, that, through His goodness, He would make me the instrument of bringing many of their blind and perishing souls to the glorious light of the Gospel.—*J. Harrison, 1814.*

PROFESSING themselves to be wise, they became fools.—*Rom. i. 22.*

WHAT is man's wisdom? The wisdom of a fool; for it leaves his immortal being athirst and famished; a miserable lamp even in this life—a dark lanthorn that sheds not one ray upon the horrors that are before him in eternity. My brother, be thou rich or be thou poor, let thine eye ever dwell upon the heavenly wisdom of the sacred page. For here the All-wise has opened unto thee a fountain of philosophy; and its waters are the revelation of His love for thee, His will concerning thee, and His counsels—thy infallible monitors. . . . Here is the true, the only true philosophy. Be it, then, thy daily practice to delight in roaming through its ever-green pastures, which the hand of the Allwise Himself waters for thy enriching. None but the fool will turn his foot away from these luxuriant meads: he has no relish for the food that descends from above: straw and stubble are his nourishment. But thou, if wise, livest as if time were nothing to thee, and eternity everything. Thou livest, it is true, upon the manna which God provideth for thee in this wilderness of ours; but it is only that thy soul may be nourished for His glorious kingdom, and clothed upon with Christ's righteousness.—*Smith.*

Shine forth, thou Sun of Righteousness!
 The truth of God reveal;
 Shed out the goodness of Thy grace,
 The darkened eye unseal.
 Thus in Thy light shall we see light,
 And, as we upward gaze,
 Lose all the gloom of nature's night
 In splendour of Thy rays.—*Latrobe.*

(*Octoogoo Mission.*)—At Mussulupatum, I had this evening a few hearers. I discoursed on Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7, on the name and nature of God. I dwelt on the holiness of God. The Hindoos think it an accident or quality in God, and not His nature! They think it argues imperfection in God, to conceive of Him as incapable of committing evil! They either ascribe evil to Him; or, like the Manichees of old, suppose two eternal and opposite principles, the cause respectively of good and evil! “Professing themselves to be wise, they” have, indeed, “become fools.”—*Rev. J. E. Sharkey, May 15, 1850.*

THE law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.
—*Ps. xix. 7.*

BY the Holy Scriptures alone can I be convinced. I lack boldness to affirm anything as sure, on which the sacred Scriptures are silent. It is an idle and useless pursuit to seek after those things which are not declared in Holy Writ. We should shun inquiry into those things; let us rest content with such as are written.—*Theodoret, Dial. I.*

Whatsoever the Scriptures have not revealed, how should we believe it to be true?—*Cyril, in Gen. II.*

“Every plant which my Father hath not planted shall be rooted out.” That is, the tradition of men, in support of which they have gone beyond the law of God, which shall be taken up by the roots.—*Hilary, in Matt. Can. XIV.*

The Scripture of God is the heavenly meat of our souls.—*Homily on Holy Scripture.*

O child of sorrow, be it thine to know,
That Scripture only is the cure of woe;
That field of promise—how it flings abroad
Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny road!
The soul, reposing in assured belief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief;
Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.—*Cowper.*

(*Chunar, September 11, 1816.*)—To-night, about twelve, met. . . . Several took up the cause of Heathenism; but all proved more or less unreasonable bigots. Seeing what was going on, Mohun got up in the midst of them, and said, “Previous to becoming acquainted with a Christian, I thought myself as holy as the best of you, being a strict Bugghul. Look here!”—pointing to a Sepoy, a disciple of his—“he is one of my Chelahs, whom I used to make wash my feet, and drink the bathings of my great toe: but now I see myself to be the vilest of beings. Instead of deeming myself a Ghoroo” (or saint), “I feel I am not worthy of being a Chelah.” Mohun said of himself, that he prays to God the Father, through the merits of God the Son, for the help of the Holy Spirit, to enable him to live to the glory of God; but, notwithstanding, a sense of his failings almost drives him to despair.—*Rev. W. Rowley.*

THIS is the day which the Lord hath made.—*Ps.*
cxviii. 24.

O SWEETEST day of all the seven,
Emblem and earnest of that heaven
Where saints have peace and rest!
For thee I thirst, for thee I sigh,
And count the hours 'till thou art nigh,
Sweet day of sacred rest.
O let my heart thus sigh and glow,
My song no interruption know,
Till death shall seal my tongue:
In heaven a holier strain I'll raise,
And rest from everything but praise—
My heaven one endless song.

¶ O Lord, thou art good to them that wait for Thee, and to the soul that seeketh Thee. We desire, on this Thy day more especially, to wait for Thee, and to wait upon Thee; yea, to seek Thee in the way of Thy appointment. Oh, sanctify us in body, soul, and spirit, and give us a token for good, and an answer of peace, while we draw near unto Thee in the name of Jesus Christ, our only Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

I have found, by a strict and diligent observation, that a due observation of this day hath ever joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time.—*Sir M. Hale.*

He who dwells in Christ, keeps a Sabbath every day; for he rests from wicked works.—*Origen.*

It makes a very sad impression upon a new comer, to see all around not the least mark of the Lord's-day—everything going on as usual. These poor people have no day of sacred rest, of joy, of prayer; no bells call them to the house of God; they are never reminded of their spiritual wants, and their duties towards their Creator: and it often, on a fine Lord's-day morning, seemed as if nature lost her beauty at the profanation of this day. Though, in theory, I had not been altogether a stranger to the character of idolatry, yet I had no idea of the effect it has upon the mind to live among idolaters; and I must confess that, but for the purpose of teaching them a better way, "the way of truth," I should not venture to live among them. I can now understand why Europeans, living without a vital principle in the midst of an idolatrous community, are so apt to become downright Infidels.—*Rev. C. Worth, Nassack, Bombay.*

MY soul, wait thou only upon God.—*Ps. lxii. 5.*

¶ O Thou, the alone Head of the Church in heaven and in earth, we pray Thee pardon the wanderings of our heart, and the secret sins of our souls. Deliver us from the evil one, the tempter and the accuser of the members of the Church of the living God. Deliver us, when, as a roaring lion, he walketh about, seeking whom he may devour; when he cometh up with Thy sons and servants to the house of our God; yea, when there, in the courts of Thy house, he tempts to despair or presumption, to doubts of Thy truth, and to distrust of Thy faithfulness. Oh! when our prayers to Thee are disquieted by “the crafts and assaults of the devil,” so that when our mouths speak forth Thy praise, our heart is far from Thee;—even then, raise up Thy power, and with great might succour us, that all those evils, which the subtlety of the devil worketh against us, be brought to nought. . . . Oh, beat down Satan under our feet, that we may serve Thee with a pure and quiet mind, and worship Thee in spirit and in truth.—*Adapted from Canon Townsend.*

In time of service, seal up both thine eyes,
 And send them to thy heart.
 He that loves God's abode, and to combine
 With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

G. Herbert.

The Bishop of Madras remarks, in his narrative of his missionary tour in South India (1850-51), “I must express to you the grateful emotions and feelings which have been called forth in visiting your Missions. It has exceeded all that I had anticipated. When I think of the throngs which flocked to the different churches, literally ‘as doves to their windows;’ of the earnest and devout manner in which they entered into the services of the Church, both in the responses, in the prayers, and in singing to the praise and glory of God; when I think of the fixed look and attentive manner with which they listened to the word of exhortation, and the intelligence they manifested in the readiness of their replies, when appealed to in confirmation of any doctrine, and of their knowledge of any Scripture statement. . . . I am satisfied it is a real and abiding work—the work of God.”—*Trichinopoly, March 7, 1851.*

BY this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.—*John* xiii. 35.

ALAS! pity it is to see what contention and hatred one Christian man beareth to another; not taking each other as brother and sister, but rather as strangers and mortal enemies. But, I pray you, learn and bear well away this one lesson, to do good unto all men as much as in you lieth; and to hurt no man, no more than you would hurt your own natural loving brother or sister. For this you may be sure of, that whosoever hateth any person, and goeth about maliciously to hinder or hurt him, surely, and without all doubt, God is not with that man, although he thinks himself never so much in God's favour.—*Archbishop Cranmer's Last Address.*

Meek, holy, free from selfish zeal,
To generous pity prone,
Love envies not another's weal,
Nor triumphs in her own.

During the winter of 1849—50, Abraham, the Christian Indian, was the means of saving several of his countrymen from dying of cold and hunger. He was occupied at Lac-la-Rouge station in nursing a sick nephew, when, on the 26th January, 1850, an Indian arrived in an extreme state of starvation. Food was given to him; and, while eagerly eating a little fish, he fell backward, but was able to say that he had thrown his family away, that is, that he had been obliged to leave them, so completely worn out with cold and hunger that they could go no further. Abraham immediately set out in search of them, tracing the man's track on the moss. He walked all that night and next day, and the following night, before he found them. The cold was severe, walking in the snow fatiguing, and the way long: still he persevered. At last he came on the objects of his search. There they were, a woman, three children, and two young men, huddled together in the snow, but all alive, thinking themselves beyond help, and soon to die. The first thing Abraham did was to light a fire, boil a few fish he had brought with him, give them a little of the liquor, and gradually to revive them, so that they could at last accompany him to the station. . . . Christ had made him a new creature; not so would he have done had he been a heathenish Indian.

HEAR the Word of the Lord, ye scornful men.—
Isa. xxviii. 14.

SUCH as refuse the Gospel, they are in an actual state of perdition. They that will not lay hold on the offers of grace, such are strayed and lost beyond recovery. The lost groat the Gospel can find; the lost sheep the Gospel can bring back again; the lost son the Gospel can entertain again: but those that repel the benefits of the Gospel, there is no hope of them. . . . Were it but the loss of heaven without any other misery, it were an heavy doom: but this loss is a loss unto “destruction;” they are utterly ruined, miserably undone. . . . If the Gospel do not convert thee, it will confound thee: it will be either thy bliss or thy bane; it will either help thee to heaven, or sink thee to the pit and bottom of hell.—*Bishop Brownrig.*

He is not joined to the Church who is severed and sundered from the Gospel.—*S. Cyprian.*

¶ Gracious Lord!
 Stretch forth Thy hand to hold us, or we sink;
 O teach us Thy commandments to adore;
 That we may better love Thee on the brink
 Of that overwhelming future; more and more
 Learning to lean on Thy eternal Word!

“Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night,” because “they have forsaken the law which the Lord sets before them.” “May it please my God to hold me up under this trial, and those who appear much distressed on this account. O Lord, turn this evil unto good! . . . I am sometimes afraid that I have to do with none but hypocrites; and, moreover, am afraid—that I am one myself. . . . All my past feelings appear to me, at times, as if they had been only my own imaginations, and like a dream. . . . O God! restore unto me the light of Thy countenance! . . . Happy are the moments when we can go, like the disciples of John, and tell Jesus our distress, and pour out our hearts into His bosom, who is well acquainted with our trials, ‘and is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.’”—*Rev. W. B. Johnson, Sierra Leone.*

THIS is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased :
hear ye Him.—*Matt.* xvii. 5.

THOU, O Jesus, who didst love Thy redeemed even unto the end, canst never want grace to do them good. Thou, who art the God of glory, canst never want all-sufficiency to “secure their salvation.” All the concerns of Thy Church are in Thy hands, who art able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto the Father by Thee. Yea, all the glories of the Godhead—infinite power and omnipotence, infinite wisdom, omniscience, and omnipresence, infinite grace, love, and goodness, eternal truth, righteousness everlasting, and immutable faithfulness,—all, all these dost Thou employ for the benefit of Thy redeemed people, through that nature in which Thou didst suffer for “them.” What then can separate them from the love of Thee? In all things they shall be more than conquerors, through Thee who so loved them.—*W. Goode.*

Christ is a path—if any be misled ;
He is a road—if any indeed be ;
If any chance to hunger—He is bread ;
If any be a bondsman—He is free ;
If any be o'erweak—how strong is He !
To dead men life He is ;—to bad men death ;
To blind men, sight ; and to the panting, breath ;
A pleasure without loss—a treasure without stealth.

—*Quoted by the Rev. R. Cecil.*

A few days previous to the death of a female member of our Agra congregation, she was asked on what she depended for salvation? She answered, “Only on the Lord Jesus!” who, she trusted, would soon take her to Himself. She was asked, what heavenly happiness arose from? and replied, “From the consideration of His holy blood and continual presence.” Two days before she died, she was asked if she had any hope of getting better. “None whatever,” she answered. And on being again asked whether she had any particular wish—“None,” she replied; “but only this; that the Lord Jesus may pardon all my sins, and release me from my sufferings.” Shortly before she died, she expressed joy at the thought of being soon with Christ.—*Abdool Messer's Journal*, 1805.

WE have sinned against the Lord our God.—*Jer.*
iii. 25.

¶ O FATHER of Heaven; O Son of God, Redeemer of the world; O Holy Ghost; three Persons, and one God, have mercy upon me, most wretched caitiff and miserable sinner! I have offended, both against heaven and earth, more than my tongue can express. Whither, then, may I go? or whither should I fly? To heaven I may be ashamed to lift up mine eyes, and on earth I find no place of refuge or succour. To Thee, therefore, O Lord, do I run; to Thee do I humble myself, saying, O Lord my God, my sins be great: but yet have mercy upon me, for Thy great mercy. The great mystery, that God became man, was not wrought for little or few offences. Thou didst not give Thy Son, O Heavenly Father, unto death for small sins only, but for all the greatest sins of the world; so that the sinner return to Thee with his whole heart, as I do at this present. Wherefore have mercy on me, O God, whose property is always to have mercy: have mercy upon me, O Lord, for Thy great mercy. I crave nothing, O Lord, for mine own merits, but for Thy name's sake, that it may be hallowed thereby, and for Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.—*Archbishop Cranmer's Dying Prayer.*

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask!

This is the total sum;

For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;

O! let Thy mercy come!

Primitive Hymn.

The father of an Indian girl, fifteen years of age, said to her on her death-bed—"Mary, you know that you must repent of all your sins before you can go to heaven." "Father," she replied, "God has taught me; I have confessed my sins to Him, and He has favoured me: I know that He has favoured me." Shortly after, he again inquired, "Do you think you have sincerely repented, and given your heart to Christ?" "My father," she answered, "I cannot tell you how it is; but God has helped me; I know He has pitied me. I am happy." Her parents and sisters came round her bed the day before she died; and, perceiving that she sunk very fast, they burst into tears; but she was strengthened, and at last said, "Mother, do not cry. I am happy!" She fixed on them a look of heavenly affection, placed her hands on her breast, closed her eyes, and breathed out her soul!—*Missionary Papers, No. XXX. 1823.*

HEAR Thou in heaven, and forgive the sin of Thy people.—1 *Kings* viii. 34.

It is not the ambassador, it is not the messenger, but the Lord himself that hath saved His people. The Lord remaineth alone. No man can be partner with God in forgiving sins: this office belongeth to Christ, and to Christ alone. None other can take away the sins of the world.—*S. Ambrose*.

God's true ministers esteem themselves to be ministrants only: they refuse to be accounted judges, for they have a dread that so awful a trust should be placed in their insufficiency thereunto.—*S. Augustine*.

There is to all a pardon brought,
 A ransom rich, assured, and free;
 'Tis full when found—'tis found if sought:
 Oh, seek it till 'tis sealed to thee.
 "But how my pardon shall I know?"
 By feeling dread that 'tis not sent,
 By tears for sin that freely flow,
 By grief that all thy tears are spent;
 By thoughts on that great debt we owe,
 With all the mercy God hath lent,
 By suffering what thou canst not show.
 Yet showing how thy heart is rent,
 Till thou canst feel thy bosom glow,
 And say, "MY SAVIOUR, I REPENT!" *Crabbe*.

Grand Rapids, N.W. America.—I went, writes the Rev. Mr. James, to visit a sick settler. . . . He affectingly admitted that, during the six and twenty years he had been in the Company's service, he had lived, not immorally, but far from God. He prayed but now and then. . . . His knowledge and experience of religion were only the faint recollection of youthful years. He felt that he was a sinful man; and on this admission I told him that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die." This new view of himself produced a convulsion in his ingenuous mind, which was almost too much for his body; but it was a momentary grief which enhanced his subsequent joy; it was a "godly sorrow which wrought a repentance not to be repented of." I shall never forget his emotions, his look, the earnestness with which he listened to the full, sweet promises of pardon in the Gospel, the simplicity with which he embraced them, and the tone of his deep "Amen!" At the close of our interview, he told me he could die happy now. . . . The next day, he was gone. He died peaceably at daybreak.—*November, 1848*.

FAITH without works, is dead.—*James ii. 20.*

DECEIVE not yourselves, thinking that you have faith in God, or that you love God, or do trust in Him, or do fear Him, when you live in sin ; for then your ungodly and sinful life declareth the contrary, whatsoever you say or think. . . . Thy deeds and works must be an open testimonial of thy faith ; otherwise, thy faith being without good works, is but the devil's faith, the faith of the wicked, a phantasy of faith, and not a true Christian faith.—*Homily of Faith.*

Christianity is not for a frontlet betwixt our eyes only, but for a tablet on our hearts.—*Bishop Brownrig.*

True faith justifies, as it forms the sinner's relation to Christ ; but it always "works by love," and influences to obedience. Hence the inquiry at the day of judgment will be rather about the inseparable fruits of faith, than about its essential properties and nature.—*T. Scott.*

Think not the faith by which the just shall live
Is a dead creed—a map correct of heaven ;
Far less a feeling, fond and fugitive,—
A thoughtless gift withdrawn as soon as given.
It is an affirmation and an act
That bids eternal truth be present fact. *Hartley Coleridge.*

On my asking Afa—the first-fruit of the Gospel in China—what were the principal obstacles to missionary success, he replied—
"The Chineseman's heart is very hard ; they will listen to European missionaries, and not bring objections till they have departed. But to me they will address remarks of this kind :—'Perhaps this English doctrine may be very good ; but we wish that you would first try it on the English themselves, for they are wicked men. When this doctrine has made them better, then come and speak to us.'"—*Rev. G. Smith (Bishop of Victoria), Canton, 1844.*

Abbeokouta.—The pagan religion of the people is not a religion of the heart ; it is a mere external performance. Those who abstain most strictly from forbidden things—such as "touch not, taste not, handle not"—are considered the most religious : such prohibitions they observe more scrupulously because they fear the wrath of the god, should they violate his law. . . . The vilest actions are performed without hesitation, and the filthiest conversation has no check to proceed out of their mouth. These are the things which "defile the man."—*Rev. S. Crowther, 1846.*

FERVENT in spirit; serving the LORD.—*Rom.*
xii. 11.

RELIGION—it is a far other thing than most men esteem it. A slight, perfunctory performing of a few rules; serve God on Sundays, and sit before the preacher, and give him a hearing, and have a few cold, heartless wishes to Godward; here is the upshot of many men's devotion. No! religion is of far greater concernment. It is not to despatch customary rites, and to put off God with some slight observances! but this must be thy aim—how to escape damnation, how to save thy poor soul, how to get into God's favour, and to work out thy salvation. I go to that Word, that may lead me out of hell, and guide me to heaven; to that Word that may teach me to escape the wrath to come.—*Bishop Brownrig.*

Lord! I have been
Barren too long, and fain
I would redeem the time, that I may be
Fruitful to Thee.
Fruitful in knowledge, faith, obedience,
Ere I go hence.

F. Quarles.

“How often” (said one of my Alpine guides) “have I braved all danger, when following the wild goat across these precipices; no time or toil was too much for me to give; I cared not for cold, or hunger, or fatigue; I cared not for rocks, however frightful; neither did I care for life itself, which I have risked a hundred times, and more. Oh, when shall I ever do as much as this for Christ? When hazard as much for my soul's salvation? Yet how sinks the one, when weighed against the other!”—*Lettres de F. Neff*, vol. ii.

How great is the contrast between visiting the people here in Trinidad, and at home. How often, in England, have I been met with a look, enough in itself to drive one from the door; and also with the excuse, “I am busy now.” Here, one is received, in all cases, with the greatest cordiality, and not unfrequently with joy: the man is fetched from his work, and the whole family is called together to hear the Word of God. The first salutation generally is, “How long it is since we have seen you!” and the parting one, “When shall we see you again?”—*Rev. J. E. Hawkins.*

IF children, then heirs.—*Rom.* viii. 17.

THEY are heirs of God; they do inherit God Himself; their Father is their portion: man leaves his heirs what he has, God gives His heirs what He is. He which gives them the inheritance is the inheritance itself which He gives them, by being not only heirs to Him, but heirs of Him; they have an interest in all His attributes; His wisdom is theirs to guide and direct them, His power is theirs to sustain and preserve them, His mercy and pity is theirs to relieve and succour them. Oh, happy and blessed privilege of God's adopted ones!—*Burkitt.*

I do deliberately, of choice, and unreservedly, take God in Christ to be mine; and give myself to Him, to be His, to love Him, to fear Him, to serve and obey Him; and, renouncing all my sins with hearty sorrow and detestation, I do cast myself only upon free grace, through the merits of Christ, for pardon and forgiveness; and do propose, God enabling me, from this day forward, more than ever, to exercise myself unto godliness, and to walk in all the ways of religion, as much as ever I can, with delight and cheerfulness, as knowing that my "labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."—*P. Henry, when a Student at Oxford, 1648.*

They, for their warfare past,
Shall stand beside His throne,
When all the risen world at last
Shall see His power made known.

Simeon Wilhelm, an African youth, when his end drew near, asked one day for some paper, and tried himself to write, but, being too weak to hold a pen, he said, "Mr. Decker, tell the boys at Bashia," particularly naming four of them, "that Simeon is going to the Saviour in heaven; but he prays, with his dying lips, to the Lord, that they may turn with all their hearts to Jesus, and may really be converted by the power of His Holy Spirit. And he begs them, with his dying lips, to give over all their hearts to Jesus, that none of them, by remaining in unbelief and sin, may be lost; but that all, as true believers, may meet with him before the throne of grace in heaven." . . . Among his last words were, "O Lord Jesus, be gracious to me, a sinner, the worst of sinners! By Thy agony and bloody sweat in Gethsemane, by Thy blood that gushed out of Thy body on the Cross, help me, and be merciful unto me." (He came to England in September, 1816, and died in London in September, 1818.)

BE ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.—*Ephes. iv. 32.*

¶ **MAY** Thy infinite mercy, O God, pardon this injustice of mine enemies. Thou knowest the injustice of their charges against me. . . . Now, O God, let that mercy of Thine, which no tongue can express, prevail with Thee not to avenge my wrongs.—*John Huss, upon sentence being passed upon him.*

Thou art a sinful man, and thou wouldst that God and man should always forgive thee. Do thou forgive always. So much, so often, so entirely as thou wouldst be pardoned thyself, so much, so often, and so entirely give pardon to thine enemy.—*Bp. J. Taylor.*

My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell,
 They spurn me in their pride;
 They render evil for my good;
 My patience they deride.
 Arise, O King! and be the proud
 To righteous ruin driven!
 "Forgive," the awful answer came,
 "As thou wouldst be forgiven!"

Bp. Heber.

(*New Zealand, November 4, 1848.*)—We had a very full congregation, and all very attentive: 107 partook of the Lord's Supper, and amongst them was Tamath Wiremu, who for the first time met Panapa, the murderer of his father, Ngarangi, but now, as servants of the same Lord, they both bowed their knees together in prayer. Tamath appeared to be greatly moved; but he went and gave his hand to him who, but for the Gospel, would have been his mortal enemy.—*Rev. K. Taylor.*

The heathen chief, Ripa, had cut Noa, a Christian chief, on the head with his hatchet. Noa strove to conceal the wound from his companions; but some of them discovered it from the trickling blood, and every man's musket was levelled. In another moment, Ripa and his whole party would have fallen; but Noa sprung forward, and exclaimed, "If you kill Ripa, I will die with him!" Then, throwing his own body as a shield over Ripa, saved him from destruction. Peace was then made between the two tribes, and there was great rejoicing.—*Rev. C. P. Davies, Pateriteri, New Zealand, 1844.*

I KNOW thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is.—*Rev. ii. 13.*

THE despising of God's bountifulness treasureth up wrath. See the same justice on ourselves (as on the Israelites, when God brought manna from heaven to feed them, and they contemned His grace). How lightly did we, in our first parents, regard that heaped-up treasure of bounty and grace conferred by God in our creation and innocency! And how justly were we stung to death by the old serpent for it! . . . Our disease of soul is no other than the fiery sting of the old serpent, called the devil. (*Rev. xii. 9.*) . . . The first cursed creature in the world was this serpent; and he hath ever since remained the accursed head of all rebels and wicked men, to whose custody and condemnation they shall all be gathered in the last day. (*Matt. xxv. 41.*)—*T. Taylor.*

O wretched man! where'er I go,
I bear about this galling chain,
Fretting a frame of sin and woe,
While fiercest struggles all are vain.
Life bound to death! O ill-matched pair!
How shall I rise above despair? . . .

Who then shall save me from this death?
Who loose the victim from his foe?
O Thou, who gav'st the Spirit's breath,
And seal'st a full release from woe,—
Saviour! complete Thy work divine,
And snap the chain—all praise be Thine! *Latrobe.*

The chief seat of his kingdom is in India. . . . The means by which he reigns is, to persuade his votaries that he does not exist. Nor are we left to vague and unsatisfactory reasoning on the subject. He, who is the "true and faithful witness," expressly speaks of the kingdom of Satan (*Rev. xiii. 9*); and if the kingdom of Satan exists in this world, where is its chief seat most likely to be, but in the place where the serpent itself is worshipped? The serpent is not only worshipped in India, in the form of an image, but actually in his own proper person and living state. In accounts received from one of the chaplains of the East India Company at Agra, there is a relation of an enormous serpent, which is preserved in a temple of its own, religiously fed, and accounted sacred, by the people in the northern part of Hindoostan.—*Note to Rev. Dr. Buchanan's Address, January 4, 1814.*

I WILL make there an altar unto God.—*Gen. xxxv. 3.*

THE day is holy. The work is holy. The “holy book” is the book of the school. And to bring the minds of children into contact with the mind of God, to fix His truths in their memories, to win them to a reverence to His commands; in one word, to “save their souls”—here is the mark and aim of Sunday-school instruction.—*Rev. Jno. Harding.*

Lord of the harvest! God of grace!
Send down Thy heavenly rain;
In vain we plant without Thine aid,
And water, too, in vain.

In the last Report of the Sunday School Union, a valuable Society in connexion with the Nonconformists of England, I perceive returns from 1,583 Sunday-schools, in which were 239,429 scholars; whilst, by the inquiry of the National Society in 1846-7, it was elicited that there were, in communion with the Established Church, 3,641 exclusively Sunday-schools, and 404,550 children. Thus it appears there are upwards of 600,000 children in England and Wales, exclusively Sunday-scholars.—*Rev. J. Kingsmill, 1850.*

(*Free Town, Sierra Leone.*)—The day the new church-bell sounded for the first time the well-known call for the Sabbath-school, I had anticipated a goodly number being present, but when we reached the door we found the spacious rooms crowded to excess, so that we could hardly get to the table. I had with me nearly the whole of the students of the grammar school, fifty in number, besides ten girls living with us; but was still obliged to summon some of my former scholars, of Kiskey-road, to assist in teaching the prodigious numbers assembled. When we had sung a hymn and bowed our knees, I must say that inexpressible feelings of gratitude filled my heart, whilst for the first time we dedicated this place to the service of God. Six or seven hundred adults must have been present; and many more could not gain admittance. Thus commenced our great work in the west of Free-town. May a gracious God watch over and direct the work to be done in this place, for the glory of His name, and the good of souls!—*Rev. J. Beale, July 28, 1849.*

AND God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.—*Gen. i. 26.*

¶ O THOU adorable and glorious Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, which created the world through Thy grace, and the inhabitants thereof of Thy clemency; which hast saved mankind of Thy love, and hath shown great grace to man! Thou art worthy of glory from every lip, of confession from every tongue, and of exaltation by every creature! Thousands and thousands of the heavenly host bless and adore Thy majesty, O Lord; and tens of thousands of myriads of holy angels, the hosts of disembodied spirits, with the holy cherubim and the glorious seraphim, hallow and extol Thy name, continually proclaiming and praising Thee, and, with never-ceasing voice, cry each to the other, Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty! Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory!—*From the Nestorian Liturgy.*

Glory to God the Father be!
 Glory, eternal Son, to Thee!
 And to the Spirit's majesty,
 Co-equal Three in One!

As was of old, all worlds before,
 Is now, and shall be evermore,
 When time and change are spent and o'er—
 When heaven and earth are gone!

(*From an Answer to the Elders of the Church in New Zealand, from David Taiwanga, one of the oldest of the Christian Natives.*)
 —I pray to the Father to help me, to give me earnestness in prayer to Him, and the sanctification of the Holy Spirit. I rejoice at your words, which come, through you, from the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who is the director of all things in heaven and earth. You are the sanctified people of that God. Jehovah has chosen you to devise means whereby His Word may be disseminated. My heart's desire is to bow down and cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner"—a sinful man, O God! Thou hast seen, Thou knowest, my ignorance, nor are my sins hid from Thee. . . . I will smite upon my breast, and say, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"—*Kakaha, July 12, 1849.*

IF ye love me, keep my commandments.—*John* xiv. 15.

HEAR what the Physician saith: "He that loveth me, he holdeth my bidding." The proof of love is the fruit of the working. . . . Verily, we love the beloved Lord, if we correct our evil courses by His commandments, and our errors by His words: neither gainsay His love, by doing that which displeases Him.—*Anglo-Saxon Hom.*

¶ O King of kings, and Lord of lords! let there be no end to the increase of Thy government over the kingdoms of the world. Make us in our hearts within us now the subjects of Thy kingdom of obedience, faith, and hope; that, in our glorified spirits hereafter, we may be the subjects of Thy kingdom of peace and praise for ever.—*Canon Townsend.*

O send me from Thy holy hill
 So much of strength as may fulfil
 All Thy delights (whate'er they be)
 And sacred institutes in me.
 Open my rocky heart, and fill
 It with obedience to Thy will;
 Then seal it up, that, as none see,
 So none may enter there but THEE.
 O hear, my God! Hear Him, whose blood
 Speaks more, and better, for my good.—*H. Vaughan.*

The obedient ear honours Christ more than either the gazing eye, the adoring knee, or the applauding tongue.—*Burkitt.*

An old woman had been sick more than five years. . . . She had long been unable to walk. On looking at her face, however, how glad, how cheerful! She uttered not a word of complaint; but rejoiced greatly in the Lord. I was struck on calling to mind what I heard this woman was fifteen years ago: once an idolater, now a worshipper of the true God; once a heathen, now a Christian; once a servant of sin, now a servant of righteousness; once alienated, now reconciled and adopted into the family of God. The power of the Gospel could be seen. . . . After talking with her, I read part of *Romans* viii., and prayed. When I shook hands in parting, she said, "Master, me glad. If God will to-day, me lie down and die; if He will to-morrow, me wait to lie down to-morrow. Master, all peace here!" she added, pointing to her breast.—*Rev. D. H. Schmid, Freetown, Sierra Leone, 1850.*

HOW can he be clean, that is born of a woman?—
—*Job xxv. 4.*

ADAM, when Satan overcame him by his treachery and subtle wiles, was stript naked; he lost all his precious robes, his spotless and perfect righteousness; and, ever since, his natural offspring—in bondage to sin, Satan, death, and wrath—while they remain unconverted, have nothing but their own righteousness to cover them, which is, by the Holy Spirit, fitly compared to “filthy rags.”
—*Keach.*

Hark! from the throne comes down
A voice which strength to sinking souls can give,—
That voice all judgment's thunders cannot drown:
“Believe,” it cries, “and live!”

Weak, sinful, as I am,
That still, small voice forbids me to despond;
Faith clings for refuge to the bleeding Lamb,
Nor dreads the abyss beyond.

H. F. Lyte.

The Karenes of the Birmah forests worship the “Nats,” or spirits: in times of prosperity, their offering is a handful of rice laid upon a board near their cabins; but in adversity they offer up a hog to propitiate the demon. They have a great dread of death and evil spirits. Their tradition of the origin of sin is remarkable for its analogy with biblical truth. “The first pair,” it says, “dwelt in innocency and plenty. Then came Mokali (the devil), and tempted them to partake of forbidden food. They resisted the temptation, until the husband, becoming impatient, fled away; but the wife remained, and continued listening to the tempter. Mokali assured her that, if she would eat of the food, she would know all things, and have power to fly in the air and dive into the bowels of the earth. With this he offered her a slice of the forbidden meat. The woman, though still doubting, ate of it; and the devil loaded her with praise for her wisdom. She now went in search of her husband; but it required all the wiles she could invent to entice him to eat of the meat. But no change was wrought in them; they could neither fly, nor dive into the earth. And the next day God appeared, and cursed them, saying, ‘Ye shall wax old, grow sick, and die.’”—*Hoffmann's “Missionary Hours,”* 1845.

YE are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.—
St. John xiii. 35.

LOVE, where it nestles in the inmost heart, is endued with power from above. It is the mirror and emanation of God's experienced love in Christ Jesus. He who is loved cannot but love in return. We, then, who have tasted of the love of God, are constrained not to cease from prayer and striving until the morning-star of grace has broken everywhere upon the heathen's night, as the bright harbinger of the broad daylight which the Sun of Righteousness shall diffuse around. Nor can we rest from our hallowed task till the angel-song, "On earth peace!" has melted every stubborn heart, and constrained it to pour forth its glad Hosannas to the Son of David. Oh, may the Spirit of love make and keep our hearts rich in the love of Christ, and cause them to gush forth in a living stream, watering the desert of dry bones and outcast souls. So shall the lively faith of the "Well-beloved" give unto the ends of the earth to taste of its ripened fruit.—*Professor W. Hoffmann, in part.*

Behold, the blind their sight receive;
 Behold, the dead awake and live;
 The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
 Leap like the hart, and bless His name.
 'T is love that bids the dead revive;
 Sinners obey its voice and live;
 Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
 And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

Watts.

Tell me, ye who would estimate this labour—the labour of "gathering fruit to life eternal,"—what is the value of the soul of man? Tell me, what is the happiness of deliverance from the curse and indignation of God, and what the bliss of illumination, pardon, reconciliation, acceptance, and holiness here, and of the glories of heaven hereafter. Say, what does "everlasting life" mean—that life which flows from the Eternal Word—which was purchased by the stupendous sacrifice of the cross—which is the gift of the Holy Ghost in regeneration—which is carried forward in all the means of grace, and is consummated in the fruition of God in heaven? . . . Oh, infinite mercy, to be employed by the Lord of the harvest in such a labour,—infinitely more productive than any other that can engage the heart of man!—*Rev. D. Wilson (afterwards Bishop of Calcutta), Church Missionary Anniversary Sermon, May 6, 1817.*

CHARITY shall cover the multitude of sins.—1 *Pet.*
iv. 8.

THERE can be no charity in that man's heart whose eyes are fed with beholding the infirmities of his brethren. Shem and Japhet turned away their faces when they went to cover their father's nakedness; but Ham, for looking upon his father's fall, brought a curse upon himself and his posterity,—to teach us, that he who looketh upon other men's faults with pleasure and delight, doth well deserve that other men should look upon his plagues without compassion. . . . As Christ doth not only cover our manifold sins, but also forgives, as it were, and quite forgets them, so let us, like good and pitiful surgeons, hide the sores of our wounded brethren from the wind.—*Archbishop Sandys.*

When thou hearest or knowest of any foul or scandalous sin committed by another, look backward to thy own life and actions. Canst thou find no blots in thy copy? Is the whole course of thy life fair written upon thy conscience? If not, how canst thou, with any shame and modesty, upbraid thy brother with his miscarriages, when thou thyself hast been guilty of the like, or greater? —*Bishop Hopkins.*

Condemn not! Judge not! Not to man
Is given his brother's faults to scan.
One task be mine, and one alone—
To search out, and subdue my own.

. . . A young female, whose conversion happily led her to confess by her life the truths she had imbibed, being asked, when upon her death-bed, what had been her favourite enjoyments, answered, "There were four I delighted in: first, to be very careful to do good to those who did me evil; next, I strove to love every one as much as I did myself. Both these rules I learned of my dear Saviour. My third has been, to breathe my sorrows and sufferings into no ears but His; and He never failed to send the Comforter to me. If He did not relieve me of my pain, He always gave me strength to bear it. And my fourth and darling enjoyment has been, to care for the poor and comfort the afflicted. If my hand could not bring them food or raiment, my lips could at least pour balm into their hearts."

I AM a worm, and no man.—*Ps.* xxii. 6.

¶ MY soul thirsteth for God—for the living God. When shall I come and appear before God? Alas! I am unworthy of it, for I was conceived in sin, and my whole life has been one continued transgression. Yet, Lord, far be it from me to doubt Thy power and faithfulness! Where sin aboundeth, Thy grace aboundeth much more. Oh, it is not for the righteous, but for penitent sinners that Thou hast given Thy Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief. It is now weak and small, but it is true and unfeigned, and resteth upon Jesus only.—*Du Moulin, in his last illness.*

The conscious sense how nought my merits are,
 Thy love how great, how undeserved Thy care,
 Attunes my heart, compels my tongue
 To join in humble Israel's song;
 Confessing, with one meet accord—
 My heart in thought, my lips in word,—
 I merit less, the vile among,
 Than least of all Thy mercies, Lord!

Wogan.

The natives (at Kami, New Zealand) made a good fire in the house of a sick man whom I went purposely to see. . . . I asked him how he was in body and mind. He replied, "Very poorly in body, but clear in my mind." I said, "Do you enjoy the love of Christ in your heart?" "I do." "Do you think God would be justified in sentencing you to dwell with Satan?" He hesitated a moment, and replied, "Yes." I explained to him, fully and clearly, the nature of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and bade him remember, that we are not saved by our good works, but through the blood of Christ alone; and that good works must be the fruit of our faith in Him. He said, "My good works, where are they? My righteousness, where is it? . . . There is none righteous; no, not one!"—*Rev. J. Matthews, July 19, 1846.*

THROUGH Him, we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.—*Ephes. ii. 18.*

CHRIST'S religion is spiritual, and the Christian life supernatural. There is no judge of spiritual things but the SPIRIT OF GOD. We have need, therefore, of aid and light from above. Accordingly, we have the Spirit of God to guide us into all truth. If we are sanctified and enlightened by the Holy Ghost and by Christ, this will make up for our defects. . . . And a Christian soul, wherein there is faith, humility, and obedience, will not fail to see the right way to salvation by that light which lightens the Gentiles, and is a glory to Israel.—*Bishop Berkeley (Cloyne).*

The sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience warrants the true Christian's peace and joy in believing; it strengthens him for every conflict and service; it gives him beauty in the sight of his brethren; and the image of Christ, discernible in his spirit and conduct, seals him as a child of God, and an heir of glory.—*T. Scott.*

Let but the Spirit reign,
 There need no gems of art;
 All other temples are but vain,
 Save a sin-humbled heart.
 He, who enthrones eternity,
 Deigns, child of man, to dwell with thee. *Latrobe.*

Shannah, the wife of Goornan Singh, baptized in October, 1846, came to the Mission-house at Bombay, where she heard for the first time the Gospel of salvation. Leaving it, she observed to her blind companion, "This is a good place, for one hears about God; let us stay in this place." In June, she and her husband offered themselves as candidates for baptism, being, as she expressed herself, "hungry for salvation." She seems to be possessed of "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," to have a sincere love for the Word of God, and to be devoid of guile and covetousness. She often expressed herself as one who is taught of the Spirit. On being told, that if she would take pains she would be able to read, she replied: "Well, if the Lord will help me! I can of myself do nothing; He is my strength."—*Rev. — Farrar.*

THIS do in remembrance of Me.—*St. Luke xxii. 19.*

It is an offence to our Lord to celebrate the Sacrament otherwise than He did. For he cannot be His servant who dares to give it in any other manner than it was given by its Author.—*St. Ambrose, Communion, 1 Cor. xi.*

That Christ may be received sacramentally, it is necessary to receive under both kinds.—*Thomas Aquinas.* According to the custom of the ancient Church, all persons as they communicated of the body, so also they did of the blood.—*The Same.*

It is there (to His table) that He calls and invites us: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will refresh you." It is there, by feeding us with His body and blood spiritually, that He makes us part of Himself, and so more than conquerors. It is there that He infuses comfort, even the Holy Spirit of comfort, into our souls, and speaks peace to His saints, that they turn not again. . . . We cannot be entitled to the privileges of our high calling till we are united to Christ himself by partaking of His body and blood.—*Wogan.*

¶ O Lord! unite all, who shall partake of the bread and wine, in the communion of Thy Holy Spirit, and suffer me not to partake of the mystical body and blood of Thy Christ to my judgment and condemnation; but that I may find mercy and grace through Him with all Thy saints from the beginning of the world. Amen.—*St. Basil.*

The Body, for our ransom given,
 The Blood, in mercy shed;
 With this immortal food from heaven,
 Lord, let our souls be fed;
 And as we round Thy table kneel,
 Help us Thy quickening grace to feel!

(*Tinnevelly, Dec., 1849.*)—Inward growth and consolidation, as contradistinguished from rapid extension, is now the prominent feature of Mission work in Tinnevelly. This also appears from the increase in the number of communicants, which is as follows:—December, 1848, 2,634; December, 1849, 2,680; the communicants being more than one-fifth of the baptized portion of the Mission.

SEEK the Lord and His strength.—*Ps.* cv. 4.

LORD! with Thy gracious gifts afford,
 Thy Son, Thy Spirit, and Thy Word,—
 Thy Word, to teach my wayward youth
 Thy pure commandments, God of truth;
 Thy Spirit, to dispel the night
 Of sin and error, God of light;
 Thy Son, to raise my mind above
 This world's affections, God of love! *J. Montgomery.*

What shall I do for so gracious a God? All the powers of my soul and body will I give to His service; my first thoughts will I dedicate to Him. Like Abel's sacrifice, I will present to Him the first fruits of my youth; in the strength of my age will I fall down before Him. May I order my thoughts, words, and actions to His glory, and covenant with myself that I will not break my promises to Him.—*C. Joceline.*

The native community (at Jaffna, in Ceylon,) are already venturing on the admission, and, it is to be hoped, the conviction, that "there is truth in Christianity," and that it is "a good religion," which must eventually prevail in Ceylon. It is no uncommon remark of the old men, in reply to the exhortation of the missionaries, "Do not urge me to change. I am now too old, and must follow in the religion of my fathers; but there are my 'children.' Christianity will prevail in their day; and if they will, let them become Christians now."

The boarding-school for youthful females at Ooov-Orville opened in 1824, with about thirty pupils, between the ages of five and eleven; and this, after eight years of previous exertion and entreaty, was the utmost number of female scholars who could be prevailed on to attend from the whole extent of the province. This difficulty has long since been overcome. . . . Now, so eager are the natives to secure education for their daughters, that a short time before my visit, on the occasion of filling up some vacancies (in the 100 at present admitted), upwards of sixty candidates were in anxious attendance, of whom only seventeen could be selected, there being room for no more.—*Sir J. E. Tennant.*

I IN them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one.—*St. John xvii. 23.*

LET Christians think less of the little things about which they differ, and far more about the great things in which they are as one. No Church is our Saviour. Christ alone is. They may pass away,—He remains. They exist not for themselves, but in order to lead to Jesus. The candlestick is preserved, not for itself, but for its light. Days draw near in which men shall see yet more clearly, that living, heart-felt love to Christ, and to one another for Christ's sake, is Christianity.—*Rev. J. Cumming.*

Although we be asunder after the world, yet we are in Christ, I trust, for ever joining in the Spirit; and so shall meet in the palace of the heavenly joys, after this short and transitory life is ended. God's peace be with you! Amen.—*Letter of Bishop Hooper, 1554.*

O teach us, Lord, to know and own
 The wond'rous mystery,
 That Thou with us art truly one,
 And we are one with Thee.
 Soon, soon shall come the glorious day,
 When, seated on Thy throne,
 Thou shalt to wondering worlds proclaim
 That Thou and we are one.

The salvation of the African youth lately departed to his eternal rest, affords reward to the Society for all its anxiety and all its labours. On his death-bed, he said to my dear associate, Mr. Derker: "You bring me to the Saviour, who has pardoned all my sins. I want to be with Jesus. You go to Africa, and I to heaven. But we are all united in Christ, and we shall find one another before the throne of Jesus!" This is not a solitary instance of the grace of Christ dwelling even in poor Africans. Numbers attest the power of His grace. From these let us take encouragement, and not be weary in well-doing towards Africa; for the time is at hand when this barren and desolate wilderness shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.—*Rev. J. Collier, on departing to the Sierra Leone Mission, Oct. 8, 1817.*

HIS salvation is nigh them that fear Him.—*Psalm*
lxxxv. 9.

¶ O most gracious God, who art reconciled to us in our Saviour, Jesus Christ, having for His sake forgiven the offences of Thy people, and covered all their sins with the robe of His immaculate sanctity and righteousness, let Thy grace convert and quicken us, that we may rejoice in Thee and Thy salvation, in faith of Thy promises, in the hope of actual communication of Thy mercies to us, and in love to Thee for so great blessings and redemption. And when Thou hast spoken peace unto our souls, and reconciled us to Thyself in the blood of Thy Son, give us the grace of perseverance, that we may never turn again to folly, but may follow mercy and truth all our days; and, at last, be satisfied with Thy righteousness and peace eternal, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Lord Hatton.*

I need a cleansing change within,
My life must once again begin;
New hope I need, and youth renew'd,
And more than human fortitude.
New faith, new love, and strength to cast
Away the fetters of the past. *H. Coleridge.*

(*Amos, a North American Indian, to some Christians in Europe.*)

“In the presence of Jesus Christ, I now write with pleasure to my dear brothers and sisters on the other side of the great sea. My dear brothers and sisters,—I will now relate to you how it is with me. I am not yet old; however, I am passed youthful years; and from a child have belonged to Christ's flock. I then learnt to read the Word of God well with my mouth, but did not understand it in my heart. I knew not Jesus. But now I know Him, and His words are dear to my soul, and I experience His great love. I know that for me He came down from heaven; for me He spoke saving words; for me He prayed; and for me sweated blood in His agony. For me He bore His cross; for me He suffered; for me He died; for me He lay in the grave; for me He rose again; and for me ascended into heaven;—and thereby He took away my sins. With wonder I contemplate this His great love to my soul. And I am now resolved, out of thankfulness to Him, to live alone to His pleasure in this world.”—*Missionary Papers*, No. XXX., 1823.

I COUNT all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord.—*Phil.* iii. 8.

THE incarnation and death of "Immanuel, God with us," is the most stupendous theme that men or angels can contemplate. His infinite condescension, His inconceivable sufferings, His unutterable agony, His ignominious death; the love He has borne to man, the work He has undertaken, the atonement He has made, the everlasting "righteousness which He hath brought in," the reconciliation founded on His mediation and death; the mysteries of His redemption, the depths of His mercy, the glories of His power;—these, these are the topics which transform and support the soul. These bring the captives in delightful bonds to their Saviour's feet. . . These inspire them with a restless anxiety that "Christ may be magnified in their bodies, whether by life or by death."—*Rev. D. Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta.*

We are not Thine, unless we bear
Thy yoke upon our souls,
And welcome in each cross and care
The hand which all controls.
Disciples true their Lord confess,
And must His shadows be;
And none but rebel souls reject
His watchword—"Follow me!" *R. Montgomery.*

"My dear friend, farewell! A little more trial, and a little more conflict, and 'He that shall come, will come!' Be not discouraged. Satan is strong, but Jesus is stronger. He will fight, but we will fight also in the strength of our Lord. May His grace and blessing attend you! May a double portion of His Spirit guide and influence you in all your determinations!"—*Letter from the Rev. W. Gurnon, Regent's Town, 1818.*

"My trust is in Christ," said a suffering Indian, of Napur, to the Rev. S. Hobbes, "for life or for death. If He is pleased to restore me to health, I will praise His mercy. But if He is pleased to take me to Himself, oh, what is this poor body" (and he extended his swollen arms) "that I should desire to retain it any longer than He pleases? When I think of my sins, I feel that they have been immense. But when I think of my Saviour, I feel that I have one thing to grasp my hold upon. I have nothing else, and I need nothing else. I have not, nor do I seek any other hope. I hold by this one grasp!"—*Feb. 9, 1852.*

THE Gospel of the grace of God.—*Acts xx. 24.*

HUMAN nature is the same everywhere, from generation to generation. The everlasting Gospel is the same. It is the means appointed by the wisdom of God for the disease of human nature—for the restoration of man, individually, to the state from which all men are fallen by sin. The suitableness of the Gospel to the state of man is therefore the same wherever it is proclaimed. The same Holy Spirit who accompanied the preaching of the Apostles with demonstration and power, will continue to apply the same Gospel to the consciences of the hearers, and the same effects will follow. Souls that are dead in sin, will awake and cry for mercy. They will look unto Him whom their sins have pierced, and mourn. From Him they will receive life, pardon, peace, joy in the Holy Ghost, and be brought to meetness for the inheritance of the children of God in heaven.—*Rev. M. M. Preston.*

I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'T was purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

Watts.

At eighteen years of age, Fuez Messeeh, an idolater, became disgusted with the idolatry of the Hindoos, and became a Mahometan. From that time he lived after the strictest manner of the Mahommedans, becoming a Fakeer, and gaining many disciples by his reputed sanctity. He describes himself as all the while without comfort, and as in a state of uncertainty as to the end of all his austerities. Of late years he heard much said about the Gospel. . . . About a year ago, he waited on a lady at Bareilly. From her he obtained a copy of Martyn's Hindostanee New Testament. On reading it with attention, he found nothing to censure in it; on the contrary, to use his own words, he discovered that, before our Lord's incarnation, people shed the blood of sacrifice for the forgiveness of sins, and entertained the expectation of One who should come and shed his own blood for sinners, to deliver them from hell, and to give them life eternal. That expected One was no other than the Lord Christ, who by His own power sustained the pains due to sin; and certainly whosoever believeth in Him shall without doubt obtain salvation. . . . Interposing His own holiness between God and us, the Son of God became the means of salvation to us.—*Rev. D. Corrie, 1817.*

BRING no more vain oblations.—*Isa. i. 13.*

THE true Gospel righteousness, which Christ came to set up in the world, does not consist merely in outward works, whether ceremonial or moral, done by our own natural power; but in an inward life and spirit, wrought by God.—*Cudworth.*

Easy, indeed, it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and pompous rites
Might serve, instead of faith and love.

This morning, I went to church at Manfalout. . . In the outward court were a great many people, listening to a legend of the Prophet Jeremiah, read aloud by a deacon. . . The bishop, after having first prostrated himself at the altar, took the chair. The archdeacon followed, first prostrating at the altar, and then before the bishop; upon rising, he kissed the cross in the bishop's hand, and then took the place at his right side, standing. The priests succeeded, and afterwards the people, each prostrating himself, first at the altar, and then before the bishop; and after having kissed the cross, held out to them by the bishop, each took his seat on the ground; all the while the deacons, schoolmasters, and boys were chanting in Coptic. In the meantime the officiating priest had dressed himself. Before he began the service, he came and blessed the cross in the bishop's hand; and this he did at various intervals during the service. Occasionally the bishop gave out a Psalm in Arabic, which the people recited. The Litany was chanted in Coptic; then followed a chant, accompanied by loud cymbals; the bishop next read the history of a saint, in so low a tone, that it could only be heard by the priest who held his book; then again a chant, after which the Epistle and Gospel were read by Auwood, a lad from our school. This was the only part of the service which could be understood by all the people present. . . . After another chant, the bishop read a homily, which was equally unprofitable, as it could not be heard.—*Mr. Krusé, from Upper Egypt, March 2, 1849.*

DESTRUCTION and misery are in their ways.—
Rom. iii. 16.

Is cruelty a feature by which the religion of devils is distinguished? . . . Look at the enormities in India,—the bed of spikes, the hooks thrust through the integuments of the back, the burning of widows, the drowning of parents. Look at the practices of Obi in Africa—at the enormities in New Zealand—at the terrors of the ancient Druidical worship in our own country—at the human sacrifices so often adverted to in the Old Testament, and known to have prevailed at different periods from almost one end to the other of the regions of idolatry. . . . Idolatrous worship is, with little exception, addressed to a being who is the object, not of love, but of hatred—not of confidence, but of terror; and that being is, in my judgment, **THE DEVIL**, who, with a nature superior to our own—invisible, spiritual, and indestructible,—lives but to tempt, to demoralize, to afflict, and to destroy.—*J. W. Cunningham.*

Rise, Saviour, rise! exalt Thy throne,
And claim the nations as Thine own;
The victim from the spoiler wrest,
And in Thy glory stand confest!

A woman at Muelle (Eastern Africa) had given birth to two children, one of whom had six fingers, but no nose, and no marked lips. According to Wonika custom, the parents brought the deformed child before the chiefs, declaring that they would not foster it, as it would assuredly become a great criminal, and a destroyer of the country. Hence, the chiefs strangled the child in cold blood, and buried it in the forest, under the performance of a saduka and the playing of the minansa, which is used at every work of darkness. This news, which I obtained from the chief's brother very privately and secretly, grieved my mind exceedingly. I had very early heard the minansa, but did not understand what its true meaning was until to-day; for the Wonika labour to conceal from us their abominations as much as they can, the chiefs especially. They wish to make us believe that they are better than they really are.—*Rev. Dr. Krapf.*

THEY sacrifice to devils, and not to God.—1 Cor.
x. 20.

HE that offers sacrifice must be pure in body from what defileth it, and in soul from vices and passions. What folly, to think that we may not come to the temple till we have washed the body, and yet may offer up prayers and sacrifice with a spotted and defiled mind.—*Philo.*

Lost though I be, defiled with blood,
Yet Thou Thy help dispense ;
My waiting shall be gratitude—
My guilt be innocence.
No slaughtered victim dost Thou need,
Or victims I would pay ;
And many a sacrifice should bleed
To wash my sins away.
But no ; the soul's repentant smart,
Thou, Lord, shalt not despise :
A broken and a contrite heart
Are Thy best sacrifice.

Bishop Shuttleworth. (51st Psalm.)

Siva (in the "Sanguinary Chapter" *), the destroyer of the Hindoo Triad, and the one most generally worshipped, is introduced, delivering instructions respecting the rules and sacrifices to be observed by sacrifices to "all deities," in order to procure the Divine favour. The pleasure which the goddess, the wife of Siva, receives from the oblation of the blood of fish and tortoises, is of one month's duration, and three from that of a crocodile. By the blood of nine species of wild animals, the goddess is satisfied nine months, and for that space of time continues propitious to the offerer's welfare. The blood of the wild bull and guana gives pleasure for one year, and that of the antelope and wild boar for twelve years : the satabla's blood satisfies the goddess for twenty-five years, and buffaloes' and rhinoceros' blood for a hundred, and that of the tiger an equal number. That of the lion, reindeer, and the "*human species*," produces pleasure which lasts a thousand years. By a human sacrifice, attended by the forms laid down, Devi is pleased one thousand years ; and by a sacrifice of "*three men*," one hundred thousand years ! That horrible rite is still resorted to occasionally, in secret, when some unsuspecting traveller is decoyed to the temple, and his throat cut whilst asleep, and the ceremony performed over a figure of clay or wax.—*Note to Rev. D. Corrie's Church Missionary Sermon, April 30, 1810.*

* "*Asiatic Researches*," vol. v.

OUT of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts.—
Mark vii. 21.

THOSE dark, unhallowed thoughts, that wing the soul
 Far from its only true and proper goal—
 Forsake, and cast them from thee, and return,
 Thou wandering man! to Him who will not spurn,
 But take thee to Himself, and richly give
 The treasures of His pardoning love and grace,
 And speak the blessed Word, and bid thee live
 For ever in the sunshine of His face. *W.*

The God of Heaven beholdeth thy thoughts in the midst of thy bosom. Say not within thyself, "I did it not—I spake it not; I only thought it in my heart; and what more free than thought?" Mistake not! Thy thoughts are not only thoughts; they give their sound without; they go for words, and actions too, in the sight of God.—*Bishop King.*

¶ Merciful Father! who first madest man after Thy own image, and whose only-begotten Son did take that image and nature upon Him, I most humbly beseech Thee, kindle in my heart a lively sense of that Thy unspeakable compassion; and grant that I may look upon myself as a vessel so precious, by Thy election, that I may never entertain any polluted inclinations, or ungodly thoughts, that may make me unworthy of Thy love and protection. And this I pray for the merits' sake of Jesus Christ the righteous. Amen.—*Earl of Clarendon.*

"My old heart," said a New Zealand convert to a Missionary, "is not carried away yet; and when I am on my bed at night, my heart says, 'Henry, do something that is not good to-morrow;' and then my thoughts think about it; and then to-morrow I think about it again; and my native heart says, 'Do it.' And I think again, and then I do it; and then my thoughts tell me I was wrong; and my heart tells me I am an unbelieving, bad man; and then Satan comes and tells me, I am none of Jesus Christ's, but am his, and shall go to his place, and do his work for ever, and ever, and ever!"—*Church Missionary Report, 1834.*

LET us search and try our ways.—*Lam.* iii. 40.

ENTER into thine own heart, and search the secrets of the same. Consider thine own life, and how thou hast spent thy days. And if thou find in thyself all manner of uncleanness, and abominable sins, and so seest thy damnation before thine eyes, what shalt thou then do? Confess the same unto thy Lord God. Be sorry that thou hast offended so loving a Father, and ask mercy of Him in the name of Christ; and believe stedfastly that He will be merciful unto thee, in respect of His only Son, which suffered death for thee. And then have a good purpose to leave all sin and wickedness, and to withstand and resist the affections of thine own flesh, which ever fight against the Spirit, and to live uprightly and godly, after the will and commandment of thy Heavenly Father.—*Bishop Latimer.*

If, Lord of Heaven, I hardly bear
What in myself I see;
How vile and base must I appear,
Most holy God, to Thee!

But, since the Saviour stands between
My vileness and Thy rod,
'Tis He, the Righteous One, is seen,
When I approach my God.

In Him, though sinful, I am safe;
He pleads before Thy throne
His life and death on my behalf,
And calls my sins His own.

(*Sierra Leone. Confession of a School-girl sixteen years of age.*)—
“You ask me, what the matter, that me no hear something? . . .
Me no answer: but me shame too much. You tell me, that you think, and be fraid, me never pray to Jesus Christ, but be careless, and prayerless. . . When you say this, me no like it at all. You done, me go home. Me begin to fear very much; me try to pray, but my heart come like stone. Me think of all those bad things me done before; me fear more—more. Me no sleep; me fear me die and go to hell. Me try to pray; since that time me feel no rest; me think nobody be bad as me; me worst, past all. But me think now that Jesus Christ be strong enough to save me. But me sorry, very much, my bad heart is always against me. It will not let me serve the Lord Jesus Christ. Me no know what to do with my bad heart.”—*Rev. W. B. Johnson.*

HOLD that fast which thou hast.—*Rev.* iii. 11.

WE hail thee, transcript fair of Holy Writ,
 Language of saints in heavenly union knit;
 Language that hath the test of ages stood,
 Writ with a martyr's pen, and sealed with blood!
 Still speak with sacred voice our earnest prayers,
 Our common hopes, our wants, desires, and fears,
 Till from the Church shall cease the mournful strife
 Of sin with holiness, of death with life;
 Till the loved city of our God descend—
 The new Jerusalem—where sorrows end;
 And all thy people, heavenly King, shall be
 Clothed in robes of immortality! S.

I desire everything I ever have written, or ever shall write, to be brought to that test, "The Liturgy of the Church of England," persuaded as I am of its perfect conformity to the Holy Scriptures.—*Simeon.*

About one month before Mr. George Herbert's death, Mr. Duncan found him weak and lying on the bed, or on a pallet; when Mr. Herbert said, "I desire you to pray with me!" which being granted, Mr. Duncan asked him, "What prayers?" to which the answer was, "Oh, Sir, the prayers of my mother, the Church of England; no other prayers are equal to them."—*I. Walton.*

(*Abbeokouta, September 5, 1849.*)—Some translated portions of the Liturgy have been upwards of five years in use, and have had a fair trial among the people. The devout language and comprehensive prayers of our excellent Liturgy are becoming those of the people, who have hitherto known no other prayer than such as is recorded in 1 Kings xviii. :—"O Baal, hear us. Give us a long life; give us children; give us money, and kill all our enemies!" The most bigoted idolaters, who attended our Church, are struck with the charitableness of Christianity, and remarked on the use of our Liturgy—"They pray not only for themselves, and for all in general, but in particular for their enemies." My attachment to the use of the Liturgy has not in the least abated; but, on the contrary, since I have been sifting portions in translating parts into my native language, I have found its beauties sparkle brighter and brighter. Scriptural in its language, it is well adapted for public service; and I can find no substitute for it for my countrymen.—*Rev. S. Crowther, a native ordained minister.*

THE good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.—
John x. 11.

¶ Lord! beyond all other mercies, we bless thee for the common salvation of Jesus Christ; for His birth, His life, His death, and His resurrection; for all that He was, and is, and will be. Blessed be Thou, O God, for the gift of Thy Son Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, our only hope, our only refuge. None other name, but the name of Jesus, none other merits, but the merits of Jesus, would we plead in Thy sight.—*Bickersteth.*

Christ is the truth; in Christ we live;
Life from the dead is His to give.
By faith of Him to life we rise,
Though our poor earthly body dies.
Who live by faith give Him the praise,
And shall outlive no end of days. *Luther.*

The present King of Travancore has conquered, or carried war into, all the countries which lay around his dominions, and lives in the continual exercise of his arms. To atone for the blood which he had spilt, the Brahmins persuaded him it was necessary he should be born anew; this ceremony consisted in putting the prince into the belly of a golden cow of immense value, where, after he had laid the time prescribed, he came out regenerated, and freed from all the crimes of his former life. The cow was afterwards cut up and divided among the seers, who had invented this extraordinary method for the remission of his sins.—*Rev. D. Corrie, 1816.*

Royappen, of Nullar, who had long since been dismissed from his office of catechist, on account of grievous transgressions, came to me in February last, and asked me if I would administer the Lord's Supper to him. Fearing, from his very great earnestness, that he held some superstitious views with regard to the Sacrament, I asked him why he wished so strongly to receive it? He replied, "In obedience to the command of Christ, and in commemoration of the love of Him, who so loved me as to wash me from my sins in His own blood;" adding, "I do not suppose that this act of mine will make any atonement for my past sins. That atonement has been already made; and it is in remembrance of this, and in gratitude for it, that I wish to receive the Lord's Supper."—*Rev. S. Hobbs, July 25, 1850.*

IT becometh well the just to be thankful.—*Psalm xxxiii. 1.*

UP, sluggard soul! awake and raise
To thy blest Lord a hymn of praise,
Who lifts thee from the gloomy grave,
When low on earth thou liest—
To Him, who lived and died for thee,
Hosannah in the highest!

To Him, thy Friend of friends, whose love
Invites thee to a home above,
When thou, the world's poor, outcast slave,
In grief and anguish criest—
To Him, who lived and died to save,
Hosannah in the highest!

His love a living stream hath found,
For pilgrims faint, on barren ground,
Their parched and languid souls to lave
When earthly streams are dryest—
To Him, who lived and died to save,
Hosannah in the highest!

Baillie.

Oh, how kind is your Society to us poor Africans! May God enable us, that we may know the ways of Jesus Christ our Lord; and not only know them, but walk in them all the days of our lives! . . . Oh, may God bless the Society, and the missionaries which they have sent out to teach us! O Lord, bless us also, poor Africans, and teach us to know Thy ways, that, in due time, we may spread abroad, and teach Thy Gospel from shore to shore! —*From an African youth to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, 1816.*

I, who am the least of the servants of the Church of Hindostan, give praise to the Lord Jesus, the Messiah, having found favour of you all. All of you have been anxious for my well-being, and still continue to be so. I trust in the Author of my Salvation, that He will make you worthy of that blessing which is made mention of in the Gospel of St. Matthew (xxv. 40), when He shall say, "Verily I say unto you, forasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Oh, friends of my soul, on my bended knees I am ever making this supplication before my Advocate, the Lord Jesus, the Messiah!—*Abdool Messeeh to the Church Missionary Society, January 1, 1816.*

STABLISH your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.—*James v. 8.*

¶ O Lord! let the thoughts and certain expectation of death and judgment be so constantly, so powerfully present to my soul, that, in what hour soever my Lord may come, I may be found ready to meet Him, and go in with Him to the marriage. Even so, blessed Jesus, my only Mediator and Redeemer.—*Stanhope.*

There is scarcely a more melancholy sight to a considerate mind than that of an old man who is a stranger to the only true sources of satisfaction. . . To such an one gloomily indeed does the evening of life set in! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look backward with complacency, nor forward with hope; while the aged "Christian," relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismissal is at hand, and that his redemption draweth nigh. While his strength declines, and his faculties decay, he can calmly repose himself on the fidelity of God, and at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye, dim, perhaps, and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently look forward to the near possession of his heavenly inheritance, "even to those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."—*W. Wilberforce.*

Though here this frame of dust shall end,
My spirit shall to God ascend;
And for His sake, who died to save
Poor sinners from a hopeless grave,
With all its sins and faults forgiven,
A peaceful shelter find in heaven;
A Father's house—a home of love.
Praised be His name, all praise above! *Baillie.*

"I have lived fifty years, and have more than once been on the brink of the grave. And this I have felt and realized, that there is nothing on earth, no, nothing, which can overcome the terrors of death but faith in Christ. There is nothing which can give strength to the soul, when on the very threshold of eternity, but a holy, lively faith, in the alone Saviour and Redeemer. Oh, I have felt and realized, that He alone can speak to the soul, when the conscience is its accuser."—*Professor Gollod, at a public lecture.*

WHEN the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.—
1 *Pet.* v. 4.

IN the heavenly harvest, those who have cast in the seed, and those who have gathered the crop, shall share a common, an unalloyed, an augmented joy. This common joy *began* when the holy Apostles, having finished their labours, were taken to receive their reward. Then the patriarchs and prophets, who had been sowing for so many ages, joined them in the strain of triumph, at the gathering in of the first evangelical harvest. . . This joy has been *increasing*, as the several sowers and reapers in different ages of the New Testament Church, have been taken to their eternal rest. . . It will be *completed*, when all the Church shall meet before the throne; when the mystery of Christ shall be finished; when God shall have “accomplished the number of His elect, and have hastened His kingdom.”—*D. Wilson (since Bishop of Calcutta), Church Missionary Anniversary Sermon, May 6, 1817.*

Hallelujah! Ev'n below,
Gleams of seraph rapture glow!
While, abiding in Thy love,
Faith beholds a crown above. *Phelan.*

(*To the Missionary.*)—Do not seek your reward in the admiration and applause of men, but solely in the approbation of your God. Keep your eye on the prize that is set before you, even all the glory and felicity of heaven; for “they that turn many to righteousness,” and especially under circumstances like yours, “shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.” Even though you should not see much success from your labours, that shall not at all diminish your reward; for you are expressly told that “every man shall receive according to his own labour.” Like Moses, you should “have respect unto the recompense of the reward.” If you keep your eye fixed on the joy that is set before you, you will endure any cross and despise any shame, content to meet with tribulation here, if only you may at last be counted worthy to sit down with your Saviour at the right hand of God.—*Rev. C. Simeon's Address to Missionaries proceeding to West Africa, December 28, 1817.*

THOU in faithfulness hast afflicted me.—*Ps. cxix. 75.*

GOD sits as a great refiner, watching over his gold while it is in the fire, that none of it be lost: and while He is refining, we may safely trust to Him. . . . When the waves rise, sense clamours and fears being overwhelmed; but faith cries, "Save, Lord! Thou canst take me out of the abyss! Speak but one word; and the winds and waves shall obey Thee!"—*Tyndale.*

God is our strong and stedfast stay,
When health and wealth have flown away;
When every joy of life is past,
Our greatest comfort and our last.
When laid upon the bed of death,
This thought will join our latest breath—
"I will, O Lord, though crush'd and spent I be,
Yea, though Thou slay me, trust in Thee!"—*Joanna Baillie.*

¶ Whatever, gracious Lord, be Thy disposal of me, let my will be conformed to Thine. If sickness be my lot, may I glorify Thee in my sufferings. Through them alone can I attain unto glory; for in that way didst Thou Thyself even, O my Saviour, deign to proceed to Thy glory. It was by Thy sufferings that Thy disciples recognised Thee; and by similarity in sufferings it is that Thou dost acknowledge Thy disciples. Proclaim me then a disciple by those sufferings, both of the body and the mind, which Thou hast appointed as the chastisement of my past offences. And, since no offering is acceptable to the Father which is not made through Thyself, unite my will to Thine, my sufferings to those which Thou hast endured; and make them wholly Thine own.—*Pearce's Pascal, vol. iii.*

A convert, a paralytic, asked me, "How is it that God, who is my Father, is pleased to deprive me of the use of my leg and arm?" I read to him Heb. xii., James v., and a few passages from the Psalms, to show him the end God has in view in afflicting His people. The natives invariably regard afflictions as mere punishments, and cannot understand that they are sent to them for their good. More than three months afterwards, the sick man came to me, and said, "Sir, my eyes have been opened. I now see that God is dealing with me as with a child. It is in love that He is afflicting me." I exhorted him to pray earnestly that he may be enabled to bear patiently, and without murmuring, all that God may be pleased to lay on him.—*Rev. E. Sargent, Suviseshapovram.*

LET there be light, and there was light.—*Gen. i. 3.*

WHENEVER we attempt to discern an object, we need an eye to see it. Now, it is God who gives that eye; and He gives it by means of His Word itself; it is His Word which works the miracle of regeneration. . . . The Holy Spirit does not commonly communicate Himself to the heart of man otherwise than with and by the Word of God; because in that Word it is written, "There is found an incorruptible seed, which lives and abides for ever." (1 Pet. ii. 23.) "The seed," saith our Lord, "is the Word of God." (Luke viii. 11.) The seed and the Word have both a certain power in them, which is manifested in the field, or in man's heart, by the fruit which it yields; and this fruit is of a nature that marks it as the work of God Himself.—*Dr. J. H. Merle d'Aubigné.*

Emmanuel! let my prayer be heard,
O let me live on every word
Which from Thy mouth proceeds;
Inform me how my steps should go,
And bid the living waters flow,
To cleanse my foul misdeeds.

Feed me with hidden manna still,
And let me kneel beside the rill,
To quaff the unbought stream.
My only light Thy glorious face—
My only hope Thy saving grace—
And Thou my only theme.

Charlotte Elizabeth.

At a Missionary Meeting at Wanganai, in New Zealand, on the 24th December, 1849, at which about 2,000 native Christians met together in the open air, Te Rauparaha, son of the chief and cannibal, Rauparaha, said, "We have seen and felt the power of the Gospel; for all our old customs have been given up through its instrumentality. Now we have begun a new work, let us not go back. Some have foolishly tried to continue their evil ways, but have found they can do so no longer." Another native, Matini Wiwi, observed, "Are there not many still amongst us who were once strongly attached to all our old customs and the superstitions of our fathers? Let me ask them, What was it that made you forsake these ancient customs? My friends, it was the Word of God, which sunk deep into your hearts. We did not lay them aside as a man does an old garment when it is no longer fit to wear. No! but because it opened our eyes to see the folly of them."

HEIRS together of the grace of life.—1 *Pet.* iii. 7.

BEG a frame of heart suited to thy condition, that, as Saul had another spirit given him when he was crowned, so we may have when we are married. Beg that, as cares and burthens will be new, so strength also may be renewed to bear them;—as temptations will be new, so sufficient grace may be bestowed to resist them;—as comforts will be new, so a heart may be given to enjoy God in them, and to sit loose on the creature;—as duties will be new, so we may be enabled to perform them, that we may live together as heirs of the grace of life. . . . Beg the presence and favour of God, which is the happiness and sweetness of every condition and relation, that He will own and bless us. Beg that the Lord will take into His own hand the disposal of events and outward things, and quiet our hearts in what He determines, whether it be for the worse, or for the better.—*P. Henry.*

Come in the strength of grace divine,
And both, with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves with Christ our Lord;
Give ourselves up, through His sweet power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

C. Wesley.

With the Hindoo, women belong to the impure beings, which pollute everything by their touch. . . . The girl is married to a boy in her fifth or sixth year, or earlier. It is considered the only preservative against sin. The child has, of course, nothing to do with the choice, and her inclination is not consulted in the transaction; the poor thing has no will of her own. It is true, she is not domesticated until her tenth or twelfth year; but she is united to her husband by an indissoluble tie, whether she may like him or not: the connexion is for eternity; she belongs to him even after death. . . . If a female be of high rank, she remains, after the union, shut up in the Anthakbur, the harem of the Hindoo; if belonging to low life, she must perform the lowest drudgery and most menial labour of the cottage. She may never venture to sit down to a meal with her lord. The son takes his place by the side of his father, but the wife places the boiled rice and currie in a reverential manner before him, and waits at the door, or without at the hearth, until he has done. O that the bright, cheering rays of Divine truth and hope might descend on her, and illumine her gloomy, cheerless path through life!—*Rev. I. I. Weitbrecht.*

AS long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord.—
1 Sam. i. 28.

WHO should care more for your children's souls than their own parents? If you will not provide for them, but famish them, who will feed them? Therefore, as ever you have the feelings of parents; as ever you care what becometh of your children's souls for ever, devote them to God, teach them His Word, educate them in holiness, restrain them from sin, and prepare them for salvation.—*Baxter*.

What does the Word of God say to the conscience of a parent? That which Pharaoh's daughter said to the nurse—"Take this child and nurse it for me. I give it to you in charge. I commit it to your hands."—*Cecil*.

Have mercy on our little ones,
Whom we devote to Thee;
And make them Thine adopted sons,
From sin and error free.

Change Thou the carnal heart within,
And make it all Thine own;
Dead to the flesh, the world, and sin,—
Alive to Thee alone!

The first Church Missionary Society's school in Kandy was opened by Mr. Browning in 1822. At the end of 1823, he had five schools and 127 children attending. In July, 1826, the latter had increased to 243. In 1834, he reports:—"Scripture lessons are committed to memory by all the children in all the schools, and in some to a very considerable amount. Thus the children are made familiar with the oracles of truth. An incident came under my notice, during the past year, which plainly proves that these labours are not altogether lost upon the children. A boy, of eleven years of age, the son of a Kandian chief, hearing a Kandian reasoning with a Christian, opposed him, and proved the existence of a God, in contradiction to their Atheistical notions, from texts of Scripture which he had learnt in the English school. The Kandian, on hearing the boy's arguments, wept, and lamented that his friends should allow him to go to a school where he would learn to overthrow the Buddhist religion."—*Rev. J. Selkirk's "Recollections of Ceylon."*

LORD, thou knowest that I love Thee.—*John xxi. 15.*

THEE to praise, and Thee to know,
 Constitute our bliss below ;
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Constitute our bliss above.
 Lord ! it is not life to live,
 If Thy presence Thou deny ;
 Lord ! if Thou thy presence give,
 'T is no longer death—to die.
 Source and giver of repose,
 Singly from Thy smile it flows ;
 Peace and happiness are Thine,—
 Mine They are, if Thou art mine.
 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
 Every object teems with joy ;
 Here, O may I walk with Thee ;
 Then into Thy presence die !

J. Montgomery.

¶ O Lord, shed abroad Thy love in my heart. And, because the sense of Thy love to me is the cause and ground of my love to Thee, show me, by Thy blessed Spirit, the greatness and fulness of Thy love to me, and may this Thy love reflect acts of love to Thee again, and make me ready and willing to obey Thy will, and be exceeding thankful to Thee that Thou art pleased to accept the sincere though imperfect obedience of Thy creature.—*Sir M. Hale.*

(*To the Elders of the Church, New Zealand.—Kaikaha, July 16, 1849.*)—This my love to you, that you may know that I love you in Jesus Christ. There is a God above, who has caused my children to grow in that which is good. I have considered my salvation to be of God, because His loving-kindness towards this land has been great; yes, His love towards this land has been very great, and the people of this island have been much strengthened from the clothing of the Holy Spirit. On this account my heart loves my Father which is in heaven, because He has given, through your gracious designing, His saving grace to this island. . . . And my prayer to God is, to strengthen my heart and my body by His Holy Spirit, that I may be sacred to Him; in order that I may be strong to give the saving Word to my children, to my fathers, and to all the people of this place. I know well the wickedness of this world; it is my desire to cast off the world, with all its evil. Let Christ now be a Father to me and to my people. . . . He is the spring of the waters of life; these are the riches I am seeking after.—*Reweti Maika, baptized in 1848.*

HOLD fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end.—*Heb. iii. 6.*

I DO not think I have much longer to remain here. But this is what I am doing: I am looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. He gave Himself that He might redeem us from all iniquities, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. . . . I have no hope but in Christ Jesus, in His sacrifice, in His blood, in His righteousness. What could all the world do for me now? So great a sinner as I am, so helpless, what could save me but my glorious Redeemer?—*Lord Teignmouth to Rev. C. Blunt.*

What is the world, and all things here?
'T is but a bitter-sweet;
When I a fragrant rose would pluck,
A pricking thorn I meet.

No perfect bliss on earth is found;
The honey's mixed with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be CHRIST my "all in all!"

During the last days of a Greek girl educated in one of the Church Missionary Society's schools at Smyrna, all that was read and spoken to her of Christ (by Mrs. Delassio) was heard and received with joy. It seemed to be as a healing balm to her consuming body and weary and heavy-laden soul. She began to pray; to call upon Christ to have mercy upon her, and to save her. "O Lord," she would say, "have mercy upon me! have mercy upon me! Thou didst suffer for *me*! Thou wast wounded for me! Look, therefore, with an eye of mercy upon me! Help and deliver me!" On one occasion, Mrs. Delassio found her weeping, and asked her if she suffered pain? "No," she said, "I do not weep on account of my pain; but lament that I have spent so much time in vanity and sin, without thinking of God and my soul." On another occasion, when the Greek priest bade her call upon the holy Virgin for help and consolation, she said, "I am comforted; Christ Himself is my mediator." And so strong was that consolation, that she almost forgot her bodily sufferings; and her end was peace in Him on whom she leaned.—*Rev. J. Wolters.*

AS many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.—*Rom. viii. 14.*

WHEN we consider the misery and darkness of the unregenerate world, oh! with how much reason should we burst out into thanksgiving to God, who has called us in His mercy through Jesus Christ! What are we, that we should thus be made objects of distinguishing grace? Who, then, that reflects upon the rock from which he was hewn, but must rejoice to give himself entirely and without reserve to God, to be sanctified by His Spirit? The soul that has truly experienced the love of God will not stay meanly inquiring how much he shall do, and thus limit his service; but he will be earnestly seeking more and more to know the will of our heavenly Father, that he may be enabled to do it. O may we be thus minded! May we experience Christ to be our "all in all," not only as our Redeemer, but also as the fountain of grace! —*H. Martyn.*

God can only act in accordance with His promises. He has promised holiness in answer to prayer. He has never engaged to hear the prayers of any but the children of promise.—*Pearce's Pascal.*

"Though in this world, not to the world to live,
But to my God my service wholly give,"
This would I be, and would none other be,
But a religious servant of my God,
And know there is none other God but He;
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod;
Joy in His grace, and live but in His love,
And seek my bliss but in the heavens above.

B. N., early part of the Seventeenth Century.

Krishna Prisada, the first Brahmin baptized at Serampore, not only confessed Christ before his idolatrous countrymen, but his holy walk confirmed his testimony; he maintained a tender conscience in the midst of a people who made a mock of sin; he regarded truth among a nation of liars; he was a man of integrity among a race who value themselves in their dexterity in the arts of deceit and fraud. Divine grace thus changed his nature and habits, and enabled him to make head against sin.—*Missionary Papers, Midsummer, 1825.*

THEY saints shall bless Thee.—*Ps.* cxlv. 10.

THERE is a satisfaction in relieving a fellow-creature for time—relieving present want and misery, and diffusing even temporary comfort. But, to feel the assurance, “Thou owest unto me thine own self besides;” to be instrumental in directing one perishing sinner to the Cross of Christ, and to look forward to meeting him a ransomed saint, and joining with him in the praises of the Lamb that was slain, for ever and ever,—what joy can compare with this?—*Bp. Anderson (Rupert's Land).—Ordination Sermon, December 22, 1850.*

Truly a glorious harvest is laid up for him (the Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht) in the heavenly garner! And “there he is now,” as Bunyan says, “receiving the comfort of all his toil, and joy for all his sorrow. There he now reaps what he has sown, even the fruit of all his prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way!”—*Memoir of Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht.*

How much is there to win and do!
 How much to help and cheer!
 The fields are white, the labourers few;
 Shall we sit 'plaining here?

Awake, my soul, to duty wake;
 Go, pay the debt thou ow'st;
 Go forward! and the night shall break
 Around thee as thou go'st.

Lyte.

The Rev. D. Corrie, afterwards Bishop of Bombay, speaking of some few at Chunar and Cawnpore, whom he believed to be “partakers of the benefit,” by the Lord's blessing on his ministrations, writes (on the 10th June, 1810), “I often think I labour in vain; and, alas! in comparison of a world lying in wickedness, what are these few? But how far do they exceed any reward I could possibly have reckoned on, considering my own weakness, inattention, and worthlessness. My God, I bless Thee for these! These are my joy and crown: now, let me watch over my own soul! And, O Thou Spirit of life, and love, and liberty, accomplish in me complete redemption!”—*Memoirs.* 1847.

HE forgetteth not the cry of the humble.—*Ps.* ix. 12.

THERE needs nor wealth, nor rank, nor learning,
 Where our sainted wills incline,
 With a passion ever burning,
 To pursue the path Divine.
 Humble care and cottage scene,
 To the Lord's elect have been
 Little Edens, where they found
 Angels camping all around!

Though thy station be but lowly,
 Christ is there the soul to bless;
 Though thou seem'st forgotten wholly,
 Left to toil in loneliness,
 Eyes through heaven are peering down,
 In thy cross to see thy crown.
 Let thy task in prayer be done,
 And thy glories are begun.

Tell me not, in gloom and anguish,
 Lone and needy thou art left;
 Faith can ne'er for duty languish,
 Love and hope are not bereft,
 At the close of each calm day,
 If thy soul can truly say,
 "Father! do Thy gracious will;
 Let my life Thy law fulfil!"

R. Montgomery.

I was asked to go and visit a sick man, who was lying in a house near at hand. I went, and found him lying in a verandah, with a dirty garment over him as a covering, and a dirty mat under him, rolled up as a pillow, on which he rested his dying head. He was an old man; his beard was grey; he was fully tattooed. . . . He tried to speak, but his pale blue lips refused to perform their office. He tried again, and, after a weak, hollow cough or two, he succeeded. As his power of speech returned, his countenance brightened up; he raised his dying arm, and letting it fall upon his breast, exclaimed, "My mind is fixed upon Christ as my Saviour." "How long have you been seeking Christ?" "From the first," he replied; "Christ is in my heart, and my soul is joyful." I counselled him to keep a firm hold of Christ, and to beware of the tempter. He replied, "I have no fear. Christ is with me!" After prayer, he told me how much he blessed God for sending his messengers of salvation to him.—*Rev. R. Davis, Pariri, New Zealand.*

BY this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.—*St. John* xiii. 35.

¶ O merciful Father! give us grace with fervent hearts to consider the unspeakable love of Thee and of Thy Son, and never to forget the same; that our faith and trust in Thee may be strengthened—that love in us towards Thee and our neighbour may be kindled—that above all things we may love Thee, the wellspring of all goodness—that we may serve our neighbours in love, care for them, and do them good, according to the love that Thy dear Son hath bestowed upon us!—*Bishop Coverdale*.

'T is grace alone can mould the heart
 Love's gentle power to prove;
 'Tis grace alone can grace impart,
 And teach the soul to love.

Latrobe.

Wednesday (December 3) being the appointed evening to form a Missionary Society, the church was full at seven o'clock. After prayer, I addressed the meeting; explained the misery of the heathen, and referred to their former state; urged the necessity of sending out missionaries, &c. After this no less than seventeen communicants came forward and addressed the meeting. Some spoke much to the purpose, though in broken English. . . . One of them, Mr. T., exhorted to prayer, that it might please God to send some of them to their countrymen to carry the good news of a Saviour to them. He then came forward, and said, "I will give half a crown." I told him, that what he might give was to be every month. He replied, "I know, Sir; I will give it every month." Several followed his example. A motion was then made, that those who desired to be members were to give not less than twopence a-month. One hundred and seven had their names set down as subscribers. After which several of the school-boys and girls came forward and gave their pence and halfpence. I asked one boy, who requested me to take a penny, where he got money? He replied, "Me got three coppers (three halfpence) long time. Me beg you, Massa, take two, and me keep one." I told him he had better keep his coppers, which he had kept so long. But he refused, and urged me to take the two coppers. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—*Rev. W. Johnson*, 1817. [Up to the year 1849, the Sierra Leone Mission has raised 7,717*l.* towards its own expenses,—upwards of 240*l.* a-year.]

THEY be no gods, which are made with hands.—
Acts xix. 26.

THE great God alone is to be worshipped and adored, and supplications are to be made through none but His only-begotten Son, “the first-born of every creature;” that He, as our High Priest, may bear them to His Father and our Father—to His God and our God.—*Origen.*

The father of lies is the inventor and instigator of Idolatry—the monster-lie of the world. Every idol-system is the truth of God changed into a lie.—*Madras Quarterly Missionary Journal.*

Kingdoms and realms are Pagan still,
 Where other lords dominion have,
 Idols of mind, affection, will;
 The powers of darkness triumph there.

Here the false prophet's wide domains,
 Where lust, and cruelty, and hate,
 With baleful passions hold the reins,
 And seal the conscience up in fate.

Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth!
 Call in the south, wake up the north;
 Of every clime, from sun to sun,
 Gather God's children into one!

J. Montgomery.

The Hindoo, if, indeed, he performs any daily worship at all, begins by taking out of its box, or down from its shelf, a little image; setting it before him, he repeats to it a formulary of prayer, sometimes in an unknown, but sacred language, sometimes in his mother tongue. . . . Public worship is of a similar kind. Their pagodas are places where the god is kept, and whither individuals may resort, either alone or in company, for purposes of worship. The method of worship is this. A man, either singly, or sometimes with other members of his family, proceeds to the temple; there he enters the courtyard, goes to the god-house, and, seeing the greasy image, prostrates himself before it. He lays down before it his handful of fruit or flowers; or he breaks his cocoa-nut on the threshold, and presents it to the idol; or he offers his pence, and repeats a prayer. Sometimes, as a peculiar act of worship, he walks round the god-house several times. These forms being finished, he goes away, pleased at having done his religion.—*H. W. Fox.*

PONDER the path of thy feet.—*Prov. iv. 26.*

¶ O my God! make me to feel the rapidity of my pilgrimage. As years roll over me, may I find my repose in eternity; and give me to be more attached to my Saviour, and more acquiescing in the whole of His will concerning me. O heavenly Father! carry on my sanctification!—*T. Chalmers, D.D.*

If to entreat
 A crop of present wheat,
 A blessing too transcendent should appear
 For me to bear,
 LORD! make me what Thou wilt, so Thou wilt take
 What Thou dost make;
 And not disdain
 To have me, though among Thy meanest grain,
 So I may be
 Laid with the gleanings gathered by Thee
 When the full sheaves are spent,
 I am content.

F. Quarles.

No view of religion but what affects the heart, temper, and life is of any avail for eternity. The great facts of the Trinity in Unity, the incarnation and vicarious death of the Son of God, the promise of the Holy Ghost,—all these remain true and certain, though all men should deny them. The influence they have, therefore, upon my heart and life is the great thing I have to attend to.—*Bishop Corrie.*

When I reached the house of an old communicant, to my utter astonishment, I found that the poor woman had just died. When at the point of death, her eldest daughter, it seems, began to weep; on which her mother turned to her, and said, "Betsy, don't cry for me; cry for yourself. My work done to-day. I go home to-day. I no get two masters, but only Jesus Christ. He is my Father and everlasting Friend. He is my guide. Jesus is with me now while I live here!" She added, "I no afraid to die. I going to-day to my Lord. My work soon done; all my sorrows gone to-day." To her husband she said, "This day is the last for me. All pains done to-day. I am going to glory. There God will wipe away all tears from my eyes!"—*Rev. J. Beale, Freetown, S. L.*

IN the day when I cried, Thou answeredst me.—
Ps. cxxxviii. 3.

WHAT a gracious God have we!
 In His gifts of grace how free!
 How intent our prayers to hear,
 And to them that pray how near!
 How to balmy mercy prone,
 And to kind compassion!
 How regardfully He wakes
 For His chosen servants' sakes!
 How He gives them grace to pray,
 And then to their suits gives way!
 How He prompts each good desire,
 And blows up that spark to fire!
 He hath set no greater task
 To obtain of Him, but "Ask!"
 No exacter search to find,
 But to seek with humble mind;
 No more pains heav'n to unlock,
 But with spotless hands to knock!
 Yet He loves to see men press Him,
 And to wrestle till He bless him!—*W. A. (Old hymn.)*

¶ Gracious Lord, who hast an ear to hear, give me, I beseech
 Thee, a heart to pray!

About four years ago an American Indian was awakened to a sense of his sinfulness by the prayers of his mother. At that time, being dangerously ill, and expected to die, his parent prayed regularly that the Lord might have mercy upon her son. One day, as he lay on his bed, he asked, "What can that old woman be muttering? I listened," he said; "she was praying! The thought struck me, what a wicked creature I am that I should lie here as unconcerned as a beast, and witness the painful anxiety of my mother concerning my soul's salvation!" This became the turning-point of his life. He vowed, that should the Lord restore him, he would go to church, and learn His will, and live according to it. The Lord heard and accepted his prayer. Health returned,—he remembered his vow, and kept it. He joined himself to the people of God—lived a pious, sober, and upright life. The season of trial returned; death impended; he leaned upon the promises of his Saviour, and entered into rest in perfect peace.—*Rev. W. Cockran, November, 1839.*

KEEP thy heart with all diligence ; for out of it are the issues of life.—*Prov. iv. 23.*

I NEED more religion. God has given me a nature formed for advancement. . . I cannot be stationary in my moral career. I must be either going backward or forward for ever ; either wandering away from Him or drawing nearer to Him, and growing into His likeness with an ever-increasing growth.—*Anon., American.*

He that would be constant, must not take
Religion up by fits and starts alone ;
But his continual practice must it make,—
His course must be from end to end but one.—*G. Herbert.*

The fruits of personal religion never manifested themselves, perhaps, with more force than in the marked contrast evidenced between the war of the natives in the north of New Zealand in 1837, and that in the south in 1836. In the northern district, where the missionaries have longest dwelt and laboured, there were no Christian chiefs found to participate in the war ; and even some of the heathen chiefs refused to join. Natives themselves co-operated to put a stop to the war ; while the most cruel aggravation and protraction of it may be traced to miscreant Europeans, who, not fewer than 150 in number, mingled with the natives, inflaming their passions by the greatest intemperance and profligacy. Not more than fifty perished, during a warfare of several months ; and when the war terminated, it was succeeded by no acts of cannibalism ; whilst in the arrangements for restitution, the ancient sanguinary principle of life for life was exchanged for payment in land. In so blessed a manner had the Gospel humanized the northern district. Whereas, in the southern, where the Mission had but just commenced, as soon as war broke out it was universal and indiscriminating ; no leading native interposed to arrest its progress ; the carnage amounted to not fewer than 500 ; and horrible acts of cannibalism disfigured it.—*Church Missionary Society's Report, 1837-38.*

THY first father hath sinned.—*Isa. xliii. 27.*

As our father Adam was himself corrupted, depraved, and full of misery, so hath he begotten us, his sons, corrupt, depraved, and full of miseries; so that all we which do descend of his impure seed are born infected with the contagious poison of sin. Therefore the fleshly birth engendereth us, not the friends and sons, but the enemies of God.—*Bullinger.*

Men are rebels against God, held under sentence of death! . . . Christ, the mediator of a better covenant, presents Himself as a sanctuary and refuge from the condemnation of the law.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

Lo! how men shun and flee the pestilence!
 And shall not sinners wisdom learn from thence?
 Sin is a plague that kills eternally
 All ranks of men, unless they swiftly fly
 To Jesus Christ! No medicine can do good,
 Nor heal the soul, but this Physician's blood. *Keach.*

Behold the feelings and impulses which actuate poor, fallen humanity. There is a class of Hindoo procurers, called "Panwas," whose profession it is to provide victims for sacrifices. These victims, designated "Merias," may be young or old, male or female. The Panwas scour the plains, and kidnap or purchase children and others from the poorer classes of Hindus. They are then conveyed to the hills, and, as there is no metallic currency there, sold for so many *lives*; that is, so many sheep, cows, fowls, or pigs. It is essential to the efficacy of the sacrifice, that the victim should be "bought with a price," an unbought life being an abomination to the deity. In every village there are young persons reared so as to be in constant readiness for the slaughter. In a hill district of no great extent, these sacrifices have been annually offered; we cannot tell how long, probably for two or three thousand years, at the rate of four or five hundred every year. In the spring season every farm must have its share of the blood of a human victim to enrich it. At the close of the year a harvest oblation is not less necessary; and there are intermediate sacrifices, no one can tell how many, on account of contingencies of drought, famine, epidemics, and all manner of casualties!—*Rev. Dr. Duff's "India and its Evangelization."*

HEREBY we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us.—1 *John* iii. 24.

O THE unspeakable love of our Lord Jesus Christ, who taketh such diligent care of us, and endueth us with so excellent a gift, His own Holy Spirit! With what modesty and soberness, with how pure and honest a behaviour ought we to walk, seeing that God hath into our hearts given His Holy Spirit, who utterly abhorreth and loatheth all vice and all filthiness of sin. Great diligence ought we therefore to apply, in keeping clean and undefiled our bodies and souls, which God through His Holy Spirit hath purified and consecrated to be His own dwelling-place and temple, lest we expel the chaste Spirit of God. For in no froward soul abideth He; neither dwelleth He in that body which maketh itself slave and thrall unto sin.—*Bishop Coverdale.*

¶ Grant us, O Lord, gracious Father, Thy Holy Spirit, to take possession of our heart, that it may only trust in Thee, love Thee above all things, keep Thy commandments, and cleave still unto Thee for evermore. Amen.—*Coverdale.*

We are dark, be Thou our light:
We are blind, be Thou our sight.
Be Thou our comfort in distress,
And guide us through this wilderness.

(*New Zealand.*)—Christ has blessed the work of His ministers in a wonderful manner. We see here a whole nation of pagans converted to the faith. God has given “a new heart” and a “new spirit” to thousands of our fellow-creatures in this distant quarter of the earth. A few faithful men, by the power of the Spirit of God, have been the instruments of adding another Christian people to the family of God; “young men and maidens, old men and children,” all with one heart and with one voice praising God; all offering up daily their morning and evening prayers; all searching the Scriptures to find the way of eternal life; all valuing the Word of God above every other gift; all, in a greater or less degree, bringing forth and visibly displaying in their outward lives some fruits of the influence of the Spirit. Where will you find, throughout the Christian world, more signal manifestations of the presence of the Spirit, or more living evidences of the kingdom of Christ?—*Bishop Selwyn. Sermon preached at Paihia, June 20, 1842.*

BOAST not thyself of to-morrow.—*Prov. xxvii. 1.*

AH ! who of mortals living
 May boast his eye shall see
 The day its lustre giving,
 As the night-shadows flee ?

What if, ere the sun's splendour
 Bedecks the hills with light,
 Thy God should bid thee render
 Thy soul this waning night ?

O count not on the morrow !
 The present moment take,
 Be it of joy or sorrow—
 Wake—to its value wake!

Latrobe.

¶ By Thy grace, most holy God, I stand, and by Thy grace I am what I am. O let Thy grace continue with me, and accompany me through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, till it hath brought me to rest in the bosom of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.—*Bp. Nicholson.*

A girl, our female scholar, who had been ill previous to our departure, has since died. She was, when at school, very careless and inattentive ; and was one of the last from whom we should have expected any fruit. But in this we were mistaken ; though she appeared to rank with the wayside hearer, yet, it seems, the wicked one did not catch away the seed. The Almighty Husbandman broke up the fallow ground by His Spirit ; in due season, the seed took root, and produced fruit to His glory. Some time before her death, she unexpectedly began to recal the instruction which she had received at the school, bewailing her sins, and fixing her eyes on Jesus. But she was not contented with thus earnestly seeking Christ for herself, and turning to Him with all her heart ; she sent for her relatives, and for some of her school-fellows : she told them to take warning by her narrow escape ; to fly to Christ *now*, for the *morrow* might never come to them : she spoke to them, in a very feeling manner, on the fleeting vanity of this life, showing them that she was dying, and that they must die ; and that all the world could do for them was to bury them at last. She was continually calling on her Saviour, and exhorting those around. She died happily, calling upon Jesus ; her last word was “ Christ ! ”—*Rev. L. Strong, Jamaica, 1829.*

KEEP thy foot when thou goest to the house of
God.—*Eccles. v. 1.*

COME to Thy Temple, Lord,
Thy waiting Church to bless:
Be here Thy majesty adored,
Give here Thy Word success.

Our inmost hearts refine,
And for Thyself prepare:
Cast out all thoughts but thoughts divine,
And reign triumphant there.

Come to Thy Temple, Lord,
Thine own assembly bless:
That we may bring, with one accord,
Offerings of righteousness.

Every worshipper must be accepted, before God can accept of his services. The *person* must first be accepted; then the *work*.—*Howels.*

If our holiest services be not sprinkled with Christ's blood, they are no better than shining sins.—*T. Watson.*

"In England," says the Rev. — Cockran, "it is a frequent and painful remark, 'So many at market, so few at church;' but here* it is the reverse. On week-days you may travel for miles, and not see a human face; but on Sundays, as the time of service draws near, the track is covered with old and young and middle-aged, pressing forward to worship God in the congregation. It never comes into their minds that a slight cold, or a soaking rain, or a violent snowstorm, or a piercing frost, are any reasons to keep them from public worship. They have made up their minds to be found always in the house of God; and hitherto their strength has been equal to their day. Be the weather ever so bad, none ever stay away, but the aged and the sick; and when the ground is too wet for the women and children to walk, they are put into their little carioles, while the men, carrying their shoes in their hands, walk by their side through mud and water reaching half-way to their knees." In order to appreciate this regularity of attendance we must consider the peculiar nature of the climate: sometimes, in summer, the thermometer will be from 80° to 100° in the shade; while, in winter, it is 30° or 35° below zero, and occasionally even 40°.—*Miss Tucker's "Rainbow in the North."*

* In Rupert's Land.

THIS is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.—*John xvii. 3.*

IF thou knewest the histories of all time, and the life and death of all the most famous princes, and couldst rehearse them all, and dost not spiritually know and apply to thyself the death of Jesus as thy life, thou art still a wretched fool, and all thy knowledge with thee shall quickly perish. On the other side, if thy capacity or breeding hath denied thee the knowledge of all those things wherein men glory so much, yet do but learn “Christ crucified,” what wouldst thou have more? That shall make thee happy for ever.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

What we learn, Lord, may we do;
Teach us what we do not know;
Close to Thee may we abide—
Thee, our Saviour and our guide.

I bless God . . . above all for your truly Christian desire to know your Redeemer better, and better to believe in Him and to love Him, out of gratitude for his amazing love to us all. Dear John, this your hunger and thirst after an experimental knowledge of Christ and the riches of His redemption, is a hopeful criterion of the work of God on your heart. This agrees with the charge God has given His servants, to promote the knowledge of Christ. Tell, says He, the daughter of Sion, Behold thy King, whom thou standest in need of, being full of sin, corruption, and obnoxious to the anger and indignation of God; thy King, who has been promised to thee and thy fathers, *cometh* publicly and most willingly to *thee* and to thy welfare, to redeem thee, to free thee from thy calamities and misery, to establish a new covenant with God; of course, He comes not for His own, but thine advantage. Behold, how He comes, not on a horse, or other warlike animal; for His intention is not to ruin, but to save. He comes, meek, full of love, compassion, and tenderness, to make thee happy here and hereafter. . . . He comes first as thy *redeeming*, and then as thy *reigning*, King. Behold Him with the eye of faith, love Him, serve Him, dedicate thy soul and body to Him; say, Thou art my King, my Redeemer, my Lord, my all! See, so doth God charge His servants to preach Christ to all. Oh! may our hearts be truly united to Him! Amen.—*C. F. Schwartz to J. Kohloff, Tanjore, December 3, 1778.*

HONOUR thy father and thy mother.—*Exod. xx. 12.*

THAT child which will do his office truly and faithfully according to the commandment of God, must both honour and obey his father and mother; loving them, yea, and that not feignedly, but from the very bottom of the heart; and wishing unto them all good things from God, as unto persons which, next unto God, have and do best deserve of us. . . . God for His mercy work this good disposition in the hearts of all children towards their parents! Amen.—*Becon.*

Oh, Saviour, dear! Thou, for my good,
 Wert pleased a child to be;
 And Thou didst shed Thy precious blood
 Upon the Cross for me.
 Come, then, and take this heart of mine,—
 Come, take me as I am;
 I know that I by right am Thine,
 Thou loving, gracious Lamb. *Moravian Hymn.*

(*Abbeokuta, August 21.—From the Rev. S. Crowther's Journal.*)
 —The text for this day, in the "Christian Almanack," is, "Thou art the help of the fatherless." I have never felt the force of this text more than I have this day, as I have to relate that my mother, from whom I was torn away about twenty-five years ago, came with my brother in search of me! When she saw me, she trembled. She could not believe her own eyes. We grasped one another, looking at each other with silence and great astonishment; big tears rolled down her emaciated cheeks. She trembled as she held me by the hand, and called me by the familiar names by which I well remember I used to be called by my grandmother, who has since died in slavery. We could not say much, but sat still, and cast now and then an affectionate look at each other—a look which violence and oppression have long checked—an affection which had nearly been extinguished by the long space of twenty-five years. Thus, unsought for, after all search had failed, God has brought us together again, and turned our sorrow into joy. In Abbeokuta she had served in bondage five years, when her daughters collected together all the money they could spare, and once more redeemed her. Under Mr. Crowther's instructions, she cast off all her former heathen practices, and, in an illness, proved that she was indeed "born again." He who was her child after the flesh became her father in Christ!—"Good out of Evil."

HE that is of God heareth God's words.—*John* viii. 47.

THE book of Scriptures is, as it were, God's own book of statutes written for His own peculiar people, the Church. The whole came from one and the same fountain. One Word and one wisdom of God revealed these words to the sons of men; one Holy Ghost indited them; one blood of the Lamb sealed them; one Spirit of inspiration moved in the penmen that set them down; one spouse of Christ hath received them and preserved them: so that we may not and dare not prefer one prophet before another, nor evangelist before evangelist, nor apostle before apostle. In this house they are all vessels of equal honour and authority. . . . Happy is the man that delights in the Scriptures; and thrice happy that man who meditates thereon day and night.—*Bp. Nicholson.*

When our heart is once turned into a conformity with the Word of God—when we feel our will perfectly to concur with His will—then shall we presently perceive a spirit of adoption within ourselves, teaching us to cry, “Abba, Father.”—*Cudworth.*

Open my eyes, O Lord, to see
The wonders it displays;
Oh, let me live, and keep Thy Word,
And walk in all its ways.

The thirst for Scriptural knowledge still increases. . . . Seven years ago, a large stock of Bibles was always in hand; but latterly, as fast as they have arrived, they have been purchased by eager applicants. The last two shipments were hailed by the people with peculiar joy. They completely beset my house; and, in about a fortnight after each arrival, nearly the whole of the smaller Bibles, fifteen hundred in number, were sold. Nothing put a stop to this but the exhaustion of the stock. . . . Such is the thirst among the Africans of our charge for the Word of life.—*Rev. J. Beale, November 25, 1845.*

A posthumous donation, conveyed in the following words, has been received lately by the Church Missionary Society:—“From two deceased brothers, of the ages of six and four years, the savings of their pocket-money, 6s. 3d. The elder, a few days before his death, when asked to give the money for purchasing bread for the poor, replied, ‘Oh! no, father; the Gospel is of much more value than food.’”—1851.

MASTER, carest 'Thou not that we perish?—*Mark*
iv. 38.

WITH the earnestness of affrighted mariners, who will, when in the storm, be devout, though they never were so before, we should cry unto the Lord Jesus in our trouble; we should, as it were, “awake Him,” like the disciples, with repetitions of “Lord, save us; we perish!” Then will He arise, and rebuke the authors of our tribulations, saying unto them, “Peace, be still!” and they shall hear and obey His voice. He will make the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof shall be still, and at length He will bring us in peace and joy and gladness to our desired haven, there to exalt Him in the congregation of His chosen, and praise Him in the great assembly of saints and angels.—*Bp. Horne.*

The ship that has Christ in it, though it may be tossed, cannot sink; the bush that has God in it, though it may burn, cannot consume. . . . When Christ seems as if He slept in a storm, He is awaked by the prayers of His people.—*M. Henry.*

When winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it, He doth steer;
E'en when the boat seems most to reel,
Storms are the triumph of His heart,
Though He may close His eyes, yet not His heart.—*G. Herbert.*

(*The Native Christian of Freetown to a Heathen, who spoke of his troubles from embracing the Gospel.*)—I know you have trouble, but hear what I have to tell you. Look upon me; I am sick and have pain. If Jesus was not assisting me, I should not be able to endure it. His grace is strong in our weakness. I bless God that He has brought me to the knowledge of His Son, who has died for us. My friend, you compare (are like) a man coming from farm with a heavy load on your head; on the road a kind friend meets you, and offers to relieve you; but you refuse his assistance, and go on in your own strength, and this fails altogether, and you fall down and hurt yourself. My friend, this behaviour is very foolish. That heavy load is your trouble and your sins. That friend is Jesus, who came to save us. You must put your trouble down at His feet, and humbly beg Him to deliver you. If you will not hear, you will die, and your trouble will never be done.—*Rev. C. Frey.*

YE must be born again.—*John iii. 7.*

¶ O MY God, I bring my heart unto Thee. Thou, that madest it a heart at first, canst only make it a new heart now. O do Thou purify and refine it, and “renew a right spirit within me.” Do Thou take it into Thy hands, and, out of Thine infinite goodness, new mould it, by Thine own grace, into an exact conformity to Thine own will. Do Thou but give me a new heart, and I shall promise Thee, by Thy grace, to lead a new life, and become a “new creature.” Do Thou but clear the fountain, and I shall endeavour to look to the streams that flow from it.—*Bp. Beveridge.*

God of mercy! God of love!
 Hear me from Thy throne above.
 Take this sinful heart of mine,
 Mould its nature all afresh,
 And give to me the heart of flesh:
 For nothing less than grace Divine
 Can change my heart and make it Thine.

A Zemindar, attached to the Benares Mission as an assistant, purchased a house for the Mission from a poor widow: but kept twenty-five rupees for his trouble, and his brother another twenty-five; the rest being just sufficient to pay her debts. The widow had two young children; she was houseless, and totally destitute. Upon her complaint (says Mr. Leutpolt), we spoke to him; but he asked, “What wrong have I done? which commandment have I broken? It is an established custom in India.” We described to him the poverty of the poor widow: it made no impression. Four years elapsed; he came to me, and begged the loan of some money. I asked him, for what? but he refused to tell me. I lent him the amount. A few days afterwards, I saw him unusually cheerful. I then asked him what use he had made of the money? At first he refused to tell me; but, when I pressed him, he said,—“Well, you shall know it. You remember that a few years ago I took twenty-five rupees from that poor widow; and likewise money from — and —. I feel now that I did them wrong, and considered it my duty to restore them the amount. I did not understand you then, but I understand you now; and I thank God for the grace given me.”—1835.—*Recollections.*

I AM not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—*Rom. i. 16.*

PROTESTANTISM has no being out of the Gospel. And the Gospel is not like Abana and Pharpar, those common rivers of Damascus, that could only cleanse the outside; it is a true Jordan in which such leprous Naamans as we all are, “may wash and be clean.”—*Cudworth.*

Romanism is a misshapen development of the truth, not the less dangerous because it retains traces of its genuine features, and usurps its name, as vice borrows the name of virtue. . . . The system itself, so called, is a whole, and therefore all parts of it tend to evil. . . . In truth, she is a Church beside herself—crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, unnatural, as madmen are.—*J. H. Newman, 1837.*

(*January 3, 1847, Lord's-day.*)—After service (at Perambore), as I was riding home, I overtook the eight who had listened outside the church. I heard one of them remark to the rest that our worship was very plain, and that we neither burnt incense, nor had any candles. This led me to tell them that that was never our practice; but that, as God was a spirit, we worshipped Him “in spirit and in truth.” The man said he was induced to make the remark only from having seen such things at other churches. I asked him whether he did not remember seeing anything else there? He replied that he did; that he had observed images, and persons standing before them with shaved heads, and dressed in gay clothes, burning incense to the idols. I then begged him to tell me whether he perceived any difference between such modes of worship and their own practices as Hindoos? At this the man suddenly altered his tone, and, growing indignant, charged us with having borrowed it all from them; only adding, that we took away their idols, and substituted our own. I told him that he was wrong in passing such a sweeping censure, and that we were not the persons to blame, but the Papists, whom I supposed he meant; for he had admitted previously that we had no candles, nor burnt incense, nor had images. . . . The man maintained that, as long as there were Europeans in this country who could do as they did, he saw no harm in following such idolatrous practices.—*Rev. J. Bilderbeck.*

GOD so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—*St. John* iii. 16.

THE love by which, out of His infinite grace and goodness, God sent His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to deliver man, was the same in Father and Son. The Father could not be more gracious and kind than the Son, nor the Son in bowels exceed the Father; but both alike loving, gracious, and compassionate.—*Keach*.

¶ Lord! Thou hast loved me more than thyself; for Thou didst lay down Thy life for me!—*Bernard*.

My God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live, if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.

Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

Watts.

The Rev. G. A. Kissling, visiting a sick African, and speaking of God's love in Christ, he raised his furrowed countenance, and said, with brightened eyes,—“ Sir, I believe that God is love; that, in great compassion to our souls, He drew the plan of salvation, and sent His Son into the world in the fulness of time. I believe that Jesus Christ is God; that He became man, and suffered an ignominious death on the Cross to atone for our numerous sins. I believe that this book is the Word of God, not only because it speaks of Him, but because it is the very word which proceeded from His mouth, and is the power of salvation unto every one that believeth. And now I long and look for the coming of the Saviour, to loose my soul from this body of clay, and take it to Himself. Still, I desire to wait with patience the hour He sees fit.” He then lifted up his hands, and ejaculated, “ Lord, I am ready to depart! ”—*Journal*.

BLESSED are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—*St. John xx. 29.*

THE way unto the kingdom of grace and glory lies through the door of faith, which God alone can open.—*Haweis.*

Faith brings home Christ's merits to the soul, and so it justifies: the virtue is not in faith, but in Christ.—*Watson.*

“The just shall live by faith.” And why? That faith
By which they live is all that makes them just.

Think not the faith by which the just shall live
Is a dead creed, a map correct of heaven,
Far less a feeling, fond and fugitive,
A thoughtless gift, withdrawn as soon as given.
It is an affirmation and an act,
That bids eternal truth be present fact. *Hartley Coleridge.*

¶ O almighty and everlasting God, which not only givest every good and perfect gift, but also increaseth those gifts that Thou hast given, we most humbly beseech Thee, merciful God, to increase in us the gift of faith, that we may truly believe in Thee, and in Thy promises made unto us, and that, neither by our negligence, nor infirmity of the flesh, nor by the grievousness of temptation, neither by the subtle crafts and assaults of the devil, we be driven from faith in the blood of our Saviour and Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.—*Godly Prayers, C. P., 1552.*

In the afternoon (March 24, 1852), the king of terrors had settled on the sick woman's face—her mind was wandering. I told her, “It is evident that you are dying; are you conscious of it?” . . . She answered, “I shall live in my soul.” “Whom do you trust in? Who do you think can help you now in this state?” “The Saviour only,” she said; “the Saviour, the Saviour.” Her friends had heard her crying, “O good Saviour! Thou art merciful; if I have not been sincere before Thee in asking Thee for the forgiveness of my sins, do Thou now be pleased to send Thy Holy Spirit to cleanse and renew my heart, and pardon all my sins.” This poor woman died, praying to her last breath.—*Rev. H. Budd (Native Minister), Rupert's Land.*

I WILL make darkness light before them.—*Isaiah*
xlii. 16.

¶ ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father! we pray Thee to take pity on all blind idolaters, who are kept in cruel bondage by the god of this world. Turn them from idols, that they may serve Thee, the living and true God! . . . Bring them all, together with the Heathen throughout the world, from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to Thee, O Lord! Amen.—*C. M. Paper*, No. XVII., 1820.

Long sunk in superstitious night, by sin and Satan driven,
I saw not, cared not, for the light which leads the blind to heaven.
I sat in darkness, reason's eye was shut—was closed to me;
I hastened to eternity o'er error's dreadful sea.

But now, at length, Thy grace, O Lord, bids all around me shine;
I drink Thy sweet, Thy precious Word, I kneel before Thy shrine.
I've broke affection's tenderest ties for my dear Saviour's sake;
All, all I love beneath the skies, Lord, I for Thee forsake!

Hymn, by a Hindoo on the occasion of his own baptism.

The Hottentots adore, as a benign deity, a certain insect, peculiar it is said, to the Hottentot countries. This animal is of the dimensions of a child's little finger; the back, green; the belly, speckled with white and red. It is provided with two wings, and on its head with two horns. To this little winged deity, whenever they set their eyes upon it, they render the highest tokens of veneration. And if it honours a kraal with a visit, the inhabitants assemble about it in transports of devotion, as if the Lord of the universe were come amongst them. They sing and dance round it, troop after troop, while it stays, in the highest raptures. . . . They likewise kill two fat sheep, as a thankoffering for this high honour. They believe that all their past offences are buried in oblivion, and all their guilt purged away. They look upon themselves as made, by the presence of this deity, a new people, and resolve to reform their conduct. If this insect happens to alight upon a Hottentot, he is looked upon as a man without guilt, and distinguished and revered as a saint, and the delight of the deity ever after. His neighbours glory that they have so holy a man among them, and publish the matter far and near. The deity and the saint are honoured with the fattest ox as a thankoffering, and a festival follows.—*Kolben*.

MEN ought always to pray, and not to faint.—
Luke xviii. 1.

CORRUPTIONS in believers, like the Canaanites in the land of Israel, are left to prove and to exercise the people of God, to keep us watching and praying; yea, wondering and admiring at the riches of pardoning and preserving mercy all our days.—*Flavel.*

Be not afraid to pray; to pray is right,
Pray, if thou canst, with hope, but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light. . . .
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou dare not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

Hartley Coleridge.

An Abyssinian woman, the wife of the late Mr. Nathaniel Pearce, accompanied her husband from Abyssinia in a journey of eighty days, under circumstances of great personal danger. They presented themselves in much distress at the gate of the Consulate in Cairo, where I was then residing through the kindness of the British Consul. Soon after their arrival, I observed that she withdrew into a retired part of the room, and shrouding her dark visage in her mantle, occupied herself for a long time in private devotion. For three months she daily employed, in this manner, about two hours. Finding, on my second visit to Cairo, that she was dangerously ill, and wishing to ascertain the state of her mind under the prospect of death, a conversation passed between us, which was to me very affecting and highly interesting. "What is the ground of your hope before God?" I asked. "I have no other hope," she replied, "but in Jesus Christ." "Do you place any dependance on any righteousness of your own?" "No." "Why, then, do you repeat so many prayers to Christ?" "How else," she answered with feeling, "can I show my love towards Him?" Doubtless, this Christian woman was preparing, under Divine teaching, for that happiness which she now enjoys in beholding Him face to face.—*Rev. W. Jowett.*

THIS is my beloved, and this is my friend.—*Solomon's Song v. 16.*

O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore !
Let every idol be forgot—
But, O my soul, forget HIM not !

Thy God for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks—
Discharges all thy dreadful debt,—
And canst thou all His love forget ?

Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief ;
Nor Him forget who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.

Ah, no ! Till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart ;
And lisping this, from earth I 'll rise,
To join the chorus of the skies !

Krishna, a Hindu convert.

Jesus is not a sealing fountain, but a flowing fountain. It is but crying, and He gives us food.—*Watson.*

“This evening,” says the Rev. P. Simeon, a native minister in Tinnevely, “I visited a sick person at Murugankuritchy. Admitting his sinfulness, he said, ‘Being so great a sinner, I sometimes feel as though I cannot find acceptance with God. Yet God is indeed kind to me in having visited me with sickness, which makes me think of my former ways; and this would not happen if I were cut off suddenly.’ ‘It is right,’ I replied; ‘you are conscious of your sinfulness and unworthiness; but do you know the way in which your sins can be pardoned?’ ‘I know my sins will be forgiven by Jesus Christ,’ was his answer. ‘Do you look to Him as your Saviour?’ He replied, ‘I have many friends, but all of them have forsaken me in the season of affliction. The physicians, too, have given me up in despair. And now, my only comfort is in feeling the presence of Jesus, and desiring an interest in His blood.’ This sweet believer was called to his everlasting rest four days afterwards.”—*September 26, 1851.*

CHRIST hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.—*Gal.* iii. 13.

“’T is finished!” see the Victor rise,
 Shake off the grave, and claim the skies!
 Ye heavens, your doors wide open fling;
 Ye angel choirs, receive your King.
 “’T is finished!” but what sinner dare
 In the triumph hope to share?
 Saviour, to Thy cross I flee;
 Say, “’T is finished!” *and for me!*
 Then will I sing, The Cross! The Cross!
 And count all other gain but loss;
 I’ll sing the cross; and to Thy tree,
 Cling evermore, blest Calvary!

Winslow.

¶ O Law! I drown my conscience in the wounds, and blood, and death, and resurrection, and triumph in the victory of Christ!
 —*Luther.*

The sinless One must be condemned, if he that is guilty is to go free. The blessing must bear the curse, if the cursed are to be brought into blessing. The life must die, if the dead are to live!—*Lefevre.*

A half-breed North American boy had often excited our hopes, and disappointed our hopes. He had been long ill of a pulmonary consumption. He wished to see me. I went to his bedside, and seeing him very near his end, said to him, “Harry, the time is very near now.” “I suppose so,” was his reply. “How do you feel, my boy, at the prospect?” “Comfortable, Sir!” “And what does your comfort rest upon?” “On the mercy of God, through Christ?” “Why did you wish to see me?” “To tell you how good Jesus Christ is to me!” As soon as a violent fit of coughing subsided, I said to him, “Harry, I must go back to church; tell me, what testimony of your love to your Saviour are you going to leave with me?” He said, with great difficulty, “Tell the school children and all, that He is indeed very good; for He has saved the soul of poor Harry Seymour.” He died very soon after,—in his last moment calling to his stepfather and mother, “Now kneel down, and pray!”—*Rev. D. T. Jones.*

THE Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment to the Son.—*John v. 22.*

'Tis dreadful when th' accuser's power
Assails my aching heart,
Recounting every wasted hour,
And each unworthy part.

But, Jesus! in that mortal fray,
Thy blessed comfort pour,
Like sunshine in a stormy day,
Upon that darken'd hour!

When, soon or late, this feeble breath
No more to Thee shall pray,
Support me through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way!

When clothed in fleshly weeds again,
I wait Thy dread decree,
Judge of the World! bethink Thee then
That Thou hast died for me! *Bishop Heber.*

At the great day of final retribution, Christ, the Son of Man and the Son of God, will appear, not only as the Lord of life and death, but as the searcher of all hearts, the supreme moral Governor of the universe, the God of truth and justice, the Judge of all the earth. . . . Nor is this all. Not only is it Christ by whom we shall be judged, but the Law of Christ, and the Gospel of Christ, is the rule by which we shall be tried. Obedience to and faith in Christ will be the conditions of acceptance. The secrets of all hearts will by Christ be discovered, and from Him shall come the sentence that shall fix our eternal destiny.—*Dean Greaves.*

Abraham, the death-stricken convert in Tinnevelly, while suffering anguish from the wound he had received, by falling into a well, upon hearing an unconverted relative observe to him, "It must be hard to bear the pain of your wound," replied, "Bodily agony, though hard to bear, may be borne; but how will you bear the agony in store for a lost soul?" Not long before his death, the Catechist that accompanied him asked him if he felt prepared to die. He answered, "My heart rejoices at the prospect of death." He was then asked why he rejoiced at the prospect? To which he replied, "Because my Saviour has conquered death, and my faith in Him stands firm; and where He sits at the right-hand of God eternal happiness awaits me." His was a striking instance of the enlightening, disenthraling power of the Gospel of Christ in this heathen land. He died May 8, 1850.—*Rev. R. Caldwell.*

HE (chastens) for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness.—*Heb.* xii. 10.

CHASTISEMENTS! They are the family badge, the family pledge, the family privilege! “To you it is given to suffer!” Troubles are in God’s catalogue of mercies. Afflictions are God’s hired labourers to break the clods and plough the land. . . . Believer, is the hand of thy God heavy upon thee? Be still! If thou art a child of God, there is no exemption from “the household discipline.” The rod is a Father’s.—*The Night Watches,*

My God, I thank Thee! May no thought
E’er deem Thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish and idle fear.

Full many a cloud of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore Thy will!

Norton.

I know from whom these sorrows do arise. It is from Him who is often compelled to sit down and melt the children of Levi. Out of weakness He shall bring forth strength; out of darkness His light will shine again; and out of the waters of death His life will rise and triumph again.—*Dr. Krapf, at Mombas.* 1845.

We must seek the gracious influences of the Spirit of our God to change and purify our souls; that, being made like unto the angels, we may be able to enter into angelic employments; being made in some degree partakers of the moral likeness of Jehovah, we may be able, in some degree, to participate of His happiness. The Christian must ever bear in mind that heavenly influence is happiness; it contains the very elements of happiness. Mark, then, the gracious dealings of God in His fatherly corrections, and seek to have the object of His chastisements realized in your souls. “He chastens for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness.”—*The Rev. C. Friend, Missionary at Chunar,* 1829.

I SEEK not mine own will.—*St. John v. 30.*

GOD saith of a contented Christian, as David once said of Goliath's sword, "There is none like that: give it me!"—*T. Watson.*

The Christian would not have his lot
Be other than it is;
For, while his Father rules the world,
He knows that world is His.

¶ I thank the heavenly Father, I have made mine account, and appointed myself unto the will of the heavenly Father. As He will, so I will, by His grace. . . . If He will life, life be it; if He will death, death be it! Only we pray that our wills may be subject unto His will. . . . Let us wholly suffer God to use us and ours after His holy wisdom.—*Bishop Hooper, 1554.*

When I went to visit Paripuram, I found her old mother weeping exceedingly; but she said to her, "Don't weep; you cannot cure my sickness by your weeping, but pray to God that He may bless the medicine I and my children take for our recovery, and give us patience to bear our sufferings." She added, "If the Lord is willing to keep me in this world, let His will be done: if not, let Him take me to His kingdom!" I asked her, "What do you do in this time of affliction?" "I confess my sins, and pray to God for His pardon, and for His mercy to comfort me. The heathens have no comfort in the time of their distress; but Christians have comfort, and also grace to be patient like Job." "How do you know all this?" "From the Bible?" "Do you remember any Scripture texts?" "Yes, I do;" then she repeated several verses:—"Christ is my life, and death my gain." "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden," &c., and others. She then desired me to pray for and with her, that, when she should die, she may go to the kingdom of God. I did so. . . . Then she said, "When the time of my death comes, I will say, Father, I commend my spirit into Thy hands!" I asked her if she had no anxiety about her children? She answered, "Although I live, it is the Lord who preserves my children. Even when I die He will take charge of them. I will not therefore be anxious about them!"—*Rev. J. Dewasagayam's Journal, Madatchapuram, June, 1851.*

REMEMBER the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.—
Exod. xx. 8.

UP, sluggish soul, awake, slumber no more :
 This is no time to sleep and dream secure !
 If once the Bridegroom pass and shut the door,
 No entrance wilt thou gain, thou mayst be sure.
 Now thou art up, fill thy lamp full with oil ;
 Haste thee and light it at the fire of love.
 Watch and attend ! What is a little toil,
 To gain the entrance to the joys above ?
 Go, meet the Bridegroom with meek reverence ;
 Humbly, with patience, wait upon His grace ;
 Follow His steps with love and diligence ;
 Leave all to Him, and none but Him embrace.
 So shalt thou enter with Him into rest,
 And at His heavenly table sit and feast.

Old Sonnet, 16th century.

(*Solisherry, Tinnevelly, July 16, 1850.*)—On a previous visit to this village, I had had occasion to speak very seriously to a member of the congregation, who obtains his livelihood in part from keeping a bazaar, which, I was told, he occasionally opened on the Sundays between the services. I was glad to hear that he had since entirely discontinued the practice. On my inquiry whether he was a loser by it, he readily admitted that the number of his customers had considerably increased. This was more than I had expected. On my asking him how he accounted for it, he said, that it had become more generally known that his measures, prices, &c., were fairer than those of the other bazaar men in the village. The truth is, I imagine, that formerly he had not conscientiously adopted the principle, “Honesty is the best policy.”—*Rev. T. G. Barenbruck.*

A very poor, illiterate, and dull man, a needle-maker by trade, we could not conscientiously baptize because he had not had strength of mind and faith to shut his shop on the Lord's-day. It was with great pleasure I learnt that this day he commenced the closing of his shop, to the amazement of his heathen neighbours, who said that the Romanists even did not go that length. This, then, is not improbably the first instance since Ningpo was a city, that any one of its inhabitants has honoured the Lord's Sabbath by ceasing from his trade and closing his shop.—*Rev. H. H. Cobbold.*

GIVING thanks always for all things.—*Ephes. v. 20.*

THE Apostle teaches us that the great excellence is, in the midst of dangers and adversities, to give thanks to God, and say always, "Blessed be God! I know that I suffer less than I deserve. What are these in comparison with my sins? My portion how unequal is it to my deservings!" This is the mind of a true disciple. . . . He renders thanks to God and the Father, through the one Mediator between God and man, without whom none can approach the Father.—*S. Jerome.*

Great God, whose sceptre rules the earth,
 Distil Thy fear into my heart,
 That, being rapt with holy mirth,
 I may proclaim how good Thou art.
 Open my lips that I may sing
 Full praises to my God, my King! *J. Quarles.*

On the 18th of June, 1808, the Rev. T. T. Thomason, with his wife and two children, embarked on board the *Travers*, for Calcutta. Before arriving at this Presidency, they had to experience and record a most signal instance of the providence of God, who bringeth near to the gates of death, and then sends His word, and delivers from destruction. After a voyage hitherto pleasant, on the morning of the 7th November, the *Travers* struck upon a rock off Cape Negrais, and was in a short time a complete wreck. They escaped with the loss of all things but life. "God marvellously interposed," to use Mr. Thomason's own language, "and brought them off in safety." He did not fail to acknowledge on this occasion the merciful interference of God. "Oh!" says he in a letter to his mother, "that, as I have now received my life afresh from His hands, I may consecrate it to Him anew, and be wholly, wholly, wholly His! My dearest mother, unite your prayers with mine, that this may be the case; and thank God with me for this dispensation; for though we have lost our all of worldly goods, we have been great gainers in other respects. When I see my dear wife and the dear children in safety, and reflect on the dangers through which we have been preserved, I find it impossible to lament our loss, being wholly absorbed in the greatness of our deliverance. Wonder, love, and praise predominate so much, that I have neither time nor spirit to regret what has passed."

GOD requireth that which is past.—*Eccles.* iii. 15.

THE hours are viewless angels,
 That still go gliding by ;
 And bear each minute's record up
 To Him who sits on high.

Yes, still they steal the record,
 And bear it far away ;
 Their mission-flight by day or night
 No human power can stay.

And as we spend each minute
 That God to us hath given,
 Our deeds are known before His throne,
 Their tale is told in heaven.

So teach me, heavenly Father,
 To meet each flying hour,
 That as they speed they may not show
 I've spurned Thy grace and power.

So, when death brings its shadows,
 The hours that linger last
 Shall bear my hopes on angel-wings,
 Unburthen'd by the past.

Cranch.

¶ Good Lord ! what a shadow is the life of man ! what a nothing is it ! The time past, that's nothing ; just like a bird fled from the hand of its owner—out of sight. The time present, that is a vanishing ; a running hour, nay, less, a flying minute—as good as nothing. The time to come, that's uncertain ; the coming sun may see us dead. Lord ! therefore in this hour make me sure of Thee ; for, in the next, I am not sure of myself.—*Lucas.*

A native of the Suvishapuram Association for the Poor observed, at one of its meetings,—“The time for doing good is short indeed. Yes ; survey human life. How many years are spent at first in helplessness and dependance upon others, without the capability of doing good to others, a state in which man is altogether the receiver. Take these years from the account, and is what remains altogether free ? Count up the seasons of sickness, and follow man to old age, in which helplessness and dependance again come upon him. And what is left dwindles into an interval narrow indeed ! . . . But are we sure we shall have many years ? Is not life uncertain ? How much then it behoves us to improve to God's service the day of grace which He vouchsafes us !”

HE deceiveth them that dwell on the earth.—*Rev.*
xiii. 14.

OH! weigh well the value of one soul; measure it by the height of that blessedness to which it will be raised, if it be in Christ; or, by the depth of that misery into which it will be plunged if it be not “in Christ;” and then judge of the privilege of bringing, if it be but that one soul, “from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God!”—*Rev. W. J. Brodrick.*

¶ “O land of murderers,” whose “cruel abominations make a mother forget her suckling, the son of her body,” hear the voice of thy angry God calling thee to repentance, lest He destroy thee in thy sin and wickedness. O Lord, do not impute unto us the sins of this people. And ye Christians at home, pray and labour unceasingly that the Sun of righteousness may soon rise over all nations, and that Satan, the old corrupter of the nations, may soon be cast into the bottomless pit, and a seal be set upon him that he deceive the nations no more!—*Dr. Krapf, Rabbi Empia, 1849.*

In what a sad state of captivity does the great deceiver hold his people! A poor, blind parent (in New Zealand), instead of importuning the Supreme Being, as one would have imagined, for the recovery of his sick son, was uttering the most dreadful curses and imprecations against Him. . . . They consider the Supreme Being as an invisible Anthropophagus, or man-eater, and regard Him with a mixture of fear and hatred, betraying impatience and anger whenever they are visited by sickness! Pride and ignorance, cruelty and licentiousness, are some of the principal ingredients in a New Zealander’s religion. He does not, as far as I can learn, bow down to a stock or a stone; but he magnifies himself into a God. The chiefs and elders of the people are called “Atuas,” even while they are living. Our aged friend Terra says, that the god of thunder is in his forehead; Shungbe and Okeda tell me that they are possessed with gods of the sea. When the clouds are beautifully chequered, the Atua above it, it is supposed, is planting sweet potatoes. At the season when these are planted, the planters dress themselves in their best raiment, and say, that as Atuas on earth, they are imitating the Atua in heaven! But, through the grace of God, the Great Enemy has lost his ground very much.—*Rev. T. Kendall, 1818.*

THY will be done.—*St. Matt. vi. 10.*

SELF-RESIGNATION, and a conformity to the Divine will, are the most excellent, the truest, and most acceptable way of glorifying God, and doing honour to Him.—*Worthington.*

¶ O Christ, the Light of the world, shine into our hearts, that we may utterly cast out all self-love and self-will. And may Thy will concerning us be wholly ours, and our own be wholly subdued unto Thine. Perfect this work within us; let our will no longer hold dominion over us, but Thine in all things possess our souls for ever.—*Suvarnold.*

If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
“Thy will be done!”

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
“Thy will be done!”

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
“Thy will be done!”

It pleased God to remove John Dennis Blonde, a baptized Chinese youth, from this world. . . Severe disease attacked him, of a lingering character, but which admitted not the hope of recovery; painful, yet patiently borne, and used by his Lord and Saviour as the refiner's fire to prepare him for his transfer to heaven. “I suffer,” said he, “great pain; no one knows what I suffer. But what is it? I deserve it all. It is not one bit too much; it nothing like what Jesus suffer for me. So I'll bear it patiently.” To a friend, who came to see him, he said, “Oh, my sufferings so great, my pain so bad! What do you think it is keep me alive now?” Placing his hand on his Bible, he added, “It is this; this keep me alive! You know Jesus says, ‘Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God;’ and it is this that keep me alive now: nothing else could.”—*Church Missionary Gleaner, vol. i., new series, p. 226.*

THE holy Scriptures . . . are able to make thee wise unto salvation.—*2 Tim. iii. 15.*

THE things contained in Scripture do not so much beg acceptance as command it. . . It comes armed with the majesty of that God who reveals it, whose authority extends over the soul and conscience of man in its most secret and hidden recesses. . . The most current coins of the world have their alloys of baser metals: there is no such mixture in Divine truths; as they all come from the same Author, so they all have the same purity. There is a Urim and Thummim upon the whole Scripture; light and perfection in every part of it. . . . The Scriptures contain in them the Magna Charta of Heaven,—an act of pardon with the royal assent of heaven,—a proclamation of goodwill from God towards men. . . It remains only, then, that we adore and magnify the goodness of God in making known His will to us, and that we set a value and esteem on the Scriptures, as the only authentic instrument of that grand charter of peace which God hath revealed in order to man's eternal happiness.—*Bishop Stillingfleet.*

The Word of God is the candle and the lantern for our steps. By it we ought to direct our steps, if we will please God; without it we walk in darkness, and know not whither we go.—*Archbishop Grindal.*

Ignorance of the Scripture is the mother and cause of all error. Knowledge of the Scriptures is the food of everlasting life.—*S. Jerome.*

Here we awake our fear;
We draw our comfort hence:
The arms of grace are treasured here,
An armour of defence. *Watts.*

All our education here (at Buddagume, Ceylon), like that in our National Schools at home, is conducted upon strictly Christian principles. The Bible is the text-book of the school. The children are taught to read, to love, and to reverence it; not as something which they are at liberty to believe or disbelieve at pleasure, but as the only Book in existence in which God speaks authoritatively to mankind; as the only Book which points out a remedy for the defects and disorders of the human race; as a Book in which every one, of whatever age, rank, or condition in life, is personally interested, and one also which cannot be neglected without the greatest guilt.—*Rev. H. Powell.*

HE hath set the world in their heart.—*Eccles.* iii. 11.

THAT to which we devote all our pains and labour, in the most strict and careful manner, that is our god. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." (Matt. vi. 24.) If Satan can get this sin of covetousness into our hearts, it will bear such sway in the soul that there can be no entrance for Christ or religion. Such a man sees so much in the world, that he can see nothing in the Gospel. . . . There is a god already in the worldly man's heart; he hath no place left to entertain Christ in. . . . O, the mire and muck of this world is of special use to the devil to put out our eyes. Let him set the world in our hearts; then no man shall find out the work of God. (*Eccles.* iii. 11.)—*Bishop Brownrig.*

Oh! since this world is vain,
 And volatile and fleet,
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,
 Where rust corrupts, where moth destroys,
 And cares and sorrows eat?
 Why flee from ill, with anxious skill,
 When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still?
—H. K. White.

(*Shanghai*).—Money is the god whom the people in this city worship. They will undergo almost any inconvenience in order to gain money. Their deceit and hypocrisy is truly astonishing, so that it really appears almost next to an impossibility to fathom their hearts, and to discover their real intentions. As to respect for any religion, they have none; even in their temples they will laugh at and ridicule their idols, and the next moment bow down before them. . . . They seem to be thorough Atheists. They are indeed "dead in trespasses and sins!" . . . In one young inquirer I felt much interest, and I thought him sincere. However, after having been for some time under instruction, he one day asked me very seriously, "What gain before the eyes (*i.e.*, temporal) shall I have by entering the religion of Jesus?" I replied, "None whatever. You will, if you sincerely believe in Jesus Christ, obtain peace in your heart, and peace in death; and, after death, you will enjoy everlasting happiness." "Ah!" said he, "is that all: there is no money to be obtained then?" I replied in the negative, asking him whether money could save his soul? He went away, and never returned!—*Rev. T. M. Clutchie.*

LOVE one another; as I have loved you.—*John*
xiii. 34.

BEING all created by one God, and sprung from one common parent, we must reckon ourselves akin to, and obliged to love, all men; yea, and pray for our very enemies.—*Lactantius*.

¶ May Thy infinite mercy, O my God, pardon the injustice of my adversaries! Thou knowest, O Lord, the falsity of their accusations, how deformed with crimes I have been held forth, how persecuted I have been by false witnesses, how weighed down by a wrongful condemnation! Yet, O my God, let that mercy of Thine, which no tongue can express, prevail with Thee, not to avenge all these wrongs of mine!—*John Huss, after sentence of death had been passed upon him.*

Oh! might we all our lineage prove;
Give, and forgive, do good and love;
By soft endearments in kind strife,
Lightening the load of daily life.

Keble.

Nearly all the native girls in Mrs. Robertson's Orphan Asylum, at Nasik, W. India, who have arrived at years of discretion, are able to read the Scriptures in their native tongue. The most conspicuous virtue in these girls is love among themselves, and love to those who are in distress. . . . A female inmate of the Asylum was taken ill, suddenly and severely. During her illness, the girls would not for a moment, if they could help it, forsake her room. Some would sit by her with tears in their eyes; and whenever they had an opportunity, they went and prayed for the poor woman. Once it so happened, that Mrs. Robertson, the benevolent directress of the school, missed them from their usual occupation of singing hymns, and, going in search of them, greatly to her surprise, found them on their knees praying for the sick creature. Having waited till the prayer was ended, she entered the room, when one of the girls broke silence, by saying, "Mamma, we have just prayed for the sick woman." Seeing they used a Prayer-book, Mrs. Robertson asked them which prayer they had read; and the girl who conducted the praying group having repeated its substance, it was found to be quite appropriate. Mrs. R. left them for a considerable time, and on her return, instead of finding them asleep, as she had expected, she found them conversing very solemnly on heaven, and the bliss the poor woman would enjoy if she really believed in the Lord Jesus Christ!

CHRIST Jesus . . . of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.—1 *Cor.* i. 30.

HE is only our Saviour, and our full, perfect, and sufficient Saviour; not a half Saviour, not a part of righteousness and sanctification, and our works another part; but wholly—wholly; He is all. And, therefore, most fitly, most truly, and most comfortably, in respect of us, and all fears of flesh and blood, He is called JESUS, and a Jesus, that is, a Saviour. Therefore the work of Christ for us is most perfect, glorious, and absolute!—*Bishop Babington.*

¶ We are justified, yea, fully justified, and who, or what, can now condemn us? Dear God, and sweet God, let our souls feel it, “It is finished.” And why are we feared? Were our sins as crimson, as scarlet, as blood, they are washed, they are wiped, they are gone! Were my wants the wants of the whole world, they are pardoned, they are forgiven: God is pleased, and is now my Father. O Saviour sweet, make my thanks many. Let my tongue, my voice, my heart, my soul, my whole man, inward and outward, resound Thy lasting praise!—*Ibid.*

Thou alone hast power, I know,
 To serve a wretch like me.
 To whom, or whither could I go,
 If I should turn from Thee?
 No voice but Thine can give me rest,
 Or bid my fears depart;
 No love but Thine can make me blest,
 And fill up all my heart!

On the 20th of June, I baptized a Portuguese, who was near his end. Notwithstanding his extreme weakness, he spoke with so much animation as to surprise us all. He longed to be with Christ. He knew his sinfulness, but he knew Christ crucified as his all-sufficing Saviour. Often would he lift up his hand, and, laying it again on his breast, would cry out, “For this sinner! yes, for this sinner! He died!” He had peace and joy in the Lord, and drew his last breath, looking unto and calling upon the Saviour of sinners.—*Rev. C. Rhenius, 1818.*

IF our Gospel be hid, it is hid to them that be lost.—
2 Cor. iv. 3.

THE Heathen “know not God;” they are “lost.” Oh, remember this is the testimony of the God whom they know not! They are immortal, without the knowledge of immortality! They are sinners, without a Saviour! They are like ourselves, “born to trouble as the sparks fly upward”—children of sadness and sorrow, weakness and woe, born to weep and to die,—but they have no comforter; they have none to point them to the consolations that are in Christ Jesus. They are our brethren in adversity, our brethren in affliction, our brethren in weakness, and all human infirmities, but not our brethren in Christ. Oh, think ye of this! . . . Oh, tell them of your Saviour, that they may live!—*Rev. F. Close, Church Missionary Sermon, May 2, 1841.*

Let the standard of my love to the souls of the perishing Heathen be that of the love of Christ for mine!—*Rev. Canon Dale.*

Jesus! who ne'er findest pleasure
In the death of dying men,
Claim these souls, Thy purchased treasure;
Snatch them from the lion's den.
Jesus, Lord! we cry unto Thee,
Send the gift Thy servants crave;
By Thy mercy we implore Thee,
Our poor, dying brethren save!

Richard Green, an aged African in Jamaica, being asked if he often prayed, and what he mostly prayed for? his reply, with much simplicity, was: “Me beg much—me beg hard—for God make me love all brudders and sisters. Me no love brudders and sisters, me no love God!”—*J. Gillies, 1840.*

Our Christian Indians at Lac-le-Rouge (in Rupert's Land) are constantly on the watch to see a Heathen. As soon as they see one, they surround him, and endeavour to persuade him out of his evil ways, and become a praying man, like one of themselves; at the same time beseeching the Lord that He would convince and convert all the Heathen to worship and serve Him.—*J. Settee, June, 1848.*

HE giveth grace unto the lowly.—*Prov. iii. 34.*

UNTO none but the self-convicted, bending low under the pressure of his utter unworthiness, is given an ear to hear the voice of the Good Shepherd, and a foot to follow Him whither His crook shall lead him to green pastures, and beside still waters.—*F. Neff.*

Whatsoever fruit we bear, or how much soever, let us “not be high-minded” thereupon, or take too much upon us; for “we bear not the root, but the root beareth us;” and when we have done our utmost endeavours, the fruit we bear is still the fruit of the Spirit, not the fruit of our endeavours.—*Bishop Sanderson.*

¶ Holy and most gracious Master and Saviour, Jesus! For what is my own teach me to be ashamed and humbled, it being nothing but sin and misery, weakness and uncleanness! Let me go before my brethren in nothing but striving to do them honour, and Thee glory; never seek my own praise, or delight in it when it is offered; that, despising myself, I may be accepted by Thee to the honours of eternal glory.—*Bishop J. Taylor.*

Ashes and dust thou art;—allow it so to be.
And from that moment forth it is not true for thee. *Trench.*

(*Free Town, Sierra Leone.*)—A native catechist, when visiting a sick man in his illness, asked him what he thought of his illness? “I do not think I shall get better,” he replied; “God only knows.” And then he exclaimed, as heartily as if intending to bring out his very wish with the words, “Oh, that I might be permitted to remain at the gate of that happy place; that is quite sufficient for me. The happiness of the gate is enough and more than we can think of. Heaven! O, what a blessed place! Oh, what a dreadful thing to die without interest in Jesus; what a fearful and awful thing to be lost!” “Jesus,” I observed, “promises us not only a place at the gate, but even a seat on His throne, and mansions in His Father’s house, provided we are His.” “I am unfit,” he replied, “for such room in that holy place; I only ask for a place at the gate.”

WHERE TO we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing.—*Phil. iii. 16.*

I PLACE all my hope and trust in God my Saviour. I know He will never take from me the cup of salvation, but that, by His grace, I shall drink it this day in His kingdom. Most gladly do I endure all reproach for the love of the truth, and the name of my Lord Jesus Christ. My Lord Jesus bore for me, a poor sinner, a much more painful crown of thorns—yea, the ignominious death of the cross. Therefore, for His sake, I cheerfully bear this, which is much easier.—*John Huss's last hours.*

O, let the world cast out my name,
 And vile account me if it will;
 If to confess the Lord be shame,
 I purpose to be viler still.
 For Thee, my God, I all resign,
 Content if I can call Thee mine.

Kelly.

At the close of 1849, a violent persecution against the converts broke out. Above 100 men and women were dragged to the council-house (Abbeokouta); many of the men were nearly beaten to death. . . . The females were cruelly whipped, and pinioned, and shackled, without regard to age or their delicate state. . . . The first question put to them was, whether they would not worship Ifa and Orisa again? to which they unanimously answered, "No." At first they tried to subdue them by starvation: for nearly two days nothing was permitted to be given them to eat; but the poor persecuted sufferers consoled themselves by saying, "Christ fasted forty days and forty nights in the wilderness, and it is Christ's will we should suffer after His example." They comforted one another, and prayed for their persecutors in the words of Christ, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." They sent frequent messages to Mr. Crowther not to be broken-hearted, for they remained the same, and would endure to the last; because they had been told such things would take place, and the very fulfilment of them strengthened their faith more and more in Christ their Saviour. After suffering cruel treatment of all kinds, they were fined to the amount of nearly one hundred pounds.

THE blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.—1 *John* i. 7.

THE death of Christ, His agony and bloody sweat, His cross and passion, His death and burial, resurrection and ascension, will have been in vain for you, unless you apply to God, that the precious blood of Christ may be applied to a guilty conscience—that you may individually be made a partaker of the benefits of His work. Seek, then, through the blessed Jesus, for that salvation which you, as well as all others, need. Seek the pardon of your sins, and the sanctification of your soul. Ask, in the name of the Redeemer, for the gift of the Holy Ghost to enlighten your mind, to convert your soul, to make you see your need of Christ, and to go to Him for salvation, that you may be reconciled to God, and made righteous in Him.—*Rev. C. Friend, late Missionary in North India.*

When Jesus looked on dying man,
 Enthroned above the skies,
 E'en in the midst of joys Divine
 He felt compassion rise.
 On wings of love the Saviour flew
 To raise us from the ground,
 And make the riches of His blood
 A balm for every wound.

Doddridge.

Nothing else can recover our beauty and first estate of holiness and happiness but the laver of Christ's blood. This laver only, brings back a white and unspotted innocency. All the holy water in the See of Rome cannot wash one sin, for that hath no commandment, no institution, no promise.—*T. Taylor.*

On my visit to a sick Indian, I took my seat by him. He was suffering great pain. He reminded me that this was the third time I had seen him nearly in the same state. "God," he said, "heard our prayers, and gave me two summons to prepare for death. This, now, is the last sickness in which you will have to visit me. I know that I must soon die, but I have no fear on that account. I have a Saviour, a Friend in heaven, who turns my heart away from this world, from my wife and children, and draws it to Himself." Then stretching out both his arms, as a bird spreading its wings to fly, he exclaimed, "I long to go to be with Him, who has washed away my sins in His own blood, and now gives me rest and peace in the midst of pain."—*Rev. W. Cockran.*

LAY hold on the hope set before us.—*Heb.* vi. 18.

HOPE hath a harvest in the spring—
 In winter doth of summer sing ;
 Feeds on the fruits when blossoming,
 Yet nips no bloom.
 Hope brings me home when I'm abroad,
 Soon as the first step's homeward trod.
 In hope to Thee, O Lamb of God,
 I come !—I come !

Teste.

As ever you hope for comfort or peace in your last hour, see that your souls be such as may be then fit to be commended into the hands of a holy and just God. See that they be holy souls ; God will never accept them if they be not holy souls. He that hath this hope (namely, to see God) “purifieth himself even as He is pure.” (1 John iii. 3.) Endeavours after holiness are inseparably connected with all rational expectations of blessedness.—*Flevel.*

Hope is the well-spring of joy. It is our duty to hope ; it is one of the three primary graces. (1 Cor. xiii. 13.) . . . It is the effect of that charity, which hath faith for its root. The believer hopes, because he believes ; and lives to Christ, because he hopes.—*F. Neff.*

Alas ! what is the hope of the Heathen ? . . . What it is we may learn from the poor widows of Serampore. “So deluded and infatuated are these poor widows,” says Mr. Ward, “by the false hopes raised in their minds, that on one occasion, a widow, as her relations were heaping the earth round her, lifted her arm above her head, from the grave in which she was being buried with her deceased husband, and kept moving it in a kind of triumph ; and when no part could be seen but a single finger, continued a convulsive motion, while life itself must have been nearly extinct ! In this kind of immolation the children and relations dig the grave ; and the friends of the dead walk round it several times, shouting with joy ! Happily the practice has been forbidden.”—1823.

THE thoughts of the diligent tend only to plenteousness.—*Prov. xxi. 5.*

How willing, O Lord, should I stoop to the just condition of my creation. Labour is my destiny, and labour shall be my trade. Something I must always do, both out of obedience to Thy command, and from my own inclination. I would be one whose spirit abhors nothing more than the torment of doing nothing. O God, do Thou direct me to, and employ me in, those services which may be most for Thy glory, for the good of others, and for my own comfort.—*Bishop Hall.*

Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go
 My daily labour to pursue,
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
 In all I think, or speak, or do.
 The task Thy wisdom has assign'd,
 Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil !
 In all my works Thy presence find,
 And prove Thy acceptable will.

The Chinese are a thrifty people. Thus, a Chinese musician, attending on one of the puppet-shows to be met with in the outlets of Chinese cities, may be seen with a cymbal attached to his left foot, which he strikes against its fellow, securely fixed in the ground. With his right foot he plays upon a drum or tambour ; while both hands are employed in the management of his flute.

A market-gardener, with his boat-load of fruit and vegetables, proceeding to the nearest market, presents the same characteristics. His sail, made of bamboo fibres, is unfurled, and the reefing-tackle being made fast to a pin beside him, he tightens or relaxes it with one hand, so as to suit the wind, while the other hand holds the helm. One oar is unemployed, but the other is worked by the foot, either on the right or left hand side, as circumstances require,—this busily-employed personage, in the midst of it all, being leisurely engaged in smoking his pipe. So, too, is it with the pedlar. He has his barrow conveniently constructed, in which he wheels his wares, and his wife at times, from village to village ; and when the wind is favourable, he hoists a sail, and makes it a fellow-helper.—*C. M. Gleaner, April, 1853.*

FATHER, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.—*St. John xvii. 24.*

IN that holy world dwells God himself, who is original love; there dwelleth, too, our Lord Jesus Christ, who is love incarnate; and from that sacred Head flows an eternal stream of love through every member, and blesseth all the inhabitants of that region with its Divine refreshments. Holiness is perfect among the spirits of the just, because love is perfect there. . . . In that world there is no sorrow, for there is no sin. It is a perfection of knowledge, holiness, and joy!

And canst thou hear of all this glory, O my soul, and meditate on all this joy, and yet cleave to earth and the dust still? . . . And is not the perfect holiness of heaven another allurements to thee, O my soul? Come, awake, arise! and meet thy first summons with sacred rapture and delight!—*Watts.*

Doth death a thousand horrors bare?
 Death, O my soul, is life to thee;
 Brings in its hand the promised life,
 Like its great Giver, sure and free.
 Christ vanquished Satan, sin, and death,
 And now triumphant reigns on high;
 Fly, ransomed soul, with eager wing,
 To reign with Christ triumphant, fly! *Musculus.*

Let not the saints grow weary, nor faint in their minds, when heirs of a crown of glory that fadeth not away. Methinks, they may be contented to undergo some troubles in this life, since by suffering these things for Christ's sake they shall be crowned with glory, honour, and everlasting life, . . . be filled with the joy and delight of God and Jesus Christ, the perfect participation and enjoyment of the glorious Trinity!—*Keach.*

A bereaved mother came to the Rev. P. P. Shaffter, when she had just buried her two little ones. There was no "breaking out in loud cries and lamentations. Tears were in her eyes; but her countenance was expressive of perfect peace and resignation. She expressed in a beautiful manner her assurance that her children were happy with the Lord, and her joy that it was so."—*Tinnevelly Mission.*

WE, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.—*Rom. xii. 5.*

THE fellowship of saints—be they Jews or Gentiles, barbarian or Scythian—have, hold, and maintain one baptism, one faith, one God and Lord, one doctrine, and are led with one Spirit, and made one flock, whereof Christ Jesus is the pastor and shepherd.—*Bishop Jewel.*

We are but several parts
Of the same broken Bread ;
Our body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.

Watts.

All who are Christ's are the children of one Father—brethren one with each other. We are one household in Christ. One and the same bond links the millions together, who have been brought to Him—the bond of peace and unity of spirit. All are justified and saved by the same miracle of free grace ; all are trained in the same world, the same school, and under the same Master ; all recline on the same bosom, and are borne in the same arms of love, mercy, and compassion. Oh, believer ! the same God who is thy Father, is the Father of every brother and sister of thine in Christ Jesus ; love them, help them, pray for them !—*F. Arndt.*

(*North-west America.*)—I believe that our little visible Church approaches as near primitive simplicity and sincerity as any other to be found in any part of the world. The most are Bible-Christians ; to the Word of God they go for information on every subject that concerns their souls. Christ and his Gospel are “ all and all ;” and to Him they apply for strength, for direction, for encouragement. . . They behold as much beauty, excellency, and true riches in the Gospel of Christ, and feel as much their need of it, as they did when the Lord first stretched out his arm and drew them out of the horrible pit, and set their feet on the Rock. . . Do not think that I am endeavouring to persuade you that we have a perfect Church. . . No ; I never expect to see such a Church on earth. Christ has told us, that the tares will grow among the wheat. But here the wheat flourishes luxuriantly, and completely overtops the tares.—*Rev. W. Cockran.*

WHAT is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?—*Matt. xvi. 26.*

O ETERNITY, eternity, eternity! This word ever breaks the heart. O Lord! to depart from Thee for ever, to lose the sight and fruition of Thy pleased countenance, to be hurled down among devils and fiends to a lake of fire and brimstone; to be always burning, yet never consumed; ever dying, yet never dissolved; always gnawed upon by the worm of conscience, yet never devoured; always gnashing the teeth, weeping, howling, vexed, without any glimpse of hope, or one drop of comfort! What heart can think of these things, without breaking to pieces? . . .

¶ O Lord, whatsoever Thou deniest me for this life, whatever shall be my lot and portion here, yet deny me not, I humbly beseech Thee, the effectual assistance of Thy grace, to enable me to work out my salvation; to enable me unfeignedly to repent of all my sins, and forsake them; and to give up my soul to Christ Jesus for the obtaining of pardon and life, that by Him I may be justified and sanctified, and saved from the dreadful wrath to come. Even so let it be, O heavenly Father, for Thy rich mercy and my sweet Saviour's merit sake. Amen.—*Cradock.*

Saviour of mankind! Man, Emmanuel!
 Who, sinless, died for sin; who vanquished hell;
 The first-fruits of the grave; whose life did give
 Light to our darkness; in whose death we live!—
 O strengthen Thou my faith, convert my will,
 That mine may Thine obey. Protect me still,
 So that the latter death may not devour
 My soul, seal'd with Thy seal. So, in that hour,
 When Thou, whose body sanctified the tomb,
 Unjustly judged, a glorious Judge shalt come
 To judge the world with justice,—by that sign
 I may be known, and entertained for Thine! *G. Sandys.*

What shall I say in the great day of the Lord, wherein, in the midst of a cloud, I find a fair sunshine? I can wish no more for you, but that the Lord may comfort you, and shine upon you, as He doth upon me: and give you the same sense of His love in staying in the world, as I have in going out of it. Adieu.—*The Earl of Argyle to Lady Sophia Lindsay, on the day of his execution, June 30, 1685.*

IF ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins.—*John viii. 24.*

THE death of a beast is the end of his woes; but the death of a man, without a Saviour, is the beginning of endless misery.—*W. Perkins.*

He that loveth darkness more than light, doth but feel his eyes dazzled by the brightness of its rays, and therefore shutteth them the closer.—*German Divine.*

Our faith is feeble, we confess;
We faintly trust Thy Word:
But wilt Thou pity us the less?
Be that far from Thee, Lord!

Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief:
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried;
"O help my unbelief!"

Cowper.

A crowd of native Christians, Hindoos, and Mohammedans attended the baptism of Ram Narain. The Brahmin thus addressed his hearers: "Behold, I declare before all—and let Hindoos and Mussulmen pay attention to my words—I have been on pilgrimage to Juggernaut, to Dwarka-nauth, to Budeenauth, and to the different Teraths (pilgrimages); but in all my travelings I found not the true way of salvation till I came to this place (Chunar), and heard the Gospel, which by God's grace has convinced me that this alone is the path to happiness. And I firmly believe and affirm before you, Hindoos and Mussulmen, that, if you do not embrace the Gospel, the wrath of God will abide upon you, and you shall be cast into hell." On saying this, he drew out his Brahminical thread, and broke it asunder before the people, saying, "Behold here the sign of my delusion!" and then delivered it to Mr. Corrie. Nine days afterwards, Ram Narain, at baptism christened "Kerod Messeh" (Only Christ), being reproached bitterly by a Brahmin for his apostasy, answered, "You may say as you please; yet, without Christ, there is no salvation."—*Rev. W. Rowley.*

LAY up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.—*Matt. vi. 20.*

“**BETTER** is the day of death,” saith Solomon, “than the day of birth.” . . . In this life here man dieth through sin; in the life to come, the believer liveth in righteousness. Through many tribulations on earth is he still purged: with joy unspeakable in heaven is he made pure for ever. Here he dieth every hour; there he liveth continually. Here is sin; there is righteousness. Here is time; there is eternity. Here is hatred; there is love. Here is pain; there is pleasure. Here is misery; there is felicity. Here is corruption; there is immortality. Here we see vanity; there shall we behold the majesty of God, with triumphant and unspeakable joy, in glory everlasting. Seek, therefore, the things that are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God the Father.—*Bartolet Green, in Newgate, on the day of his condemnation, a little before his Martyrdom, 1556.*

What is this world and all things here?
 Nothing but bitter-sweet;
 When I a fragrant rose would pluck,
 A pricking thorn I meet.

No perfect bliss can here be found;
 The honey's mixed with gall.
 Jesus! midst change and flitting joys,
 Be THOU my “All in all!”

Original.

About ten o'clock, a.m., we arrived at the top of the hilly range of Ndungúni, which stretches all along the Golla country, and Ukumbasi, as far as Kikuya. . . . The retrospect which I enjoyed on the top of Ndungúni, reminded me also of a dying Christian; when he, standing on the hill of death, for the last time looks back on the wilderness of this world, the sphere of his struggles with sin and the devil; and when, with infinite joy, he becomes aware of his approach to the eternal home and rest which his God and Saviour has prepared for him in heaven.—*Rev. Dr. Krapf.*

FOR this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil.—
1 *John* iii. 8.

O LORD, our God, arise! the cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world extend her blessed reign.
Thou Prince of life, arise! nor let Thy conquests cease;
Far spread the glory of thy name, and bless the earth with peace.
Thou Holy Ghost, arise! expand Thy quick'ning wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world let light and order spring.

The life-giving energy of the Gospel, embracing the infinite mercy of the Father and the infinite love of the Redeemer, subjects the whole man to the influence of holiness; the affections are turned from the unsatisfying and transitory objects of time to the unseen realities of another world. Hence, Faith becomes the guide of the believer, Hope his support, and Charity his characteristic; while the wellsprings of society are purified by the infusion of the salt of true religion. The very atmosphere communicated by the preaching of the Gospel imparts moral strength, and health, and power.—*Rev. J. H. Singer, D.D., Church Missionary Sermon, May 4, 1829.*

After morning service (March 28) we left for the woods. We passed over ground which brought vividly to my remembrance scenes that were fearfully distinguished in the Southern war by murder and cannibalism. . . . We long to see more "living stones" inserted in the temple of the Lord, and its walls rising, so as shortly to receive the topstone under shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it." But if the work does not keep pace with our most sanguine expectations, enough has been vouchsafed to excite gratitude for the past, and hope for the future. Infanticide, murder, suicide, cannibalism—the common occurrences of past years—have nearly passed away. Superstition and priestcraft are crumbling to ruins. The Sabbath is observed, not only as a day of rest from labour, but many, we trust, "rejoice and are glad" in engaging in its spiritual services. And the natives, instead of being huddled together in filthy Pas, and living in continual dread of attacks from their enemies, are now scattered in small parties over the face of the country, enjoying peace and its attendant blessings. Surely, then, our language ought to be, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."
—*Archdeacon Brown, Waimate, New Zealand, 1848.*

LONDON :
WERTHEIM AND MACINTOSH,
24, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

