

Poetry.

"Blessed to Give."

The kindly sun gives forth his rays:
Asks no return, demands no price;
But wraps us in strong arms of life,
And says distinct, through human strife,
"If then wouldst truly, nobly live,
"Give—ever give."

The rustic flower, upspringing bright,
And answering back their regal light,
Fills all the air with fragrant breath,
And writes in myriad hues beneath,
"Give—ever give."

The merchant rain, which carries on
Rich commerce 'twixt the earth and sun;
In autumn mist, the springtime shower;
All whisper soft to seed and flower,
"We know no other life to live,
"But this—we give."

Suggestive warnings crowd the earth:
Glad sounds of labor, songs of mirth,
From crevices both of earth and air;
Who waiteth they take their rightful share,
Still trumpet chant, "We chiefly live,
"To give—to give."

O man, the gem and crown of all,
Take thou this lesson. Heed the call
Of these less gifted creatures near:
The rather, that Christ's voice most dear
Once said, while here he deigned to live,
"Blessed to give."

Biographical.

The Story of Martin Luther,
COLLEGE LIFE AT ERFURT.

LUTHER remained four years at Eisenach, at the end of which time his father sent him to the University at Erfurt, a considerable city in Saxony. He was delighted to go there, for he longed to learn more than he could be taught at school. Many new and difficult books were now given him to read; among others, the writings of Aristotle, who had been tutor to Alexander the Great. Luther read these books very carefully, not merely to please his teachers; he loved learning for its own sake, and therefore made such progress in his studies that the whole college admired his talents.

Although at this time he did not know much about God, for he had no Bible to teach him, yet Luther tried, so far as he knew the will of God, to do it. He felt that he depended upon him for everything, and that with-out his blessing he could not improve. This feeling made him very humble and, at the same time, very diligent. Every morning he prayed to God to bless him through the day. He then went to his studies, and never lost a moment by idleness. We read in the Bible these gracious words, "To him that hath shall more be given,"—that when a person really endeavors to please God, so far as he knows what his will is, God does not leave him in darkness and ignorance, but teaches him more and more perfectly the good and the right way. So it was with Cornelius, of whom we read, Acts x., whom God rewarded for his faithfulness, and sent the apostle Peter to preach to him and baptize him in the name of the Lord, according to these words: "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord." "If any man will (is willing) to do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it is of God." In this gracious manner God dealt with Luther, and he continued to bless all who sincerely desire to serve him, by giving them to know his will, and by the Holy Spirit enabling them to obey it. This is the time that he was pleased thus to deal with Luther. Luther was in the University, busily engaged with his books; but he had not a Bible. No, he had never even seen God's Holy Word. He was soon to find it.

One day, when he was in the college library, taking the books one by one out of their places, that he might learn their names and their authors, he took one from the shelf, and as he looked at it, he felt he had never seen it before. What could it be? A Bible! Luther looked again, to be certain he was not mistaken. "Yes," he thought, "it is indeed a Bible." This discovery delighted him, for, though he had never before seen a Bible, he knew it was the Word of God. This Bible was written in Latin, a language Luther understood, and he began to read it as he stood by the shelf from whence he had taken it. The part he opened was that which relates to the history of Samuel and Hannah's song, when with joy she thanks the Lord for giving her a son, and promises that "he shall be lent to the Lord as long as he liveth." This story greatly interested Luther, and he said in his heart, "Oh, if God would give me such a book for my own." Day after day he went to the library to read the newly found Bible, and the more he read it the more it delighted him, and he longed to be possessed of so great a treasure.

The discovery of the Bible was the great means by which Luther became acquainted with the truth as it is revealed in "Jesus Christ, and him crucified." But we know that merely reading the Scriptures could never have taught him that. No; no one can really learn to know Christ but by the teachings of the Holy Spirit; and therefore, when God gave Luther his Word, he sent his Spirit also, to "guide him into all truth." The first doctrine he seems to have been taught was this; that God is a perfectly holy God, that, as he read in Hannah's song, "there is none holy as the Lord." When he read this, and thought of the severe penalties which God denounces against the sinner, he trembled with fear; for he knew that he was a sinner and not fit to appear before the holy God.

While in this state of mind he became dangerously ill. Every one thought he would die, and so he feared himself. He said to a friend who visited him, "Soon I shall be summoned hence." And, when he thought of

dying, he was much afraid. Why did he fear to die? Because of his sins. He did not then know that "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." So it was no wonder he feared to die. But he was not to die yet. No; God had raised him up as he did Hezekiah long before, and he was soon well enough to return to his studies.

A little after this one of his dear friends died. His name was Alexis. Luther was greatly grieved, and again he asked himself, "If I were suddenly to die, what would become of me? Where would my soul go?" This is a very solemn question, and it would be well if we often put it to ourselves; for we must all die some time or another, and there is nothing so important to be known as this: Are we, or are we not, prepared to meet God?

It was now summer-time. The days were long, the sun shone brightly, and Luther thought he would go to Mansfeld to see his father and mother. So he went, and very happy was the meeting between the parents and their beloved son. How did they rejoice to hear from him of all the learning that he had acquired at the University!

But this pleasure did not last long. The time soon came when he must say farewell, and return to Erfurt.

On the way back, he was overtaken by a violent storm. The thunder roared; the lightning flashed across his path. Terrified, he threw himself on his knees; he thinks his hour is come. Death, judgment, eternity, are all before him. Oh, what an awful hour! His conscience again accuses him of sin; and now he promises that, if God will spare him this once, he will be his faithful servant forever. Soon the storm is over. Luther rises from the earth. Are all his fears gone? No, they still continue as great as ever. He hears no more thunder, he sees no more lightning; but a voice within him seems to say, "O Luther, you are a great sinner, and God is a holy and just God. Sooner or later you must die, and what will then become of your soul?"

The Bible says, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Luther had read this verse, and it terrified him to think of it; for he knew that he had not that holiness, and he did not know where to find it.

Perhaps some whose memories are well stored with passages of Scripture, such as Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27, may be surprised that Luther did not know that God alone can renew the heart. But we must remember that the Bible was as yet a new book to Luther, and perhaps he had not even read the passages which to our minds are so familiar.

As ink never looks so black as when it is placed near something very white, so Luther's heart never appeared to him so dark, so sinful, so corrupt as it does now that he has learned something of the spotless holiness of God; and the more he looked into his heart and discovered the sins which lay there, the more he longed to be holy. What, then, did he do? Where did he seek holiness? We will tell you.

Luther had often read of persons going to live in a convent or monastery, that they might become holy. So he determined to leave his parents, his friends, his studies, everything he loved, and enter the monastery of Erfurt. One day he invited his friends to dine with him. They gladly came. The evening passed very pleasantly; they conversed together, and then Luther played on the violin and flute. Suddenly he told them this was the last time they should eat together with him. They asked him why, and he said, "Because I am going into the convent." They were so surprised at first they could not speak. After a little they endeavored to induce him to change his mind, but in vain. Luther was determined to become a monk, and that night he left his lodgings, and entering the monastery, became an Augustinian monk. It was on August 17th, 1505, that all this took place. Luther was then twenty-one years and nine months old.

HOW TO LIVE.

A wealthy gentleman of Boston, several years ago, gave the editor of the *Worcester Palladium* a short narration of his own experience. He had an income of \$10,000 a year, a house in town, and a country seat a few miles out. He had several children, a coach, fine horses, and a driver; and took pleasure in riding every day with his children.

One day, when riding, the thought struck him that each one of his children would expect to have a fine house and coach and horses and driver, as his father had before them, and to live as he had lived; and if they did not they would be unhappy. He did not think of all these things as he was living; and he rode home, sent his coach and horses to market and sold them, bought a cheap carryall, and became his own driver.

With emphasis he declared that no amount of wealth could induce him to return to his former mode of living, for if any of his children should chance to be poor as in all probability some of them would be, they should not suffer in their feelings by the reflection that their father rode in his coach while they had to rough it on foot. The example he gave afforded him a satisfaction greater than his wealth had bestowed.

George Brumback has sued the City of Louisville for \$25,000, alleging that the death of his daughter and wife from cholera, last summer, was caused by negligence on the part of the city in grading Tenth-street so that the yards of houses were overflowed, which overflow, he claims, produced the pestilence.

The Pulpit.

Pulpit Oratory.

The Porter Rhetorical Society of Andover has recently listened to an elaborate address, by the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, upon pulpit oratory. Extracts of the address are being extensively copied by the press, because its rhetoric is very glowing, its thought inspiring, and its author a man of mark. Yet in its precept this address altogether errs, and it is a good illustration in itself why scholarly men fail as speakers.

The general drift of the teacher's precept is that talent of voice and manner, though important, are by no means the grand essentials of popular pulpit discourse; and he even asserts that he has never known a fine college declaimer who became a remarkable preacher; while at the old story of Demosthenes breaking up his bad habits of utterance with pebbles in his mouth, he laughs. Now, there never has been a great preacher who was not a great orator; and there never has been a great orator who did not pay immense attention to the science of expressing, by tongue and form, the burning thoughts within him. Dr. Bushnell's precepts on this topic are as preposterous as if he should tell the raw general to strengthen his army, when what he really wants is to learn the art of war; or to tell the piano player to increase his musical inspiration, when what he really wants is to master his instrument by hours of daily drudgery; discipline; that is, to learn the art of playing. Just so it is with the speaker; he needs to learn the art of speaking. All the mental qualities which Dr. B. commends will augment the emotional and intellectual capital to be given forth in his speech, but he must first learn to give forth common thoughts and feelings vividly, before he can successfully utter grand ones. Now, just here lies the reason that cultivated men so often fail before audiences, when common men succeed. The cultivated man lives with his books and his thoughts; he will not stoop his cultured mind to come right down face to face with the most ordinary person, that utters himself with the instinct of his nature, and learns the A B C of talking. But the common man, the man of the stump or the jury, mixing with the men daily, and never educated out of rude simplicity, knows and keeps to nature's principles of utterance. If you want to speak well, said Lord Brougham to a young Etonian, you must first learn to talk well. Those who knew Edward Everett well say that, even till he was sixty years old, you might hear from his library in the hush of evening the low tones of familiar talk, in which he was practicing his utterances for the platform. To speak in the ways of nature is to utter the weightier thoughts of mankind as simply, earnestly, and truly as a childhood uttered its sparkling fancies—that is the thing. How to find out and master the genuine tones and inflections and emphasis of nature, is the great task. Children in their earnest play almost always strike them, and there have been many famous actors who have not been ashamed to learn much of their art from children and from Indians. We have heard ministers of repute in this city, whose style of utterance almost uniformly baffled the legitimate effect of their excellent thoughts. O! we have been tempted to exclaim—O, learned and wise man! take thy little child into thy library and learn from it now to address thy mightier aspirations to those who "are but children of a larger growth."

Forty hundred pupils, says Dr. Bushnell, are wondering there are no more of the eloquent ministers for them. Indeed! Why not wonder that in every village there is no Michael Angelo, or on the wall of every church no *Last Supper*, in fresco, by De Vinci? A great orator, one who when he has perfectly grasped the art of getting all there is in him bodied forth to ear and eye, then utters forth accordingly great thoughts and great feelings, is a most rare and magnificent creation of the Almighty. But every man may learn to express naturally and transparently all there is in him, no more; ten thousand treatises can not teach him to express any more; for oratory, like painting and sculpture, is only a language; it is painting and sculpture made vocal and visible. Every young man, however, can be taught to read and utter average thought in a manner engaging and forcible, for no sentence, however commonplace, can be uttered in a perfectly true manner, that is, bringing out by emphasis and inflection the exact prominent word, and all its qualifying words in the exact degree of their relation to the central word or idea;—no one can read thus without arresting the ear. This seems very simple, but we doubt if there are six ministers in New York who can do it. Simple as truth is, it is almost always as difficult to attain as it is triumphant when mastered. The story is told that a youth walked into the studio of Michael Angelo in his absence, and with a bit of chalk he dashed a slight line on the wall. When the great master returned he did not need to ask who had visited him; the little line, true as a ray from heaven, was the unmistakable autograph of Raphael.

Twenty years ago, in an academic arena, we heard Dr. Bushnell pronounce solemn thoughts in the most vigorous and even majestic language; but to the ear the utterance though earnest as a prophet's words, was only ordinarily effective. We recall the very tone and cadences in which that noble peroration was delivered; and now after so many years we still think, as we then ventured to think, that if the brilliant thinker had heard those final words of his uttered by a first rate actor,

able to take in their full significance, he would himself have been absolutely amazed at the vast possibilities of impressive utterance, and it is sad to think that in all this long time he has never gained the art of adequately presenting to the ear of man the growing thought of his really splendid mind. But it is yet more melancholy to reflect that of all the young men who listened in rapture to this dazzling diatribe, not one of them will ever speak a whit better for following its fascinating theories. Nay, on the contrary, the address will rather be a stumbling block to their pulpit aspirations; for it will lead them to shut themselves away from life, in their secluded studies, cultivating intellectual gifts, when, if they are to be orators, they ought to be out with their fellow-men, looking into their eyes, and taking their hand, and sympathetically catching the tone of this bustling world's every day talk. —Round Table.

Eminent Ministerial Piety.

BY REV. J. R. INNES.

But allow me to combine my congratulations with warning and advice. Let me remind you of the eminent degree of religion which is now required of you. Hitherto you have watched over your own spirit with a personal care; now you are to watch with a public reference. Hitherto you have been working out your own salvation with fear and trembling—now, with regard to others, you are to be a worker together with God; and in both references are to "keep your heart with all diligence." Now you are to take heed unto yourself, and unto the doctrine, to confine in them, and in doing this you shall both "save yourself and them that hear thee." Now you are not only to shine as a lamp in the sanctuary, but to aim that your heart be an altar where that celestial fire is burning which is designed to ignite the centers of the church, before they are carried by the high priest of our profession in the holy of holies. Your feelings will give a character to the devotional services of others. If you are dull, that dullness will pall an assembly; if you are lively, that life will vivify a Christian community. Now you are not only to maintain a consistency of Christian character for your own sake, but as "an example to the flock." Forget not that what you are, to a certain extent, your hearers are likely to become. In this view, in a minister there can be nothing unimportant. In his general deportment, in his dress, in the minutiae of his character, he is the object of notice, and often of imitation. In his private life, he is the example of the effects of his public labors. He may reason like a horse, or pour out strains of eloquence like a Hall, and yet if the taint be applicable, "Physician, heal thyself," he will fail either to convince or to persuade. He may, on the Sabbath, utter the seed of the word over the whole plantation, and in the course of the week go on from one division of it to another, and by a trivial conversation, and a wordiness of spirit, sow the tares which will choke the plants, or the poisons which will kill them; or by a wise deportment, "by purity, by knowledge, by a holy spirit, by faith unfeigned," he may prove like a dew from the Lord; and a scene of fertility, the answer to his fervent prayers, will bless his eyes and cheer his heart. Thus, my brother, may grace, mercy, and peace be with you; thus may you adorn, recompen, and diffuse the gospel which you preach. "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Practical.

The Swearer's Prayer,
OR HIS OATH EXPLAINED.

What, a swearer pray? Yes, swearer, whether thou thinkest so or not, each of thine oaths is a prayer—an appeal to the holy and almighty God, whose name thou dost so impudently to take into thy lips.

And what is it, thinkest thou, swearer, that thou dost call for, when the awful imprecations, *damn* and *damnation*, roll so frequently from thy profane tongue? Tremble, swearer, I tell thee! Thy prayer containeth two parts: thou prayest, first, that thou mayest be deprived of eternal happiness! Secondly, that thou mayest be plunged into eternal misery!

When, therefore, thou callest for damnation, dost thou not, in effect, say as follows: "O God! thou hast power to punish me in hell for ever; therefore, let not my sins be forgiven! Let every oath I have sworn, every lie that I have told—every Sabbath that I have broken—and all the sins that I have committed, either in thought, word, or deed, rise up in judgment against me, and eternally condemn me! Let me never partake of thy salvation!"

May my soul and body be deprived of all happiness, both in this world and that which is to come! let me never see thy face with comfort, never enjoy thy favor and friendship; and let me never enter into the kingdom of heaven!

This is the first part of thy prayer. Let us hear the second.

"O God, let me not only be shut out of heaven, but also shut up in hell! May all the members of my body be tortured with inconceivable agony, and all the powers of my soul tormented with horror and despair, inexpressible and eternal! Let my dwelling be in the blackness of darkness, and my companions accursed men and accursed devils! Pour down hottest anger; execute all thy wrath and curse upon me; arm and send forth all thy terrors against me; and let thy fierce, thy fiery, thy fearful indignation rest upon me! Be

thy eternal enemy, and plague, and punish and torment me, in hell, for ever, and ever, and ever!"

Swearer, this is thy prayer! O, dreadful imprecation! O, horrible, horrible, most horrible! Blaspheming man, dost thou like thy petition? Look at it. Art thou sincere in thy prayer, or art thou *mocking* thy Maker? Dost thou wish for damnation? Art thou desirous of eternal torment? If so, swear on—swear hard. The more oaths the more misery, and perhaps, the sooner thou mayest be in hell. Art thou shocked at this language? Does it burrow up thy soul? Does the very blood run cold in thy veins? Art thou convinced of the evil of profane swearing? How many times hast thou blasphemed the God of Heaven? How many times hast thou asked God to damn thee in the course of a year, a month, a day? Nay, how many times in a single hour hast thou called for damnation? Art thou not yet in hell? Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth, at the goodness and long-suffering of that God whose great name swearing persons so often and so awfully profane! Swearer, be thankful, O, be exceedingly thankful, that God has not answered thy prayer, thy *treacherous* prayer—that his mercy and patience have withholden the request of thy polluted lips. Never let him hear another oath from thy unhallo tongue, lest it should be thy last expression upon earth, and thy swearing prayer should be answered in hell. O, let thine oath be turned into supplications. Repent and turn to Jesus, who died for sinners as well as his murderers; and then, O then, though thou mayest have sworn as many oaths as there are "stars in the heavens, and sands upon the seashore, innumerable," then thou shalt find, to thy eternal joy, that there is love enough in his heart, and merit sufficient in his blood, to pardon thy sins, and to save thy soul forever.

Swearer, canst thou ever again blaspheme such a God and Savior as this? Does not thy conscience cry, *God forbid!* Even so, Amen.

The prayer answered, in the following among multitudes of other instances: In November, 1787, a person unjust given to swearing, being disappointed by one of his companions not returning to the public house as soon as he expected, swore he would never drink with him again, and that if he did, it should be his last. Accordingly that day was his last. God took him at his word, and thus called him into eternity.

In November, 1787, one W—s, a smith, spending the evening at a public-house in Leander-line, quarrelled with one of his companions; and while swearing the most horrid oaths, and blaspheming the name of God, with an oath on his lips, upon the bench where he was sitting. The jury who sat upon the body, after hearing all the circumstances of the case, brought in their verdict, that "W—s was struck dead on a judgment from God." This narration was given by the foreman of the jury.

Another remarkable judgment overtook a person living in Brewer-street, Soho, who, cursing and swearing in a most dreadful manner, was struck speechless, and died the same afternoon.

In the year 1805, Joseph Shepherd, an inhabitant of Bletlow, in the county of Bucks, remarkable for his depravity, drunkenness, profane cursing and swearing, and contempt of the gospel, was offered a pint of ale upon condition of his damning the Methodists. This proposal was so agreeable to his now wicked inclinations and habits, that he readily complied with it, and received the promised reward. But a more dreadful recompense was at hand. On Wednesday, October 1st, he was repeating, at a public house, his wishes for the damnation of those religious persons generally called Methodists, with horrid oaths, so shocking to be expressed, when in about two hours afterwards it pleased God suddenly to strike him with a mortal disease, which at his commencement deprived him of the use of his hands and feet, and progressed so rapid as to put a period to his life on the Monday following. During the course of his illness he was greatly terrified with the expectation of approaching death and judgement, and expressed himself thus: "I have no hope. I shall meet with no forgiveness. I have been a great sinner all my life, but the last week was worse than all my former days. Oh, if God would spare me a little longer, I would not go on as I have done."

T. G., who lived in the parish of Sedgely near Wolverhampton, having lost a considerable sum at cock-fighting, to which practice he was notoriously addicted, swore in a most horrid manner, that he would never fight another cock, frequently calling upon God to damn his soul to all eternity if he did; and with dreadful imprecations, wishing the devil might fetch him, if he ever made another bet. His resolutions, thus impulsively formed, were for a while observed; but about two years afterwards, Satan, whose willing servant he continued to be, inspired him with a violent desire to attend a cock-fighting at Wolverhampton, and he complied with the temptation. He there stood up and cried, "I hold four to three on such a cock." "Four what?" said one of his companions in inquiry. "Four shillings!" replied he, putting his hand into his pocket for the money, *heavily fell a ghastly corpse on the ground.*—*Evening Mail.*

"Who hath hardened himself against God, and hath prospered?" Job 9: 4. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Exod. 20: 7. "Because of swearing, the land mourneth." Jer. 23: 10. "Every one that sweareth shall be cut off." Zech. 5: 8.

Dear reader, art thou a swearer? Oh, take

this friendly warning: thy next oath may be thy last. If thy prayer is heard, thy soul is damned for ever.

CALLED TO BE SAINTS.

We are very apt to regard the apostolic saints as if they were "saints" in a more especial manner than the other children of God. All are "saints" whom God has called by his grace and sanctified by His Spirit; but we are apt to look upon the apostles as extraordinary beings, scarcely subject to the same weakness and temptations as ourselves. Yet in so doing, we are forgetful of this truth, that the nearer a man lives to God, the more intensely has he to mourn over his own evil heart; and the more his Master honors him in His service, the more also doth the evil of the flesh vex and tease him. The apostle Paul, we should have thought him remarkably like the rest of the chosen family; and if we had talked with him, we should have said, "We find that his experience and ours are much the same. He is more faithful, more holy, and more deeply taught than we are, but he has the selfsame trials to endure. Nay, in some respects he is more sorely tried than ourselves."

Do not then look upon the ancient saints as being exempt either from infirmities or sins; and do not regard them with that mystic reverence which will almost make us idolaters. Their holiness is attainable even by us. We are "called to be saints," by that same voice which constrained them to their higher vocation. It is a Christian's duty to force his way into the inner circle of sainthood; and if these saints were superior to us in their attainments, as they certainly were, let us follow them; let us emulate their ardor and holiness. We have the same light that they had, the same grace is accessible to us, and why should we rest satisfied until we have equaled them in heavenly character? They lived with Jesus, they lived for Jesus, therefore they grew like Jesus. Let us live by the same Spirit as they did, "looking unto Jesus," and our sainthood will soon be apparent. —*Sprague's Daily Readings.*

Not Saved.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Not saved! Fearful words! Salvation is deliverance from sin. Jesus saves his people from their sins. He saves them from the guilt of sin, and from the bondage of sin; he saves them from the power of sin. When he pardons, he acquits and justifies, not because they are innocent, but because he has shed his blood for the remission of sins and satisfied the justice of God in their stead. His blood cleanseth from all sin. He saves them from the pollution of sin. Sin vitiates, corrupts, debases, defiles. It renders men odious in the sight of God, filthy, and abominable. But the washing of regeneration purifies the heart. The fountain which Christ hath opened takes away the stains of sin; it makes the soul white and clean. He gives a new heart and a right spirit. He plants a principle of holiness in the soul, and makes his people in some measure like himself. He saves them from the power of sin. They were once his servants. It had dominion over them. They were bound in its fetters, and were incapable in their efforts to deliver themselves. Alas, how many are the slaves of sin! They are led captive by its tyrant power. If the Ethiopian can change his skin, or the leopard his spots, then may they do good who are accustomed to do evil. Can the prey be taken from the mighty and the lawful captive be delivered? Yes, indeed; Jesus was manifested to destroy the works of the devil. He came to deliver the captives to seek and save the lost. He can break off the chains of sin; he can restore the captive soul; he can impart the liberty of the sons of God to the bond-slaves of lust and pride. His own people he has thus delivered. The Son has made them free, and they are free indeed—free from the guilt of sin, from its pollution and its power. They have a title to heaven and are preparing for it. They have eternal life. United to Christ by faith, they are safe—they are saved!

If we look no farther than this world salvation is of inestimable value, unspeakably desirable. It is accompanied with peace of conscience and joy in the Holy Ghost. It prepares us to enjoy what God gives us and to submit without a murmur when he withholds or afflicts. It enables us to meet death with composure, inasmuch as it assures the believer that death to him is but a transition from a state of probation to a state of eternal reward; for Christ said, He that believeth in me shall never die. But if we extend our views beyond the grave and take into consideration the world to come, what shall we say of the value and desirableness and importance of salvation? Did not the Saviour ask, What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? The gain would be loss. Yet there are multitudes who, by delay, seem willing to hazard the precious interests of their soul. And there is reason to fear that many in gospel lands will die unforgiven and never experience the blessedness of salvation. It is a painful thought that even some who read these lines may hereafter know from bitter experience the dreadful import of the words—We are not saved! Not saved! This will not be because there is not sufficient worth in the atonement of Christ to satisfy for their sins, nor because the offer of salvation is not freely made to them. The sacrifice of Christ is of infinite value, and the offer of life is made wherever the gospel is preached. It is made to all who hear the gospel, and all who hear

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are invited to come to Christ for life. The way is open; the invitation is given; and space is allowed for securing the salvation of the soul. Means and opportunities are given for making sure the blessings of salvation. And it becomes those who would not be obliged to say, when regrets will be unavailing. We are not saved, to see to it that the present moment be improved with a wise reference to the day of final account. To day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

"To day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away."

W. J. M.

I Will Wait till after Harvest.

I heard these words carelessly spoken, yet they rested with a sad weight on my heart, and caused me to reflect deeply for many days. One spoke who had advanced to manhood—that period of life when maturity is rapidly going forward, and the unmistakable signs of virtue or vice mark the chosen path.

Such an one, urged by a friend to go to church and regard the Word of God once more, made answer kindly, yet carelessly, "I will wait till after harvest." And now the harvest is past, the summer is ending, and the soul of such an one may not be saved.

"I was sad to see those who might be w. marks in society, honored by men and looked upon with approbation by God, yielding to vice against their better judgment; giving to Satan's service the talent, the time, the energy and ability of manhood; laying up no treasures in heaven, and establishing no permanent hope for the future which might make life charming, death cheerful, and heaven glorious. Waiting till after harvest are they flee to Christ when wasted life and feeble body warn them Death is near—waiting until vicious habits and associations demoralize the heart and soul and take the energy God will claim at the last when the harvest of the world shall come. Waiting until after harvest—the summer-time of life passed in folly, the summer sun shining, not on the maturing fruit of manhood, but on the wasted wilds of life; and though the rich autumn-time comes with full garners, yet the heart is found wanting of the rich fruit of love and perfection God gives those who seek Him early.

How many are living blanks, as it were—the world absorbing all their thoughts;—they through the world, to them ever an unfailing surety, whose they shall sow and reap and have space for repentance. Waiting till after harvest! How many bright, beautiful and blessed dreams have faded as the harvest waned; how many hopes of better days and deeds have faded with life's autumn-time; how many tears have been shed over wasted treasures, lost forever; how many visions of brightness have died as the harvest-time closed and the summer ended, leaving the soul desolate and alone, standing garbless in the face of Death.

Why not then, accept love and mercy now, so kindly offered, and begin at once a pure and peaceful life, hastening to redeem the wasted moments, losing sight of the world awhile, looking inward and above—resolving deeds, live noble lives, and make "the world the better for it!"

Be Merciful After thy Power.

Every morning the poor widow, Kunigunda, was very particular to pray before she sat down to her spinning, and to read in her Prayer-book the psalms for the day. One day the psalm spoke of good works.

"Ah! yes, indeed, my dear Lord!" said she, "but how can I do any good deed? I have but my spinning-wheel to gain my bread with, and it scarcely is sufficient to keep me. Winter is at hand, I haven't a stick of wood; my fingers are so stiff with cold that I can scarcely spin; my house-rent is not yet paid, and I myself, instead of giving, will, I fear, have to beg."

While she was spinning, she kept constantly thinking what good deed she could do. Presently she remembered, that an old friend of hers lay sick at the other end of the village. "I will go to-day and see her; I can spin there as well as here," thought she, "and perhaps I may give her some words of comfort."

She took a couple of apples which had been given to her, and with her spinning-wheel set out.

The sick woman was rejoiced to see her friend.

"Only think, Kunigunda," said she after the widow was comfortably seated at her wheel, "I have had a hundred dollars left me. Will you not come and live with me to take care of me? Your house-rent and wood can then be saved, and with your spinning and my little property we shall both live quite easily."

Kunigunda accepted the offer cheerfully, and for the first time in a long while could lie down without anxious care. She recalled the words she had read, which had brought this good happiness to her, and tried to let no day pass without some good deed to mark it. —FROM THE GERMAN.

A man in Vermont has been killed by one of the panthers that have been making large among "John Brown Tract" and the Adirondack Mountains, in Northern New York, seem to have extended their journeyings to an unusual distance this winter. They have made sad havoc among the sheep and calves even in Massachusetts, the farmers living in the neighborhood of the Hoosac Tunnel having been heavy losers by their depredations.

