

GATHER AND GIVE.

BY GEORGINA KLINGLER.

A butterfly poised on a chalice of dew,
Waving his wings of changeable hue,
Happened to think how odd it would be
To wait in the air and yet never be free,
As cups of the flowers—trill, beautiful things
Stirred by the breath of his swaying wings.
He said, as he sipped of the honey and dew:
"Wonderfully fair is the tint of your blue;
Wonderfully fair is your chalice; but say,
How do you live in this marvellous way?
What is your life if you cannot be free?
A secret you keep—pray tell it to me."
"It is nothing but this: my petals of blue
Were simply intended to shelter to be
For the honey which Nature is making for thee.
We think not of wings; contented to stay,
Waving our cups in the golden day.
Free? We would ask no more freedom than thou fain,
Than to gather dew from the fragrant rain.
Life is worth living if butterflies come,
Waving their wings in the glow of the sun—
If butterflies come, and honey bees too,
To drink from our bosoms the honey and dew.
Wave through the sunshine, bright, beautiful things!
We say you are not, changeable wings,
Nothing is so sweet to the heart of a flower
As gathering and giving, hour after hour."
Christian at Work.

THE GOSPEL SELF-SUPPORTING.

THE PRACTICAL DIFFICULTIES OF TITHING.

No. 3.

Some say, "If the tithes were adopted generally, the Protestant churches would become as corrupt as the Roman Catholic Church." This is begging the question; for it assumes that tithing is not an ordinance of God. The objector would hardly contend that a requirement of God should be omitted because it is liable to be perverted by erring men. But to pass over the disputed question of the obligation of the tithes, the above objection assumes that a tenth is more than God wants and can profitably use. Now in all the teachings of Christ and his apostles, on this duty, we are commanded to "abound in this grace," without any limit, as we are commanded to "abound" in all other graces. And every example in the New Testament, held up for our imitation, where the measure is mentioned, goes beyond a tenth. Among the many practices against which we are cautioned, as corrupting to the Church, the practice of giving too largely to God is never mentioned as one of them. God tells us (Mal. 3) that it is not giving tithes, but withholding them, that corrupts the Church. But covetousness is mentioned with emphasis in a long catalogue of the blackest sins; and giving to God, frequently and largely, is the divinely prescribed antidote for this "sin of humanity and of the Church."

To maintain his honor, to subdue their covetousness, to "prove their love," and to provide for the wants of his Church, God saw fit to require of his ancient people a tenth of all their increase and many offerings besides. Do the Scriptures or Christian experience afford any proof that a less amount of offerings will answer these ends on the part of God's people of this day than was required of his ancient people? Have God's claims or the wants of the Christian heart and Church grown less? The early Christians did not think so. "So liberal in the beginning of Christianity was the devotion of believers, that their bounty to the evangelical priesthood far exceeded what the tenth could have been." This accounts for the fact that the law of tithes is not more frequently referred to in the New Testament. "Whilst such zeal and liberality continued, what reason was there to urge Christians to give a tenth, who gave a great deal more?"

But the objector fears that the Church cannot be trusted with the distribution and use of so large a revenue. It is true that any religious power in the hands of ungodly men is liable to abuse. The word of God in the hands of an ungodly ministry is liable to abuse. But the remedy is not in restraining the word of God, but to seek to secure a godly ministry. So in this case, the remedy is not to restrain God's appointed means for the sanctification of his people and the work of the Church, but to seek godly men, such as God has designated to be "appointed over this business."

"Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business." The above objection is simply preposterous. For the Christians of this day, whose dominant sin is covetousness—mammon-worship—God robbery—the sin that is eating out the vitals of piety, to object to using God's antidote for this sin for fear of "corrupting the Church," is about like a man in a state of starvation, objecting to take reasonable nourishment for fear he might die of gout; or a man emaciated with consumption objecting to take healthy food and exercise for fear he might get fat and die of apoplexy. The exactions imposed on Roman Catholics, by a despotic hierarchy, bear no more resemblance to the Scripture service of giving to God, than the service of the devil bears to the service of Christ. Romanists have perverted the precious service of prayer as much as they have that of offerings; shall we give up prayer because Papists pervert and abuse it? As there is no doubt of need of more gospel praying, so there is imperative need of more gospel giving, for the double purpose of the sanctification of worldly Christians, and the evangelization of a perishing world. These holy ends—the consummation of the petition, "Thy Kingdom come," can never be achieved till God's people give from true gospel motives, and ten times as much as they are now doing.

In our next article we will point out the fallacy of the opinion, that the delinquency of Christians in giving, results simply from "the lack of piety." ZACCHUS.

A COUNTRY PASTOR'S REPLY TO DR. CURRY.

Dr. Curry's first paragraph does me much injustice. He dismisses several words used by me with the remark, "I have no taste for that sort of writing." Let me assure him that his opponent in this argument has the same dislike to the use of any word in a sense personally offensive. I used the word "misrepresentation" once, to say that I knew the Editor of the *Central* was unwilling to believe him capable of it, and again to declare that I did not ascribe his "misrepresentations" to design. I used "blindness," it is true; but can the most courteous controversialist fail to ascribe to the opposite party, till one or the other is convinced? According to Dr. Curry's argument I am blind, for I do not see a meaning in his words which is patent to himself. As to "candor," I simply said that "Christian candor requires him to use language that corresponds with our usage." And now, to the expressions of respect for him as a Christian gentleman, in which I am sure that my first piece was not wanting, I will add that I feel sure that he will upon reflection, and when convinced, do and say what Christian candor requires. I would hardly waste time in writing in reply to him if I did not believe this. And that my object may be obtained, I submit the following remarks to his candid consideration:

I charged Dr. Curry with claiming "that the Baptists, and the Baptists alone, require conversation antecedent to communion." I sustained my assertion by the following passage from his letter to Dr. Bennett—"No churches but Baptist churches, so far as I know, require of all members on admission, a profession of conversion." And now, Dr. Curry asks, "are these declarations identical or equivalent?" I reply that if he will refer to the report of his address at the opening of the Association in Fredericksburg, published by one of his own brethren, I think he will find that he charged all pedobaptists with admitting members to "communion" before conversion, as well as with "baptismal regeneration," "sacramental grace," &c. But as I have not the paper now, I must proceed upon the quotation from his letter aforesaid, which is quite strong enough for my purpose.

I argue that the expression, "on admission," implies to all, and to a Baptist audience especially, admission to all the duties and privileges of the Church; and I complain that Dr. Curry has never qualified it as to express that which he now claims to be his real meaning. Suppose that Dr. Curry should, in the course of his next address before a Baptist audience, say, "the Presbyterians do not require of all their members, on admission, a profession of conversion," and I, being in the assembly, should rise up and say, "admission to what, Dr. Curry?" Would not his explanation give a definition to his statement which, as at first made, it does not convey? I ask Dr. Curry, as a scholar, and special professor of the English language and literature, what do we mean when we say a man is a member of the Church?

I claim that Dr. Curry's article now before me, admits a distinction which he has never before recognized. He confesses that our late General Assembly distinctly acknowledged and defined the relations of baptized children to the church. But the paper adopted draws so broad a line between them and other members, as to provide for them a different register, and a different form of certificate on removal. Has Dr. Curry ever hinted at this distinction in one of his public speeches? Does he make a certificate of baptism "relationship," and a certificate of membership "identical or equivalent." Again Dr. Curry quotes from Dr. A. W. Miller's treatise on "the Status of a Baptized Child." Dr. Miller is sustained in part, but not entirely by our "Book of Discipline." Let us take the latter in connection with our "Directory for Worship." Here we find that while baptized persons are "members of the church," "under its care," "subject to its government," and bound to perform all the duties of church members, they are not to be admitted to sealing ordinances till they have "sufficient knowledge to discern the Lord's body," and are examined as to "their knowledge and piety." Has Dr. Curry ever told his Baptist brethren that we require these qualifications in our communicants? Has he not made an impression that we do not?

Dr. Curry's manner of treating this subject appears in the very reply under consideration. "Baptists," he says, "admit no persons to church duties and privileges who have not previously made a credible profession of personal faith in Jesus Christ. If any other religious denominations than those which practice exclusively believers baptism hold this truth, I am not aware of it." That is, Presbyterians admit persons to the "privileges" of the church, without profession, &c. Here, as elsewhere, the writer leaves us to infer that he means the "privileges" of communion at the Lord's Table.

I dismiss the remainder of Dr. Curry's communication with two or three remarks. I regret that Dr. Curry quotes me as saying "regeneration and purification," when I wrote "regeneration and justification." I sent, as my friend, Dr. Brown, is aware, a correction of the typographical error, to be appended to the second part of my communication, but it was not in time. I wrote that "the wide-spread contagion" which af-

fects the Baptist Church, "so mixes up immersion with regeneration and justification as to make it an essential part of the former and the object of faith, to an alarming and ruinous extent, in the latter." Dr. Curry asks if it is possible that a "Country Pastor" does not know "that a cardinal fundamental doctrine of Baptists is that ordinances are inseparable without antecedent personal faith." To this, and much more, that commends Dr. Curry to all who love the spiritual kingdom of our Lord, I reply that it is a very general belief among Baptists that *personal faith is inseparable without the ordinance of immersion.* And when he declares that Baptists "universally and invariably" hold his exalted view, I can only say, Alas! Alas! Born and reared among the Baptists of Virginia, loving, and as I trust, loved by, many of them, often mingling and worshipping among them, with a heart much affected where I saw much to admire and to esteem, I am still compelled to maintain that with a large, a very large number of them, immersion is at once an indispensable requisite alike to the kingdom of our Lord and the communion table, and is a heavy weight of error, holding back from spiritual advancement a noble denomination of Christians. The day of its removal will inaugurate the era to which Dr. Curry's beautiful theory of ordinances belongs. Till then I hope he and Presbyterians will, as he claims Baptists and Presbyterianism, are now doing, be found resisting together the "Sacramentalism" which makes "the cross of Christ of no effect," whether found in his household or our own, or anywhere else. After such an avowal of fraternal cooperation, I hope he will correct his address at Fredericksburg, which, as I read it, claimed that the Baptists and the Baptists alone, were lifting up the standard against sacramental grace, baptismal regeneration, &c.

A Country Pastor is impressed by the Christian courtesy of the *Central Presbyterian* in admitting Dr. Curry's reply, as well as several replies from Baptist brethren during the Memorial canvass of last year. I hope the *Religious Herald* reciprocates, and will throw open its columns when we feel ourselves aggrieved.

A COUNTRY PASTOR.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PASTOR.

THE COUSINS.—(CONCLUDED.)

He was now eighteen, and going one day on some important business for his employer, was told that there was a letter for him in the Post office. This was a new thing, and his curiosity was much excited, but four hours must elapse ere he could satisfy it, as it was impossible to return to the village without neglecting his errand. When all was done, he soon possessed his letter, and hastily tearing it open, was informed that an uncle, a brother of his father, had arrived in this country, and enquiring for his relatives found Walter was the only surviving one. A kind offer was made to finish his education, having an only son nearly his age who he hoped would be stimulated to industry in his studies by the example of his cousin.

The first thought of Walter was, "Now I can be prepared for the ministry;" the next, sorrow to leave those who had been so kind to him in his destination; and then the fear that he might be placed in temptation too great for one so young and inexperienced. In his retirement he sought direction from God, and prayed for grace to restrain him at all times and under all circumstances; that he might be watchful over his heart, an honor to the religion he professed, and everything his beloved mother could have desired.

With these feelings he became an inmate of his uncle's family, and soon found his strict piety was a theme for ridicule, and unending efforts were made to draw him into the gayeties of the world, and to prevent his religious studies. But he was firm, and always felt as if the guardianship of his angel mother was surrounding him with her holy influence. In a year his uncle died, leaving him a legacy of two thousand dollars. His aunt, worldly and ambitious, cared nothing for the culture of the soul, and had never told her son of his accountability to God, for she felt it not herself, and lived only for the pleasures of the world.

Walter had often tried to interest his cousin in the subject of religion, and their last conversation took place when Henry, on his twentieth birthday, observed, "I must now think of a profession." "Can I not," said the pious youth, "pursue you, my dear cousin, to think seriously, and reflect upon the all important concern of the soul's salvation, that you may become a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ; that together we may pursue our studies for the ministry? O how it would cheer my heart and gladden my existence if you would!"

"A minister of the Gospel, did you say, Walter? No, no, that is a sphere too humble for me, too poor and pitiful! I intend, yes I intend to be rich, come how it may." "A sphere too humble and pitiful, did you say, Henry? No, no, humble, not pitiful, but ennobling, and in my estimation the most exalted of all professions. But think not, my cousin, I would persuade you to enter upon it with your present feelings, with your heart unsanctified by the grace of God; no, the course denounced against the hypocrite would follow us here and hereafter! But I beseech you now, while the opportunity is yours, seek the mercy of God in the pardon of your sins."

"I tell you, Walter, it is in vain to school me thus; you ought to know it. If you do not, know it now, and never speak to me again upon the subject. What have I ever done that I must humble myself to ask the

forgiveness of God? You choose your profession, and I mine; mine to be rich in this world, with no fear of the future. You may crawl through life with a fancied responsibility for the souls of others, and reach an early grave by poverty and privations; but I shall not."

"I am aware, Henry, that my choice is one of self-denial, and that I must forego the thought of my rich and luxurious life, the example of my blessed Saviour in his lowly and ennobling life, leading it to look away from earth and its vanishing scenes to a bright and immortal life with God and Saviour, his most precious blood, and his cheering promises."

As Walter spoke, his lips curled with scorn, and his form majestic in height, and his expressive eyes filled with tears of feeling. Henry, his lips curled with scorn, and his form majestic in height, and his expressive eyes filled with tears of feeling. Henry, his lips curled with scorn, and his form majestic in height, and his expressive eyes filled with tears of feeling.

And thus the cousins chose their separate courses, the one for eternity and heavenly treasure, the other for a worldly gain and a ruined soul.

Walter became an earnest minister of the Gospel, drawing by his persuasive eloquence many disciples to follow Christ, who in their turn will influence others, until thousands shall be saved through his instrumentality. As he expected, trials awaited him, but there were so many green spots to cheer him on his way, when after another year he was regenerated in heart, while he performed his duty in the fear of God, with "an eye single to his glory," that his feelings were calm and peaceful, and his mind "stayed upon God," made him happy in his service.

Thus often he thanked God for giving him such a pious mother, who had dedicated him to his service when he was an unconscious infant, who had prayed for him, and for him, trained him in his childhood to seek the "way of life" and to be diligent for the promotion of God's glory. He had been the prospect in his mountain home. But the outpourings of the wild heart had been heard, prayer answered, and he was mouldering in the dust, and born into the kingdom of our Father through her faithful care to her son. What an encouragement for Christian parents to devote their sons to the ministry, the most noble and honorable of all professions; the care of immortal souls.

Far, far away from Henry, Walter labored, and long intervals elapsed without hearing of him; for he liked not Walter's letters, which contained good counsel, and left them unanswered. When information came, there was nothing cheering; for it told of Henry's thirst for mammon daily increasing, his accumulating wealth by dishonest and oppressive means, and that he was growing prematurely old with the feverish excitement. Years rolled by, and the votary of the world was ill. He was drawing nigh to the grave, and Walter, the poor "enthusiast," who had been an object of scorn, was summoned to see him die. It was a night of horror! No religion, no hope, but "a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." Death hovering over him, the treasures of earth fading away; the treasures for which he had bartered heaven and his joys, and which now added to his despair, for it was "ill-gotten gain." His neglected God, his mountain sin, made him the victim of bitter, bitter remorse!

Thus died the man who said, "What have I done that I must humble myself to ask the forgiveness of God?" and whose love of riches and the pleasures of the world had cost him the loss, the eternal loss of his soul, of his undying soul!

Mark the difference in the training of the cousins. What parents now shall they reap. Who would not rather be the poor widow in her mountain home, teaching her child in the midst of trials, than the mother of him who, reared in youth, passed from this world into the "blackness and darkness forever." Mothers, earnestly look to God in prayer, for the conversion of your children! then when you may hope to be with the glorified Jesus in heaven, where

"All is tranquil and at ease,
Calm and undisturbed repose,
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows;
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall breathe the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest."

PILLOWS OF STONE.—The Rev. C. S. Robinson, in one of his recent letters to the *Christian Union*, has the following concerning "Pillows of Stone." "A word may be said about this Eastern habit of sleeping, and the climate throughout all Southern Palestine tends to drowsiness almost irresistibly, and a stone used as a pillow has two advantages,—it is generally cool, and is free from vermin; and furthermore, it is almost the only thing which can be easily found for elevating one's head-covering, which is either a turban or the folds of a thick band of muslin wrapped round the head, and by all who desire to avoid dizziness and sun-stroke. You will perceive that even in the historic instance of Bethel, Jacob did not have so terribly hard a time of it as would at first sight appear. The pillow was on his head, and a cool fragment of the rock made no mean bolster."

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

FREE MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

Mr. Editor,—For many years—perhaps contemporary with the introduction of the Presbyterian Church into this land—the idea has been adopted by the Church, or rather by the Church courts, that it (the Church) is bound to pay the expenses, in money, of all candidates for the ministry. The idea is reiterated in so many successive Assemblies of our Church, has been sent down to the people as something they ought to accept as an axiom, about which there ought to be no further debate. Indeed until quite recently the brother who ventured, however meekly, to lift up his voice in opposition was looked upon as a benighted individual, and an entity to be "put down."

I have, notwithstanding, for many years, not only stood in the opposition, but sometimes even risked the responsibility of expressing dissent in open Presbytery. The current however, ran the other way, and opposition was ineffective.

I have now a few things to say in reference to this matter, not in the way of a full discussion or even argument, which, if need be, shall be furnished hereafter; but in the way of stating certain facts, and also certain opinions held by this present writer.

(1.) The theory that the Church is bound to educate her candidates for the ministry by furnishing money for this purpose, has no foundation in the word of God, expressly or inferentially,—or in the standards of our Church. It was an outgrowth of the position formerly occupied by the Church, and perhaps justified by that position.

(2.) It is at variance with the idea of the ministry as presented in the Old and New Testament. The idea that meets us in the Word, as regards the ministry, is an irresistible force urging men to preach. "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel," is the Alpha and Omega of it all. The idea is not—"If the Church will educate me and raise me to the ministry by her money, I will preach." This is too commercial. The Bible's idea of a preacher is—(1.) He is called of God to proclaim the gospel of salvation; and (2.) He will not call upon the Church to help him; but with that divine call in his heart he will fit himself for that ministry of reconciliation which is the all-absorbing aspiration of his whole being. Such a man will reach the ministry in due time without the organized help of the Church.

(3.) As a matter of fact the Christian people to whom such incessant appeals are made on this behalf, have demonstrated by their failure to respond to these appeals that the Church court's idea has not taken hold of their conviction. As a thing of history the scheme has failed to enlist their sympathy and cooperation. Spasmodic efforts are put forth ever and anon; and the people do respond to a greater or less extent; but more to save the credit of the Church than from any conviction that the appeal is a call of God; and thus for years the committee have been living "from hand to mouth." Special appeals, if not too frequent, and the cause lies near the heart of the people, will be responded to; but with our whole system of ministerial education there has been for years in the bosom of the Church a growing dissatisfaction and each succeeding call for help is met with increasing coldness.

(4.) It might not be out of place to suggest the danger of the Church leading into temptation. Much might be said here but perhaps the suggestion is sufficient.

(5.) Every man with intelligence and grace enough to be a minister, will himself be able to work his way to the ministry. I say work his way; and the effort will make him all the better man. He can teach school, and thus do good on his way. He can plough or hoe corn at \$12 a month, or he can sell Lucifer matches; and there is not an effort thus made that will not tell to the glory of God when he stands before men preaching Christ crucified.

(6.) Fear is expressed that without free education the ministry would fail. It has not failed in Scotland for the last three hundred years; and that time furnishes a fair experiment. Besides there are too many preachers now. The supply exceeds the demand. The demand fairly is to be measured by support given; and as that support is confessedly miserably inadequate, the supply exceeds the demand. I am not talking about what ought to be; I am talking about what is. What the future demand may be is not the question. The facts of the present have now to be dealt with.

(7.) Free education for the ministry robs of self-reliance, and that spirit of independence whose value cannot be reckoned in money. The ministry ought to make—not cravens, but men. The feeling of dependence and obligation thus generated at the outset instead of abating on entering the ministry is too apt to go on accumulating. Let the spirit of the minister not be broken upon this wheel at the very start. Let our system tend to make him feel like a man, that he may stand up as an ambassador of Jesus "boldly," and feel that the laborer is worthy of his hire.

(8.) Aid ought, no doubt, in some instances, to be given; but it ought to be local, not church aid. Wherever there is a man in any Christian community who feels in himself and gives evidence to others that he is called of God to preach the gospel, God will raise up friends to that man; and he will eventually—perhaps through much tribulation, but all the better for that—reach the goal of his hopes as an ambassador of Jesus Christ.

TIME never sits heavily upon us but when it is badly employed.

FOR THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN.

ONE-FOURTH—ONE-THIRD ABSENT!

On a fine Sabbath morning recently it was observed that one-half of the members on the roll of — church were absent from the regular preaching. Last Sabbath, also a pleasant day, the absentees amounted to two-thirds of the number, only one-third being present. About half of those absent on these occasions, that is, about one fourth of the members on one day, and one third on another, were known to the members present to have good reasons for their absence.—Some are non-residents, some were temporarily absent, others were sick, or detained by sickness in their families. But how about the other half of the absentees? How is it that one-fourth of the members of the church were absent from the house of God on one Sunday, and one-third the next, without known reason? Perhaps the pastor may know the reasons for the absence of some. If they are readers of the *Central Presbyterian*, which is hardly probable, they may come out with their defence against this public charge next week. They will readily know that it is their church, and that they are meant.

UNEXPECTED FRUIT.

It is near the commencement of the Crimean war, and in the crowded harbor of Toulon, transport ships are being filled with soldiers who are hastening to the seat of war. The French flag is streaming gaily from the mast-head, and mirth and music are made to drown the thoughts of home, and to deaden the pangs, and partings, and farewells. A French soldier must seem gay at such a moment, the look of sadness might awaken suspicions of his bravery, and then should he never return, what glory is there equal to that which surrounds a soldier's grave!

Amid all this bustle and excitement, a humble colporteur is, with quiet earnestness, plying his work of selling Bibles and New Testaments to the soldiers, and though many refuse to purchase, and even turn aside from him with levity or disdain, there are some who are willing to give a few francs in exchange for the treasure. One young soldier, in particular, expresses a strong desire to obtain a copy of the good book, and on being assured that he is poor, the colporteur offers him a beautiful copy at half price.—But he protests that even half a franc cannot be spared. He would greatly like to possess a Bible, and to read it, but unless he may have it for nothing, it cannot be his. The good colporteur hesitates. His instructions are not to give away the Bible gratuitously, when even a trifling sum can be got in exchange, in order to secure that it may not be cast away, or handed over to the priests. But this young man looks so earnest and imploring, and protests so vehemently, that he will obey the spirit rather than the letter of his instructions, and give him a Bible for nothing. A copy is accordingly selected from the colporteur's knapsack, and given to the soldier. But what is his surprise, when, instead of expressions of gratitude, a loud laugh immediately arises from the soldier and his comrades. The truth is that the good man has been wickedly and cruelly duped. The soldier had laid a wager with his companions that he would find poverty and earnestness so well as to deceive the book pedlar, and to obtain a Bible from him without paying even a sou in exchange for it. And now, exulting at the clever manner in which he has performed his part, he covers the good man with ridicule. "Did you, indeed, suppose that I cared for this Bible of yours? Well, yes, I do care for it after all. It has some use, for I shall light my pipe with a leaf from it every morning, and (tearing out the first leaf) now let me take my first smoke to your honor."

It was a bitter moment for the poor colporteur to find his generosity thus abused, and his discrimination at fault, and, for a little while he was tempted to think of abandoning his work in despair. But he did not abandon it. Certain words of Scripture rose to his recollection, and, like good angels, cheered him on, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." "In due season we shall reap if we faint not." And soon after, descending the sides of the vessel, he breathed a silent prayer that that young and hardened soldier might be forgiven, and that that very Bible might be blessed.

Eighteen months passed away, during which hundreds of those soldiers who had sailed from Toulon with such light hearts had found a grave in the cold trenches, or met with death on the battle fields of Inkermann and Alma. About this time, our colporteur, who has, meanwhile, trudged over many a dusty road and faced many a pelting blast, might have been seen late on a certain afternoon, with replenished knapsack, entering a small French village, and seeking refreshment at its little inn. But instead of meeting with the usual prompt and courteous welcome, he finds the landlord and his wife sunk in deep distress. He inquires the cause. That day they had committed to the grave their only son. He had gone out a young and light-hearted soldier to the Crimea, but the long night-watches in the trenches had undermined his constitution; he had returned to his home far advanced in consumption, and after lingering out his young life for a few weeks he died.

"We saw plainly that he was dying," continued the parents, "and he often gently warned us of the fact, but what astonished us was, that while we were sad, and inconsolable, and the whole village sorrowed with us at the prospect of losing our own son, he was happy and not afraid to die."

Rev. C. S. Robinson.

It is not strange, the darkest hour That ever dawned on sinful earth Should touch the heart with softer power For comfort, than an angel's mirth! That to the cross the mourner's eye should turn, Sooner than where the stars of Bethlehem burn!

"But surely," said the colporteur, now beginning to be deeply interested, "he must have given you some reason for his happiness, how did he account for it?"

"There was a book called the Bible in which he read constantly after his return, and in this he told us that he found the secret of being joyful even in dying."

"Show me his Bible," was now the eager request of the colporteur.

It was brought, and, on examining it, the colporteur found that the first twenty-five pages had been torn out; and on looking yet more closely into it, he discovered a little journal written on the inside of its boards to the following effect:

Obtained this Bible at the harbor at Toulon on such a day—mocked at it for so long a period—began to read it at such a date—believed and found peace in it at such another date.

Need we now tell our readers that this was the identical Bible whose history we have been narrating, and this only son of the French villager, who had died in hope, was the young soldier who, eighteen months before, had duped the colporteur, and treated his Bible with mockery, but to whom, in the cold trenches, even when torn and mutilated, its words had proved the imperishable seeds of eternal life.

As the good colporteur sat that evening at his repast of white bread and dried fruits, he felt that those words which eighteen months before, had been the matter of his faith, had now become the matter of his experience—"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."—"In due season we shall reap if we faint not," and recorded in his journal with a grateful heart the lesson, that in the work of God we ought never to despair.—Selected.

"You've Cut Me Deep."

Last summer a missionary, recently returned from India, stepped into a third-class carriage on his way into the country, and seated himself near the door. As the train approached a village, one of his fellow-travelers, pointing to a cottage, said, "There's my house, sir, and in a drawer there I have a Bible that I paid fifty-two shillings for!" "A large sum, indeed!" said Mr. S.; and then, putting his hand on the man's shoulder, added, "But, my friend, a Bible in a drawer at home will do you no good! Let me tell you what a dying woman in India said to me. She took her Bible from under her pillow, and clasping it in both hands said, 'I have my Lord Jesus here,' and then, putting her hand on her heart, she said, 'I have my Lord Jesus here; and then, lifting both hands and looking up, 'I have my Lord Jesus there for me.'"

The effect of these words on the man was as if he had been shot. He flung himself back in the seat, covered his face with his hands, saying again and again, "You've cut me deep—you've cut me deep!" Just at that moment, the train arriving at the station, the poor fellow took hold of both Mr. S.'s hands, saying, "God bless you, sir! God bless you! but oh! you've cut me deep!" and disappeared, overcome by his feelings.

Christian reader—at least, Christian by name—like the man cut deep, you have Christ in your Bible, but have you him in your heart? "Christ in you the hope of glory." He who finished his Father's work on earth is now seated at his Father's right hand in glory. He is there for God, and for us who believe.—Good Words.

He Did His Duty.

In our times we have very little conception of what is meant by martyrdom of that savage and extreme kind which Stephen endured. Men established Christianity by dying for its confirmation. They are enabled now to commend it better by living for its spread. It is, therefore, not an ambition for us to cherish, even with heroes, in these quieter days, when piety kept decorously has grown respectable, to advance to the edge of the precipice singing, and under the hail of stones dashing life into atoms, seek the presence of the blessed. Our privilege ought to be the dearer because it is really the more difficult, to glorify God in some tame and commonplace way. Thus it comes to pass that holy living and brave dying are most intimately connected. There are modest men and gentle women all over this Christian world of ours, who day by day do duty as finely as ever Stephen did; and who, when the last day comes, peacefully make ready to die with all of his triumph, and yet none of his show. Indeed, few raptures of the death-bed are ever striking enough to be put into print. Most lamps go out quietly as the oil fails. And in the majority of instances it comes to pass that we have to ponder the sweet, dead record of unobtrusive excellence some little time, before we fairly see that a great life has entered the shadows and is gone. He can hardly be considered a manly man, who does not wish for the posthumous tribute of affectionate remembrance. How simple and bare are such words as these, perhaps spoken by some pall-bearers, "devout men," at our funeral: "He was a faithful man, and did his duty." Yet it seems as if they would make the cold face and heart stir in the coffin! Oh, the beauty and glory of one's being dead, and yet speaking so that what is honest and true and pure and gentle and Christ-like, is helped and encouraged!

Rev. C. S. Robinson.

It is not strange, the darkest hour That ever dawned on sinful earth Should touch the heart with softer power For comfort, than an angel's mirth! That to the cross the mourner's eye should turn, Sooner than where the stars of Bethlehem burn!

