

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,

And Bible Society, Missionary, and Sabbath School Advocate.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

G. W. DAY, Printer

VOL. II.—NO. 13.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 65

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,
Published at St. John, N. B., every FRIDAY,
for the General Conference of Free C. Baptists
of New Brunswick.

TERMS:

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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nied with the real name of the author, in order to receive at-
tention.

G. W. DAY, PRINTER,
Office, No. 6, King Street.

Brief Notes on the Fourth Chapter of Genesis.

From "Lessons for the Present from the Records of the
Past; or, Practical and Experimental Thoughts on Gene-
sis." By the Rev. R. Macdonald, Blairgowrie, Edinburgh.
W. P. Kennedy.

Ever rejoiced at the birth of Cain, as having got a
man from the Lord, alas! little knowing that the
first murder was to be by his first-born. Parents
should rejoice with trembling at the birth of their chil-
dren, and only expect much from them, when they
have prayed much for them.

A Cain and an Abel came from the same womb. It
is not nature, but grace, that makes the mighty differ-
ence between one man and another. Lord, let me ne-
ver forget that question, "Was I with thee to die?"

"Hasten not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to love,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe."

The two brothers were unlike in their calling, for
the one was a keeper of sheep, and the other was a
tiller of the ground; but they were still more unlike
in their character, for the one loved God, and the other
loved him not. Differences that are external, and de-
pendent on mere temporal circumstances, are small, in
comparison with those that are internal, and dependent
on moral and spiritual character.

The hand may present a gift to the Lord, while the
heart withholds its love; for even Cain brought of the
fruit of the ground an offering to the Lord. However
man may be deceived by this, God cannot.

Though Cain acknowledged the Lord's bounty, he
made no confession of his own guilt; hence all the
he brought was "the fruit of the ground." He offered
no lamb for a sacrifice. Thus he neither admitted
his own need of pardon, nor God's mercy of pardon. Lord,
let me be solemnized by the thought, that without
shedding of blood there is no remission.

In Abel's offering, we have proof of Abel's faith;
for he brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the
fat thereof. His was not a thank-offering only, but a
sacrifice also, in type of the one offering of Christ, by
which he perfects for ever them that are sanctified.

There is no access to God but through a mediator.
Cain, disregarding this, was rejected; Abel, owning this,
was accepted. "The Lord had respect to Abel and
his offering; but unto Cain and his offering he had
not respect."

When Cain sinned, and had his offering rejected, in-
stead of getting angry with himself, he became angry
with his God. How often do re-proofs, which should
soften and subdue, only harden the wicked into more
daring rebellion!

God graciously reasoned even with Cain. "Why
art thou wroth? why is thy countenance fallen? If
thou dost well, shalt thou not be accepted? If thou
dost not well, sin (or sin-offering) lieth at the door."
The alternative is held out, either obedience itself, or,
that being impossible, atonement for disobedience;
there is a sin-offering at the door. This was address-
ed to Cain, vile and rebellious though he was, showing
that grace, even to the guilty, was thus early offered.

Had Cain given the first place to God, God would
have given the first place to him. That promise would
have been fulfilled to him. "Unto thee shall be his
(Abel's) desire, and thou shalt rule over him." But
for his sin, the pre-eminence, which was ever an im-
portant part of the birthright, would have continued
his.

However small in its beginnings sin may be, yet
when finished, it bringeth forth death. "For it came
to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up
against Abel his brother, and slew him." Oh, how
soon one sin unrestrained of leads to another! "Envy,
deceit, murder," are all links of one chain.

Every sin has not only a voice, but it uses it. "The
voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me." Lord,
had not thy righteousness a voice and a prayer also, how
distant would have been our prospects!

"The Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother?"
Sooner or later, God maketh inquiry for blood,
and especially for the blood of the righteous.
"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his
saints."

"I know not," said Cain falsely. Treachery pre-
ceded the murder, and now daring falsehood follows it.
See here a reprobate indeed.

It was for righteousness sake that Abel suffered and
Cain persecuted. "Wherefore slew he him? because
his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous."
How soon was the foretold enmity mani-
fested, and how intensely!

The first victim of the murderer's hand was a mar-
tyr of Jesus, and what unnumbered thousands have
there been since! O Rome! thou mother of barba-
ries, what hast thou to answer for, who art drunken with
the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the mar-
tyrs of Jesus?

It is only a Cain that will selfishly say, "Am I my
brother's keeper?" A true Christian feels that he
must at once be his brother's keeper and his brother's
trialist. "Be ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil
the law of Christ."

The same act that deprived the one brother of his
life, deprived the other of the blessing. "Now thou
art cursed; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be
in the earth." Whichever sin you promise, it pays on-
ly in sorrow and death.

The complaint of Cain was very bitter; but much
as he said of the punishment, he said not a word of the

sin. It is things sorrowful, and not things sinful, that
the wicked chiefly regard.

"The Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding
him should kill him." The world sometimes needs its
living monuments of wrath to warn, as well as its living
monuments of grace to encourage.

"All who, like Cain, go out from the Lord's pres-
ence, shall be for ever strangers to the Lord's peace,
the only peace worthy of the name; for in his presence,
and nowhere else, is there fulness of joy. Lord, when
thou hidest thy face, may I be deeply troubled, and
only rejoice when gladdened again "by the light of
thy countenance!"

Cain too soon went out than he began to build. To
blunt the stinging of a guilty conscience, men often
busy themselves about a passing world. Oh! that sin-
ners would remember, that there will be no such re-
medy in a lost eternity. Conscience then will not only
never sleep, but ever sting.

Enoch, the son of Cain, was not Enoch the father of
Methuselah. There may be a great similarity in
name, without any similarity in nature. And yet how
many are there who by a mere name deceive both
themselves and others!

"Unto Enoch was born Irad; and Irad begat Me-
thuselah; and Methuselah begat Lamech." Thus men multiplied, but alas!
not saints; for these named here were all in the line of
Cain. In like manner afterwards, the descendants of
Ismael and Esau multiplied at first far more rapidly
than those of Isaac and Jacob.

Lamech, who took unto him two wives, was the first
polygamist. The world's population did not more rapidly
increase in number than degenerate in character. There
seems little difference in this respect between the
early days of the world and these last days, for "evil
men and wicked men are waxing worse and worse."

The descendants of Cain were noted for their attain-
ments. S. J. J. was the father of all that dwell in tents,
Jabal of all such as handle the harp and organ. Tu-
bal-cain was the instructor of every artificer in brass
and iron. How often do we see great talents where
there is no grace, and much knowledge without any
wisdom!

"I have slain a man to my wounding," said Lamech,
"and a young man to my hurt." How soon the poly-
gamist becomes a murderer! He that thoroughly
yields to one, soon becomes the slave of every lust.

The Lord having said, "Whosoever slayeth Cain,
vengeance shall be taken on him seven-fold," Lamech
seems impudently to have quoted for his encouragement
Cain's apparent impunity. "If Cain," he said, "shall
be avenged seven-fold." Thus, "because sentence
against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore
the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to
do evil." How mournful that so many abuse to their
own destruction that very goodness which should lead
them to repentance!

When a pious Abel died, a holy Seth is born. "Eve
bare a son, and called his name Seth; for God," said
she, "hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel,
whom Cain slew." The wicked have often tried to
extirpate the righteous, but always in vain.

We are here told, that "then began men to call on
the name of the Lord." Even in the worst times, God
has a seed to serve him, and a people to call on him—
He never leaves himself without some witnesses to
his truth and love, although more numerous it may be
at one time than at another.

GENERAL REMARKS.

1. The eyes of the Lord are on the righteous. He
beholds them with tenderest love, and feels the deepest
interest in all that concerns them. Not an affliction
endured, not an injury inflicted, not a trial that trickles
down their cheek, is hid from the Lord. All is known
to him, and calls forth his sympathy and help. How
soon, for instance, he missed his servant Abel, and how
earnestly did he inquire after him. But the eyes of
the Lord are not less on the wicked; and however they
may forget or defy the Lord, there is nothing of all
their wickedness that can be hid from him. A list is
all recorded, and all shall be used as evidence, when
that throne of judgment is erected before which every
son and daughter of Adam must stand. Men may not
see or regard God, but he ever sees them, and there is
no time and no place in which any one on earth may
not say with perfect truth, "Thou God seest me." Cain
found this in his experience, for though no human
eye beheld his last awful deed of wickedness, yet God
was looking on, and listening too. Hence his terror-
stricken question to the murderer, "Where is Abel thy
brother?" and no less terrifying announcement, "The
voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the
ground." Oh! that sinners would remember, that if
not so immediately, yet the Lord will as certainly call
them to account for their iniquity as he did Cain him-
self. He is no respecter of persons.

2. How unlike to each other are the two worshippers
whose history is here given! Abel, as has been well
remarked, comes a sinner, as one who had naturally no
right to come. Cain comes simply as a creature, as
one who had a right to approach the God that made him.
Abel comes acknowledging debts to be his due, and
he lays his bleeding lamb upon the altar. Cain
will not own this, and thus brings forth the fruit of his
guilt. Abel comes with blood in his hand, for blood
is the only thing that can fit a sinner for going
near to God; "Without shedding of blood there is
no remission." There is no blood seen on Cain, and
that was the want of it that caused his rejection. Abel
comes resting on the promise; his eye passing along
the ages till it rests on the true Seed of the woman—
the better Sacrifice. To Cain the promise is nought.
He acts as one that needs no promise and no grace.

"What, then, was the chief difference between these
two brothers? It comes to this. The one believed
the story of grace, and the other disbelieved it. Both
brothers had heard the tale of love; perhaps, too, from
God himself; for it is plain from the narrative that Cain
was no stranger to the voice of God. Yet the one brother
listens to it, and turns away; the other closes his
ear against it, and turns away. It was the belief of
this story that made Abel what he was, a child of
God; it was Cain's unbelief that made God reject both
his offering and himself."

3. What a difference between the blood of Abel
and the blood of Christ! The former cries for ven-
geance, and Cain was cursed; the latter cries for
mercy, and the sinner is blessed. The former demand-
ed banishment, and Cain became a fugitive and a vagabond
on the face of the earth; the latter pleads for
restoration, and the sinner becomes a welcome son in
God's redeemed family. The former reminded of sin,
and Cain's iniquities were laid bare; but the latter re-
minds of righteousness, and the sinner's iniquities are
forever forgotten, yes, cast into the depths of the sea.
Truly the blood of Jesus speaketh better things than
that of Abel.

"Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our snare."

Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden,
All the while they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

Missionary Tactics.

BY A MISSIONARY.

The world is a great moral battle-field. Light
and darkness, truth and error stand arrayed in open
hostility. Satan, the prince of rebels, reigns over
a rebellious and apostate race, leading them cap-
tive at his will. He has marshalled his hosts, gar-
risoned his strongholds, collected his munitions of
war, and environed his camp with thick darkness
for a covering. His outposts are widely diffused,
extending into the very heart of Christendom; his
scouts are ever on the alert, while watchful senti-
nels guard every feasible point of attack. The
main body of his forces lies, entrenched amid the
deep forests and dark recesses of heathenism,
covering a vast territory and numbering six hun-
dred millions strong. Large bodies of his choicest
and best disciplined troops are stationed all
along, and even within the enemy's lines in con-
stant readiness, both for offensive and defensive
operations. Nor are they allowed to remain in-
active for a single day. Their wily and sagacious
leader understands full well that constant employ-
ment and incessant activity are the only means
by which he can retain their allegiance and secure
their services.

But *who* and *where* are the forces opposed to this
mighty array? They are the servants of God—the
followers of Jesus. They are found, for the most
part, within the pale of the Christian church. They
are numerically few, but morally, omnipotent.
Their strength lies not in themselves but in the
righteousness of their cause, and in the infinite
power and resources of their glorious leader. Such
is the strength of their cause, and such the power
of their arms, that "one can chase a thousand,
and two put ten thousand to flight." Their weap-
ons are divinely tempered and of ethereal make.
They are clad in a triple panoply of light, truth,
and love—light to shine upon, truth to penetrate,
and love to melt the hearts of their enemies. The
church was organized, by her divine Head, for ag-
gressive action. It was designed to be not only
the grand conservator, but the universal dispenser
of truth. Its mission was not to receive and ab-
sorb, but to reflect the light. "Go, disciple, all
nations, CONQUER THE WORLD," is the standing
commission. It is a life-long campaign, and vol-
unteers are expected to enlist for the war. The
Gospel trumpet never sounds a retreat, or notices
a suspension of arms.

Nearly two thousand years have rolled away
since Christ sent forth that little band of mission-
aries as sheep among wolves. But how little has
been done towards the accomplishment of this
great work. It is true the ranks of the Church
have been swelled by the accession of hundreds
and thousands of volunteers, yea, millions had
put on the Christian livery, but how few have been
engaged in actual service, "enduring hardness as
good soldiers of Jesus Christ!" The great body
of professed Christians may be compared to raw,
undisciplined militia, who have never seen a sin-
gle week of camp service, and know nothing of
the toil and "tug of war." To be sure, the
Church has kept an "army of observation" in the
field for many centuries, and it has been com-
posed of tried and faithful men; but they have
been few in number, feebly supported and widely
scattered over an immense territory. They have
gone forth almost single-handed, to reconnoitre the
enemy's camp, spy out his weak points, and "re-
port progress." They have discovered large cities
unfortified, and whole provinces accessible at every
point. Encouraged by these unexpected open-
ings, they have called loudly for large reinforce-
ments who should at once go up and possess the
land. But, alas! their calls have been feebly re-
sponded to, and additional aid has been scantily
furnished. Here, and there, a "forlorn hope" has
been detailed from the main body and sent forth,
(like the ill-fated Light Brigade at the battle of
Balaclava) into the very heart of heathenism to
storm an entrenched camp or capture a redoubt.

They have been men "valiant for truth," count-
ing not their own lives dear unto them if they
might but be instrumental in winning back a por-
tion of this revolted world to Christ. They have
performed deeds of mighty valor for God and his
truth. Through faith they have "subdued king-
doms, wrought righteousness, waxed valiant in
fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

But when they have fallen upon the field, or re-
turned home wounded and disabled, their ranks
have been slowly recruited. Few have been found
willing to hazard their lives for such a cause, and
mount the deadly breach clad in the panoply di-
vine. When tidings of the wasted and perilous
condition of the Allied army in the Crimea reached
England and France, when they learned that thou-
sands of their sons, brothers and fathers had per-
ished in the deadly strife, a thrill of agony shot
through the hearts of the multitudes; but who ever
thought of abandoning the struggle, and leaving
that shattered remnant, beleaguered by bloodthirsty
foes, to perish in a common grave? From the
manufacturing villages of England, and the vin-
eyard hills of France, thousands of willing hearts
responded promptly to the call for aid. In less than
three months fifty, and perhaps a hundred thou-
sand men, will be on their way to the scene of con-
flict. Money is not counted where national honor
and glory are the stake. Blood and treasure are
poured forth like water.

But where is the moral courage and patriotism
of those who claim citizenship in Zion? Every
ship that comes freighted with intelligence from

heathen shores brings tidings of broad fields of
brightest promise opening on every hand. The
mighty barriers have been levelled, by the pro-
vidence of God, and an highway prepared for the
dissemination of the Gospel among the nations.
The organs of all our Missionary Boards contain
most urgent appeals from toil-worn missionaries
begging for aid. "Say, one, writing from India:
"I am almost alone, and am feeble also; and,
oh! what a harvest-field is before me!" Scores
and hundreds of missionaries, in different parts of
the world, might truthfully echo the same sad
complaint, "almost alone!" Thanks to their Di-
vine Leader, they are not quite alone. He is
with them ALWAYS; and though few of their
brethren may be willing to share their toils and
lighten their burdens, yet they can cheerfully
struggle on assured of His presence and smiles.

There has been, and still is, a grand defect in
the *Missionary Tactics* of the present age. The
standard of enrolment has been too high, the plan
of enlistment too partial, and the whole scale of
operations too meagre and circumscribed. There
has been little call for any but thoroughly edu-
cated men. Of course the number of these furnished
must be very small when there is such a limited
supply for the wants of the churches at home.
The impression is quite general, in the churches,
that none but men of the best talent and the most
thorough mental discipline are fitted for the mis-
sionary field. Little inducements have been held
out for pious, intelligent laymen, of different trades
and professions, to engage in missionary labors.

I would not disparage learning or talent, for (when
consecrated to the service of Christ) they are in-
valuable, and a few men richly endowed with na-
tural and acquired gifts, are indispensable in order
to carry forward certain branches of missionary
work successfully. But to expect to furnish a
complement of such men to meet the wants of the
world, seems preposterous. The world *never* will
be converted, so long as the "rank and file" of
the Church are excused from engaging in the mis-
sionary work. As well might the Allied army
expect to conquer the mighty empire of the Rus-
sian Autocrat by sending a few of its choicest of-
ficers against the enemy, while the main body re-
mains inactive within their intrenchments. Who
ever heard of a conquest achieved by such strategy
as this? How long shall it be true, that "the
children of this world are wiser in their genera-
tion than the children of light?" The sentiments
and practice of the Church, on this subject, need
to be revolutionized before the Saviour's last great
commission can be carried into effect. She needs
to feel the mighty upheavings of a moral earth-
quake that shall "stir up her nest," and scatter
her children abroad everywhere, preaching the
word, as in days of yore.—*American Missionary.*

"I have decked my Bed."

"I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry."
I have exhausted the toil of myself, and bought the
toil of others, to increase the luxury of my rest. Come
and see the courtly elegance with which my bed is
decked. Come and look. Place yourself at my cham-
ber window, and tell me what you see now, and what
you will see next year.

"I have come, oh man of hardened heart! whose
life has been one of toil in order to purchase that rest
which the world can give, and I see three sights:—
"First, I see thee lying on this bed which thou hast
decked, fretful, restless, and miserable. Thou hast
found out too late that enjoyment is more painful than
expectation. Those grappling iron which once thou
wrested out to drag in the objects of thy avarice, thou
hast now wound round thy own heart.

"Second, I see thee dying on the same bed. May
God grant thee mercy! but if he does, it is in spite of
the luxury with which thou art surrounded.

"Third, I see thee lying in another bed. It is nar-
row, and though well quilted and smoothed, yet it has
no room for the weary body to turn, or for the feverish
head to lift itself. But awful indeed is the scenery
around! For I see an angel flying through the midst
of the heaven, saying with a loud voice, 'Woe, woe,
woe, to those who have made this world their God!'"

"I HAVE DECKED MY BED."

"I have decked my bed with peace." And though
his coverings are but scanty, and though sorrow
and desolation have taken their seats by its side, yet peace
remains. And there is one like unto the Son of Man,
whose gracious face ever shines on him from before; this
man, poor resting-place, so that though deserted and
wretched, his love gives me a comfort this world can
never give nor take away. Come and see!

"I have come, oh saint of God! and I see three
sights:—
"First, Distention and pain are indeed about thee,
as thou liest on that rude couch; but peace and love
reign there, and who shall prevail against the Lord's
elect?"

"Second, I see thee in thy dying hour. Deserted
and miserable thou mayest be, alone must all men be
in their final moments,—but angelic forms are
hovering over thee, and I hear a voice speaking as man
can never speak, saying, 'Come, thou beloved of my
Father!'"

"Third, I see thee in thy narrow bed, but I see
something else behind. For I see that great city, the
holy Jerusalem, having the glory of God. And I hear
a voice there saying, 'Who is this who is arrayed in
white robes? and whence came he?' And I say unto
him, 'Sir, thou knowest.' And the voice says, 'He is one
of them that came out of great tribulation, and have
washed their robes and made them white in the blood
of the Lamb.'"

MARRIAGE.—Marriage hath in it more safety
than single life; it hath more care, it is more
merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrow, and fuller
of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is sup-
ported by all the strength of love and charity,
which makes those burdens delightful. Marriage
is the mother of the world, and preserves its king-
doms, fills its cities and churches, and heaven it-
self, and is that state of good things which God
hath designed as the present constitution of the
world.—*Bishop Taylor.*

TO MRS. BURRELL, ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

He was mine only child,
My good and noble son—
Friends numerous on him smiled;
He seem'd a favour'd one.
And I, a widow long,
Had known no other joy,
In solitude or throng,
But in my orphan boy.
Two years ago he stood,
A bridegroom young and gay,
In joyous happy mood,
He smiled the hours away.
His wife a widow now,
Mingles her tears with mine;
Beneath one stroke we bow,
Dealt by a hand divine.
A gloom is round us thrown,
We hear that voice no more;
The unconscious babe alone
Seems happy as before.
He knows not of his loss—
We bid that he never might—
But 'tis a cross,
That never can be light.
While my kindred heart
Bursts in this lower sphere,
When shall we too depart—
What is our mission here?
He was mine only child,
My good and noble son;
Griefs upon griefs are piled—
Yet Lord, Thy Will be done!
For though Thou slay me, yet
I'll put my trust in Thee;
On earth my sun is set,
But Heaven has light for me.

Whipped for reading the Bible.

England was once subject to the Pope, and the
common people were forbidden to read the Bible.
The English nation became Protestants; and as it
is one of the firm principles of Protestantism to al-
low all people to read the Bible which God has
given us, the king ordered an edition of the Scrip-
tures to be published in the English language.
This was in 1538.

It was wonderful to see with what joy this book
of God was received, not only among the more
learned, but all England over, and with what
greediness it was read, and how people came to
either to hear it. All that could bought the book,
or busily read it, or got others to read it for them.
Many elderly people learnt to read on purpose;
and even little boys and girls flocked, among the
rest, to hear it read.

Sometimes they suffered severely for it, as poor
William Mallow did, whose parents had not learned
to love the Word of God. When the king allowed
the Bible, immediately several poor men in the
town of Chelmsford, where William's father lived,
bought the New Testament and on Sabbath sat
reading it in the lower end of the church. Many
would flock around them to hear them read; and
he, among the rest, being then about fifteen years
old, came every Sabbath to hear the sweet and
glad tidings of the gospel. But his father observ-
ing it, angrily fetched him away. This made him
think to learn to read English, so that he might
read the New Testament himself; which, when
he had by diligence done, and his father's appren-
tice bought the New Testament, joining their stock
together; and to conceal it, they hid it under the
straw bed, and read it at convenient times.

One night when his father had gone to bed,
William and his mother sat up and talked about
the crucifix, or representations of the cross, that
the priests sometimes carried round to the sick,
and about kneeling down to it, and holding up the
hands to it when it was carried by in a procession.
This he told his mother was plain idolatry, and
against the commandment of God, which says,—
"Thou shalt not make any graven image, nor bow
down to it, nor worship it." His mother, very an-
gry with him, cried out, "What wilt thou not wor-
ship the cross, which was about thee when thou
wast christened, and must be laid on the when
thou art dead!" at which they separated and went
to their beds.

This talk the wife repeated to her ignorant and
bigoted husband. Boiling with fury against his
son for denying worship to the crucifix, he rose
up, and going to his son's chamber, took him by
the hair of his head, and whipped him unmercifully.
And when the lad bore this beating, as he
afterwards said, with a kind of joy, because he con-
sidered it for Christ's sake, and shed not a tear,
his father seeing that was more enraged, and ran
down and fetched a bolster and put it about his
neck, saying he would hang him. At length, with
much entreaty from the mother and brother, he
left him almost dead. But nothing frightened Wil-
liam. He grew up a steady friend to the Bible,
and all his life did everything he could to spread
abroad its precious and saving truths.

An Illustration of Individual In- fluences.

The travelling secretary of the Religious Tract
Society of London said, in a public meeting, a few
years ago:—

"What was it that induced Bunyan to leave off
his tinkering and soldering, and become a preach-
er? It was a tract. Baxter read it—it was the
means of his conversion, and he wrote that glori-
ous book entitled 'The Saints' Rest.' Doddridge
read it—it was the means of his conversion, and he
produced his 'Rise and Progress of Religion
in the Soul.' Wilberforce read it—it changed
his mind, and he became the author of the 'Prac-
tical View of Christianity.' Leigh Richmond read
it—it led to his conversion, and he wrote 'The
Dairyman's Daughter.' From this tract, of which
three millions of copies had been issued in con-
nection with their society, there had been fifteen
hundred recorded instances of conversion."