

# Religious Intelligence.

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E. McLEOD, Editor.

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

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WHOLE NO. III.

## RELIGIOUS SELECTIONS.

### The Youth and the Cup-bearer.

It was a dry and thirsty land; the grass thereof withered, and the flowers faded. The roses that bloomed there soon grew pale, and the pleasant plants lost their sweet odor. Blight had fallen upon the ground; and it yielded laboriously its scanty fruit, 'oo often caulked at the core. The vines languished, and when men looked that they should bring forth grapes, too often they brought forth wild grapes. Thorns also and thistles sprang up abundantly, and the stones of emptiness lay heaped in the valleys. The dew rested not upon the mountains, for the air was parched, and heat consumed the moisture of it. And the travellers in that land of drought were ever seeking for fountains of pleasant waters, that they might quench their burning thirst. There were wells without water, and broken cisterns that could hold no water; and there were turbid streams, and corrupt springs. There were also waters that were sweet to the lips, yet inwardly they were full of bitterness and deadly poison. And many hearts waxed heavy, for disappointment waited upon their wanderings, and they faintly by the way. They were but pilgrims and sojourners, and declared plainly that they sought a country—a better country. And some dwell within the land as if their heritage were to be forever; and the harp, and viol, and wine, were in their feasts. They crowned themselves with the fading roses, and burnt incense upon unhallowed shrines, and sang wild songs in the house of their pilgrimage. They gathered them silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of the provinces; and whatsoever their eyes desired, they kept not from them, nor did they withhold their hearts from any joy.

Then the Lord of that land was exceeding sorrowful, and he sent forth his messengers through the length and breadth of it, saying, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people." And the messengers lifted up their voices, and cried, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." But the people were almost wholly given to idolatry, and their ears were dull of hearing; and some heard, but did not understand; and others believed not the report, and turned again to the polluted streams.

Meanwhile a fountain had burst forth in the midst of the valleys, and springs glittered in the desert. Pure water welled from the clefts in the great rock that overshadowed the weary land, and the murmur thereof reached even to the cities of the plain. And the kind lord's cup-bearers stood over against the healthful fountain, and offered its cup of blessing unto all, without money and without price; for it was sent to the poor and needy, as well as to the rich. And they called unto the people passing heedlessly by, but they would not answer; and they spake earnestly unto them, but they would not hear. A few—a scattered remnant, small and feeble—forsook the impure waters, and did drink of the cup, and were strengthened by the way.

And it came to pass, that a youth, beautiful in countenance, and comely in form, passed by, and one of the cup-bearers beholding him, loved him, and said unto him, "Come, ere the burthen and heat oppress thee, and refresh thyself for thy pilgrimage. Drink of this water, and thou shalt never thirst, and it shall be unto thee a well of water over flowing, and yet ever full." But the young man was void of understanding, and said, "Go to now; I will prove me with mirth, and enjoy pleasure; and I will give myself unto wine, and will lay hold on folly, that I may see what is that good for the sons of men which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. And I will make me great works; I will build me mansions; I will plant me vineyards; I will make me gardens and orchards, and I will plant trees in them of all kinds of fruits. I will eat and drink, and make my soul enjoy good in my labor. And I will rejoice in my youth, and let my heart cheer me in the days of my youth; and I will walk in the ways of my heart, and in the sight of mine eyes."

The cup-bearer sighed heavily, and said unto him, "What wilt thou do when the evil days come, and the years draw nigh when thou shalt be weary? What wilt thou do when thy tongue shall cleave to the roof of thy mouth for thirst, and the golden bowl shall be broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern?"

"I pray thee, say me not,—for the voice of pleasure has called to me, and I am hasting to partake of her banquet, and to revel in her smiles. She dwells in gilded halls, and her cup is a cup of delights. The sound of mirth, and the song of joy are ever in her festal chambers. Let me go for the day's wear."

Impatiently the youth turned his back upon the fountain. "Turn ye, turn ye: why will ye die?" replied the cup-bearer; but the call was unheeded,—and with a thoughtless heart, and bounding step, the reckless one proceeded on his way. Ever and anon, borne upon the wings of the passing wind, those tones came gently to his ear, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" Swift of foot, and eager in the chase, he sped on, and the notes of warning were lost in the distance.

He soon reached the haunts where the fantastic queen held her court. Welcomed by a gay throng, bewildered by the glittering scene, and entranced amid the enjoyments offered to the senses, he surrendered himself heart and soul to the bewitching bondage. He drank deep of intoxicating draughts,

which did not quench, but seemed to stimulate the thirst which was consuming him. He burnt incense upon the shrine of beauty, but his offering smouldered into ashes, and left him faint amid its odors. He helped to weave garlands, and sang light lays to the music of harp and viol. The enchantments of the hour forbade the entrance of wise and holy thought; and if ever it occurred to him that he was spending his strength for what was unprofitable and unworthy, he resisted the unwelcome admonition, and clung to the chain which habit and desire had clasped around him. Time passed on, and these ignoble delights began to pall upon his senses. Thirst, thirst unquenchable, burnt within his soul, and he knew that here he had not found the satisfying draught for which he yearned. He gazed upon the treasures which he hoarded during the years he had served pleasure, and what were they? A broken lute, some gilded toys, and a few withered wreaths. Regret was busy at his heart, and he spurned the meretricious gauds incontinently away. "It was madness and folly," he exclaimed, "to waste my youth in the pursuit of pleasure. I have tried it, and found it vanity. I will go out into the busy world, and gain me riches; and men shall bow down to the greatness of my wealth, and I shall find joy in my labor."

And he rose up to depart from the gilded halls; and as his eye rested upon the faded draperies, and tinsel ornaments, he wondered how he could have been so infatuated and so blind!

Into the broad highway of earth he travelled. The seal of youth was no longer upon his brow, but its disappointments had ushered in a manhood of unrest and discontent. As the gate that bounded the domains of pleasure shut behind him, a faint whisper was borne from afar upon the wind. He knew not whence it came, but like a still, small voice, it murmured, "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?" He paused,—the memories of the scene—the hour when these words first met his ear, rushed on him, and something seemed to overpower him, for tears stood in his eyes, and he hesitated which way to go. Visions of wealth and growing power loomed in the distance; and again, swift of foot, and eager in the chase, he sped on, and the notes of warning were disregarded.

As he came within sight of the temple where Mammon holds his reign, he was ravished with a view of her golden heaps and gathered stores. "Here," he thought, "is something substantial. In one corner of this temple I will make my dwelling, and amass wealth which will bring me enjoyments of all kinds, and procure me power among my fellow men." With all the characteristic enthusiasm of his restless temperament, he toiled more anxiously, more fervently than any who surrounded him. He rose up early, and sat up late; he gave not sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids. He was rewarded for the labor of his hands, and piled up treasure in his store-house—gold and silver in abundance, and the precious things which he had pined to obtain. But thieves broke in, and stole away his hard-earned profits, moths ate into his costly garments, and rust corrupted the lustre of his gold. He toiled and fretted, and found that labor was sorrow,—for he had spent himself for that which did not satisfy him. Still his heart thirsted for the draught of happiness yet unobtainable. Still he longed for joy, but it was far from him. He gazed upon the cankered metals, and they seemed to reproach the folly of his manhood. Years had passed since he first bowed himself a worshipper in the house of Mammon; and now, heart-sick and disappointed, he spurned the perishable wealth for which he had battered time and energies, which could not be recalled. "It was madness and folly," he exclaimed, "to waste so many precious years in the pursuit of wealth. I have tried it, and found it vanity. Profiting by experience, I will make me a name by great deeds; and in the councils of my country I will win fame; and then I shall find the joy that I covet."

He strode from the busy mart of gain; and as his feet pressed the open highway once more, a whisper almost imperceptible, was borne again upon the wind. It was the same sweet tone, "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?" Faintly it sounded—so faintly that it just met his ear, and passed away—alas! forever.

Prematurely care-worn and heart-weary, the man who had spent his life in the pursuit of pleasure, and in the acquisition of wealth, now bent his energies which were still vigorous, to the all-engrossing duties of the cabinet and the council. With a mind restless in its ambition, and wrapped by false estimates of good he was ever building up chimerical projects, and advocating schemes of policy which betrayed the hollowness of the system which he upheld. It required not a long career to prove that he was morally unequal to his position; and he learned when too late to profit by it, that a well-spent youth and a useful manhood are the only sure guaranty for a wise old age. Only a few years had passed since the wild hope of being a benefactor to his country had dawned within his breast; and now he found himself reviled by his contemporaries, condemned by those whom he had striven to serve, and scoffed at by the rabble.

Shattered in health, and sick at heart, the wretched man looked back with disgust upon the pathway he had trodden. All, all had been vanity and vexation of spirit. He remembered the joyous aspirations of his youth and the hour when he had set forth with buoyant hopes upon his pilgrimage. Again he

seemed to stand beside that fountain of living water, and the words of the king's cup-bearer sounded within his soul.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "had I listened then to the voice of wisdom, my gray hairs would not have gone down with sorrow to the grave. Pleasure, wealth, honor—I have weighed them all, and found them lighter than the small dust of the balance. Madman that I have been! Could I but hear the voice that so often called to me in my wild career!"

Why did his cheek turn pale, and his speech falter? Why did his limbs tremble as the aspen leaf, and his breath grow quick and short? Paralyzed he sank to the ground and felt the strong grasp of man's last enemy tightening upon him. Suddenly had the summons come; and O, with what remorse, with what horror did he struggle to rid himself of the foe. "Not now! not now!" he implored; "give me but time to drink of that living water. It is not yet too late?"

"Too late!" echoed the gentle voice that had warned him in other days.

"Too late!" gasped the dying man. A few brief struggles, and the shuddering spirit fled—whither?—Protestant Churchman.

### I don't Like it.

Some people's religion is all in their feelings—principles seems to have little to do with it. When they feel like it they pray, and when they don't feel like it they neglect to pray. And so with other duties.

It will be readily granted that they ought always to maintain a spirit of prayer; but the habit of prayer will never be formed, except upon principle, as a matter of duty. A man of mere impulses is like a broken reed. No dependence can be placed upon him. For example: Mr. A. don't feel like praying in his family, except on Sabbath evenings, or after a meeting; he rears up a prayerless family. Mr. B. is a Sabbath school teacher; but he goes to the school only when he feels like it, and very soon his class is scattered to the winds, and he becomes a supernumerary. Miss C. is a member of the choir; but last week she did not feel like attending the rehearsal, and now she don't feel like going into the choir, and so she takes her seat below, and the singing goes with a lame leg. Mr. and Mrs. D. E. F. and down to P. and Q. have partaken of a hearty dinner, and don't feel like going to church in the afternoon, and so they leave their pastor to the felicitous business of preaching to their empty seats.

There is a weekly prayer meeting, appointed by the church, for the edification of its members, and to pray for the conversion of sinners. Mr. and Mrs. A. E. I. O. U. and their families, attend the meeting as a matter of principle, and of course, are always there, except when detained against their will. But Mr. and Mrs. B. C. D. and the rest of the alphabet, go when they feel like it, and of course are never there with sufficient regularity to become interested in the exercises, or to be missed when absent. And, as they seldom feel like it, the lecture room presents a beggarly sight of empty seats. And Messrs. E. F. G. &c., only take part in the meeting when they feel like it, and hence you never hear their voices in the house of prayer, except in a season of special attention to religion.

But let me not be misunderstood. Religious experience is emotional. We would not discourage the exercise of the affections in religion, which presents the highest and most exalted objects on which they can be set. But principle must ever be at the bottom of a consistent religious character. And one great reason why there is so little efficiency in the churches, compared with the importance of the objects set before them, and why so small a portion of the professed followers of Christ are reliable when anything is to be done, is, that they are governed rather by impulse than by principle. Feeling is the rule by which they are controlled, instead of being the result of a right course of action.

But the consistent Christian, when he makes a profession of religion, regards himself as a soldier of the cross, enlisted for life; and the business of the soldier is to be always at his post. Wherever duty calls, there he is always to be found, regardless of his feelings. His minister and his brethren know, if he is not in his place in the house of God, in the Sabbath-school, at the prayer meeting, and wherever else his presence is required for the advancement of his Master's cause, that he has a good and substantial reason for being absent. An aged colored man, who had served under Gen. Washington, was afterwards distinguished for his piety; and on the remark being made, in time of general declension, that he was always at the prayer meeting, he replied, "Gen. Washington expected every man to be at his post."

And what a power it would impart to the church, if all its members consistently carried out this principle. How it would cheer the hearts of faithful ministers, encourage those who watch for the prosperity of Zion, and impart efficiency to every enterprise for the conversion of the world.—New York Observer.

Let parents train up their children for God, and let children remember their Creator in the days of their youth; and all be found faithful in his service. Then, when the family circle shall be broken up for this world, all who compose it shall meet, a holy, happy, and forever united family in heaven!

## Serve God by the Day.

"When I was quite young in the service of God," said a good brother, "I had many fears that I should backslide, if I should live to see old age, and sometimes came near requesting of the Lord that I might die young, and thus save religion from reproach, and my soul from ruin. One day while thus musing, the impression was vividly made on my mind, that I must serve God by the day. That was more than thirty years ago, and by the grace of God aiding me to put that rule into practice, I am yet on my way to heaven."

Truly, thought I, as he spoke these words, he has hit upon the right principle. Daily service of God, daily cross bearing, is what our blessed Saviour requires. "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." How different this from the course pursued by many professed Christians. Instead of serving God by the day, they act as though they would serve him by the job. Some seem to have religious jobs on hand through a quarterly, protracted, or perhaps camp-meeting, and at most other times seem to be out of business in that line. Others would seem to be very dutiful in the right direction, when they had no other business of importance to call their attention. And still others would appear to work for God on Sunday, and for themselves exclusively all through the week. Now this article may appear somewhat eccentric to some; but be it so or not, it is true. It is plain to any candid observer having the prosperity of Zion at heart, that few things have more effectually injured the progress of pure religion, than this kind of job-work in serving God. (?) The Lord save the church from this fitful, impulsive, or, if you please, spasmodic Christianity. More than one once flourishing religious field, but now desolate and heart sickening, is in my mind, made so by this same bad principle. The time has come when every permanent advance of the church of Christ must be gained by serving God by the day, falling back constantly upon his grace, and being faithful unto death. May the Lord increase the number of the daily faithful in his vineyard.—Morning Star.

## CLIPPINGS.

BOOKS FOR THE FAMILY.—Always have a book at hand, in the parlor, upon the table, for the family, a book of condensed thought and striking anecdote, a book of sound maxims and truthful apophthegms. It will impress on your own mind a thousand valuable suggestions, and teach your children a thousand lessons of truth and duty. Such a book is a casket of jewels for your household.

READ OFTEN.—Make it a rule to read a little every day, even if it be but a single sentence. A short paragraph will often afford you a profitable source of reflection for a whole day. For this purpose keep some valuable book or paper always within your reach, so that you may lay your hand on it at any moment when you are about the house. We know a large family that has made itself intimately acquainted with history, by the practice of having one of the children, each one taking a week by turns, read every morning while the rest were at breakfast.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—No well-bred person will be insolent to his inferiors. On the other hand, he will observe a scrupulous tenderness of manner toward them—a care of word and action, that shall lighten their burden as much as possible. This refinement of heart is the most prominent characteristic of a high and noble spirit. It is the only mark of a lady or gentleman that is wholly unequivocal. When we see a person very choice of his words, and very dainty at the table, yet capable of insulting the unfortunate, or ridiculing distress, we always think of the rule in the lion's skin.

AN HONEST RUM-SELLER'S NOTICE.—If the man who takes a license and opens a house for the sale of intoxicating liquors, were truly and honestly to set forth the nature and effects of his business, like any other honest tradesman, what a singular advertisement would he present. It would apprise the public of some solemn and frightful things, like the following:

I shall open a shop for the purpose of making drunkards, paupers, and beggars, for the sober, industrious, and respectable part of the community to support. I shall deal in that which will excite men to deeds of riot, robbery, and blood. I shall diminish the comforts, augment the expenses, and endanger the welfare of the community. I shall prepare victims for the asylum, the poor-house, the prison, and the gallows. I shall dispense the cause of more accidents, diseases, failures, and deaths, than any other that can be named. I shall aim to deprive men of reason, property, peace, home, respect, life, and heaven. I shall do that which will turn fathers into fiends; wives to widows; children to orphans; and all to mendicants. I shall corrupt the minister of religion; obstruct the progress of the gospel; defile the purity of the church; tempt, deceive, and ruin souls; and spread abroad temporal, spiritual, and eternal death.

This would be an honest announcement of his aim and influence; for such, undeniably, is the general tendency of that traffic which seeks gain at the expense of all that is good in the life that now is, or in that which is to come. But who would dare to look such a business in the face, and still continue in it?

ONE MINUTE TOO LATE.—"When I was a young man," said an aged minister, "another young man, not far distant from where I lived, kept a store. One night he was awakened by the alarm of fire. He ran to the fire, and found it was his own store. The flames were spreading; he went in at a risk, once and again, to bring out goods, when no others would venture. The last time he went in, the men at the door all cried out, 'Come out! come out!' He leaped toward the door—the building fell and crushed him dead! He was one minute too late." So there are many sinners, busied about worldly cares, who ought to be escaping the flames, but who will be one minute too late; for they will not awake to their danger till death has overtaken them. Then, amid the hurry and agony of the dying hour, they will be unfit, and they will have no time, to flee from the coming wrath. One minute too late!

GOD'S JUDGMENT SWEETENED.—Jeremy Taylor lost two children, and thus wrote: "But for myself, I bless God I have observed and felt so much mercy in this angry dispensation of God, that I am almost transported: I am sure highly pleased with thinking how infinitely sweet his mercies are, when his judgments are so gracious."

## CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.

### New York Correspondence.

Descent on the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune, in Washington—Barbarism—The Slave power—Kansas—Nicaragua—Minister to England—The Administration, and War with England—Rev. O. B. Cheney in New York—Maine State Seminary, &c.

New York, January 29, 1856.

MR. EDITOR.—No speaker yet and no new hope of one. The only thing I think of in that connection was a personal assault on Mr. Greeley, the Editor of the Tribune, yesterday by one of the members of Congress, whose course Mr. Greeley had severely criticised in his paper. The Mr. C.'s name is Rust, a pro-slavery man. He struck Mr. G. several times on the head and one of his arms. This occurred in Washington where Mr. G. is spending the winter. This is a specimen of the argument of the Slavery propagandists.

Recently Mr. Brady, a School-master in Lexington, Kentucky, criticised in a letter to a paper the good people of that City severely for suffering a Slave auction on Christmas. The argument by which they replied was like the above. They assailed Mr. Brady, tore the hair off his head, choked him almost to death, poured thick paint upon his head and other arguments similarly convincing. There is one hopeful feature connected with this affair, viz. there is one paper in Kentucky to enter a manly protest against this barbarism. Still another hopeful thing is, the papers in that show an unusual sensitiveness to the northern papers on these savagisms.

The Slaveholders have been wont to defend their system by saying, that labourers in England are no better than slaves in Russia, they are serfs, &c. Recently in the face of all this southerner has proposed to ameliorate slavery by changing it to the form of serfdom.

On Kansas affairs the only thing new, the President in a special message grossly assails Mr. Reeder, who has very happily replied through the public journals. The message endorses virtually the cause of the border Ruffians.

Mr. Dallas, Vice President with Mr. Polk, has received appointment as successor to Mr. Buchanan, Minister to England.

It is said the administration is in great haste to organize Congress on account of the state of our relations with England. The idea of a war with this country is laughed at, and it is supposed that one object with the administration is to recover some of its lost popularity by assuming a very bold front in relation to these troubles. We are too much as a nation like the French for an administration not to know that war, or at any rate the appearance of eagerness to make war is popular; but in this, after all, the administration is likely to fail of its object, as the leaders of the Republican party know how to appear as war-like as the pro-Slavery men. Indeed, the anti-Slavery men well know, that the pro-Slavery men will be the first to be reluctant the moment there is a real danger of war.

On Sabbath last we were cheered by the presence of Rev. O. B. Cheney, Pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Augusta. His administration of the word from the pulpit was very refreshing and edifying. His theme as he announced it, seemed quite paradoxical, viz., "The beauty of that which is not beautiful." "He hath no form, no comeliness," was the description of that which is not beautiful. Thus he proceeded to show how Christ appears to the world and to believers. The Jew looked up to Christ and preferred a robber; the course infidel looks upon and sneeringly pronounces him a bastard; the refined infidel looks upon him and says he was a very good man but after all ignorant and erring. To us however he is precious. While he is touched with the feelings of our infirmities and tempted like ourselves, he is separate from sinners. But I need not follow out further the speaker's thoughts.

Mr. C. is for the present engaged in the arduous agency for the Maine State Seminary, to which the State has granted a charter, and \$15,000. To this sum the citizens of Lewiston, (the site where the Institution is to be located,) added another \$15,000, and it is proposed to add another \$15,000 by general subscription. It is proposed to build three large buildings for the accommodation of the Seminary. The first of the edifices is to be erected say about a year from this, the second the succeeding year, and the third the next. It is the part of wisdom to lay out a plan in building an institution of learning. No matter how humble its commencement if it is begun on such a plan that succeeding years and generations can add to it.

It has occurred to me whether, as Maine is so near to your Province, your people could not well join our brethren there in this noble work to the great advantage of both them and you at least for the time being. G.

New York, January 29, 1856.

Sleighting in New York.—A thaw needed.—Revered.

A fall of snow produces an effect in New York quite different from that in your Province. With you, who have the ground covered for months in succession, it becomes an every-day affair, like the bare ground of summer; but with us it is only an occasional luxury, which, like sweetmeats with children, must be made the most of. Therefore as soon as there is snow enough to conceal the pavement, there is a general rush in the streets of all manner of winter carriages, from the ponderous stage-sleighs carrying thirty or forty persons to the lightest fancy "cutters," appearing more as if intended for use in Fairyland, than for conveying substantial humanity upon our matter-of-fact earth. "Something to warm" is freely imbibed, shouts and laughter are heard everywhere showers of snow-balls are exchanged between the different parties, and the whole city seems crazy with excitement. In a day or two the snow disappears, and with it the excitement produced, leaving a penalty to be paid in head-aches, ruined horses, shrunken purses, and streets almost impassable from mud.

For once New York has had a surfeit of sleighing. For an entire month our streets have been covered with snow. The thermometer has obstinately adhered to the low degrees, the cutters have glided through the streets, the stage-sleighs have lumbered along, the arden has been imbibed, snow-balls have been thrown, and all this has been repeated till the novelty has worn off, and New York is decidedly in favor of a thaw. And yet there is no prospect of one; for three inches of snow added yesterday to our previous stock promises to continue our sleighing still longer. It would seem as though Dr. Kane had not only brought us an account of the Arctic regions, but to render his account more impressive, had transferred a portion of their winter to our latitude.

But if those who are in comfortable circumstances desire a change, how much more anxious must those be who scarcely know one day how or where they are to procure food and fuel for the next! Yes, they shivering over a handful of coals, if they are so fortunate as to be able to procure them, surely need a thaw—not only such a one as shall melt the ice and snow in our streets, but one which shall warm the hearts and open the purses of those who are able to relieve them.

We need, too, a warming up of public opinion to strike at the evils which lie at the root of all the want and misery, and crime in our midst. Our officers and judges, acting, no doubt from motives satisfactory to themselves, have set aside the law for the prevention of intemperance, while the law to prevent gambling and some other crimes, though not formally set aside, are left unenforced. Surely we need a warming up of public sentiment, or rather the kindling of a fiery indignation against these vices of society which shall drive them from among us, and make the places of those who uphold them too hot for their comfort. Had a thaw of this nature taken place a year ago, we should have been in a much better condition now to forge one which would only dissolve the ice in the streets.

In our churches, too, a thaw is needed. Many who were once warm with the love of God are growing cold, and whole churches which bear the name of Christ manifest but little of his spirit. Oh that the Sun of Righteousness would arise with healing in his beams! that all the ice of dull formality, the chilling frost of worldliness, and the snow of vain desire and unbalanced pride which covers so much of the "good seed" that ought to be germinating and springing into life, might be dissolved. There are, however, occasional gleams of sunshine, and he whose heart is warm with love to God and his fellow men need not seek in vain, even here, for some sunny spot where he will find congenial companions. As one among others I may mention the Free will Baptist church in Sullivan-street. As a result of the divine blessing upon their labors several have been added to their number by baptism the present winter, and others are expected to follow this example of their Saviour next Sabbath.—Thus are gathered a few clusters of fruit in the midst of general desolation, for the cheering rays of divine love will reach the heart that kindles responsive to their influence and reflects their lustre to the world. Still, with all this we are too much a frozen people. We certainly need a thaw. S. S.