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

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

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Family Reading.

Filthy Lucre.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT, GLASGOW.

"So are the ways of every one that is greedy of gain, which taketh away the life of the owners thereof."—Prov. i. 19.

"These" ways, as described by Solomon in the preceding verses, are certainly some of the very worst. We have here literally a picture of a robber's den. The persons described are of the baser sort; the crimes ascribed are gross and rank; they would outrageously disreputable in any society, any age. Yet when these apples of Sodom are traced to their sustaining root, it runs out to be greed of gain. The love of money can bear all these.

This scripture is not out of date in our day, out of place in our community. The word of God is not left behind obsolete by a progress of events. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."—(1 Peter i. 24, 25.) Its Scripture traces sin to its fountain, and exhibits the sentence of condemnation there, a sentence that follows actual evil through its diverging paths. A spring of poisonous water may in one part of its course run over rough rocky bed, and in another glide silently and smoothly through a verdant meadow; but when reflecting the flowers from its glassy breast, it is the same lethal stream. So from greed of gain—from covetousness, which is idolatry—the issue is evil, whether it run riot in murder and rapine in Solomon's days, or crawl sleek and slimy through cunning tricks of trade in our own. God sees not as man seeth. He judges by the character of the life stream that flows from the fountain of thought, and not by the form of the channel which accident may have hollowed out to receive it.

When this greed of gain is generated, like a thirst in the soul, it imperiously demands satisfaction; and it takes satisfaction wherever it can be most readily found. In some countries of the world still it retains the old fashioned iniquity which Solomon has described: it turns freebooter, and leagues with a band of kindred spirits for the prosecution of the business on a larger scale. In our country, though the same passion domineer in a man's heart, it will not adopt the same method, because it has cunning enough to know that by this method it could not succeed. Dishonesty is diluted, and coloured, and moulded into shapes of respectability, to suit the taste of the times. We are not hazarding an estimate whether there be as much of dishonesty under all our privileges as prevailed in a darker day; we affirm only, that wherever dishonesty is, its nature remains the same, although its form may be more refined. He who will judge both mean men and merchant princes requires truth in his inward parts. There is no respect of persons with Him. Fashions do not change about the throne of the Eternal. With Him a thousand years are as one day. The ancient and modern evils are reckoned brethren in iniquity, despite the difference in the costume of their crimes. Two men are alike greedy of gain. One of them, being expert in accounts, defrauds his creditors, and thereafter drives his carriage; the other, being robust of limb, robs a traveller on the highway, and then holds midnight revel on the spoil. Found fellow-sinners, they will be left fellow-sufferers. Refined dishonesty is as displeasing to God, as brutal to society, and as unfit for Heaven, as the coarsest crime.

This greed, when full grown, is coarse and cruel. It is not restrained by any delicate sense of what is right or seemly. It has no restraints. It marches right to its mark, treading on every thing that lies in the way. If necessary in order to clutch the coveted gain, "it taketh away the life of the owners thereof." Covetousness is idolatry. The idol deluges in blood. He demands and gets a hecatomb of human sacrifices.

Among the labourers employed in a certain district to construct a railway, was one thick-necked, bushy, sensual, ignorant, brutalized man, who lodged in the cottage of a lone old woman. This woman was in the habit of laying up her weekly earnings in a certain chest, of which she carefully kept the key. The lodger observed where the money lay. After the works were completed and the workmen dispersed, this man was seen in the grey dawn of a Sabbath morning stealthily approaching the cottage. That day, the dame did not appear at church. They went to her house, and learned the cause. Her dead body lay on the cottage floor; the treasure chest was robbed of its few pounds and odd shillings; and the murderer had fled. Afterwards they caught and hanged him.

Shocking crime!—to murder a helpless woman in her own house, in order to reach and rifle her little hoard, laid up against the winter and the rent! The criminal is of a low, gross, brutal nature. Be it so. He was a pest to society, and society flung the trouble off the earth. But what of those who are far above him in education and social position, and as far beyond him in the measure of their guilt? How many human lives is the greed of gain even now taking away, in the various processes of slavery! Men who hold a high place, and bear a good name in the world, have in this form taken

away the life of thousands for filthy lucre's sake. Murder on a large scale has been and is done upon the African tribes by civilized men for money.

The opium traffic, forced upon China by the military power of Britain, and maintained by our merchants in India, is murder done for money on a mighty scale. Opium spreads immorality, imbecility, and death, through the teeming ranks of the Chinese population. No opium is cultivated on their own soil. The governments, alike the Tartar army in China, and the patriot chiefs, have prohibited the introduction of the deadly drug. Our merchants brought it to their shores in ship loads notwithstanding, and the thunder of our cannon opened a way for its entrance through the feeble ranks that lined the shore. Every law of political economy, and every sentiment of Christian charity, cries aloud against nurturing on our soil, and letting loose among our neighbours, that grim angel of death. The greed of gain alone's greasy, commanding, compels it. At this hour the patriot army in China, who, with all their faults and their ignorance, certainly do circulate the Bible, and worship God, oppose the introduction of opium with all their moral influence and all their military force. How can we expect them to accept the Bible from us, while we compel them to take our opium? British Christians might bear to China that life for which the Chinese seem to be thirsting, were it not that British merchants are bearing to China that death which the Chinese patriots loathe. It is an instance of the strong coveting of the money of the weak, and, in order to reach it, taking away the life of the owners thereof.

A bloated, filthy, half naked laborer hanging on at the harbour, has gotten a shilling for a stray job. As soon as he has wiped his brow, and fingered the coin, he walks into a shop and asks for whisky. The shopkeeper knows the man—knows that his mind and body are damaged by strong drink—knows that his family are starved by the father's drunkenness. The shopkeeper eyes the shilling wretch. The shilling twinkles on the counter. With one hand the dealer supplies the glass, and with the other mechanically rakes the shilling into the till among the rest. It is the price of blood. Life is taken there for money. The gain is filthy. Feeling its stain eating like rust into his conscience, the man who takes it reasons eagerly with himself thus: "He was determined to have it, and if I won't another will." So he sculces the case that occurred in the market-place on earth; but he has not done with it yet. How will it sound as an answer to the question, "Where is thy brother?" when it comes in thunder from the judgment seat of God?

Oh that men's eyes were opened to know this sin beneath all its coverings, and loath it in all its disguises! Other people may do the same, and we may never have thought seriously of the matter. But these reasons, and a thousand others, will not cover sin.—All men should think of the character and consequences of their actions. God will weigh our deeds. We should ourselves weigh them beforehand in his balance. It is not what that man has said, or this man has done; but what Christ is, and his members should be. The question for every man through life is, not what is the practice of earth, but what is preparation for heaven. There would not be much difficulty in judging what gain is right, and what is wrong, if we would take Christ into our counsels. If people look unto Jesus when they think of being saved, and look hard away from him when they are planning how to make money, they will miss their mark for both worlds. When a man gives his heart to gain, he is an idolater. Money has become his god. He would rather that the Omnipotent should not be the witness of his worship. While he is sacrificing in idol's temple, he would prefer that Christ should reside high in heaven, out of sight, and out of mind. He would like Christ to be in heaven, ready to open his gates to him, when death at last drives him off the earth; but he will not open for Christ now that other dwelling-place which he loves in a humble and contrite heart. "Christ is in you, the hope of glory," there is the cure of covetousness! That blessed in-dweller, when he enters, will drive out, with a scourge if need be, such buyers and sellers as defiled his temple. His still small voice within would flow forth, and print itself on all your traffic.—"Love one another as I have loved you."

On this point the Christian Church is very low. The living child has lain so close to the world's bottom, that she has overlaid it in the night, and soiled its troublesome cry. After all our familiarity with the Catechism, we need yet to learn "what is the chief end of man," and what should be compelled to stand aside as a secondary thing. We need, from all who fear the Lord, a long, loud testimony against the practice of heartlessly subordinating human bodies and souls to the accumulation of material wealth.

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE LIFE.—Earth is only a lodging-place for the Christian; his home is in heaven. This world is but a shadow, the other world a substance. So John Owen, the profound theologian and humble Christian, felt in his last hours, for it is related of him that when he was on his dying bed, awaiting his speedy dissolution, he dictated a short letter to a friend. The amanuensis had written, "I am yet in the land of the living." He at once arrested him, saying, "Stop, after that; write, I am yet in the land of the dying, but I hope soon to be in the land of the living."

Sinful Jest.

All the original principles are propensities of our nature have their appropriate spheres of exercise. A sense of the ludicrous was given to man for some wise purpose, and is not to be eradicated. Like other parts of our nature, it is capable of perversion, and its perversion may cause much harm.

There is a time to laugh. There is such a thing as an innocent jest. A merry heart does good like a medicine. Austerity and gloom are not the characteristics of piety. But while pleasantry and laughter are lawful at proper times, it is evident that they are to be sparingly indulged in. The scriptures are adapted to the nature of man; hence their varied contents are addressed to the varied elements of human nature. Man's conscience, his reason, his imagination, his sense of indignation, his sympathy, and his susceptibility for sorrow are addressed, but we do not recollect a single passage in the Bible, which is addressed to man's sense of the ludicrous. These are perhaps examples of irony, but not of wit. This fact would indicate that the mirthful faculty is to be sparingly exercised.

The exercise of this faculty promotes habits of levity, which are unfavourable to serious thought and devotional feeling. We believe that a keen sense of the ludicrous is often possessed by men of great capacity for thought, but an habitual laughter is not an habitual thinker. Levity and profound thought are compatible. Much less are levity and true devotional feeling compatible. No one could pass from reading the works of Dickens, to the prayer-meeting, or from the circle of wit and laughter. Christians should be serious. They have serious business to do. There are serious scenes before them. They have a serious account to render.

The frequent exercise of this faculty leads to foolish jesting. Attempts at wit often result in folly. Ridicule and sarcasm are produced, to the pain of those who are made the subjects. Anger and deadly hate often follow a foolish jest; contempt is harder to be borne than injury. More strife has resulted from foolish jesting, than from acts of injury.

Sinful jesting follows foolish talking. All jest is of the nature of sin, but sinful jests are of a more heinous kind. Impurity of thought often composes the staple of sinful jests. This is a species of sin sometimes indulged in by good men. The ludicrous application of a passage of scripture is often made to court a grin. Is it right? Is it treating God's solemn and holy word with due reverence, to prevent it from its meaning and cause that to produce a laugh which was designed perhaps to make a sigh? Is it not grieving the Spirit to trifle with his utterances?

But Ministers do it. Does that make it right? A joking minister will seldom have persons coming to him with tears, to ask what they must do to be saved. While therefore Christians should not assume a sour repulsive gravity, while they should rejoice with those who rejoice, they should be sober and watch unto prayer. No man even utters a sinful jest while he is in a praying frame of soul.—N. Y. Observer.

Faith and Patience Tested.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

About forty years ago, there lived in the State of —, a family by the name of P—. At this time neither father nor mother were pious. The family altar was not erected; the Bible never read; God was not worshipped; all religious duties were neglected. Yet, the Father of mercies had marked the parents of this household as the subjects of his distinguishing grace. Soon after the birth of her third child, the mother became hopelessly pious through the instrumentality of the Gospel, preached by a faithful ambassador of Heaven, in connexion with the Presbyterian Church.

In the discharge of her religious duties, she encountered powerful opposition from her, as yet, godless companion. He mocked at her exhortations; laughed at her when engaged in her religious devotions; scoffed at the promises, precepts and teachings of the Bible, and despised the Church of Jesus Christ, and all its ordinances! In a word, he was openly profane; an avowed enemy to all religion; living without God, and without hope in the world; violently opposed to his wife's attending church; counting all professors hypocrites; ministers the vilest impostors, and all godliness a groundless delusion. He even went so far in his opposition to the church, as to utterly refuse to provide any accommodation for his companion to attend regularly the ministrations of God's Word.

All this Mrs. P— bore with Christian patience, and encountered with religious fortitude. Her pastor had two fields of labor—one distant about three miles, and the other one mile from her residence. When religious service was in the latter, Mrs. P— went the distance alone on foot, when in the former, she rode on horseback, contrary to the express injunctions of her husband. At such times she would rig up her horse herself; bringing him from the field or the stable amid a volley of verbal abuse from him who had sworn, before the hymenal altar, to love and protect her through life!

Such were the domestic trials of Mrs. P— for the first few years after her union with Christ and his Church. At times he mount of tribulation rose so high across

the pathway of her duty, that her soul was ready to despond; then would she seize, with a firm grasp the strong staff of consolation, found in God's Word, for God's people, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;" "My grace is sufficient for thee;" "To him that overcometh, I will give the morning star;" "Whosoever loveth husband more than me, is not worthy of me;" "Whosoever will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me daily, through evil as well as through good report."

She felt; she knew that these promises are not so much made to success as to exertions. Hence, she labored in meekness to win her husband to Jesus. His frowns she met with smiles; his cruelty with kindness. By words of gentleness she often disarmed his wrath, when words of bitterness would have but aroused his troubles before Him in whose hands are all hearts, praying that as he had once laid the mantle of his peace upon the stormy sea, so he would calm into sweet repose, by the breath of his Spirit, the angry fire of him who held in his hand the cup of her domestic enjoyment.

Her prayers were heard, but not immediately; for Mr. P— seemed to become worse and worse in his opposition to Christ, affirming that if she did not desist from attending church, he would no longer take care of the children during her absence on the Sabbath, but amuse himself on that day by shooting game in the forest. And this threat he more than once carried into execution. Even this did not divert Mrs. P— from the path of duty. Kneeling in prayer with her children, she would commit them to the care of that God that watches over the young ravens that cry unto him; after this, taking the youngest child in her arms, and mounting her horse, she would ride to the sanctuary to have her soul fed with heavenly food, from which she would derive enough of spiritual strength to bear up under all her trials, until

"Another six days' work was done."

Mr. P— finding himself foiled in these base attempts to hinder his wife from serving the Lord, had recourse to other methods still more wicked.

One Sabbath morning, when Mrs. P— was getting ready to attend church, he told her if she did not stay at home that day, he would go to Mr. —'s tavern, and get drunk! "Well," said she, "if you will go there and curse me, I must go to church and bless you. I must render good for evil; blessing for cursing." The river D— ran between the home and the church of Mrs. P—. At the crossing of the river stood the tavern alluded to above. Here Mr. P— did come on the aforesaid morning, in advance of his sorrowful wife, and was engaged in drinking and carousing when she rode up on her way to church, on the other side of the river. Here she was accustomed to leave her horse and cross the river in a skiff. Her husband came out to meet her; cursed her for a long-faced hypocrite, and offered her a glass of liquor for her hymn-book! To all of which she answered with Christian love and kindness; believing that good had power to overcome evil.

On her return from church in the evening, she found her wretched husband about a mile from home, lying on the side of the road, dead drunk! As she passed him, she prayed that the Lord would not lay this sin to his charge. When she arrived at home, she told her little son (now about twelve years old) the condition of his father. Then did the mother and son mingle their tears together over a fallen father, and ungrateful husband. But true to the instinct of genuine love, they harnessed the horse that had that day been saddled, hitched him to a small sled, and drove off to bring the drunkard to his home. They rolled him on the sled, and brought him to his house, and put him in bed, where he lay unconscious until next morning, when the wife met him with a smile, and asked him if he were better.—The wretched man was overcome by such unmerited kindness. He ceased opposing his wife in her devotions. He would sometimes, after this, even read a chapter or two in the Bible, and often bring up the horse and saddle it for Mrs. P— to ride to church upon. One evening he went out to a neighboring school-house to hear Rev. Mr. R— preach. From this time a change for the better seemed more and more manifest. He left off speaking evil of professors of religion, and of religion itself. He commenced reading regularly his Bible, and attending church with his wife on the Sabbath. In a short time he gave evidence of a change of heart, was enrolled among the number of God's people, and is now a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church of —. And should these lines meet his eye, and he recognize in them the outlines of his own and his companion's history, from about the year 1810 to the year 1820, he will please excuse the writer, who learned these facts from his cousin, Mr. G—, sen., a member of the Presbyterian Church of D. P., Ohio. He will please remember, too, that the writer's only apology for making this history public, is to encourage other wives, similarly situated, to pray too, and hope in God, whilst they labor for the salvation of their ungodly companions. No pious wife need despair of the conversion of her irrel-

igious husband, after the above. Be it known to such, that the silent eloquence of a holy, consistent and lovely life, has more power to bring the unconverted soul to Jesus, than all the thunders of Sinai, or the strong force of the most polished verbal demonstration of religion. If you desire to win, be like Christ in your example. Let your faith and patience be invincible.—Pres. Banner.

SELF-RIGHTEOUS.—It is no uncommon thing for men to flatter themselves that God cannot be displeased with them, because they have omitted to do a great many bad deeds, which they would have done, had they not been restrained by the fear of the law or of public opinion. The soundness of such morality is very well exhibited in Lessing's parable of 'The Wolf on his death-bed.' 'A wolf lay at his last grasp, and was reviewing his past life.' 'It is true,' said he, 'I am a sinner, but yet, I hope not one of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done much good. Once, I remember, a bleeding lamb that had strayed from the flock, came so near me that I might easily have throttled it; but I did it no harm.' 'I can testify to all that,' said his friend the fox, who was helping him to prepare for death, 'I remember, perfectly all the circumstances. It was just at the time when you were so dreadfully choked with that bone in your throat.'

Correspondence.

New York Correspondence.

Weather—Silver Coin—'Harper's Weekly'—The Ancient Hebrews.

NEW YORK, January 26, 1857.

IF I should fill up this letter with the subject which forms, at present, the principal topic of conversation, I should make it merely a meteorological report; for, go where you will, the first remark is sure to convey, as a piece of strange news, the intelligence that it is a "very severe storm," or a "remarkably cold day," while the chances are that the person addressed is already abundantly satisfied of the fact by personal experience. In truth, we have had weather deserving of notices, for the thermometer has marked lower figures than at any previous time for many years—going as low as 12° below zero, here in the city, while in other parts of the State mercury has congealed. This intense cold has been accompanied by high winds, which have given it a severity rarely equalled, and many persons are suffering from frost-bites and other effects of exposure. The heavy gales of winds, amounting, in one or two instances, to hurricanes, which have lately swept our coast, have caused several shipwrecks, which the severe cold has rendered more than usually perilous to the lives and limbs of those who were wrecked and the gallant shoremen through whose efforts so many lives are annually saved.

Considerable inconvenience and loss is experienced by our citizens in consequence of an attempt, on the part of the Government, to reduce the current value of the Spanish coins, which form a large proportion of our silver currency. The reduction attempted is twenty per cent., as compared with the coin of the United States. The professed object of the reduction is a good one, viz. to drive them from circulation and have them re-coined in our own mint; but, to me it looks as though they had taken hold of the wrong end of the lever. While a Spanish "quarter" contains twenty-five cents' worth of silver, how many who hold them will not be very willing to let them go for twenty cents, even if the exchange does afford them an opportunity of inspecting the American Mint Works. On the other hand, had the Government offered a premium of four per cent. for the objectionable foreigners, it would soon have had them all in its own possession, at a reasonable cost, and might then have converted them into Native Americans at its leisure. In the latter case, the expense which is now so burdensome by the Government, which is now so burdened with a plethora of coin, notwithstanding the depleting efforts of conscientious office-holders, that Congress is engaged in revising the tariff laws with a view to the reduction of the revenue. By the present scheme the Government proposes to make profits by the operation, and to draw from the pockets of the citizens, and principally those of the poorer class, to whom a loss of twenty per cent. upon the little money they happen to have is a serious matter. If the Spanish coins and the inconvenient system of reckonings which they have introduced could be entirely banished from among us, there are few, I believe, but would rejoice. With the most perfect system of money possible, the decimal, we are constantly reckoning in a currency which is not; and never was, so far as I am aware, used by any other people. One eighth of a dollar, 12½ cents, being a common Spanish coin, is christened by the English name of shilling, and from this basis pence are reckoned in proportion, a penny being one cent, and one twenty-fourth. In small purchases the prices are always mentioned in shillings and pence, while our coins are dollars and cents, and as the amount in pence is equal to a little more than the same number of cents, another cent is taken. This makes the quarter dollar practically twenty-four cents, and subjects those who habitually purchase all their articles in small quantities, to

a loss of four per cent. upon all the money they use. To remedy this is the professed object of the change I have mentioned; but it seems like saying to the people: "The merchants have cheated you out of four per cent., now pay us twenty per cent. and we will give you the privilege of trying to prevent them from doing it in future."

The waning powers of slavery seem to be trying one more prop to sustain their sinking cause, in the form of *Harper's Weekly*, a *Journal of Civilization*, a large and neatly printed pictorial newspaper, published every Saturday, by Harper and Brothers, which commenced its existence with the new year. It seems intended to do the dirty work of slavery in the parlor as it is now done in the workshop by the *Daily News* and the *Herald*, and in the counting room by the *Journal of Commerce*, and the name of the firm by which it is issued is a sufficient guaranty that such work will be done with cheerfulness and a good share of ability. Much the largest portion of the paper is filled with reprints of English novels and matters of a similar character, intended for those who are too indolent or too imbecile to think for themselves, and who, therefore, require every idea to be fully traced out, and every subject of thought completely exhausted before it is presented to them. The editorials have, thus far, failed to meet the expectations of the public, but as recent numbers show a slight improvement upon the first, and as the resources of its publishers are known to be abundant, and it is fair to presume that they will not always be prosy, lifeless, and unreadable.

I shall do your readers a favor by calling their attention to a work recently published by A. S. Barnes and Co., of this city, entitled *The Ancient Hebrews*, by Abraham Mills, A. M., a good sized long primer 12-mo. of 143 p. g. Whoever has read the Old Testament, has felt that its different portions, the poetic, ceremonial, prophetic, historical, &c., might each be compiled in a volume by itself, with additions and illustrations from other sources, and that such a volume would be easier understood, and, therefore, to the mass of readers, who either lack the time or the inclination to study deeply and critically the Sacred Volume, would convey more information than the perusal of the Bible itself. Such a work, in substance, is the volume of which I am speaking—being a history of the Hebrew race, drawn almost exclusively from the Sacred Record, so far as that extends, and from that point to the destruction of Jerusalem and final dispersion of the Jews, made up from the most authentic unimpaired historians. It is written in a concise, but plain and cheerful style, well adapted to retain the interest of the reader, and amuse while it instructs, and whoever reads this work cannot fail to possess the historical portions of the Old Testament with increased interest and a better understanding of their connection and import. S. S.

Maine Correspondence.

Maine State Seminary.—Death of revivals.

ROCKLAND, Me., Jan. 26th, 1857.

Dear Bro. McLeod.—It has been a long time since I wrote to you. Indeed so still is my hand at writing, and so worthless what I write that I think it is hardly worth while to take up your valuable time and space to the exclusion of much else that is better. But after all I remember that promise; and will again try to furnish it.

The first point of interest with us in this State denominationally, is our Maine State Seminary. We have got on quite well so far. The work on the buildings for the winter is suspended. The centre building (Hathorn Hall) is done out-side, except the portico and steps in front. When all done it will cost from \$17,000 to \$20,000. It is quite different in its external appearance from the lithograph in the *Advocate* which you have seen. When done it will be a fine looking building. Some of our readers will suggest that such an outlay for buildings is hardly justifiable. The committee took into consideration the fact that it is to be for coming generations. We are preparing to put up one wing in the spring, 147 ft. by 43½ on the ground, three stairs above the basement, for a boarding hall. We have been hoping to be able to open the school next fall. That, however, will be decided on at our next annual meeting. I think if the funds (which come in slow at present) shall be forthcoming, the buildings can be in readiness by that time. We shall be happy to have many students from your section, and hope there may be some who will be ready to come at the opening of the school. The communication will be handy. By way of Portland thence to Lewistown.

Since the passing away of our political excitement, we have been hoping to see a rise of religious excitement. But thus far there seems to be no very general revival, though there are revivals in some localities. But may we not look for a day of general refreshing, when the Holy Spirit shall come down in a general shower, such a day Zion has seen, and a glorious day it is when she does see it. Such a day may we witness again. When souls by hundreds shall see flocking to Christ; such a day we shall see when his people all pray and hold on to the horns of the altar till it does come. We are too much like steers, and as a few are ready to pull at a time, and by the time the rest are ready to take hold the first slack up. We