

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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**THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,**  
An Evangelical Family Newspaper,  
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**TERMS.**  
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**THE SPIRITUAL VOYAGE,**  
PERFORMED IN THE SHIP CONVERT,  
Under the Command of Captain Godly-Fear,  
From the Port of Repentance unto Life, to the Haven of Felicity, on the Continent of Glory.  
AN ALLEGORY—IN NINE CHAPTERS.

**CHAPTER VII.**  
Entertained with the instruction of Mr. Plain-Dealing—sailed—fell in with a strong current—received the ship's assistance, Captain Ready-to-help—met a squadron under the command of Lucifer—an action commenced—the distress extended—the Admiral bears down—the foe is off—the kindness of the Admiral—the island of Perseverance.

While we lay here we were highly entertained with the company of an honest old gentleman, Mr. Plain-dealing; he was a very sensible, intelligent gentleman, from whom we gained much instruction. Our Captain was very fond of him, and consulted him upon several occasions. He was very free in giving advice to our men, and encouraging them to do their duty, and in guarding against designing persons, who are very apt to impose on sailors. Having refreshed ourselves and repaired our sails and rigging, we proceeded on our voyage, much pleased we had got so far safe. We had not proceeded far, when we had to contend with a strong current which ran right straight across the channel. It came out from between two of the Practical Islands, viz: the Island of Self-denial and the Island of Take-the-cross. It was with the utmost difficulty we could keep in deep water; we were several times on the very edge of a shoal called Find-fault; however, by proper attention to the helm, and the directions of the pilot, we weathered this dangerous shoal, and soon got into a place in the straits called Forbearance; from thence we proceeded to the last island of these straits called Press-forward, in latitude Never weary and longitude Paint-not.

Our pilot now informed us this was the last land we should see till we reached the Island of Perseverance; between which and the place we now were at, was a wide extended ocean, where we might expect to meet with many difficulties, and where many were lost, and never heard of more. We had many things to encourage us; for we had a good pilot, were all in good health, plenty of provisions, and a full supply of arms and ammunition; were united like a band of brethren, and had the greatest confidence in our officers, both with respect to their skill and courage. When we took our departure from this island the weather was pleasant and the wind fair, which continued several weeks; which time was spent in a manner both pleasing and profitable; in reflecting and discussing on the dangers we had escaped, the wonders we had seen, and above all, the kindness of our prince; profitable, in keeping every thing in repair, and the ship in the right course; and in receiving one another of the advice we had received from friends at the places where we had touched.

At length, however, we began to feel the effects of an unhealthy climate; which we now had got into; our men began to be sickly, the weather was so disagreeable, and contrary winds to prevail; which detained us in this sickly climate, till most of our hands were unfit for service. It might now be said of us; the whole hand is sick and the whole heart faint; our doctor himself was sickly and could not pay that attention which the nature of our cases required. However, when in the latitude of Near-to-faint, we fell in with some of our fleet, the ship's assistance, commanded by Captain Ready-to-help. From him we received such things as were necessary for us. He came on board to visit our poor Captain who was very low and ill, and his ideas were so much pleased, and his countenance so bright, that for some time we could not call to remembrance Captain Ready-to-help; but being prevailed on to take some medicine, he soon began to recover, as did the crew in general. Captain Ready-to-help furnished us with many necessities, and kept us company till we were all in pretty good health, and our rigging and sails much worn. We would have been glad of the Captain's company on the voyage, but we were separated in a gale of wind.

Some time after we parted with Captain Ready-to-help, we perceived a small vessel, and by the course they steered we had no doubt of their being a vessel. Our Captain began to prepare for fighting—true, our men at the first sight of the vessel, were a little alarmed; as our hull was a little crazy, and our rigging and sails much worn; but our Captain appeared so determined, and spoke in a manner so encouraging to his men, that they, one and all, decided they would stand

by the Captain and his officers, to the last drop of their blood. We soon discovered the vessel in sight were a squadron of men-of-war, belonging to Lucifer, and commanded by him in person, together with Captains Corruption, World, &c. They made a formidable appearance; however, we kept our course, preparing for action, which soon commenced with great fury. The vessel poured broadsides into us, and we courageously returned their fire—but here were great odds; several ships to one. But our men plied the great guns so well, and took such good aim, that they presently sunk two or three of the enemy's ships, and made the others shiver off for a while; but they returned again to the attack, and bloody work we had it, sometimes in spite of our best endeavours to prevent it, they threw a number of men on board of us; but Captain Ready-to-help, with his marines, made a dreadful havoc, and killed or knocked them overboard, as fast as they boarded us. At length, about midnight, they seemed deterred to board us from every ship, and did so; even Lucifer himself led the way. Now we were obliged to retreat into the great cabin, and places adjacent; where we defended ourselves by our small arms till break of day, when both parties were tired of the conflict.

In this interval our Captain and officers encouraged the men to stand it out stoutly, and not think of yielding to the enemy. The Captain told them he was well convinced in his mind, the Admiral could not be far off; for we were in the latitude of Great distress, and usually in that latitude the Admiral met with such ships as cure. The pilot and the chaplain were of the same opinion, and observed, that in one of the choros, it was recorded, "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me." The Captain then ordered every man a good glass of cordial, and directed them to put on the whole armour of God, for that they were determined to clear the ship of the villains, or die in the attempt; and added, he did not doubt but if they played the man, they could soon have a clear ship. The Captain then gave the word "the prince is my helper," and out we rushed and fell upon the enemy in the full strength of our souls. The Captain who was fighting on the poop, called out with all his might, "the Admiral! the Admiral! at this instant the boat-wain, Mr. Fortitude, gave Lucifer a desperate wound, and the Captain of mariners, Mr. Resist-our-blood, ran Captain Corruption quite through the body.

And now the principal officers being wounded, and the Admiral in sight, our men fought like lions, and soon killed, or tumbled the whole of these enemies overboard. Now we handled our great guns again, and gave them a full broadside, the chaplain crying out at the same time, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall, I shall arise; the Lord is my light and my salvation." The enemy meeting with such rough treatment, and seeing the Admiral bearing down upon them, sheered off, made all the sail they could, and were soon out of sight. But O what joy to see the prince, and so opportunely too! He soon came on board and beheld the slaughter we had made, and the condition we were in, most of us covered with wounds. O how he did caress the captain and all the officers and commend every one on board. Though almost every one was wounded, very few were slain. Had not the Admiral made his appearance, no one could say what would have been the consequence. The prince sent his own surgeon on board; the greatest care was taken of the wounded, they were supplied with every comfortable and nourishing thing the fleet could afford, and we soon all recovered; not a man died. Our ship, as I said, was crazy; nor could any repairs be effected at sea. The prince supplied us with some fresh provisions, and a variety of rich cordials, so we fared charmingly.

We should have been glad to have had the Admiral with us the rest of the voyage; but that could not be. While he continued to sail with us, we had much of his company on board our own ship. His presence seemed to put new life into us, and his kindness endeared him to us more than ever. He left us with many encouraging expressions, which made a lasting impression on our hearts. A few weeks after the prince left us we made the long wished for island of Perseverance. This island lies in the latitude of Encouragement, and in the longitude of Good-hope. Here we moored our ship securely in the harbour. At this island we were to continue till we had orders to sail.

**The Annual Tour of a Continenti Agent in Germany.**

In order to inspect the work at the several centres of action, to encourage the Colporteurs employed, to stimulate the zeal of the Society's friends, and to seize every opportunity for labour which may be presented, the Agents of the Continent usually visit the more important places in their districts every year. The beneficial effects of such visitations are clearly manifested in the account now given of a journey recently accomplished by Mr. N. B. Atterd, the Society's Agent at Cologne.

Permit me now to send you some particulars of my annual journey. My first visit was to Emden, where I had the pleasure of meeting that faithful and active Colporteur, Petersen, who, having been some time ago wonderfully healed from a disease of the body, from which he had suffered many years, and at the same time converted to God, gave body and soul to the Lord,

and always considers the work he has received to do for the British and Foreign Bible Society as a proof of that his dedication of a renewed body and soul has been graciously accepted by his Divine Master. His wife, too, who has lately been likewise brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and now feels herself entirely united to her husband as a labourer in the Lord's vineyard, accompanied him, and we spent a couple of days together, which, as he lately wrote, will not be forgotten by them. Nor will they by me. There is no doubt, that, under the Lord's blessing, these occasional meetings are most useful to the Colporteurs, who for the greater part of the time, are labouring among the world, and are scarcely aware of the greatness of the work they are helping to carry on. How much there is to be spoken of, when at length the Agent appears; how many inquiries are there to be made; how many questions to be asked and answered; how many adventures to be related; how many plans to be taken over.

At Emden I received a hearty welcome from the Rev. Mr. Voigtarts. His application for a grant of Bibles I have already taken the liberty of sending you. He assured me that there were many destitute persons who applied to him for Scriptures, and added that he was obliged to look to the liberality of our Society, from which he had formerly received so many proofs of kindness. "Let me tell you," said the energetic old gentleman, "that all my soldiers had their New Testaments in their breastcoat pockets, and many in their hands."

From Emden I proceeded to Leer, where I had an interview with our Sub-District Agent, and with our respected Correspondent, Mr. Bunk, who takes the most lively interest in our work, and has circulated many thousands of copies during the course of his connection with us. The Sabbath afternoon was very pleasantly spent at the parsonage of a clerical friend near Leer. I cannot but say, that whatever system our various friends may have adopted, they have uniformly favoured your Agent with a friendly reception. Frequently have I had cause to say, "The Bible unites us all."

Leaving this place, I proceeded as usual by night coach to Odenburg. Here I was honoured with an interview with the General Superintendent, Nielsen, a gentleman much attached to our Society and to our work. From him I received friendly counsel about the colportage in Odenburg, and the assurance of his best wishes upon what he was pleased to denominate my "Apostolic Mission." He felt sanguine in regard to the spiritual future of the country, though it cannot be denied that Odenburg is not one of the most fruitful fields of Germany.

My endeavours to obtain a proper Colporteur for this part of the country will, I hope, be crowned with success. The Moravian Minister stationed there promised to help me in my plans, and I am expecting to hear from him on the subject. If a young man who was thought of could be obtained, I trust we might be enabled to do something for the country. It is, however, true that in Odenburg the Methodist located at Bremen have been very active, as well as the Baptists, though the province of East Friesland is the more peculiar scene of their labours; and every one is ready to allow that they have had much success.

After having settled business at Odenburg, where, I regret to say, the sales at our sub-depot are not very great, principally on account of the Apocrypha, I pursued my journey to Bremen. Here I had the pleasure of meeting our senior Colporteur, Kilian, that fine labourer who has already circulated his 46,000 copies. I was glad to find him well, though he begins to feel the effects of his labours. His spirit is quite fresh, however, and he interest he takes in Bible circulation not less lively than in former days. He was busily engaged among the emigrants, who from that place leave their country for America by thousands. I feel convinced that his labours among this class of people are not in vain. He is full of love, and his outward appearance is well calculated to make an impression on his customers.

I saw other friends of the Bible at Bremen, and was especially delighted with an interview I had with the venerable Mallet.

After leaving Bremen, and arriving at Hamburg, one is greatly struck with the difference between the two places—a difference indicated plainly enough by that existing between the number of Bibles circulated in them respectively. Bremen is no longer what it used to be, but Hamburg is still very far behind. At Bremen the position of a Bible Colporteur is very difficult, and from what it is at Hamburg. Our David can testify to this. His sales are small; they were the subject of conversation; but I felt convinced that he was not to blame. Besides, other friends gave it as their opinion that David was a faithful labourer, and a blessing to many. At Hamburg I had occasion to see many of our friends and Correspondents, both English and German; and I hope that my visit to that place was not useless to the cause of our Society.

Our Colporteur, Jacobsen, I found lying ill at a small village near Kiel, where, during my stay, I enjoyed the hospitality of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Schulze. Our afflicted labourer was glad to see me again, and I am glad to say that he is now recovering.

At Hanover I found all in order. As I have already stated, the account books, tables, &c.,

were found to have been kept with perfect regularity, with which I congratulate the Society and myself, having had a regular course of instruction to give in the mechanical details of our work.

At Osnabruck I hope my visit will have paved the way for the re-introduction of colportage, which we were formerly obliged to discontinue. Mr. Beyerhaus has been instructed to take the needful steps for the attainment of this object at that place and Bückeburg. There are strong Lutheran tendencies prevailing in both places.

The last Colporteur visited was Schlomann, labouring in the district of Minden, where great opposition is experienced against the circulation of our Bibles.

"I can safely add that my visit to the Colporteurs proved pleasant and satisfactory, and I hope we shall have as good a year as the last proved to be."

In connection with the journey of Mr. Mallet, some encouraging facts, communicated by his Colporteurs, may be adduced. Colporteur Veller writes:—

"Last Monday two men met me on the road who had muskets for sale. I offered them my books, and particularly a New Testament. They inquired what kind of books they were that I sold. I replied, 'The Holy Scriptures, or the Bible.' They desired me to show them a Bible; so I sat down on the ground, and completed with their wish. They looked at several copies; and then said, 'We must tell you something. Some time ago we were stopping at a farmer's house. In that house this book was lying on the table, and the farmer used to read from it every morning and every evening. This pleased us exceedingly. In that part of the country from which we come there are no such books (they came from Treves), at least we have never seen one, much less have we ever had one of our own. We wanted to buy the book of the farmer, but he would not part with it.' They then inquired the price of a Bible. My reply was, 'Twelve and a half silver groschen.' But, now you should have seen the joy of these men at being able to purchase the book they had learned to love so much, though unknown to them. They immediately paid the sum required, put their new treasure into their knapsacks, shook hands with me, and joyfully pursued their journey."

"Such meetings sweeten many a bitter hour; for I must tell you that this part of the country is a melancholy and dark place; and yet I am glad I came to it, for it was needed and good."

Another Colporteur gives a touching account of colportage among the sick and captive:—

"Last week I was privileged to visit the poor sick people in the prison, and also the military hospital. In the latter place I met a poor sufferer, who had been confined to his bed for the last four years. This individual, whose income was three pennings (a fraction more than a farthing) a day, was delighted to buy a Bible with the amount of his little savings. He begged me to read a chapter to him, as he was too weak to read himself. He was deeply affected by what he heard, and then requested the inspector to advance him three silver groschen. For this he asked me to let him have a New Testament, which I then had to pack up before him, as he said he wished to send this volume to his friends at home, as his last legacy. The poor man wept for joy at being able to do this. Certainly it will not be unaccompanied by a blessing. This little scene made a deep impression on the other patients in the ward, and another patient, a Romanist, likewise bought a New Testament, which he intended, he said, to send to his family, when he had become unable to read it himself."

Colporteur Veller thus describes the way in which he was recently recognized by one to whom he had sold a Bible:—

"Last week I met an old man, who asked me whether I knew him. 'No,' said I, 'I do not.' My name is A. B. The man replied, 'I live at N. N. There you sold a Bible to me.' And, oh! my dear friend, he continued, 'after you had left me bitter anguish seized me. I cannot describe it. From that hour up to the present I have not had a joyful moment. I have read the Bible over and over again, but all the beautiful promises it contains are not for such an old sinner as I am.' While the old man was speaking the tears flowed down his wrinkled cheeks. 'Oh! said I, 'my dear man, pray and fear not; for such as you these promises are given.' I accompanied him a little. When we left, he shook hands with me, and went on his way rejoicing."

Another labourer relates the blessed effects produced by the perusal of fragment of a New Testament:—

"The Lord often does more than we think or pray. In secret many a precious seed is ripening unto eternal life. How much has remained unknown to us, eternally alone will disclose. Last week I found an old man, a Roman Catholic, at Emden. He showed me a part of a New Testament, and, with weeping eyes, made the following beautiful confession:—'By means of this fragment of the Word of God I have become acquainted with the Lord Jesus Christ, and have discovered that by the works of the law no man can be justified; that we can be saved by faith alone. I have experienced that all human endeavours to obtain peace are vain; that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ is the only safe

refuge. Oh! I once thought that salvation could be merited. I had half killed myself by fruitless efforts to obtain peace, when the blessed Lord, in a remarkable way, caused me to find this piece of his Word. By reading it, I at last discovered how grace could be obtained. I sought it, found it, and now enjoy peace through faith in the crucified Redeemer, who has obliterated all my guilt by his most precious blood.' We rejoice together most heartily, and I could not sufficiently praise the Lord for his wonderful and gracious dealings with this man. He then purchased a Bible from me, and accompanied me to several houses, the result of which was that I sold several copies. How I am persecuted in these parts you know, but what is all that compared to the pleasure of such a meeting?"

The same Colporteur reports the following pleasing incident:—

"Amidst the obstinate hatred to which I am here exposed, I am somewhat privileged to see with what joy the Word of God is received, and how diligently it is used, at least by some who purchase it. A short time ago I went through a village that I had already visited, and where some copies of the New Testament had been sold. When leaving the village I looked around to admire the scenery. While doing so I espied a man lying behind a hedge in the shade, and reading, as I discovered when I reached him, a New Testament. He did not notice me till I asked him what he was reading, and how he liked the book. 'Oh,' he replied, 'I like the book very much indeed, although our clergy tell us that it is not proper for us; for in it I find all about Christ and his Apostles. Now I have all these hanging up in my room, and should like to have them in my heart; therefore I like the book, and am not going to part with it.' We then had a little conversation together. He was a man of seventy-eight years, and was very glad to have found his 'beloved book.' [Bible Society Monthly Reporter.]

**The Confessional in the Church of England.**

The identity of Tractarianism with Romanism is becoming more palpable, but the concentration of the great battle of parties in the Church of England upon the confessional is a matter of thankfulness, provided the friends of truth have energy enough to follow up their advantage. Perhaps an Englishman is touched in his most sensitive point when the sanctity of his home is invaded, and his wife and daughters are in his absence subjected to the prying and indecent examination of a meddling and usurping priest. That any ground for such a practice exists in Scripture is, of course, only a fable and vain deceit. "Confess your faults one to another," which is almost the only text quoted on the subject, unfortunately proves too much. If it proves that the people must, on bended knees, unfold their most secret thoughts to a priest, it equally demonstrates that the priest should, with like humility, make a similar disclosure to the people. The truth is, the whole claim rests upon the monstrous assumption of a right to forgive sins, being part of the blasphemous usurpation of the Romish Antichrist who "sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

The meaning of the whole thing is, "Tell me your sins, and I'll forgive them." When Cornelius bowed before Peter, the Apostle repudiated the homage and said, "Stand up, for I myself also am a man," but every usurping agent of Antichrist, from the Pope down to the most new-fledged Tractarian minister, would reverse the command, and say to their fellow-sinners, "Bow down, for I am a God." The Apostle never set up any claim to the power of forgiving sins, but, on the contrary, always directed their hearers to confess their sins to God, through a good man Mediator, and also to look to the blood of Christ alone, as that which cleanseth from all sin. To the contrary assumption as a ground of trust, we may well apply the language of Scripture: "Cursed is the man that trusts in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the living God." Perhaps the matter might be brought to an issue, by showing the Romish argument, that a priest acts as God in forgiving sin, let him prove that he possesses other Divine attributes which can be brought to the test now. The apostle Paul's syllogism is: "If he is God, he will be able to do this. He is not able to do this. Therefore he is not God." Truly the signs of an Apostle were manifest amongst you; in other words, he wrought miracles to prove that he was commissioned by God. And the claim to search the human heart and to pardon sin is so extraordinary, that it would require to be supported by some corresponding evidence which could be subjected to an immediate test. The forgiveness of sin will only be discovered on the day of judgment. The priest's possession of omnipotence cannot therefore be tested at present. We have only his word for it. But if he does possess omnipotence, why not omniscience? Why, therefore, should he require to be told in confession of the sins of which we have been guilty, any more than God requires it he can really forgive them? Let him prove his divine authority by revealing to us, as God does by his Holy Spirit in the day of conversion, the sins of which we have been guilty, and when he has done that it will be time enough to ask us to believe that he has power to forgive our sins. This was the test to which the Babylonian king put the prophet of old, making him first reveal the vision, and then give the interpretation thereof, and it was a test from which

the prophet did not shrink. If men were really appointed by God to act for him, in the sense in which Romish and some Anglican priests claim to possess such a power, they would also be able to stand a similar ordeal. But such a process would at once unmask the imposture, and prove that the whole affair is a daring blasphemy, hatched by impious men under the guidance of the prince of darkness, by which to minister to human pride, and darken the light of the glorious gospel of the grace of God.

The pretence, besides, is a piece of political craft of the most daring kind. Assuming that the real object of the Antichristian system is to rule and diminish over mankind, being one of the gifts offered by Satan to Christ, no more effective plan of accomplishing the object could be devised by a cunning priesthood, than to get all the secret of every heart and neighbourhood poured into their ears, whilst they take good care to tell the simpletons who confess to them none of their own secrets; nay, whilst Papists are anxious, as far as possible, by obstructing education, and by destroying the action of liberty by means of the press, the platform, the pulpit or Parliament, to destroy all general intelligence amongst the people, and thus to make them tame certain and submissive dupes. Such is the history of the system wherever it has been fully developed. The Rev. William Gresley, in defending, in a letter to the Times, the disgusting proceedings of his curate, says:—

"With regard to confession in general, I heartily wish it were a great deal more practiced than it is, for the simple reason because I believe it to be one of the greatest positive helps to repentance. So far as my own experience goes, I have known more sinners brought to repentance by this means than any other. It is just what sinful worldly men, awakened to their danger, need, in order to work in them a thorough conversion and amendment of life. I scarce ever knew a person relaxing into irreligious habits who had conscientiously used confession."

Now, as to the wish here expressed, that more of the people of England should go down on their knees, and tell their secrets to an usurping priesthood, we can understand the spirit that dictates it, although we have no hesitation in saying, that a man capable of uttering such a sentiment should no longer continue in the Church of England, any more than the bishop who harbours him. But as to what is said of the spiritual efficacy of such an odious system, it unfortunately happens that we have an immense experience in all the teeth of this Tractarian dogma. The experience of all Romish countries proves, that if ever an engine of hell existed in the world to debase the consciences of men, and especially of women, it is this same Confessional.

We do trust that the people of England are prepared to bring the question to an issue. Either they must drive this enormous abuse from the Church of England, or that Church will of necessity forfeit its character as a Protestant institution. As in such men as West, Gresley, and Wilberforce, they are obviously opposed to true Protestant principles.

**The Lingerer.**

"He lingered."—Gen. xix. 16.

Reader, there are many of the Lord Jesus Christ's people very like Lot.

There are many real children of God who appear to know far more than they live up to, and see far more than they practice, and yet continue in this state many years. Wonderful that they go as far as they do, and yet go no further!

They hold the Head, even Christ, and love the truth. They like the sound of preaching, and assent to every article of Gospel doctrine when they hear it, but still there is an indescribable something which is not satisfactory about them; they are constantly doing things which disappoint the expectations of their ministers and of more advanced Christian friends. Marvellous that they should think as they do, and yet stand as they do!

They believe in heaven, and yet seem faintly to long for it; and in hell, and yet seem little to fear it. They love the Lord Jesus, but the work they do for him is small. They hate the Devil, but they often appear to tempt him to come to them. They know the time is short, but they live as if it were long. They know that they have a battle to fight, yet a man might think they were at peace. They know they have a race to run, yet they often look like a people sitting still. They know the Judge is at the door, and that there is wrath to come, and yet they appear half asleep. Astonishing in-y should be what they are, and yet be nothing more!

These are they who get the notion into their minds that it is impossible for believers to be very holy and very spiritual. They allow that eminent holiness is a beautiful thing. They like to read about it in books, and even to see it occasionally in others. But they do not think that all are meant to aim at so high a standard. At any rate, they seem to make up their minds it is beyond their reach. These are they who get into their heads false ideas of charity, as they call it. They would fain please everybody and suit everybody. But they forget that they ought first to be sure that they please God.

These are they who cannot find it in their hearts to quarrel with their besetting sin, whether it be sloth, indolence, ill-temper, pride, selfishness, or what it may. They allow it to remain a