

The Religious Intelligencer

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

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

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER
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From the Book and its Missions.

The Bible in Heathen Lands.

It seems to us, that if an angel from heaven were permitted to read but one book of human composition, and to choose what that book should be, with its sense of things past, present, and future, it is not improbable that he might select the Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the current year, for no other volume would speak so comprehensively of the facts which he would most to care to know.

For the sake of any of our readers who "never read a report," we will rapidly sketch what the angel might find within those 356 pages, which the Society has just given to the world, on the Progress of the Bible in HEATHEN LANDS, RESERVING MOHAMMEDAN, ROMAN CATHOLIC, OR GREEK CHURCH, and PROTESTANT countries, and the lands of the EARLY CHURCHES, for future numbers.

After the lapse of eighteen centuries from the time when "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," for our redemption from our lost estate the eye of the celestial messenger might seek out first, the records concerning Africa, China, India, and Japan, and what would it rest upon? Let him begin with Africa, p. 259. He is with Moffat, the venerated translator of the Bible into Sotho, the key-language which can be read by all the tribes in the interior of that mountain-girded and still mysterious continent.

The labour of twenty years is complete, and the last portion of the Old Testament has now issued from the press. The very hands that have inscribed and revised, have actually helped to print those Psalms and those Proverbs, and Moffat, or Moshete, as the natives call him, is in the presence of Mosekete, the "Lion of Lions," the "Napoleon of the Desert," before whom the thousands of the Matabele bow with awe, or about with joy.

"What are the writings that you have accomplished since your last visit to me?" says the great chief, "for you told me you had yet much to write of God's Word." The Missionary displays the second volume of the Old Testament, and the King looks at it "with as much wonder as if it had dropped from the moon. Turning leaf after leaf, he says:—

"I know the Book can speak; because, when you wrote to 'Ma Mary' (Mrs. Moffat), many years ago, to send me the things I wanted, the things came. But does God speak to you? Does He tell you what to write?"

Moshete replies, "that he is only a translator, and that no one can add to, or take from, the words that God has spoken to his favoured ones in ancient times."

The King then opening the volume, and looking earnestly at it, said, "Does it contain the doctrines which you teach? Why cannot I understand it?" Moshete replies, that he must first be taught to pick up the seeds of knowledge, as the A. B. C. or rudiments of learning, are generally called. "I then told him," says he, "that a great company of teachers in my own and helped me and others to render the Word of God into different languages." He received the testimony also from one of his Griqua captives, that "the Book is God's voice, and that we can only hear by the Book what God says." The native name for it is "The Mouth of the Jehovah."

This African Prince of the Desert has at last permitted his men of war to listen to the tidings of a Gospel of peace, and Mr. Moffat has obtained his concurrence in the establishment of a Missionary Station on the Zambeze River, to which his own son, the contributor of various interesting articles on Africa to THE BOOK AND ITS MISSIONS in 1857, is now probably on his way.

In the colony of NATAL, on the eastern coast, 8000 white men would be observed scattered among 120,000 coloured people—an overwhelming mass of native population, Kafirs and Hottentots, still, for the most part, sunk in deepest heathenism, practising abominations of superstition and barbarity, from which the Bible alone can raise them, or save their European neighbours. A Kafir translation, made by Wesleyan Missionaries, is almost complete. The Europeans have in most of their houses the Dutch or English Bible; and, therefore, when oftentimes scattered away from towns, there is for them no house of God, no ministry of the Word, no religious intercourse,—the most silent, yet mightiest of

preachers, can find its way to their hearts, even in solitary places.

Turning to West Africa, devoted German Missionaries were seen at their untiring labours of translation into languages which shall furnish the key of access to many more ignorant millions. One of them, the Rev. J. Zimmermann, is heard saying, "The progress of the Word of God along and in the interior of the Gold and Slave Coasts is encouraging. Parts of the Scriptures are being yearly translated into four of their principal languages, Ga, Ojji, Krepe, Yoruba; and I know that many thousand copies, in the first and last, are being diligently read. Ten years ago, scarcely more than twelve people could read in Ga; now above 400 can read fluently, and 2300 are learning. The latter are mostly Christians, distributed over the country. In many a secluded corner, where a Missionary has never been seen, our books—those silent messengers—many now reach the heart of some sable reader. The Fetish priests dread our primers even more than all the natives must learn to read English; the gift of languages is now as necessary a gift to the messengers of Christ as in the day of Pentecost; and those who would cleave only to the English tongue would find themselves side by side with the Romish Missionary and his Latin language. The rough and hitherto uncultivated native languages of Africa are already proved to be the same rich and beautiful medium of thought as Greek and Hebrew, and as fit vehicles to transmit the Word of God. Women, who found it quite hopeless to learn English, are able to read the Gospels eagerly in their native tongue, and youths of the Ga tribe, who have never been to school, have still learned to read and write in Ga."

The angel's eye might follow where ours cannot. The Missionary LIVINGSTONE still pioneers into the unknown recesses of the continent, and it would surely rest on another true Missionary at FERNANDO PO, the Rev. A. Saker. He says:—"You will regret to learn that the Spanish authorities have at last interdicted Protestant worship in this island. I have had a long correspondence with them on this matter, and to me there appears no hope of their harsh decree being rescinded. Consequently, I am taking steps to remove the religious community to the continent, where I have obtained a tract of country at the foot of the mountains at Cameroons. Here I hope to see the foundation of an English city laid, and our worship in public resumed, by the time this letter reaches you."

"Long and heavy will be our toil, as everything is to be done. It is a wilderness without inhabitants. It must be cleared, buildings erected, trade with the interior opened, commerce drawn to its lovely bay, and then there will be another highway to the deep, but dark, interior. The expense of this, too, will be very heavy, and will probably exhaust our energies and means, and perhaps, demand our lives. We have need to look to our distant brethren for aid as well as sympathy, and possibly to you for the gift of copies of the Word of God. Should need arise, I am sure we shall have your prompt aid in this matter."

CHINA.

The gates of China open! How would this thrill upon the angel's ear; those gates which have been jealously shut and guarded from time immemorial! God has honoured England to secure a treaty which so far cancels all Asiatic fixedness of ideas, as to permit Protestant Missionaries to visit the interior of the country unmolested, and instruct the natives in the tenets of Christianity. What they cannot do in enlightened France, they may do henceforth in stereotyped China. Protestantism must, therefore, hasten to increase her Missionary labourers. The Protestantism of England, America, and Germany has hitherto furnished but 90 Missionaries for China, a country about about six times the size of France, and more thickly peopled than even India.

Pope's can marshal her 300 priests, who are eagerly attempting to establish the dominion of the Papacy on the ruins of Buddhism. "It is a remarkable fact," says a missionary in the South Sea, "that Romish priests scarcely ever enter on entirely heathen lands. They endeavour to follow, when Protestant missions have effected some permanent change in Christianizing the people." Here, however, they are beforehand with the men of the Book, and the Book alone can, as "the sword of the Spirit," meet and vanquish the errors they will build on the crumbling foundations of heathenism. It is true, as this report shows, that by the munificent provision for more than two millions of copies of the New Testament, as a gift from England to China, the armory is furnished, but where yet are the distributors? Who shall carry the sacred volume to the homes and the hearts of the Chinese? The committee have only yet ventured on the actual printing of 313,000 copies, and about 241,000 of these have been distributed. Experience like this wise proves that a small number of copies sold, and a genuine thirst kindled for the Book of God, is truer and more efficacious work than its distribution indiscriminately, and by gift in larger numbers.

It is said that the Insurgent party in China have the New Testament already in their possession, printed by themselves, and in their own language, and yet that owing to the preoccupation

of the people's minds with lying fables, it is comparatively an unknown book, and that they are greater antagonists to Christianity than the Imperialists.

Yet one thing is certain, that the Lord has not suffered the prejudices of ages in China to fall down, like the walls of Jericho, without a purpose, and to judge by the history of the Word at large, this purpose must be that "that Word shall have free course and prevail." Distributors will, therefore, be raised up, and we rejoice to hear that Mr. Wylie, a gentleman who possesses peculiar qualifications for the work in a familiar acquaintance with the manners, customs, and language of the country, will transfer his energies, which have been hitherto devoted to the oversight of the Bible printing presses at Shanghai, to the now more important task of circulating the books that have been printed, and organizing a staff of Native Agents to act under his directions.

It is probable that the contributors to the Chinese Fund will think this a most wise and necessary item of expenditure, for it is surely comprehended in the intention of a gift that it should reach the hand for which it was designed; and, therefore, the books must have their fit distributors—these must be trained native agents, presided over and called to account by an experienced Foreign Superintendent. May the number of converted natives, who love the Bible for themselves, and who have felt its power, be daily multiplied.

A large number of Chinese New Testaments have been distributed on board the vessels engaged in conveying the Imperial harvest of grain from Shanghai to the north, and two native colourports have been thus employed for some time.

The remarks of the people who have received these books have been nationally characteristic. "How is it that Christianity forbids sacrifice to the memory of fathers and mothers? This is a custom of old standing with us, and difficult to be cast aside." "I fear there would be no advantage in embracing your religion." "I cannot make up my mind at present, but I will look through your book, and when I see you again ask your counsel." The Word read, however, often seems to have been heard gladly, and the books desired by the more intelligent. Many Chinese in this class of life cannot read. A man named Yin asked, "If Jesus died upon the cross to atone for sin in the time of the Han dynasty, were all men who lived before that time consigned over to punishment?" This produced a wish for Bibles to examine into the subject. Books were often purchased as gifts to friends, and by sales to persons on these trading junks, thousands of copies have already found their way into the interior.

Perchance, at no very distant day, Christianized Chinese women will go forth with these New Testaments, offering them to Chinese mothers, and thereby raise them to their place in society. "Nobody yet thinks, in China, of consulting a woman; but we all know of the educated and devoted English Lady who has spent her life at Ningpo in endeavouring, and very successfully, to lay the foundation of woman's Christian influence in the homes of the 'flowery land.' The affliction of blindness in China affects unusual numbers of the people; one in 300 appearing to be the proportion of those who suffer from the disease of the eye, while in England the number is only one in 1000. The lady alluded to, Miss Aldersey, has a class of eleven blind Chinese, who are taught industrial occupations under her superintendence. They receive daily religious instruction from Agnes Gutzlaff, a young blind Chinese of devoted Christian character, who after having been educated in this country, has been sent back to China, in the hope that she will become useful to her blind countrywomen. An attempt to teach this class of blind persons to read by means of raised letters has been attended with success, and to meet their affecting need, the whole Gospel of St. Luke is required.

"The present small class of Miss Aldersey's readers has an importance beyond that of advantage to its individual members, inasmuch as it forms the point of a wedge by which, through God's blessing, the wretched multitude of their fellow-sufferers will be reached; for they will probably become teachers of the blind, and the Missionaries, encouraged by the success of this experiment, will imitate it.

"The Chinese have no remedies for diseases of the eye, consequently three-fourths of those who are attacked, perhaps, lose their sight, and this extends to all varieties of age and class, and reduces the sufferers, but too generally, to fortune-telling and every species of begging and degradation.

"The number who speak the Ningpo colloquial dialect has been calculated by some to be from thirty to fifty millions, consequently the number of blind, for whom these stereotype plates may eventually be available, would be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand. It is, however, in the meantime, for the more limited district occupied by the Ningpo Missionaries that they will be in demand."

The petition to the Bible Society concerning this Gospel of St. Luke, which will be embodied by Moon, was conveyed through Miss Graham, who is a well-known friend of the blind in England. The Committee have gladly undertaken to defray the expense.

"Awful" Gardner's Experiences.

Mr. Orville Gardner of New York, the reformed 'bruiser,' made his first appearance as a temperance lecturer at Newark, on the 25th inst. He detailed some of his experiences in a naive and simple, yet interesting manner. We copy a report of his remarks:

Mr. Gardner came forward and claimed the sympathy of the audience in the remarks he was about to make. He had never before attempted to make a temperance lecture, and did not know how he should succeed. But he would do the best he could, and hoped to have the help of God. There were two sides to this question as well as others. One was the Rum side, the other the Sobriety side. He proposed to look a little while at both sides. He would take for his text the Rum-drinker. He commenced by drinking hard cider, then strong beer, then a little wine, then a drop of brandy, until finally he could take his gin and sugar without any water. You will find him at last in the lowest places to be found, drinking miserable fire-water. Then he loses his health, self-respect, character and looks what we used to call decidedly 'seely.' You will see him with his boots down at the heels, the knee of his pants worn till it is perfectly glazed with grease, and it's not much longer before the knee protrudes, and he is barefooted, hatless, coatless, vestless and almost shirtless—all, all swept off by the tyrant Rum. His family are robbed of food and raiment, and are turned out of home. I believe, my friends, I have been just there myself. I have been so drunk I was not fit to go home to my wife. The end of the road is at the bottom of the hill, and there will every man bring up who continues the use of Rum. He thanked God that he had been saved from the gutter. He had got so low that he had begun to lose his shame.

The sober man was happy; he had a home, friends, money, and a chance for riches. He goes along saving the money others are spending for rum, and is getting wealthy. I used to think there was no fun without rum, but I was miserably mistaken. Rum sometimes makes a person get up on his dignity, and he feels very large as if he owned half of the town. I have seen the time when I was high, when I would parade the streets with my hat cocked on one side of my head, and imagine I was Mayor of the city or some other dignitary, fearing neither God nor man, without a shilling in my pocket. But when I got sober and the rum had all gone out of me, I found I was hardly anybody. Imagination will sometimes carry a person a very long distance. But I hope I have done with such scenes forever.

The life I now lead is a life of peace and joy. I have been a bad man and I am ashamed of it. What a bad man I was in this city years ago! I was 'Awful Gardner.' What a terrible name! But I have got religion, thank God for it! I felt sorry here to-night, as I thought of my past transgressions. I felt glad to see so many here, and I am glad to stand before you as a monument of God's mercy. Now, my dear friends, I have to bring in religion in this little conversation of mine, because I think religion and temperance are closely connected with each other. A drunkard has no happiness here or in eternity. Sobriety is the best life to lead. I know it by experience, that best of teachers.

My life has been an eventful one. I have passed through many scenes when my brain has been on fire through the use of strong drink. We go in a saloon and sit down, and paying our shilling, take the liquor dealt out to us, and then wait for some one to come in and treat. Some one does come in, and we drink again and again, until we find our way in the gutter. I have been incarcerated in prison, oh, how many times I can't tell. I own the corn. I have been looked up all over the country. I have been locked up here in New York, Albany, and all through Canada, and away down South—always for getting drunk or getting in a fight, while under the influence of the mad-deneyng cup. There is no use of talking, I have been through the mill. But a merciful God has spared me, and stayed my steps ere yet it was too late. I have dissipated in all the luxuries the Devil has ever been able to cook up. If he ever got up a new dish, I was a chief imp in setting it forward. Now on Sunday, with my wife on my arm, I go to my church. My God! what a change! What a mercy that he sent His Son down to earth to save sinners.

I may wander away from the path of righteousness, but I trust not. I can never forget the day when Jesus converted my heart, and washed my sins away. I was unexpectably happy. I know then what constituted true happiness. I would advise all to get religion. What is more noble than to see a young man espouse the cause of temperance; and what looks worse than to see an old man staggering towards a drunkard's grave? It is very warm here to-night, but I've been in much warmer places, from which only escaped by the mercy of God. I had hard work to leave off drinking rum. Gin and sugar in the morning seemed necessary to my existence. I was a perfect slave to rum. Rum led me in all sorts of trouble, and never yet got me out of a single scrape. Rum is a very large, two-edged sword, and with it the devil cuts up scores of human beings. It nearly took my head off. I did not sign the pledge. My conscience kept troubling me every time I took a drink of rum, and I went to Boston, to see if a spree with boon companions there would not destroy its pangs. The

first move I made there, I was locked up. Some friend got me out of jail, and I got drunk and kept drunk for some time. I had a little touch of the tremens, and raised a four-story window to jump out and kill myself, but the Lord saved me. I had to walk the street all night, for fear I would jump from the window. I returned, bringing my guilty conscience with me. Finally I got a bottle of old Jamaica, and went down on Long Island, and there, alone, I struggled with the appetite within me. I prayed to God to aid, and he did. I rose up and said, 'God, I will quit.' I resolved never to taste another drop of liquor, and I buried the bottle. God has aided me, and may it please Him, the bottle will never have a resurrection. Man can accomplish great and wonderful things if he only puts himself in exercise.

A sober man is within arm's reach of religion. Temperance brings him to the very door. No man can drink liquor and serve God. I told Jesus Christ if he would convert me, I would give myself, soul and body, up to him and his work, and I am trying to keep my promise. I verily believe, I never would have been converted but for prayers of a good old mother. Oh, mothers pray for your children.

I never forgot the family altar and the Sabbath School of my youth, and many a time have the recollections of those things caused me to weep in my course of sin. God will answer prayer. Now, young men, come to Jesus. Renounce rum and all iniquity. It only takes money thrown away and all iniquity, and enables you to make excursions for recreation in the country. May God help you to give your heart to Him and your hand to the pledge.

How much reason I have to thank God for what he has done for me. Before I was converted I was a devil from head to foot, and I hope I may be as fully a Christian as I was a devil. I am not ashamed of Jesus. But I must quit—May we all meet in that brighter and happier world above.

THE MODEL FAMILY.

I was for a number of years very intimately acquainted with a family composed of ten persons, the parents, and eight children. The father was a man of strong mind, and well stored with religious knowledge. The mother was a woman of a sprightly turn of mind, of good sense and ardent in religion. They were both much given to religious conversation.

It was their habit to rise early in the morning, and having called upon the older children to rise, they both retired for secret prayer. By the time they were through with their devotions, the older children were dressed and ready for worship, which was usually attended before breakfast. A blessing was craved, and thanks returned, at every meal. As soon as the day's labours were over, and the family were all gathered in, and before the children became sleepy, the family Bible was laid upon the table, when the husband, the father, and the priest, summoned all the inmates around the family altar with, 'Let us with reverence worship God.' This commenced, as usual, with singing a psalm, or a portion of one, then a chapter was read, and a prayer offered. It was usual to read from the Old Testament in the morning, and from the New in the evening, reading through in order. As soon as this exercise was over, the parents retired for secret prayers, no matter who might be present. The children appeared to know the object of their retiring, and I sometimes observed some of the older children follow their example. In cases of severe sickness with any of the children, the father was wont to remind them of the cause of their sickness, and the design for which it was sent. They were very regular in attending upon the ordinances of God's house whenever they had an opportunity. They rose early on the Lord's day, as on any other in the week. When they had not the opportunity of attending upon the public means of grace, it was their custom to worship God three times in their family on that day, at morning, noon and evening.

The evenings of that day were spent in catechising; the father asking the shorter catechism from memory, and questions upon it in order to explain it. And seldom have I heard any man better able to explain it to the minds of children. Sometimes recitations were heard from Brown's admirable exposition of the catechism. The smaller children were also catechised, and heard the Lord's prayer, and any psalm or portions of scripture which had been memorized. Then followed a solemn, practical application. The claims of Christ were urged home upon the heart and conscience, and they were exhorted to flee from the wrath to come.

And, perhaps, if those children felt serious in their life, it was under their father's pungent exhortations. In the father's absence the mother always took his place. She was very able, and very fervent in prayer. Now we might expect that such diligent, prayerful, and persevering instructions, accompanied by a consistent pious example, would be followed by the fulfilment of God's promise: 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' And I have reason to believe that in this case it was. These parents have long since gone to their rest, as also two of those eight children, who gave a satisfactory evidence of having a saving interest in Christ, and died in faith.

The other children are all hopelessly pious, and so far as known to the writer, living consistent lives. One of them is a minister of the everlasting gospel.

Let Christian parents be faithful in their instructions and exhortations, and consistent in their lives; let them use strong faith in God's appointed ordinances, and in his promise; and I believe that they may often be the means of the conversion of their own children.—Christian Instructor.

The Fatal Resolution.

"LYDIA STURTEVANT was the name of an amiable young lady of my acquaintance who died at the age of sixteen. She was the daughter of respectable and pious parents, in one of the New England states. On the cultivation of her mind considerable attention had been bestowed. Buoyant in spirit and beautiful in person, she was the pride of her parents, the ornament of her circle, and the admiration of all who knew her.

To what extent her mind had been imbued with religious truth in childhood, I have not been able fully to learn. It is certain that from her earliest years she had regarded religion with respect, and had entertained the expectation of becoming a Christian before she died. It is not known, however, that she was the subject of special religious impressions until the summer of 1824. During the months of July and August of that year, her mind was solemnly impressed, and she felt that it was unsafe to live in the neglect of religion any longer. One morning, especially, the first impression as she awoke was, that she must embrace religion then; and that her soul was in imminent danger of being lost if she delayed. She saw herself, as she expressed it, 'to be a great sinner, in the hands of a God of justice'—saw that there 'was no hope but in Jesus Christ—that in Christ there was a full and complete salvation—that he was ready and willing to receive her then, and that delay would probably be fatal to her soul.' She deliberated; she reasoned; she prayed, and finally made up her mind to the deliberate resolution, that she would repent and accept the offer of salvation, before the close of that day. She did not actually repent then, but resolved that she would do it that day. This resolution was, as she believed, the solemn and deliberate purpose of her soul; and she felt a degree of satisfaction in the thought, that the question of her eternal salvation was so near a final and favorable adjustment. But the day had its cares and its pleasures; business and company filled up its hours; and the night found her as thoughtless, almost, as she had been for many months.

The next morning her religious impressions were renewed and deepened. She saw, more clearly than before, the danger of her condition and the necessity of immediate repentance. Sin now appeared more exceedingly sinful; she reproached herself for violating the resolution of the previous morning, and in an agony of soul, better conceived than described, formed another resolution, as she expressed it, 'to begin religion before the close of that day.' And with this the anxiety of her mind again subsided. The violated vows of the previous morning gave her some uneasiness; she felt not quite the same confidence in herself that she did before; but she had now formed the resolution so firmly, she was fixed in her purpose, that she considered the issue could hardly be any longer doubtful; and the agony of her soul gave way to the soothing reflection that she should soon be a Christian. She had now taken, as she imagined, 'one step'—had formed a solemn purpose, and had given a pledge to repent that day. She felt, as she expressed it, 'committed,' and hardly had a doubt as to the accomplishment of her purpose. This day also passed away as before. She did indeed several times during the day think of her resolution, but not with that overwhelming interest she had felt it in the morning, and nothing decisive was done.

The next morning her impressions were again renewed, and she again renewed her resolution; and it was dissipated as before; thus she went on resolving, and breaking her resolution until her anxiety entirely subsided, and she relaxed into her former state of unconcern. She was not, absolutely indifferent; she still expected and resolved to be a Christian; but her resolutions now looked to a more distant period for their accomplishment, and she returned to the cares and pleasures of the world with the same interest as before.

About this time she went to reside in a neighboring village, and I did not see her again for about three months, when I was called at an early hour one morning to visit her on a bed of death. Her last sickness was short—of only five days' continuance. So insidious was its progress, that no serious apprehensions were entertained as to its issue until about eight hours before her death; and no anxiety for her salvation up to this hour appears to have occupied her mind. About day-break on the morning of the day she died, she was informed that her symptoms had become alarming, and that her sickness would probably be fatal. The intelligence was awfully surprising. It was an hour of indescribable interest to her soul. A solemn stillness reigned around. It was at the early dawn of day, just about the hour at which she formed what she emphatically called, 'THAT FATAL RESOLUTION,' a short time before. The opening twilight, the chamber in which she lay, every object abroad, brought to mind her former resolutions, and in a moment all the horrors of her situation filled her soul. She now saw herself a hardened sinner, in the hands of God—impotent, unpardoned—without hope—at the very gate of death—her Saviour sighed, the spirit grieved and gone, and the judgment with its tremendous retribution just before her.

For a moment, dear reader, suppose her case your own. Time, that was given her to prepare for eternity, was gone! Health, strength, fl