

The Religious Intelligencer

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

VOL VI.—NO. 49

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK,

DECEMBER 9, 1859.

WHOLE NO. 309

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,
FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA,
Rev. F. McLEOD,
G. A. HARTLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

Published every Friday Morning.
At their office, No. 28 Germain Street, St. John, N.B.

TERMS.

Single Copies as usual, 10 7 6
TO CLERGS.
5 Copies one office, 1 15 0
10 do do, 3 5 0
15 do do, 5 5 0
20 do do, 8 10 0

We will write the name of each subscriber on the paper enclosing his paper, but the papers making up a club must go to the same office.

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The Revival Movement.

RECENT REPORTS.

Mr. Venn, vicar of Hereford, has spent nearly a month in visiting Belfast, Lishburn, Ballymena, Portrush, Coleraine, and Armagh, together with the immediate neighbourhoods of some of those towns, and gave himself thoroughly up to the work called the "Revival." He communicates the following to the Daily News as the result of his "impressions or rather firm convictions":—

1. Within the last five or six months vast numbers of men, women, and children have been truly converted to God, and become "new creatures in Christ Jesus."

In all the places I have mentioned, those ministers and Christian friends with whom I conversed spoke of "hundreds" whom they could name as having been lately converted, and as having given satisfactory proofs of their conversion by their altered life and conversation.

A great many of the converts I saw and conversed with, in some cases several times, and I should say that they were, for the most part, humble-minded Christians, with a deep sense of the evil of sin, a clear view of the believer's complete in Christ, an earnest desire to walk according to the gospel, a genuine love to the Saviour and his people, a delight in the word of God and prayer, and a longing for the salvation of others.

One of the first converts I saw, a young man who had been struck down three months before, spoke with a holy solemnity of manner that made such an impression on my mind as I think will never be effaced.

2. A very general interest in the subject of religion has been awakened throughout the whole district.

At Lisburn, where I spent a Sunday, the church of the clergyman whom I was assisting was crowded to excess, both morning and evening, and hundreds went away, unable to get in. The same was the case even on the week-day evenings.

3. Crime and open immorality have been exceedingly diminished.

At Lisburn the inspector of police assured me that from Saturday afternoon till late at night there used to be incessant disturbances from drinking and quarrelling; thousands of work-people receiving their pay in the afternoon, and then many of them going into the whisky shops to drink. Since the revival, however, everything, he said, had been comparatively quiet.

The stipendiary magistrate for the county of Antrim told me, that there were twenty-three petty sessions with which he was connected; and that the number of cases brought before them had most materially increased since the revival, especially cases of assault. He knew, he said, of some instances in which Orangemen, who had been struck down, had gone to some of their Roman Catholic neighbours whom they had ill-used, and begged them to forgive them.

In Ballymena and Coleraine, in Portrush and Armagh, the cases of drunkenness were so very rare, that the decrease could only be accounted for on the supposition that a feeling of awe had come over the whole population, and had restrained them from all gross and open excesses.

I must in candour state, that the Mayor of Belfast told me that crime on the whole had increased in that town, or rather that the number of cases brought up before the magistrates had increased.

It would be difficult to suppose that the actual amount of crime had increased in Belfast, when in many portions of the town, and everywhere else throughout the country, the diminution had been so great. It would be easier to suppose that the police had become more active, in detecting and bringing offenders. Belfast, however, is a large town, and has a rapidly increasing population.

Cases of Romish Conversion.

The next case we refer to is that of a very intelligent young woman who had been a collector in the Cause of Rome. Her parents were both Romanists, but some time ago she was employed in a Protestant family as servant. She became very much interested in a hymn book her

mistress was in the habit of using; so much so, that she began to commit some of the hymns to memory. She confessed this to the priest, and of course the priest gave her an instant prohibition, and made her promise that she would henceforth cease from reading the hymns.

She, however, broke her promise, read the hymns again, and asked her mistress if she would allow her to go church. She then began to have a thirst for the Bible, and when her mistress would reiterate at night, she would steal up to the parlour for a loan of the Bible, and pore over it eagerly. She then went to a revival meeting in the church, was laid prostrate, and in a short time was found praying to the Lord Jesus to have mercy upon her. She found peace.

She said after that, "I never thought of praying to the Virgin Mary. I now see that she is no other than a saint in heaven. It is folly to confess to a priest. I wonder I ever did so. Praise be to God, I was blind, now I see." The priest visited her, and endeavoured to terrify her by saying that if she became a Protestant she would be damned, and would burn in hell throughout eternity. The nuns also visited her, repeated the same extraordinary statement, and added, "If she left her old faith, she would become a prostitute, and fall into the most horrible sins." But she was steadfast. Nothing moved her. She enjoys light and happiness, and prays earnestly that all Roman Catholics may be converted.

The next case is that of a very young and ignorant girl, and we refer to it chiefly because it illustrates how boldly those who have been converted speak to their priests, whom they formerly respected with the greatest reverence. The girl was unable to read, and had become a servant in a Protestant family. She was first struck with the condescension of her master in reading the Douay Bible in the family for her sake, and she began to think, "Surely there is not such a difference in the Protestant Bible as I have heard there was, seeing my master uses the Douay Bible in its stead."

She went to an open-air meeting and was carried home to her master's house prostrate. Her master, desirous of showing that he did not use what might seem undue influence, asked her if she would send for a priest. She said, "Yes." The priest came, and requested her to "bless herself," that is, to make the sign of the cross.

"To his surprise she said, 'What good will that do me, sir?' He then asked her to confess to him. But she as resolutely said, 'No, sir, I won't confess to you; you can't pardon sin; none but God can pardon sin.' He said, 'You confessed before, why not now?' Before I was blind, now I see," was the answer. The priest left, and she never thinks of praying to the Virgin now, but to the Lord Jesus Christ, and is most desirous to be able to read the Bible, and that her parents may be converted.

At the Religious Institution Rooms, Glasgow, on Friday, a clergyman from the west of Ireland, in the heart of the Popish district, stated that, though the work of revival had not made so much progress in that place as in the North, yet they were not without manifestations of God's power amongst them. He related the case of a Roman Catholic lady. A few weeks ago this lady had come from a place twenty miles from Galway to visit a friend, and they both went and heard a Protestant minister. The sermon, the text of which was, "Come unto me all ye that labour," affected her very much. After her return home, the priest called upon her and said he understood she had been attending a Protestant place of worship. The lady confessed she had, upon which the priest told her that her case was already in the hands of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Tuam, and that if she did not satisfy him she would be excommunicated. This lady is now diligently inquiring after the truth, and giving hopes that she is truly converted.

Tetzels Indulgence Box.

At Jutterbogk I was obliged to stop three hours for the down-train from Berlin. In this old Wendish town stands the church of St. Nicholas, in which is carefully preserved the Indulgence Box of Tetzels. Its genuineness cannot be doubted, and its history is as follows.

Tetzels pretensions had aroused the friends of Luther, and their methods of resistance were as various as their temperaments. Perhaps they cannot always be justified.

The wretched old knight, Hans-Von-Hacke, having obtained of Tetzels a pardon, not only for the past, but for all the sins he should commit in the future, determined to make the most of his bargain. He watched his opportunity when Tetzels was returning from one of his tours—his box well filled with the spoils he had obtained for his pardons—and on a dark night way laid and robbed him, box and all.

I had seen this fact briefly stated in the reading of my younger days; but the people of the town related the story at length, and with special enthusiasm.

My curiosity was, of course, greatly excited. Obtaining admission to the church, after some delay, I was not at all disappointed. The box stands conspicuously near the middle of the church—no the common, dilapidated affair, which is usually seen in the shape of a modern contribution box, but a massive and most imposing antique, illustrating very impressively how the

Pope did things in those days. It is a great log, dug out of oak, ten feet long, three feet broad, and two and a half deep, strongly hooped with iron; the front covered with iron ornaments. The lid is a heavy two-and-a-half-inch plank, with a large slit in the middle for the money, secured by stout hinges and three strong hasps. The padlocks which are said to have once secured this immense chest, when filled with the metallic currency of those times, must have made a load for at least four strong horses.

A good haul for old Hans; and to wonder the Pope was angry with the Reformers.—[Tract Journal.]

Mistaking the Way.

"Do you think that God has forgiven your sins?" said the writer to a pale, wasted sufferer, who had been for many days gradually sinking lower and lower; his answer was, "O no! I think I haven't prayed long enough for that yet; may be, he has forgiven some of them, but not all; I'm sure I shall have to pray some time longer, before he will forgive them all."

This reply lets one in at once to the secret plague of the sinful human heart. In a thousand different forms, yet always in effect the same, this principle of our corrupt nature shows itself always when the claims of God are pressed upon the conscience and the understanding. In answer to the tremendous question, "What must I do to be saved?" the pride of the heart answers, "Begin to pray and repent, read your Bible a little more, partake of the Sacrament, and lead an upright moral life, and you will at length, somehow, sooner or later, bring yourself into a condition in which it will be possible for God to have mercy upon you. And thus the poor soul cheats itself out of the blessing for which it is pining, and gropes on in a weary round of services, hoping in them at length to find peace and healing for its wounds.

The great deceiver fosters this awful deception; he insinuates into the anxiously inquiring mind of the sinner the flattering notion that he is becoming ripe and riper every day for the kingdom of heaven; that so much real goodness cannot perish, but must be accepted at the last; that so many prayers, so much self-denial, and such faithful discharge of Christian duty cannot but avail, at the last day, to secure his acquittal from the sentence of the broken law.

Oh! my poor fellow-sinner, suffer one who has tried in vain this fruitless task of working out a righteousness for himself, to tell you of a better way. Let me ask you to accept by faith, as a free gift, the eternal life of your soul at the hand of the Lord Jesus Christ. Let me beg you to rest your hope upon the atonement for sin which he has made by the offering up of his own body as a sacrifice upon the cross. Accept Him as your Saviour, and His finished work as your recompense of salvation. Believe on Him; feed upon His promises; and keep ever glowing in your heart a sense of the measureless love for you, in that he gave himself for you; and let this love constrain you to give yourself a willing offering to him; and, lastly, be persuaded to do this at once. Could you see the poor sufferer of whom I have spoken, racked with terrible agonies, and trembling upon the brink of the grave, you would think it a most unkind thing to seek the Saviour, and make your peace with God. Slight no longer the love that yearns over you; refuse no longer the boon of eternal life which he proffers and urges upon your acceptance.—See Bird.

Think for One Hour.

During a season of religious interest among my people in C—, there was a class of young persons who remained careless and unconcerned about their souls' salvation. At a prayer meeting, where many of them were present, they were exhorted to consider their ways and be wise. When about to leave the house of prayer, which was so solemn as the house of death, these young persons were kindly asked to go home and think for one hour for their souls' salvation. One thoughtful and pious young man resolved that he would regard the request, and consider the subject for one hour before retiring for the night. After reflecting for an hour of his lost and guilty condition, and of God's mercy to him, his heart relented, and he began to pray earnestly for the pardon of his sins. Nor did he stop thinking and praying when his hour had closed, but he continued even unto break of day to think of his life of transgression, and pray for forgiveness of God;—neither did he find rest to his spirit, until he submitted his heart to God, and found joy and peace in believing in Jesus. To my great surprise, on the next day the young man, who had been so careless, thoughtless, and reckless, came to my study to tell what the Lord had done for his soul. At first I thought it was too good news to be true, for it seemed, if true, like a resurrection from the dead; but on conversing with him concerning his spiritual state, I found him a changed man.

He said to me, "I went home from the meeting last night, and thought, as you requested, for one hour about seeking the salvation of my soul, and I did not sleep till I gave my heart to the Saviour, and became a new creature in Christ Jesus." The news of his conversion spread like wildfire through the village and town, and some of his thoughtless and wicked companions were influenced by his example to seek and secure the Lord.

This led me to ask, why is it that so many of our youth and so many of our young men neglect their souls' salvation, and live in inattention in this Christian land? From the testimony of this young man that was converted to God, I am led to believe it is because they do not think upon their ways. The impenitent youth do not think for one hour of their depraved and guilty condition, and of what Jesus Christ has done to save them from the awful consequences of their sins. The sin of inconsideration is the great and crying sin of the majority of the youth of our land. In view of it I cannot help exclaiming, "Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" Oh that they would think for one hour!

A Word in Season.

Some thirty years ago two young gentlemen, while travelling in opposite directions, met at a brook, and while their horses were drinking the elder addressed the younger about his soul's eternal interests. They soon parted; but those faithful words of love, by the aid of the blessed Spirit, were the means of leading the latter to a Saviour, and to the consecration of himself to the missionary service in the most benighted country in the world.

That young man was Champion, the idol of his family, and possessed of great wealth. His father opposed his becoming a missionary, and proposed, instead, to support twenty foreign missionaries, to which he replied, "No; the Saviour left riches, possessions, and sacrificed his life for me. I cannot stay." He was an only son, and the last bearing the family name. He lived five years in Africa, and gave all his property to the cause of missions. He much desired to know who the stranger was that had addressed him by the brook-side, but could get no clue to it. On opening in Africa the Life of J. Brainerd Taylor, just sent to him from America, his eye fell on the likeness in the title page, and he then knew who it was that had been the means of saving his soul.

Dear reader, do not neglect, when opportunity offers, to preach Christ crucified in faithfulness, as J. B. Taylor did, and you shall have your reward.—Prieb.

Procrastination Dangerous.

The late Dr. Clark, of Philadelphia, in one of his sermons, illustrates the absurdity of deferring the work of salvation by the following striking fact. He was present on an occasion when a most solemn appeal was made to the young, to seek God without delay; the preacher urging as a motive, that should they live to be old, difficulties would multiply, and their reluctance to attend to the subject would increase with their years. As the preacher descended from the pulpit at the close of the service, an aged man came forward, and extending his hand to him, with much emotion, remarked, "Sir, what you said just now is unquestionably true. I know it from my own experience. When I was young, I said to myself, I cannot give up the world now; but I will by-and-by, when I have passed the meridian of life, and begun to sink into the vale of years; then I will become a Christian; then I shall be ready to attend to the concerns of my soul. But here I am, an old man. I am not a Christian. I feel no readiness nor disposition to enter upon the work of my salvation. I, looking back, I oftentimes feel as though I would give worlds if I could be placed where I was when I was twenty years old. There were not half as many difficulties in my path then, as there are now." But, though the big tears coursed down his cheeks as he gave utterance to these truths, the emotions that were then stirred up within him, like the early dew, soon passed away. He did not turn to God.

Hints to Little Folks.

When your parents tell you to do any thing, do not whimper, and say you "don't want to," or, "you will in a minute," but do it immediately and cheerfully; for when your dear parents are laid in the grave, the recollections of your disobedience will reproach you.

When your parents dress you nicely on the Sabbath, and bid you go to Sabbath school, do not run away and play, for some day your mother's voice will chide you from the cold gloom of the tomb.

Do not fret and murmur when you are sent to school, but look round you at the many little boys and girls who are forced to beg, or work for a living, and believe that you possess peculiar advantages, and that they must be improved.

When your parents reprove you, do not reply with impudence and anger, but know that it is for your good, and that some day the gentle hand that now seeks to guide your little steps, will be stiff beneath the valley's sod.

If you are told to keep out of the streets, or relinquish the company of an associate, do not think it hard, but believe that you possess no more stability than thousands who have been led astray, and that in an evil hour you may forsake the path of rectitude, and be hurled away in the stream of destruction.

Avoid bad habits. Do not think it mean to drink, smoke or chew—that is a mistaken idea; they only indicate bad family government, or a sordid, unstable disposition.

Be kind to one another. There is nothing that

reproaches one so bitterly, as an unkind word in a moment of passion.—When your little sister lies cold in death, the little causes of displeasure which you have given her will cluster around your heart and wring many a bitter tear. In your journey through life, there will be nothing so grateful to your thoughts, as the pleasing conviction of your obedience to your parents while they are with you; think that you can never do enough for them. I have been an orphan for nearly twelve years, and I have often thought that if my parents could once more be restored to me, they would never again be pained with my little faults. O! trifle not with a mother's heart; there is a stream of affection within a mother's breast that however ill you use her, however often you may cause her bitter tears to flow, will ever continue to nourish and protect the wayward fancy, and recall every wish to step aside from a mother's influence.—Ad. Herald.

PLAIN, SIMPLE DEFINITION OF FAITH.—Having obtained the king's pardon for a poor man, cast for transportation, I carried it to the jail to him. Seeing the poor fettered creature fall down upon his knees to return me thanks, caused me to burst into tears of heartfelt joy. I thought this is just what thou, O my precious Saviour, hast done for me! Thou hast obtained a free and full pardon of all my sins; set my soul at liberty, and filled it with peace and joy, by the atonement of thy precious blood! The poor convict had not read his pardon; he had not seen the king's name to it. I only made the report to him that I had got it. He believed me. Hence he was happy, joyful, and thankful, that he had received his pardon.—Mason.

The Deliverance of India.

(From the "Friend of India," published on the day of Thanksgiving.)

From a hundred restored churches and a thousand rescued homes there rises to day a thanksgiving to God for a mercy such as history has rarely to record. Never certainly since the Armada shattered itself to pieces on the Orkneys, has God so visibly wrought deliverance for men of English origin. The Indian world recognizes the valour and the strength of Sir John Lawrence, Sir Robert Montgomery, Colonel Edwards, General Nicholson, and fifty others by whose agency the empire and its rulers were alike preserved, and the recognition is just and wise. But credit, as they have been the first to acknowledge is due to them as instruments alone. The task to be accomplished was beyond the power of man. Scarcely two years ago a ruling race, numbering soldiers and citizens less than two million men, found itself on trial for its life. Against them were a hundred thousand of their own trained soldiers, and fifty thousand of their allies. Around them were forty millions of Pagans, graving for slaughter, ripping up children, proclaiming in word and act that victory was valueless unless secured by extermination. All the defensible cities of the region had been lost. All the accessible arsenals were in the insurgents' hands. All means of communication save by armies or by spies were at an end. The rulers of the land had been and remained stricken with foolishness. No great soldier was present to guide or concentrate their feeble strength. No help from without could be expected for five long months. Within there was no ally save Him to whom, to-day we turn in thankfulness. To all eyes not blinded or clouded by faith in the protection of the Almighty, it seemed that the British rule in the North-west was about to be wiped out in blood. And still, without help from the ruling power, without any one change in circumstances, while the hate of the soldiery remained as inveterate as ever, and the people were still eager for plunder and blood, the expectant victims were delivered. Man after man started up able to cope with the events around, because willing to ascribe to God the glory of success. A ruler careless of all that God-fearing Englishmen love gave absolute power to Puritans. A race of heathen, but just conquered, repented the Christian power. Mussulman mountaineers, never quiet since Alexander's retreat, became docile soldiers for the sovereign they were educated to defy. Wherever a leader was wanted he appeared. Wherever time was all-important, the few hours essential to victory were given. Had Delhi fallen a week later, or had Sir Colin Campbell delayed his return to Cawnpore by a single day! The trained courage of the Sepoys so often vaunted by Englishmen was turned to cowardice. His insupportable guile seemed thought out the contest simple foolishness. Never once did a native force remain victors on the field. Never once was a native plan successful for aught but the murder of the defenceless. Amidst millions in arms not one great leader was permitted to arise. Amidst catastrophes continued daily for six months, not one was permitted to affect the vital four power. And now after two years of incessant battle, the empire is regained. There is again security through all the provinces of India. Enemies almost countless have disappeared. Every army sent against us has been destroyed. Every kingdom in insurrection has been subdued. Every town lost has been retaken. Every fortress seized is re-occupied by British soldiers. Our power to do and to emit is tripled, and the course of civilisation, barred for a moment, is once more made clear. If these things be not of God, under whose rule is earth!

News from Dr. Livingstone.

Brief notices of Dr. Livingstone's recent discoveries in Africa have appeared lately, coming by way of Capetown papers. But we first find particulars in the Montreal "Witness," which has a letter from Dr. Livingstone to his brother in Montreal. It is dated May 21, at Kongone Harbor, Zambesi. The notices of the new Lake and of the Cotton Market, as well as of the favorable disposition of the natives, are important. Dr. L. says:

We never had an unpleasant word with the natives, though we came between them and the Portuguese when engaged in active hostilities. We have since been exploring the River Shire. We went up the Shire, a branch of the Zambesi, erroneously put down East of Morambala in my map, and found it navigable for many hundred miles. Being deep and no sand banks, it is easier than the Zambesi itself. The Portuguese never ascended it, because the people were so warlike. Our first visit created great alarm, but they never harmed us. The people seem never to have been visited by Europeans before, and were very suspicious of man-stealing. [The explorers landed frequently and took great pains to allay their unfounded fears, and to explain their real intentions. They bought provisions and cotton yarn of the natives. The valley of the Shire is 2 or 30 miles broad, and wonderfully fertile. The river is a splendid one for a steamer.] Leaving our decently good conduct to have its effect, we returned in the end of March, and finding them all friendly, left the vessel in charge of our quartermaster, with a chief named Chibisi, and proceeded northwards on foot. On the 18th we discovered a magnificent inland lake. Lake Ngami is a mere pond in comparison. It is of a pear, or, if you like the comparison better, of a tadpole shape. The broad part is from 25 to 30 miles, and 60 or 70 long. It has no known outlet, and its water is bitter but drinkable. It contains plenty of fish, hippopotami and alligators. We ascended some way up a mountain (Trinitite) and could see 26° of watery horizon, with two mountain tops rising up in the blue distance 50 or 60 miles away. It is called Shirwa, and is very beautiful, being surrounded by lofty mountains on all sides.—one, Daouba, or Zomba, is over 6,000 feet high, and its top is inhabited. Shirwa, according to native report, which we saw no reason to doubt, is separated by only 5 or 6 miles of comparatively level land from Lake Nyanyia—the Nyanyia, Nyassa or Unamesi of the maps. This is believed to extend pretty well up to the Equator, and opens out an immense tract of territory; for we discovered afterwards that the southern small end of the Shirwa Lake is not much more than thirty miles distant from the navigable Shire. Possibly the Shire comes out of Nyanyesi. This word means the "stars." Nyanyia, means a large or any collection of water.

Its country is well peopled, and well, though not all cultivated. We never saw so much land under cotton before. All spin and weave it. You may see chiefs sitting, spinning, or picking cotton. They have two varieties—one, hard and strong and of short staple, closely resembles wool; the other, from foreign seed, yields cotton equal to the best Egyptian. They plant it so that it is in the ground through the mild winter of the climate, and comes up naturally before the rains begin, or insects come forth to spoil the crops.

The people are called Mang-anja. All are tattooed in straight lines. The women wear enormous lip rings, which make them very ugly. The men use bows and poisonous arrows. We got on well with all except a party of Banjani slave-traders, and they were disposed to be impudent only until they knew we were English. They took us at first for Portuguese.

Several of our party have had fever. Dr. Kirk and I have escaped. It began so mildly in consequence of our being well provided for, that we did not recognize it at first, as that which, when destitute of every comfort, I suffered so severely myself. Charles has suffered, but recovers readily. We can cure it with ease. We take him in our next trip to make magnetical observations for the Royal Society. He is now at Tette.

The cotton trade is quite ready for development in the Shire. The people do not require new seed, and they are ready to sell, but the Portuguese seem bent on keeping the entire river to themselves, and they attend to nothing but ivory, of which they export under 2,000 lbs. annually. They talk of sending our 300 colonists to occupy this region! We are waiting for a stronger ship to take us up the rapids above Tette.

A PINE REPLY.—A young lady of Rockport, N. Y., who resented Komaniism recently, was told that "as she was born in the Catholic Church, she ought to die in it." She answered promptly: "I was born in sin, but I have made up my mind not to die in it."

HOPE FOR THE VILEST.—Never call a man a lost man, until he is buried in a helpless grave. No man is lost upon whom any influence can be exerted; no man is lost to whom the offers of the Gospel may be brought. It is but a few weeks since I sat by the side of one of the purest and loveliest of females, who was once degraded, but who is now at the head of a family, highly respected and beloved. We are never to be discouraged. There is no man or woman so vile, but God may bring them, washed and saved, to His kingdom.—Dr. Lyng.

DR. NETTLEWORTH'S MAXIM.—Do all the good you can in the world, and make as little noise as possible.

TESTIMONY OF A LADY OF ROCKPORT, N. Y., WHO RESENTED KOMANISM RECENTLY, WAS TOLD THAT "AS SHE WAS BORN IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, SHE OUGHT TO DIE IN IT." SHE ANSWERED PROMPTLY: "I WAS BORN IN SIN, BUT I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND NOT TO DIE IN IT."

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TESTIMONY OF A LADY OF ROCKPORT, N. Y., WHO RESENTED KOMANISM RECENTLY, WAS TOLD THAT "AS SHE WAS BORN IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, SHE OUGHT TO DIE IN IT." SHE ANSWERED PROMPTLY: "I WAS BORN IN SIN, BUT I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND NOT TO DIE IN IT."

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