

The Religious Intelligencer

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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That God in all things may be

glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD, Editor & Proprietor.

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Are You Happy.

It was ten o'clock on a winter morning, and Colonel Hartley sat at his breakfast-table, reading up morning papers. Suddenly he came upon a paragraph which seemed to startle and annoy him, when a venerable-looking man entered the room.

"I have called early, my dear Colonel," he said, "on my way to the railway station. This morning's post brought me a letter which calls me at once to B—, and I started by the eleven o'clock train. I felt home in good time, as you see, that I might take any message you may wish to my young friends, Edith and Alice."

"Here am I," said Colonel Hartley, "a prisoner to the house with this tormenting gout, and full of anxiety about these two girls. It will be a great relief to my mind for you to go and see them, and I am very much obliged to you."

"Not in the least, my dear friend. But what has given you any cause of anxiety?"

"Look here," said Colonel Hartley, handing the paper to Mr. Grey, pointing out the paragraph which had so painfully arrested his attention.

It was headed "Progress of the Revival at R—," and ran thus:—

"While crowded churches and attentive congregations give public testimony to a glorious awakening in the minds of the mass of our people, it is with peculiar interest that we hear of the progress of the revival among the young. Many have forsaken their gay amusements, and are asking the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward, and the Lord adds daily to the band of youthful pilgrims. In some of the fashionable seminaries for education, we are informed that meetings for prayer and praise, and the study of Scripture, have been established by the pupils themselves, and have been largely blessed."

"Well," said Mr. Grey, "What is there to alarm you in that? I have a great respect for religion, I am sure, and so have you; though we don't profess to be over-religious ourselves."

"I have a great respect for religion," exclaimed Colonel Hartley, vehemently,—"for real religion. I like a man to do his duty, and to act up to his principles; that's what I call religion. But as for prayer-meetings and psalm-singing, and making one's self peculiar and unlike the rest of the world, I detest it with all my heart. I think it would kill me if Edith and Alice were to turn Methodist. I shall not have an easy moment till they are safe at home. When do you return?"

"By an early train to-morrow."

"Then if you will be good enough to call this afternoon and see Mrs. Maitland herself, there will be abundance of time to prepare them to accompany you. You can explain to her that I have no intention of removing them altogether, but must bring them home for a little while, just to satisfy my mind, and keep them out of harm's way. Take no excuse."

"Well, good-by, my dear Colonel; depend upon it I shall do all that lies in my power."

"Good-by, a thousand thanks, and the door closed, while Colonel Hartley returned to the breakfast-room."

"Perhaps it may already be too late," he said to himself; "perhaps Edith and Alice have already 'joined the church,' as they call it, and will come home looking as melancholy as a pair of mutes at a funeral. Then they'll want to give up every lady-like pursuit, of course. Never touch a paint-brush, or open the piano, but spend their time teaching ragged, dirty children, and go out 'district visiting.' Prayer-meetings got up here, I suppose, and nothing but moroseness and gloom. A pleasant prospect to look forward to in my old days!"

And now we must change the scene to Mrs. Maitland's school. The bell sounds the hour for recreation. A tall, graceful-looking girl of about sixteen still lingers.

"Despise out with us, Edith," Alice petitions, as she leans on the back of her sister's chair.

"I am just going," Edith replies, laying down her brush, "but it is hard to leave it without a few more touches."

The conversation was interrupted by a servant, who came to summon the two Miss Hartleys to the drawing-room, where Mr. Grey was awaiting them; and where they were informed of their father's wish for their immediate return

home. At any previous time such a summons would have been welcome, but now it was with very mingled feelings that they heard it. Edith and Alice were but very young Christians. Both had long been silently seeking and sighing for the truth, but not more than a few weeks had passed since its light had shone into their souls.

The name of Jesus had become very precious to them, and they were full of overflowing with the spirit of joy and praise; but the way was all untried, and they trembled at the thought of encountering the difficulties and trial which might await them. Before leaving they sought counsel from their friend, Mrs. Maitland, who advised them wisely and kindly, and prayed earnestly with and for them, that they might take a blessing to their home, and be the means of winning many souls to Christ. That last evening was an evening of prayer. Many a young voice ascended in earnest pleading for the beloved ones who were leaving them; and when, next morning, Edith and Alice took their tearful farewell of the school which had been to them as the gate of heaven, it was with the sweet assurance that God's presence went with them, and that He would give them rest.

Colonel Hartley was waiting for their arrival, and received them most warmly. "Well," he said, after some time given to rest and refreshment, "my dear girls, I am delighted to have you come back looking so blooming and joyous. I heard of all the Methodist doings at R—, and had my fears that you might be bitten as well as the rest. But now I see it is all right. Well, I think you must be obliged to me for bringing you away from that doleful set."

The bright, happy looks he had admired faded away from Edith's face. She sat pale and silent, while Alice answered warmly.

"We were not gloomy or doleful at R—, papa. Indeed the last few weeks there were the happiest I ever spent in my life."

"Why, you were not very low-spirited at any time, were you?" said her father, with a smile.

"No," Alice answered, taking his hand affectionately, "thanks to you, dear papa, I have had a very pleasant life; but I never felt sure and certain of happiness till now. You know one hour might have robbed me of all the things in which I took delight, and then what would have become of me? But now I feel quietly and soberly happy; in secure possession of happiness, because (and she lowered her voice) nothing can separate me from the love of Christ."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Colonel Hartley said, gravely and anxiously,

"Well, Edith, what have you to say?"

"My dear father," she said, "I feel we ought to be perfectly candid with you in this matter. As you ask, I think we ought to tell you that we have both been made purgers in the blessings of this revival of true religion amongst us. I can say for myself, and I believe for Alice too, that for long years, even from childhood, we have felt anxiety on the subject, from time to time, when we heard a solemn sermon, and shrinking at the thought of death. We longed to know the way of life. We were seeking, though it was only groping in the dark. But now, thanks be to God, the way has been shown us, and we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And can you wonder, dear father, that this should fill our hearts with very deep and real joy?"

Colonel Hartley covered his face while his daughter was speaking. Not a word was spoken for some minutes, and then he said, in a tone of assumed displeasure,

"Now then, I suppose your accomplishments and pursuits will be all despised and neglected, and I may give up all my hopes of seeing you the ornaments of the society in which I wish you to move."

"You do not wish us to go into Society just yet, dear papa," said Edith; "fourteen and sixteen are too early an age for that. And in the meantime, I assure you, we shall not neglect any study you wish us to pursue. You will find I hope, that religion has taught us to look upon every home duty as a very sacred thing."

"Yes," said Alice, fervently, "and then the recollection that every power we possess is a gift from God, a talent entrusted to us by Him, to be used for His glory, and cultivated for His service, gives one such a desire to improve them to the utmost. Indeed, papa, I never felt so strong a desire for education as now, because I long to have the mental power that will enable me to have more influence with others."

It was pleasant to hear those two young voices speaking so earnestly, and yet so joyously. Colonel Hartley felt his power; and as he rose to leave the room, he held out both hands to them affectionately, and said—

"Well, God bless you, my children. I do not understand these things myself; but if your religion keeps you what you are, you are welcome to it—I will not interfere with you."

All three were much affected. "Papa," said Edith, and her voice trembled with agitation—"We have one favour to ask of you. As it is our first day at home you will not deny it."

"What is it?"

"Alice and I have been accustomed to family prayer, morning and evening, at school. We should miss it very much, and have been hoping that you would have it here, at home."

Alice's pleading eyes had spoken with her

sister's words, and both waited anxiously for the answer. Colonel Hartley walked up and down the room, and at last said abruptly—

"My conducting a thing of the kind is out of the question. If you can manage it yourselves, you are at liberty to do so." And he left the room. He little thought that their courage would be equal to such an effort, but he knew not the source of their strength, nor how earnestly that strength was now implored.

Evening came, and to Colonel Hartley's surprise, the bell was rung, and the servants assembled. Edith had selected a simple hymn, with which most of them were familiar. Then Alice opened the Bible, and began, "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Her voice trembled at first, but it soon grew steadier; and as she read on, all were moved by the deep pathos of those words that speak of the Saviour's sufferings.

Then they knelt, and Edith's voice arose in prayer. Her heart was very full, and she poured forth with a simple and child-like utterance, entreating that the Saviour, who had borne so much for them, might now be very present in that dear home; speak, by His Holy Spirit, to every heart beneath its roof, and shed abroad His love in all their hearts.

Colonel Hartley had at first stood upright, observing what passed; but as Edith prayed on, she found that he had sunk on his knees by her side, and heard him faintly join in her petitions.

Before they parted for the night, he said, "My children, these things are new to me, but I want to learn; you must be my teachers."

"No, dearest father," Edith answered fervently, "God Himself will be your teacher. Let us read His word together, and pray together, and His Spirit is promised to lead us in the right way."

And so they did; and the result was that blessed one promised to all earnest seekers, "Ye shall seek me, and shall find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."

And, oh, what a blessed discovery is that!—Like one of old, Colonel Hartley could now say, "Formerly, I, with the world, accounted the spirit of a Christian a melancholy one. But now I see they have hidden manna, which the world knows not of; and the closer and exacter they walk, the fuller and sweeter are their joys."

Blessed be God, I now see a heaven in the way to heaven; and that one look of faith, one smile of Christ, yields more sweetness, comfort, and content, than all the pleasures and delights of the world. Let no man, therefore, stand off from religion from fear of the want of pleasures; for here he shall not lose, but only change them for far better."

Reader, are you happy? "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed (happy) is the man that trusteth in Him." (Psa. xxxv. 8)—English Monthly Tract Society.

Interesting Incident.

The following account is given by the Rev. Leigh Richmond, as having been related by a minister in a meeting of the British Foreign Bible Society.

A drunkard was one day staggering in drunk on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself.

The poor little sufferer, finding a floating plank by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank into the sea.

A British man-of-war, passing by, discovered the plank and child; a sailor at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea, and brought him on board. He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of poor Jack. He grew up on board that man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department.

During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He was a stranger to the suffering stranger, but could not save his life.

The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer: "For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of—(presenting him with a Bible, bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society.) It was given me by a lady; has been the means of my conversion; and has been a great comfort to me. Read it and it will lead you in the way you should go. He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of his Bible; and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needed food!"

The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found he was his own history. Reader, judge if you can, of his feelings, to recognize in the dying old man, his father dying a penitent under his care! and, judge of the feelings of the dying penitent, to find that the same young stranger was his son—the very son whom he had plunged into the sea, and had no idea but that he had immediately perished! A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son.

The latter left the service, and became a pious preacher of the gospel. On closing this story, the minister in the meeting of the Bible Society, bowed to the chairman, and said, "Sir, I am little Jack."

The Time is Short.

BY REV. JAMES SMITH, CHILTERNHAM.

Our time on earth is short, and it is daily growing shorter. Life glides away, death and eternity approach. A little while, and we shall close our eyes on all the scenes of earth and have done with all the concerns of time. Few things fly swifter than time, or reads us more solemn lessons. Yet we slight them and forget them, or fail to improve them. O for grace to derive comfort, reproof, and stimulus from the brevity of time.

"The time is short," then our troubles must be short, for they are all limited to time. They are the off-pring of sin, and will not outlive their parent. Every trouble leaves one the less to be endured, and the last trouble will soon arrive.—Let us therefore bear them with patience, endure them with fortitude, and rejoice in the prospect of bidding them an eternal farewell. Our sharpest, severest trials will soon be ended, and then all that will remain will be peace and joy.

"The time is short," then the pleasures of time will soon terminate. Sweet as they are, they are fleeting. Prize them as we may, we must soon part with them. Not one of them will go with us beyond the dying bed. Let us not, then, value them too highly, or set our hearts too much upon them. Earthly comforts, distinctions, and honours will soon have passed away. The rich and the poor will soon meet together in the grave-yard. The peasant and the prince, the beggar and the monarch, will alike slumber in the dust. Let us, then, if tempted to think much of the distinctions, or to value too highly the comforts of life, remember that the time is short.

"The time is short," then our opportunities to be useful must be few and brief. A short day, at best, is all that is allotted us to do good below; therefore we are admonished to work while it is called to day, for the night cometh when no man can work. If I write for God, I must do it now; if I speak for Christ, I must do it now; if I try to save souls from death, I must do it now; if I would comfort the sad and sorrowful, I must do it now. Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave to which we are fast hastening.

"The time is short," Jesus will soon be here. He is coming, and his people are crying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." He is coming, and his Word assures us, "He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry." How will many things which now occupy our time, engross our attention and steal away our hearts, appear when Jesus comes? On this august event we should fix our eye. On this glorious manifestation of Christ we should set our hearts. For this majestic appearing of the Son of God we should prepare and watch. A few short days, or months, or at the most years, and Jesus will be here. He will come and gather all his saints to him, make all his people like himself, and so they shall be ever with him.

Reader, "the time is short." Are you saved? Are you ready for the coming of Jesus, or the day of death? What will the end of time bring you? Where will it land you? How will it find you? Will it find you a new creature in Christ Jesus? Will it find you pardoned, justified, and sanctified? Will it find you prepared, ready, waiting, for heaven and glory? Or, will it find you dead in sin, without Christ, unsanctified, and unsaved. Look into the matter now; attend to your soul and its salvation at once; for it is of the greatest moment. O flee from the wrath to come! O seek, seek the Lord, that you may be bid in the day of his fierce anger, and stand accepted before Christ at his coming.

Remember, "the time is short." Repent and do thy first works. Go and return to thy God, from whom thou hast so deeply revolted. Seek afresh the application of the atoning blood, and the cleansing operations of the Holy Spirit.—Beware, O beware, lest coming suddenly, thy Lord find thee sleeping! Beware, lest thou be found naked, and as a shame before him that is coming! Rather seek to be found without spot, uncreakable, and blameless in the day of Jesus Christ. Thy conduct has been base, thy sin is grievous; but there is mercy in the heart of Jesus, and there is a full warrant in the word of Jesus for thee to return, and be fully blest.

Discouraged Christian, "the time is short."—Go on with thy work. Do not look too much at the clouds, nor pay too much attention to the winds; but plow in hope, sow in hope, and watch in hope for a harvest. Thou art not able to command success, but thou canst be faithful; and thy Master has promised to reward thy faithfulness at his coming. Yield not to fear, listen not to unbelief, give not way to Satan; for the time is short; and thy work, however feeble, however imperfect, however unproductive it may now appear, shall be rewarded.

Believer, "the time is short." Lift up thy head with joy. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for tribulation will soon cease, sorrow will soon

fly away, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. Time is the limit of thy conflicts, doubts, and fears. Time is the limit of thy pains, privations, and griefs. Beyond time, for thee all is peace and pleasure, purity and perfection, happiness and rest. Lift up thy head with joy, for thy redemption, thy eternal redemption, draweth nigh.

Sound Doctrine its own Vindication.

The Rev. Dr. Woods, of Philadelphia, relates an instructive incident respecting two neighboring pastors, who once preached on the same Lord's day, without any concert, on the text, "No man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." One of them, referring to another text, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life," endeavored to show that the *can not* in the one, was nothing more than the *will not* in the other, and then discussed in an able manner the doctrine, not of inability, making the usual distinction of natural and moral. No impression, as far as known, was made.

The other preacher began by remarking that many sinners delay the work of conversion in the belief that they can attend to it at any time, whenever, indeed, they choose to turn their minds in this direction; whereas, on the contrary, the matter is by no means so easy, for they are dependent upon God for the change; no sinner can go to heaven unless he comes to Christ, and no one can come to Christ unless drawn by the Father. The entire discourse was occupied with the doctrine of the sinner's dependence as thus stated, and the inferences naturally flowing from this doctrine. One of the hearers was so impressed, that he could scarcely leave the house, and his seriousness, which was succeeded very shortly by a hopeful conversion, was the commencement of a revival, which added some seventy or eighty to the church.

It was by accident that the two preachers came to know that they both had preached from that text, on the same day. Each gave the other an outline of his discourse; and the first-timed observed to the latter, "My brother, you evidently exhibited the spirit of the text more than I did; for God owned and blessed it as preached by you, to the conversion of sinners."

We believe that this incident is only one illustration of what is the ordinary and immemorial experience of the church. Nothing is gained, but, on the contrary, much, very much is lost by contradicting, concealing, or ignoring the doctrines of grace. No matter how humbling and offensive these doctrines are to the carnal heart, let them be preached faithfully, tenderly, scripturally, and God will come forth to honor his own word. It is to be lamented that any who sincerely hold these truths should yet preach them with so many guards and reservations and qualifications, that practically the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, and the sword of the Spirit has its sharp edge blunted. This, in truth, is one way of being ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Out upon such shame!

Dying Rich.

Of all the cases of human folly, which men are addicted to, few are more common, or more egregious, than the desire to hoard up wealth that they may die rich. Wealth is a blessing when used to a good and noble purpose, but when hoarded up it is a curse to its possessor and benefits nobody. How many, even of the professed followers of Christ, are actuated by this low and grovelling desire—the desire of dying rich. Instead of using their wealth in doing good—hundreds of opportunities for which present themselves on every side—they are hoarding it up to gratify a morbid ambition of dying rich. The idea of dying worth a hundred thousand, or five hundred thousand, or a million of dollars, has a peculiar charm in it; it is the goal which they are struggling all their lives to reach. And what an end—what an inglorious end of life is this. Well, he has secured his object; he has hoarded up countless treasures, which he could neither use nor enjoy—and, he died rich. Yes, he has died rich, and has gone to meet his Judge, and have his accounts adjusted. What an awful thing it must be for a Christian to die rich. Better die like Lazarus, at the rich man's gate. If the unprofitable servant, who had received but one talent, was cast into outer darkness, because he laid it up instead of using it in his Master's service, what will be the doom of those who have hoarded up their hundreds of thousands of their Lord's money, merely to gratify a sordid desire for filthy lucre, or a morbid ambition to die rich. Only think of the poor saints around them, struggling with poverty and pinched with want! Think of the Redeemer's cause languishing for the want of true means which they have thus hoarded up! Think of the millions of heathen, perishing in their sins, while the church is crippled and circumscribed in her benevolent efforts to save them. Think of these selfish, narrow minded, close-fisted souls at the Bar of God, giving an account of their stewardship. They spent their life in hoarding up wealth, and had the honor of dying rich; and now the Master is auditing their accounts. What a situation! Better—infinite better—to lay on their wealth for the glory of God, the advancement of Christ's kingdom,

feeding the poor, clothing the naked, and ameliorating the condition of mankind, than hoard it up for,—they know not what. We say again, it is an awful thing to die rich.

"Gone, but not Missed."

THERE are some professors over whose graves it would be difficult for devout men to find great occasion for lamentation. Such persons would doubtless be missed in their families, places of business, and accustomed places of recreation; but as to her peculiar and noble offices, the church would be compelled to say of them "Gone, but not missed." She would not miss their charities for Christ and his poor; she would not miss them in her circles of prayer and benevolence; she would not miss them at the bedside of the sick, nor in the house of the mourner; she would not miss them when great trials were to be borne, or hard labor to be done for the extension of the Gospel. In her Sabbath-school efforts and tract distributions—in her endeavors to evangelize our city, our land, our earth, with truth and holiness—she would not miss them, for they have not cheered those labors of love with their presence, their counsel, their charities, or their prayers. Like the on-hangers, of an army, they move with the host to share the results of victory, but are absent when martyrs are to bleed upon the field. The loss of such to the church by death would be graded by the benefit which their lives confer upon the world; and hence you can judge whether devout men would make great lamentation over them. Stephen fell at his post, and this pointed the grief at his loss.—Dr. Brainerd.

Luther's Description of a Christian.

"A CHRISTIAN is a child of God, a brother of the Lord Jesus Christ, a temple of the Holy Ghost, an heir of the kingdom, a companion of the angels, Lord of the world, and a partaker of the Divine Nature. A Christian's glory is Christ in heaven, and the glory of Christ is a Christian on earth. He is a precious child of God, clothed in the righteousness of Christ, walking before God in holy fear and strict obedience, shining as a light in the world and as a rose amongst thorns; he is a wonderful subject of divine grace over which the holy angels rejoice, and whom they accompany in all his ways: he is a wonder to the world, a terror to the devil, an ornament to the church, the desire of heaven; his heart is full of fire, his eyes full of tears, his breast filled with sighs, and his hands full of good works."

The Love of Money.

It brought down cruel stones on the head of Achan, and his wife, and sons, and daughters.—It was within an hair's breadth of driving the angel's sword through Balaam's breast. It turned Gehazi into a leper as white as snow. It set Judas on betraying Jesus, "his own familiar" Lord and Master, the being for whose smile he would now give all the "pieces of silver" in the world!

And what myriads of souls it has ruined since! I recollect a terrible case not many years ago, of a mother murdering her own first-born for his purse. He was discharged from the army, together with another, they went home in company to the village. As they approached it, they talked of the surprise which it would be to their relatives, and they concluded to try whether or not they would know them, by introducing themselves as strangers—travellers who would be glad of a night's lodging, and pay handsomely for it. The mother of the first was completely deceived, and no sooner had he retired to his room, than she determined to get rid of him for his heavily laden purse. She persuaded a negro to strike the fatal blow as he lay asleep, and they buried him, by the light of the moon, in the back yard. In the morning, his comrade came laughingly round and asked for Jack, but could hear nothing of him. Then he inquired of the woman if she had a son in the army. She had. "Well," said he, "I can declare that I parted from him at the head of the lane which leads to your cottage, at such an hour yesterday, and he told me that he should not tell you who he was until to-day, to see if you would recognize him; and I am confident he is here somewhere. The wretched woman faints, and then confessed her crime. She had, in her "love of money," inured her hands in the blood of her own son.

When that splendid California steamer, the Central America, caught fire and was sinking, the stewardess ran to the cabins of the passengers, and collected all the gold she could. She then tied it in her apron round her waist. A boat was ready to start. In her eagerness to be saved, she sprang from the deck, missed her cannon-ball, the weight of her ill gotten booty dragging her down as effectually as a millstone would have done!

A poor apprentice vowed that if ever he got to be rich he would give £50 to some good cause, as a thank-offering to God. He did become rich; but as his banker's account swelled, his heart contracted, and at length he arrived at the conclusion that £50 was altogether too large a sum—quite unnecessary; so he sent off ten guineas to Guy's Hospital. It is a curious fact, that the very next day's post brought him the news of the wreck of one of his ships off the coast of Dover; and, comparing the hours, he read the message as if it were written with mysterious fingers on the office wall. "When you thought to gain forty pounds you lost forty hundred!"

"And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"