

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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Is he a Christian?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Is he a Christian?'

The question reached my ear as I sat conversing with a friend, and I paused in the sentence I was uttering to note the answer.

'Oh, yes—he is a Christian,' was replied.

'I am rejoiced to hear you say so. I was not aware of it before,' said the other.

'Yes; he has passed from death unto life. Last week, in the joy of his new birth, he united himself to the church, and is now in fellowship with the saints.'

'What a blessed change!'

'Blessed, indeed! Another soul saved; another added to the great company of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. There is joy in heaven on his account.'

'Of whom are they speaking?' asked I, turning to my friend.

'Of Fletcher Gray, I believe,' was replied.

'Few men stand more in need of Christian grace,' said I. 'If he is, indeed, numbered with the saints, there is cause for rejoicing.'

'By their fruits ye shall know them,' responded my friend. 'I will believe his claim to the title of Christian when I see the fruit in good living. If he has truly passed from death unto life, as they say, he will work the works of righteousness. A sweet fountain will not send forth bitter waters.'

'My friend had expressed my own sentiments in this, and all like cases. I have learned to put small trust in "profession," to look past the Sunday and prayer-meeting piety of people, and to estimate religious quality by the standard of the Apostle James. There must be genuine love of the neighbour, before there can be a love of God; for neighbourly love is the ground in which that higher and purer love takes root. It is all in vain to talk of love as a mere ideal thing. Love is an active principle, and, according to its quality, works. If the love be heavenly, it will show itself in good deeds to the neighbour; but if infernal, in acts of selfishness that disregard the neighbour.'

'I will observe this, Mr. Gray,' said I, as I walked homeward from the company, 'and see whether the report touching him be true. If he is indeed a Christian, as they affirm, the Christian graces of meekness and charity will blossom in his life, and make all the air around him fragrant.'

Opportunity soon arose. Fletcher Gray was a store-keeper, and his life in the world was, consequently, open to the observation of all men. He was likewise a husband and a father. His relations were, therefore, of a character to give, daily, a test of his true quality.

It was only the day after, that I happened to meet Mr. Gray under circumstances favourable to observation. He came into the store of a merchant with whom I was transacting some business, and asked the price of certain goods in the market. I moved aside, and watched him narrowly. There was a marked change in the expression of his countenance and in the tones of his voice. The former had a sober, almost solemn expression; the latter was subdued, even to plainness. But, in a little while, these peculiarities gradually disappeared, and the former-time Mr. Gray stood there unchanged, not only in appearance, but in character. There was nothing of the 'yes, yes,' and the 'nay, nay,' spirit in his bargain-making, and an eager, wordy effort to gain an advantage in trade. I noticed that only five per cent. over cost was asked for a certain article, yet he still endeavoured to procure it at a lower figure than was named by the seller, and finally crowded him down to the exact cost, knowing, as he did, that the merchant had a large stock on hand, and could not well afford to hold it over.

'He's a sharper!' said the merchant, turning toward me, as Gray left the store.

'He's a Christian, they say,' was my quiet remark.

'A Christian!'

'Yes; you don't know that he has become religious, and joined the church?'

'You're joking.'

'Not a word of it. Didn't you observe he subdued, meek spirit when he came in?'

'Why, yes; I now that you refer to it, I do remember a certain peculiarity about him. Become

pious—joined the church! Well, I'm sorry!'

'For what?'

'Sorry for the injury he will do a good cause. The religion that makes a man a better husband, father, man of business, lawyer, doctor, or preacher, I reverence, for it is genuine, as the lives of those who accept it do testify; but your hypocritical pretenders I scorn and execrate.'

'It is, perhaps, almost too strong language, this, as applied to Mr. Gray,' said I.

'What is a hypocrite?' asked the merchant.

'A man who puts on the semblance of Christian virtues which he does not possess.'

'And that is what Mr. Gray does when he assumes to be religious. A true Christian is just what he just to me when he crowded me down in the price of my goods, and robbed me of a living profit in order that he might secure double gain? I think not. There is not even the live-and-let-live principle in that. No, no, sir. If he has joined the church, my word for it there is a black sheep in the fold; or, I might say, without abuse of language, a wolf therein, disguised in sheep's clothing.'

'Give the man time,' said I. 'Old habits of life are strong; you know. In a little while, I trust that he will see clearer; and regulate his life from perceptions of higher truths.'

'I thought his heart was changed,' answered the merchant, with some irony in his tones—'that he had been made a new creature.'

'I did not care to discuss that point with him, and merely answered:—'

'The beginnings of spiritual life are as the beginnings of natural life. The babe is born in feebleness, and we must wait through the periods of infancy, childhood, and youth, before we can have the strong man ready for the burden and heat of the day, or full armed for the battle. If Mr. Gray is in the first effort to lead a Christian life, that is something. He will grow wiser and better in time, I hope.'

'There is vast room for improvement,' said the merchant. 'In my eyes, he is, at this time, only a hypocritical pretender. I hope, for the sake of the world and the church both, that his new associates will make something better out of him.'

I went away pretty much of the merchant's opinion. My next meeting with Mr. Gray was in the shop of a mechanic, to whom he had sold a bill of goods some months previously. He had called to collect a portion of the amount which remained unpaid. The mechanic was not ready for him.

'I am sorry, Mr. Gray,' he began, with some hesitation of manner.

'Sorry for what?'

'Sorry I have not the money to settle your bill. I have been disappointed.'

'I don't want that old story. You promised to be ready for me to-day, didn't you?'

Mr. Gray knelt his brows, and looked angry and impatient.

'Yes, I promised. But—'

'Then keep your promise. No man has a right to break his word. Promises are sacred things, and should be kept religiously.'

'If my customers had kept their promises to me, there would have been no failure in mine to you,' answered the poor mechanic.

'It is of no use to plead other men's failings in justification of your own. You said the bill should be settled to-day, and I calculated upon it. Now, of all things in the world, I hate trifling. I shall not call again.'

You were to call forty times, and I had not the money to settle your account, you would call in vain! said the mechanic, showing considerable disturbance of mind.

'You needn't add to insult wrong,' Mr. Gray's countenance reddened, and he looked angry.

'If there is insult in the case, it is on your part, not mine,' retorted the mechanic, with more feeling. 'I am not a digger of gold out of the earth, nor a coiner of money. I must be paid for my work before I can pay the bills I owe. It was not enough that I told you of the failure of my customers to meet their engagements?'

'You've no business to have such customers,' broke in Mr. Gray. 'No right to take and sell them to men who are not honest enough to pay their bills.'

'One of them is your own son,' replied the mechanic, goaded beyond endurance. 'His bill is equal to half of yours. I have sent for the amount a great many times, still he puts me off with excuses. I will send it to you the next time.'

This was true; home with a sharp sword, and the vanquished Mr. Gray retreated from the battle-field bearing a painful wound.

'That was right in me, I know,' replied Mr. Gray, as Gray left the shop. 'I'm sorry, now, that I said it. But he pressed me too closely. I am but human.'

'He's a hard, exacting, money-loving man, was my remark.

'They tell me he has become a Christian,' said the mechanic. 'Has got religion; been converted. Is that so?'

'It is commonly reported; but I think common report must be in error. St. Paul gives patience, forbearance, long-suffering, meekness, kindness, and charity, as some of the Christian graces. I do not see them in this man. Therefore, common report must be in error.'

I have paid him a good many hundred dol-

lars since I opened my shop here,' said the mechanic, with the manner of one who felt hurt.

'If I am a poor, hard-working man, I try to be honest. Sometimes I get a little behind-hand, as I am now, because people I work for don't pay as I should. It happened twice before, when I wasn't just square with Mr. G. y, and he pressed down very hard upon me, and talked just as you heard him to-day. He got his money every dollar of it; and he will get his money now. I did think, knowing he had joined the church and made a profession of religion, that he would bear a little patiently with me this time,—that, as he had obtained forgiveness, as alleged, of his sins towards Heaven, he would be merciful to his fellow-man. Ah, well! These things make us very skeptical about the honesty of men who call themselves religious. My experience with "professors" has not been very encouraging. As a general thing, I find them quite as greedy for gain as other men. We outside people of the world get to be very sharp sighted. When a man sets himself up to be of better quality than we and calls himself by a name significant of heavenly virtue, we judge him, naturally, by his own standard, and watch him very closely. If he remains as hard, as selfish, as exacting, and as eager after money as before, we do not put much faith in his profession and are very apt to class him with hypocrites—His praying and fine talk about faith, and heavenly love, and being washed from all sin, excites contempt rather than respect. We ask for good works and are never satisfied with anything else. By their fruits ye shall know them.'

On the next Sunday I saw Mr. Gray in church. My eyes were on him when he entered. I noticed that all the lines of his face were drawn down, and that the whole aspect and bearing of the man were solemn and devotional. He moved to his place with a slow step, his eyes cast to the floor. On taking his seat, he leaned his head on the pew in front of him, and continued for nearly a minute in prayer. During the services, I heard his voice in the singing; and through the sermon he maintained the most fixed attention. It was communion Sabbath—and he remained, after the congregation was dismissed, to join in the holiest act of worship.

'Can this man be, indeed, self-deceived?' I asked myself as I walked homeward. 'Can he really believe that heaven is to be gained by pious acts alone? That every Sabbath evening he can pitch his tent at a day's march nearer, though all the week he has failed in the commonest efforts of neighbourly love?'

It so happened that I had many opportunities for observing Mr. Gray, who, after joining the church, became an active worker in some of the public and prominent charities of the day. He contributed liberally in many cases, and gave a good deal of time to the prosecution of benevolent enterprises, in which men of some position were concerned. But when I saw him dispute with a poor gardener who had laid the soda in his yard, about fifty cents, take sixpence off of a weary strawberry woman, or chaffer with his bookshop over an extra shilling, I could not think that it was genuine love for his fellow-men that prompted his ostentatious charities.

In no instance did I find any better estimation of him in business circles; for his religion did not chasten the ardour of his selfish love of advantage in trade, nor make him more generous nor more inclined to help or befriended the weak and the needy. Twice I saw his action in the case of unhappy debtors, who had not been successful in business. In each case his claim was among the smallest; but he said more unkind things, and was the hardest to satisfy of any man among the creditors. He assumed dishonest intention at the outset, and made that a plea for the most rigid exactness, covering his own hard selfishness in offensive cant about mercantile honour, Christian integrity, and a religious observance of business contracts. He was the only one among all the creditors who made his church-membership a prominent thing—few of them were even church-goers—and the only man who did not readily make concessions to the poor, down-trodden debtors.

'Is he a Christian?' I asked, as I walked home in some depression of spirits, from the last of these meetings. And I could but answer, No—for to be a Christian is to be Christlike.

'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' This is the Divine standard. 'Ye must be born again,' leaves to us no latitude of interpretation. There must be a death of the old, natural, selfish loves, and a new birth of spiritual affections. As man feels, so will he act. If the affections that rule his heart be Divine affections, he will be a lover of others, and a seeker of their good. He will not be a hard, harsh, exacting man in natural things, but kind, forbearing, thoughtful of others, and yielding. In all his dealings with men, his actions will be governed by the heavenly laws of justice and judgment. He will regard the good of his neighbour equally with his own. It is in the world where Christian graces reveal themselves, if they exist at all. Religion is not a mere Sunday affair, but a regulator of a man's conduct among his fellow-men. Unless it does this, it is a false religion, and he who depends upon it for the enjoyment of heavenly felicities in the next life, will find himself in miserable error. Heaven cannot be entered by men so at all; for heaven is the complement of all divine affections in the human soul. And a man must come into these—must be born into them—while on earth,

or he can never find an eternal home among the angels of God. Heaven is not gained by dying, but by living.—Rom. VIII.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

The gospel, and the gospel alone, can save the soul; it is, therefore, a momentous question, What is the gospel?

The gospel of the grace of God is not surely this, "Give your heart to Christ," although that is often unwisely pressed upon inquirers after salvation; but this: "Having liberty to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having an High Priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith."

"Give your heart to Christ" is, essentially, law, not gospel. It is most proper that it should be done; but not in a legal way; for why should a perishing sinner be enjoined "to make bricks without straw?" The true gospel plan is, Accept the free gift of the heart of Jesus by receiving himself, and all the benefits He purchased with "His own blood," and your heart will be his in a moment—given him, not as a matter of law, but of love; for, if you have the love of his heart poured into yours by his blessed Spirit, you will feel yourself under the constraining influence of a spontaneous spiritual impulse to give him your heart, and all you have in return. It is right to give him your heart, but unless you first receive his, you will never give him yours.

The design of all we write in these columns is to exhibit "the true grace of God,"—without the works of the law," and "by the blood of Jesus only." Our great aim is the glory of Christ in the conversion of souls; and the means employed to accomplish that end are simple statements concerning the great Scripture truth, that we are saved at once, entirely, and forever, by the grace of God, "who is rich in mercy," and that we have no part at all in the matter of our salvation save the beggar's part, of accepting it as a "free gift," procured for us by "The precious blood of Christ."

And, as many are struggling to get up something of their own as a price to bring to God to buy salvation of him, we take pains to show the entire uselessness of all such efforts; and point out, we think, with some degree of clearness, and by a variety of ways, that all true religion has a distinct beginning, that beginning dates from the time when a sinner stands at Calvary conscious of his utterly ruined condition, and realises the truth that Jesus so completely satisfied God for sin, that He could say before He gave up the ghost, "It is finished;" and that "we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace." He has his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree; and thereby, "having made peace by the blood of his cross," we may at once be "made high by the blood of Christ" without anything of our own. That God who hath set him forth, "a propitiation through faith in his blood to declare his righteousness" in pardoning sin, will pardon all sin through faith in him for his testimony is, that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"The blood of Jesus" is the ground of peace with God, to every believing sinner below, and it will be the subject of the everlasting song of the redeemed above. It is our all for acceptance with God, for pardon of sin, for "justification of life," for adoption into God's family, for holiness and glory. As the altar with its streaming blood stood at the very entrance of the ancient tabernacle, so the Lord Jesus Christ and "The blood of his Cross" meet us at the very entrance to the Church of the redeemed. The blood—hedding of Jesus as "a propitiation for our sins" lies at the very threshold of the Christian life. It is the alphabet of Christian experience to know the value of "The blood of Sprinkling." The first step in the Christian course is into the "fountain opened."

"The blood of Jesus" is our great and all-engrossing theme. May the Divine Spirit make his own truth regarding it "the power of God unto salvation" to every reader!

TEA-PARTY OF THE CARMEN OF EDINBURGH.

On Thursday evening, at midnight, a tea-party of cabmen and their wives assembled in Richmond-place Chapel, invited by Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, at whose expense the entertainment, which would cost about £30, was given. There were present about 400 of the cabmen and their wives. On the platform were some fifty or sixty of their wives. The occasion was a very interesting one. The cabmen were accompanied by several members of the Cerrubiers' Co-operative Mission. Mr. Radcliffe, after expressing his disappointment at being separated from his guests, then to select one of their own number as chairman. Their choice unanimously fell on Mr. Dickson, a driver, who had obtained the second prize for an essay on the evils of Sabbath labour. After a repeat of sandwiches and tea, during which the party seemed to enjoy themselves, some of them being taken up by the Marchioness of Queensbury, and her daughters, who, with the young marquise, took great delight in making themselves useful. Richard Weaver sung one or two of his hymns, and delivered an animated and earnest address, during which he gave an account of his own conversion to the apostle, and many weather-beaten cheeks were moistened with tears. Mr. Radcliffe next addressed the company, expressing his deep interest in their welfare, both temporal and

spiritual. About half-past two o'clock the meeting was closed; and those who felt anxious about their souls were invited to remain. A number of ladies were present for conversation with the cabmen's wives. The invitation was accepted by about a hundred of the guests, both men and women. One of the women, who was weeping bitterly, handed the key to her husband, telling him she could not go till she had found the Saviour. Other striking cases also occurred. The use of the chapel was kindly granted by the Richmond-place congregation. Another mid-night tea-party is at present in preparation for another and very different class of the community.—Scotman.

JESUS CHRIST.

O JESUS CHRIST! grow thou in me, and all things else recede.

My heart be daily nearer thee, from sin be daily freed.

Each day let thy supporting might my weakness still embrace.

My darkness vanish in thy light, thy life my death efface!

In thy bright beams, which on me fall, fade every thought;

That I am nothing, thou art all, I would be daily taught.

Come near!—cast myself away, before thee silent weep;

Come, with thy pure, divinest sway, my spirit rule and keep.

More of thy glory let me see, thou Holy, Wise, and True;

I would thy living image be, in joy and sorrow too.

Fill me with gladness from above hold me by strength divine

Lord, let the glory of thy great love through my whole being shine!

Weak is the power of aloft and pride, and vain desires are still;

While to thy realm and thee allied, I haste to do thy will.

Make this poor self grow less and less; be thou my life and aim.

O make me daily, through thy grace, more worthy of thy name.

Daily more filled with thee, my heart daily from self more free!

Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart, of my prayer hearer be.

Let me be in thee, and in thy might, my every motive move.

Be thou alone my soul's delight, my passion, and my love.

[From the German of Lavater.

THE FAULTS OF CHRISTIANS.

There are many irreligious persons who seem to account "professors" as culprits, set in the pillory, were formerly accounted—fair objects for every passer-by. The same special guilt or accountability is incurred by their wholehearted imitations of Christ's followers has apparently over-estimated itself to these accusers of the brethren. Let us hold up to them a mirror in which to see themselves.

A virtue, stealing stealthily along in the track of a patriot, cares nothing for the noble bearing and splendid array of the marching host, much less for the common cases that inspire the hopes and thrill the bosom of every soldier. The ravenous bird is watching for prey, looking for some faint straggler, some diseased unfortunate, sinking down by the roadside to die. Is it not now a magnanimous thing for a man to be watching the glorious host of God's elect for a weak member? The faith and exalted souls among them—those who reflect the Master's image and breathe the Master's spirit—these are all nothing to him. But any poor weakling, touched with a taint of that worldliness with which the cavalier himself is diseased all over—any honest brother even, who through a passionate nature is betrayed into some hasty sin—choice prey to this accuser, as he cries, exultingly, "Is it not thou become like unto us?"

Now, it is not only true that neither the faults of a genuine Christian disciple, nor the treachery of a false disciple, can disprove the divinity of our religion. We go farther. We say that by practical professors of the faith raise a presumption of the truth and value of religion itself. Did men ever counterfeit a worthless thing? Does any forger imitate the hills of a broken bank? We have artificial diamonds, and emeralds, and sapphires—were artificial—sind and p-bb-l ever made? The vendor of every new nostrum covers his bottles with cautions against the numberless counterfeits of his precious panacea. Perhaps nobody ever thought of counterfeiting the stuff, or judging it worth the trouble. But to secure a great sale the impression must be carefully made that the market has been filled with imitations of the article; and all upon the ground that the common sense of men will value highly whatever has found imitators. What, now, is there under heaven that has been more belied by false pretences than the Christian religion? And is that fact to weigh against it, or to be reckoned as strong in its favour?

It may be that the disciple complained of, with all his sins, sincere in heart and daily penitent. If that be so we should counsel any man to be cautious in deriding him! That Master of ours, who loved so well the guilty Peter and the vindictive James and John (Luke ix, 54), has in this frail to lower of his a profounder interest than men imagine. If you cast a blow doubt heavily at any member of your body, so with a deeper indignation does He burn against every sinner of a member of that body of which He is the head.

The sympathies of the eternal Trinity have been moved, and are moved to-day for this believer. You see his sins. But you do not see the stinging Advocate who assumes them, and who to every accuser answers, "Bring the complaint to me!" In truth whatever strikes at any Christian disciple, strikes through the disciple, and the blow reaches the Lord standing behind him. And the Lord coming forward replies to the foe, as to the friend of his follower, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." It is serious work, this joining issue with the Almighty on the faults of his people.

We ask the cavalier. Will you, when summoned to answer for a lifetime of impenitence, reply to my penalty, the name of this faithless disciple of thine? Ah! but it is not the guilt, but the righteousness of the substitute, that must

make its sole value for you. There is a name—and "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

Let the thought strike you, "I, too, like this Christian, have a master to whom I must stand or fall." Nay, his Master is mine. I may acknowledge him obey him, or not, as I will for to-day. But I cannot escape him. His awful grasp is upon me in infancy, in age, through the eternal ages, and 'tis a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, for our God is a consuming fire."

A DYING PASTOR'S INJUNCTION.

A clergyman said: "I am a clergyman from the State of Connecticut. I hear men here speak of the power of the gospel. I have lately learned a lesson on that subject, which I shall never forget, and which, I trust, will give direction and character to all my future labors. I was taught the lessons by a striking providence. I called in, one day, to visit a young, promising brother clergyman, who had been settled in the ministry near me. I found him a dying man. It became my duty, at the request of friends, to inform him of his condition, and that he could not live, but must soon die. After the first shock of disappointment, all was peaceful and calm as an evening sun. He wished to know if it would be wrong to pray that he might be spared; for, said he, 'my great desire to live is that I may preach the gospel more simply.' When told that it would not be wrong, he requested all to go into another room and pray, and that I would remain. He then said to me, 'Do you know that the gospel is the power to save men? Oh! we must preach the gospel more simply—preach the gospel simply. I wish these dying words of Eskaline Hawes could reach every minister's heart. Preach the gospel more simply.' His great desire to live was that he might do this.

YOUNG MEN IN THE CHURCH.

We have often mentally inquired why there is not a higher standard of efficiency among the laymen of the church. There are many zealous workers, who engage in the labor of Sabbath school instruction, and other departments of effort, but when the test is put as to the intellectual power of the great body of laymen, it is found to be deficient.

Not that this intellectual power is absent, but it is not properly exerted for religious purposes. Men in business, who are able to grasp gigantic plans, and work out the boldest enterprises; who, can, by their foresight and intelligent comprehension of causes and effects, influence, and almost mould, the legislation of nations by their commercial and industrial undertakings; men who shine in literature, and lead the common mind far into the paths of science and discovery, men of confessed intellectual power in every department of life, seem to be incapable of profiting the simplest duties of the Christian in public, and even in social assemblies. The desirable and precious gift of fitting exhortation and prayer in the social meetings of the Church, seems to be confined to a few; and men who are ready declaimers on other themes, and are easy and fluent in conversation on secular topics, seem to be dumb in the prayer-meeting and the lecture-room.

One reason is to be found in the fact that the cares and labors of daily business pursuits crowd so much on the mind, and exert so absorbing an influence on the feelings, that they restrain the exercises of those sympathies which must be active in order to make a teacher acceptable to his hearers. The mind and body are weary with the labors of the day. The majority of church members seldom attend prayer meetings, and many who do are apt to be unprepared to take an active part in the exercise. As a consequence, prayer-meetings have a tendency to be lifeless and uninteresting from a sort of necessity.

But this should not be. We need an intelligent and efficient laity. We need the intellectual power and the moral energy of all our men in the service of the church. How to enlist it and bring it out, in a full development of its resources, is an important question.

The Apostle wrote to Timothy: "Neglect not the gift that is in thee;" and the exhortation was well headed. Non have gifts which they sometimes allow to be dormant, and they live for years unconscious of their own strength. The excuse so often made by persons as a reason of their inactivity in public, that they have no gift, is a shallow one. They have a gift wrapped up in a napkin, and if they would only take it out, they would soon find its value.

There is a noble work of Christian duty for the laity to perform. They can sometimes do work which would have far more influence on men of the world, as the work of laymen, than when done by the ministry. The office of the minister invests him with a certain professional influence which in some situations, is less felt than the manly courage and dependance of a Christian layman. How many great deeds might be done for souls, were every professing Christian, a well-prepared and well-exercised working man so as can tell.

Young men should cultivate their gifts, and improve their talents, by all the means in their power. It should become a question of duty with them to enquire their own intellectual strength in discharge of these duties, in order to be prepared for whatever strains of usefulness they may be called to fill.

Said the Apostle in his letter, "I write unto you young men because you are strong!" The young men of the church to-day are strong numerically, and they have great intellectual power. But they need to develop their power under the teaching of the Spirit of God, and by a proper exercise of their talents, qualify themselves for the great work of the church.

Our meetings for prayer and public assemblies of a religious character, will then be more blessed, more edifying, and more frequented.—Christian Intelligencer.