

# The Religious Intelligencer.

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

VOL. 7---NO. 23

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1860.

WHOLE NO 336

## Religious Intelligencer.

### Are You a Christian?

This is one of the most important questions which one person can ask another. If you are a Christian, you have a title to a glorious inheritance. In the language of Scripture, it is "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," 1 Pet. 1.4.

If, on the contrary, you are not a Christian, instead of this inheritance being yours, you are without a title to anything but wretchedness and sorrow. A sentence of condemnation hangs over you. A gloomy prison and eternal grief await you, as the wages of sin.

Be not offended, then, if in kindness this plain, direct, personal question be asked you, ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

In our country, almost all bear the Christian name. There are, also, many who, from custom and a sense of its respectability and propriety, attend more or less regularly on religious worship and Christian ordinances, and on these accounts esteem themselves Christians, in contradistinction to those who openly neglect religious observances. But a real Christian is something more than these.

A Christian is one who, by the grace of God the Holy Spirit, trusts for salvation to the Lord Jesus Christ entirely, and loves and serves him. He is one who has felt himself to be a sinner against God. He has felt that he is utterly ruined and undone, and can of himself do nothing to save himself. He has felt that the wrath of God was justly abiding upon him, on account of his sins. But he has heard the Saviour's gracious words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest," Matt. xi. 28. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," John vi. 37. And he has come to him, being drawn by the Holy Spirit. He is now trusting to him, and to him alone, for eternal life. He is living to glorify that blessed one, who loved him, and gave himself for him. This is a Christian. Permit me again to ask, ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

Some, into whose hands this paper may come, will feel constrained to answer, No! If all this is involved in being a Christian, then I am not a Christian. It is best to be honest with ourselves. If you cannot stand such a test as this, how will you stand before the all-searching eye of God, who has seen all your inmost thoughts, and who will bring every secret thing into judgment? If you are not a Christian, think what a dreadful eternity is before you. Let but the brittle thread of life be snapped, and you must wake in perdition.

But do you say, "I intend to become a Christian before I die?" How many have given utterance to such words, and yet have perished in their sins! You intend to become a Christian before you die! But do you know the day of your death, that you may make preparation in time? Supposing the sentence has already been uttered, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee;" then, what comes of your good intentions? Death may come at any moment, and find you unprepared. There is also another thought needful to be impressed upon your mind. You will never become a Christian without the influence of the Holy Spirit. Should he, in the midst of your obstinacy and procrastination, cease to strive with you, your case would be utterly hopeless. "To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your heart." To-morrow it may be too late.

But you may be ready to say, "Sometimes I hope I am a Christian; and then again, I fear I am not." I sincerely wish I knew what is the truth in regard to myself. If such be your earnest desire, an answer to the following questions for self-examination may assist you in reaching a correct conclusion. Have I ever really seen and felt myself to be a lost sinner? Have I realized that there is no way of escape for me in anything I have done, or can do? Have I felt my need of an Almighty Saviour? Have I seen in the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour I need? Have I in humble, earnest, sincere prayer confessed my sins to God, and besought him for Christ's sake to forgive me? Have I earnestly and perseveringly asked for the Holy Spirit, to renew and sanctify my heart? Have I renounced every other ground of hope, but that which is found in the atoning blood of the Lamb? Have I taken up my cross, and am I daily striving to follow him? Do I find in my heart a hatred of sin, and a love of holiness? Can I truly say, that now "I choose the ways I once abhorred?"

If you can honestly answer "yes" to these questions, then have you good ground to believe that you are indeed a Christian; that you have been born of the Spirit, and are an heir of eternal life.

There may, however, be some who, although they cannot say "yes" to these questions as the foregoing, yet feel more or less interested in their souls' welfare. They are, perhaps, ready to exclaim, "I know I am not a Christian. I wish I were one. How can I become a true Christian?" Reader, is this your question? Are you really anxious to know how you may become a Christian? Then listen to a few plain and practical directions.

And first of all, let me tell you, you must be thoroughly in earnest in the matter. The Saviour says, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate,"

Luke xiii. 24. Let me say further:—You will never become a Christian, until you know and feel that you are a sinner. And you will never apply aright to the Lord Jesus Christ to save you, until you see your absolute need of him.

Do you feel that you are a sinner? Look for one moment at God's requirements.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbour as thyself." Have you not been living all your life-time in violation of this law? Have you ever done anything simply and only to please God? Every conscious moment of a whole life has been employed in thinking or acting. And yet of all your thoughts and actions, not one has been put forth in simple obedience to God's commands.—All sinful! A lifetime of sin! Turn this thought over and over again in your mind, until you are led by the Spirit of God to feel that you are indeed a sinner, a very great sinner, in his sight.

Then ask yourself, How can such a sinner escape the punishment due to his sins? Will you reform—break off your sins by righteousness?—That will not atone for the past. Though you should live without sin all the remainder of your life, that would not blot out the dark catalogue of guilt already recorded against you. It would not answer for one of the least of this life-long list of sins. How, then, will you escape the condemnation? When you have tried to save yourself, and have found how utterly unavailing all such efforts must be; then, perhaps, you will be led to cry out with the jailer at Philippi, "What must I do to be saved?" When you feel in your inmost soul that you are a sinner; and when, in like manner, you feel your need of a Saviour, then, and not till then, will you be willing to listen to him who says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

If this is your present state of mind; if you really feel that you are a poor, wretched, helpless sinner, and know not where to look for help, then listen to the gracious words of the blessed Redeemer, when he says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink," John vii. 37. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," Rev. xxi. 17. Go to that blessed Saviour and confess to him your sins. Tell him all. Keep nothing back. Excuse nothing; but acknowledge all your guilt. Ask him to forgive you for his own mercy's sake. Plead his own promise, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," Luke xi. 9. Ask him for the Holy Spirit to renew and sanctify your heart. Remind him of his own declaration, "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" Luke xi. 13. Let your cry be, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

And as you thus pray, give yourself to him. Become his willing servant. Let the language of your heart be—

"Here, Lord, I give myself to thee,  
"Tis all that I can do."

Your time is his; devote it to his glory. Your property, be it little or much, dedicate it to his service. Your soul is his, bought with his precious blood; consecrate it to him. Consecrate to him your mind, with all its powers; your heart, with all its affections. Trust in him, and you will not be confounded. He will receive you for his infinite mercy's sake. He will pardon you. He will wash you in his blood, which cleanseth from all sin. He will be your God and guide through life, your friend in death and your portion for ever.

From the New York Observer.  
REV. MR. SPURGEON.

LONDON, May, 1860.  
Of course we had to go, with all the strangers that visit London, to hear Mr. Spurgeon. He preaches on Sabbath morning in Exeter Hall; and the remainder of the Sabbath day, and of the week, in his own chapel, on the other side of the Thames. The persons who go before half-past ten o'clock are admitted by tickets, for which they have to pay; and the money thus raised is appropriated to pay for the use of the building, and for the erection of his new chapel in Surrey; at a quarter to eleven the doors are thrown open to the waiting crowd without, who rush in, and in a few minutes crowd the entire building. At the precise moment the service opens. This is itself a virtue.

We went with our company, with the tickets of admission; but the doors were opened to the multitude before we got there; and we entered with the crowd and were borne aloft to the very highest tier of seats in the vast hall.—The spectacle was a grand one; five thousand, or more, in the very heart of London, thronged together to hear the gospel! We thanked God for the sight. Soon Mr. Spurgeon entered by a side door, preceded by his deacons and some friends, and followed by others. Although I had then my first view of him, I knew him instantly from his picture. The likeness of him in the bookstores of Scribner, New York, is perfect. He is quite short, because of the shortness of his legs;—robust in body,—short necked,—a full, round face, more Celtic than English,—with upper teeth somewhat projecting,—with heavy black hair, coming down low upon the forehead. I saw him then at a distance, but I have since sat with him on the same seat for two hours or more. His eyes, like his

hair, are dark; and neither his full nor side face indicate what he is. His first appearance makes no promises.

He entered without gown or bands, in the most simple dress, and manner. After resting for a few moments in his chair, he rose and offered a most pertinent and striking invocation. I heard it, every word, although among his most distant hearers; and it fell on my heart like rain on the mown grass. He then stated that he was not quite well, and called upon the chorister to give out the hymns, which he did, in a full, loud voice. They all sung, from floor to roof. It was not artistic, but we felt it to be sacred music; and the singing was worship, and not a performance. There was no organ, nor accompaniment of any kind, save that of the heart. O when will our churches at home restore the singing of the praise of God to its place in the sanctuary! After singing he read some passages from Isaiah, referring to the comforts of the people of God, remarking on each passage in a very simple and beautiful manner. He then called upon a stranger to pray, but said, "before prayer we will unite in singing one verse,"

Thou art coming to a king;  
Large petitions with thee bring.

After prayer, he took for his text, "though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase." Job 8: 7. After a short introduction he stated that his object was to show the certain increase of goodness, that is of grace. And his three heads were, 1. To show the fears of believers; 2. To quell them; and 3. To exhort them to diligence. And from its beginning to its end the sermon was serious, truthful, and deeply impressive. Words, thoughts, figures, illustrations, came from him as freely and as pure water from a full fountain. He used no notes, and stepped about perfectly at his ease, behind the railing in front of the platform. There was no clapping of any kind, in gestures, manners, or matter. There was not one instance of the violation of good taste; and there were gems of thought in the sermon, which would have served some of our men in buckram for six months at least, and which would have secured them a character for smartness, at least for a year. On the whole I was greatly edified by the entire service, and went away truly thankful that there was such a man in London to preach the gospel, in its truthfulness and simplicity, to the masses. The sermon was strongly orthodox, taking the Shorter Catechism as the standard—the noblest syllabus of Christian doctrine in existence. An intelligent person said to me at he has saved to multitudes of the dissenting churches the great doctrines of grace.

Some may ask what are the elements of his great popularity? Having heard him but twice; once, as described above, and on another occasion, of which we shall speak by-and-by,—we may not be competent to form a correct analysis. But in our apprehension, the elements of his popularity are, fervent piety, readiness of utterance, a vigorous imagination, a playful fancy, and a voice clear, and natural and wonderfully flexible, which reaches the most distant hearer without assuming the most near. These, with his clear and firm affirmation of the great doctrines of grace, and of a full gospel, too often withheld both by churchmen and dissenters, we consider the true elements of his popularity. And these would make any man popular, anywhere in the world, where there is a mind to appreciate and a heart to feel. He is doing much to revive the preaching of the good old doctrines of the Reformation; and long may he live, if for no other purpose than that. He is not an Owen in profundity, nor a Robert Hall in polish of style, nor a Whitefield in that stormy eloquence which swayed multitudes as the high winds the trees of the forest; but as a preacher of the simple gospel we know not that he has a living superior. If a Baptist as to the ordinance of baptism, his communion table is open to all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. To such a man, and of such a man, we can only say, "My God prosper him." We are thankful that his sermons meet with such a wide circulation in our own beloved country. If Christ is only preached, we should rejoice, wherever may be the preacher.

(From the Sunday at Home.)  
THE MARTYR CHURCH OF MADAGASCAR.

I. THE ISLAND AND ITS MASTER.

The island of Madagascar, one of the largest in the world, stretches along the east coast of Africa, from which it is separated by the broad waters of the Mozambique Channel. Like our own insular land, the line of greatest extent, amounting to about nine hundred miles, is nearly due north and south; and making allowance for this superior magnitude, it may be regarded as a kind of a young Great Britain in the Indian Ocean. The inhabitants, between three and four millions in number, are in much the same social and political circumstances as the occupants of our soil some fifteen centuries ago, while the face of the country is generally just as nature formed it. A distinct, energetic, and warlike people, originally confined to one of the central provinces, are dominant over the rest of the natives, a feebler race, despised, oppressed, and enslaved—precisely the treatment which the conquered Britons received from their more vigorous Anglo-saxon conquerors. The Hovas, as the lords paramount are called, are probably a gifted variety of the great Malay family. They are in appearance a fine people, with high foreheads indicating intellectual capacity, and firm pensive countenances expressive of strong will, an earnest but unsanctified moral nature. The reduced tribes are apparently of negro extraction.

The shores of the island are low, flat, and swampy, largely lined with shallow lakes, or clothed with close woods, jungles of tall grasses, and giant water-weeds. The whole of this region is unhealthy, and has been very fatal to foreigners, owing to the influence of the malarial fever, the combined influence of intense humidity, heat, decomposing vegetation, and the stagnant waters. One of the provinces on the east coast, the natives themselves style Matitana, signifying "the land of death," and the neighbouring Isle of St. Mary's is known in the records of colonization as the "dead island" of the Dutch, the "graveyard" of the French. The interior parts of the country are mountainous, consisting of a broad and high tract of tableland, crossed by various mountain-chains, on the tops of which ice is sometimes formed, and fleet-storms descend. But inadvertently, Europeans have often visited the coast, and passed into the interior, in the especially pestilential season of the year; and the seeds of fever soon while traversing the lowlands have germinated with fatal effect on reaching the highlands. Of thirty-two persons composing an English embassy to the capital from the Mauritius in 1816, all reached it in safety, but eleven immediately assailed with illness. Eleven only survived to regain the coast. Of these, three died on the homeward passage; and six months afterwards, only five were alive, four of whom were emaciated. During the brief term of Christian effort in the island, several missionaries, with members of their families, and missionary artisans, were speedily committed to the grave. King Radama, whose native patrimony was entirely inland, was accustomed to say that he had two generals in whose hands he would leave any invading army, namely, General Tazo (fever) and General Hazo (forest), alluding to the scarcely passable woods.

Special reasons will appear for a further reference to the physical geography of the island. The slopes of the highlands, and the intervening valleys, are densely covered with magnificent timber of various species, among which the rofia palm is conspicuous and abundant, combining statelyness with grace; and the traveller's tree, *recina* of the natives, literally "leaf of the forest," for whenever it occurs, its masses of broad foliage are the characteristic objects in the forest scenery. Spreading out like a fan at the top of the trunk, upwards of twenty bright green shining leaves may be counted, the stalk of each leaf being six or eight feet long, and the broad leaf itself five or six feet more. Seen from a distance, creating a hill, a line of these trees resembles a file of gigantic Indian chiefs, with their crowns of radiated feathers waving to the breeze. But this tree is most remarkable for yielding, even in the driest seasons, a quantity of cool, clear, and perfectly sweet water, preferred by the natives to that of the streams, thus supplying to the traveller the place of wells in the desert. At the base of each leaf-stalk, there is a kind of natural cistern or reservoir, in which the rain-water collects from the leaf, and the leaf, if it be cut down a groove or spout on the upper side of the stalk, and is thus a source of nutriment to the tree, and refreshment to the wayfarer. The thirsty avail themselves of the supply by puncturing the cisterns with a spear, and receiving its contents in a vessel below.

The forests, rich in medicinal shrubs and gums, are tangled with creepers hanging from branch to branch, and interlacing the trees, so as to render them almost impenetrable. The most brilliantly coloured flowering plants, chiefly of the orchid tribe, flourish on the roots and trunks, one of which, reared in this country, was stripped of its large and exquisitely white blossoms for the bridal banquet of the Princess Rolye.

The woods became the temples of the faithful Malagasy when the public worship of God, to which they were endeared, was prohibited by royal decree. Thither they retired, and stealthily assembled, often in the dead night, with the stars looking down upon them, and the brilliant green light of the fire-flies gleaming around, to sing the "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs" they had been taught, offer prayer, and comfort one another. In the absence of the masters, Thither also they fled, as persecution waxed hot, seeking temporary concealment till the pursuit relaxed, or of an opportunity for escape from the island offered. In the forest regions, the hill-sides are perforated with caverns of immense dimensions, the entrances to which are so narrow, or clothed with vegetation, as only to be known to those who live in the immediate neighbourhood. These, having been the homes of brigands, and places of refuge to fugitives in war, became also the asylums for the persecuted Christians, and are now to be numbered with "dens and caves of the earth" commemorated in holy writ, as retreats of the servants of the Most High in perilous times. It is related that Radama, before mentioned, having subdued a neighbouring tribe, married the daughter of the chief, who afterwards remarked, when referring to the war between her father and her husband: "We saw you during your whole march, and observed all your movements in search of us. We were near you in the woods, and concealing ourselves in caverns, we actually walked over your heads on one occasion, without ever imagining we were so near." Serpents are numerous, and superstitiously regarded by the people; and crocodiles abound in all the lakes and rivers. Water-snakes, called "tails of heaven," in the native language, are not uncommon, and with whirlwinds, or "twists," are occasionally very destructive.

Three centuries and a half have elapsed since Madagascar was discovered by the Portuguese, in the year 1506. They soon afterwards circumnavigated the island, touched at it repeatedly on the voyages to India, and attempted to form settlements on the coast, along with the Dutch and French. But European nations had any regular political connection with the native authorities prior to the year 1816, when the British governor of the Mauritius, Sir Robert Farquhar, put himself into communication with Radama, king of the Hovas, by an embassy, with view to the suppression of the slave trade. The capital of this remarkable man, called Antananarivo, meaning "the city of a thousand towers," occupies an oval-shaped hill, near the centre of the island, at an elevation of about four thousand feet above the level of the sea. But notwithstanding its ambitious name, it was not large; at that time, than many a small English borough.

Domestic slavery is perhaps as old in Madagascar as any other usage; but the practice of exporting men as slaves originated with unprincipled and greedy European adventurers. The victims to the traffic were captives taken in war, persons obnoxious to the chiefs, domestic slaves obtained by purchase, or forcibly abducted, and

children enticed into the fields by mail presents in order to be kidnapped. They were conveyed to the Mauritius, while that island was French, and sometimes made the Atlantic passage to the Brazils or the West Indies. A hill in the interior, overlooking a wide range of country, with the line of the coast in the distance, is still known as "The weeping place of the Hovas."—It obtained the name, as the spot where gangs of manacles and graded slaves, torn from home, and all that makes life dear, had their first view of the sea, across which they were to be carried to lands of unknown hardships; and as the place where, looking behind, they saw for the last time the forest-clad heights of their native wilds. The course of the slave-trade was felt long after its abolition, for under the idea that their children had been decoyed away to be eaten, the people looked with extreme suspicion upon the establishment of mission schools, as if they were another mode of ensnaring them to their destruction. "The Europeans," they reasoned, "always came here before to steal us and our children. What could they want with such a booty, but to eat them? And now they come under a pretence of teaching our children; and having once got them into their power, they will carry them away as in former days, when they must share the same dreadful fate which others have met."

At the time of the embassy referred to, Radama had not attained his twenty-fifth year, and his appearance was remarkably juvenile. In manners, dress, and superstitions, he was entirely a Malagasy. His visitors found him squatting on a mat upon the floor of his house, wearing the native lamba, or mantle. Neither chair nor table was then in his residence, though he ate only from silver dishes, which none dare use beside himself. But he possessed a mind gifted with cool sense, penetrating sagacity, and a prudent, highly susceptible therefore, of improvement, and was fired with the noble ambition of surpassing all his ancestors. Having had occasional intercourse with Europeans, though of the worst class—chiefly slave-dealers—he had profited by their superior knowledge, was anxious to increase it, and ultimately became, by communication with our countrymen, as much superior to his subjects in intelligence as the nineteenth century is in advance of the sixteenth. Unhappily, political aggrandizement was a master passion, to which all other considerations were sacrificed; and though from first to last he proved himself the steadfast friend of the missionaries, his mind seems never to have entertained for a moment the grand object of their mission. Secular advantages, such as the attraction of his people in arts and arms, with a view to territorial extension and worldly greatness—completely engrossed his thoughts; and thus he must be regarded as one of those—numerous class—who have instrumentally prepared the way of the Lord, without appreciating the value of the work, apprehending its character, or travelling in it themselves.

The king received the advances of the British governor with the greatest favour, and sent his two younger brothers to the Mauritius with the deputation, who remained for some months in that island. Upon their return, in the year 1817 he proceeded to the coast to meet them. This was his first sight of the sea. He was subdued by the grand spectacle, and looked upon it with the most intense veneration. But Radama subsequently became somewhat familiar with the ocean and went on board a frigate, the "Ariadne" under the command of Captain Moorsom. His people witnessed this adventure with apprehension, and loudly shouted whenever the vessel rocked, "There, now he is off; the king is gone!"

He was himself unnerved by the motion of the ship, and no sooner touched the land again than he bent one knee to the ground, exclaiming, "My mother, the earth, had permitted him to leave her for awhile, and now, as a dutiful son, he saluted her on his return. Becoming emboldened he took a short cruise, and was not a little astonished at the rapidity with which he was conveyed, and the consequent power that was imparted. As the vessel sailed out of port, Malagasy males on the strand sang to him the magnificent hymn, a chant in their usual language: "Beautiful, beautiful! Lightly floating I large boat! Light! Gone is she, large, and lightly floating!" Captain Moorsom presented him with a Bible, remarking that the covering of the book was not splendid, but its contents were valuable. The king replied that if the book contained what was straight and not crooked, (a metaphor for truth), it was welcome; and when he returned to the shore, he did not regard a man for the beauty of his countenance, but the qualities of his heart. The book, with his name written in it by the commander, was faithfully preserved during the king's lifetime, and was buried with him, among other treasures, in his splendid tomb.

On their return from the Mauritius, the princes were accompanied by James Hastie, Esq., as their guardian, who was afterwards appointed British agent at the court of their brother, and who for seven years devoted himself to promote in every possible way the welfare of the people, undergoing no little personal hardship and peril. He conducted the first Protestant evangelist to the capital, and carried in his arms the first white child thither, belonging to a missionary on the way. He visited the sick, qualified himself to act the part of the physician, applied vaccination to stay the ravages of the small pox, and was very successful in treating the fever of the country. He introduced the horse, with agricultural implements, and a variety of useful seeds and plants. Completely winning the confidence of the king, he induced him to adopt a less sanguinary code, substituting hard labour for death, and to conclude a treaty for the suppression of the slave-trade; according to the stipulations of which the British government agreed to compensate him and his chiefs for the loss the measure would entail upon them by an annual payment.

It is to be regretted that, besides money and clothing, this payment was made in arms and ammunition, so likely to be employed by an uncivilized people with a wanton disregard to human life and suffering. Men were likewise sent to instruct the native soldiers in their use, in military tactics generally, and martial music. Thus aided, Radama easily triumphed over his neighbours, and lived to see his authority almost everywhere acknowledged. "The whole island," said he in 1823, addressing a popular assembly of chiefs, "is now mine. It is governed by one king, ruled by the same laws, and must perform the same service. There are no more wars. Guns and spears may sleep. I am the father of the orphan and the fatherless, the protector of the widow and the oppressed, the avenger of evil and wrongs, and the rewarder of the good and

Just. Here are soldiers to suppress rebels, should any arise, and to protect you and your children, your lives and your property. With regard to yourselves, you must now work, cultivate the waste lands, and plant all you can." Mr. Hastie died at his post in the year 1826; and the king followed him to the grave. This was an unprecedented step, for it was ancient law that no member of the royal family should approach a dead body, or the spot on which it was laid. He signified his sense of the services which the deceased had rendered to the island by styling him Vady ny Madagasgar—"a husband to Madagascar."

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

I know—that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

I know—in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

We know—that all things work together for good to them that love God.

We know—that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

We know—that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.

Ye know—that he was manifested to take away our sins.

THE GREATEST HERESY.

What is the greatest heresy of all? What doctrine, what ordinance, what conduct is it connected with? What say you Christian reader? Among all the errors in doctrine and practice, that you know of among professed Christians, what is the worst, what the most dangerous, the most injurious? For whatever is the greatest heresy, the most pernicious and dangerous, ought to be avoided with the most earnest and scrupulous care. The late eminent man of God, Rev. J. W. Alexander, D. D., wrote to his friend:

"The greatest heresy is want of love. Oh! for a cycle of peace. Oh! for a breathing spell from these unnatural contentions! I feel as if I could join any who would humbly unite in direct and kind efforts to save sinners and relieve human misery. Cannot a poor believer go along in his pilgrimage heavenward, without being always on military duty? At judgment, I heartily believe that some heresies of heart and temper will be charged as worse than heavy doctrinal errors. I hold not only that the tenets of our church are true, but that they are very important. But I see how easy it is to 'hold the truth' in rancor and hate, which is the grand error of depraved human nature."

Those are words that deserve thought, words that come from the heart of eminent worth and of eminent piety. Our pulpits, and our presses, teem and bristle with exposures of heresies of the head, while this greatest of heresies, the heresy of the heart, is left to grow on, to spread, to extend, to be fruitful parent of all other heresies, the source of countless troubles.

Reader, will you read over again the extract above quoted, and consider whether it be true, and if true, what lesson should it teach you?—"He that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."

D'AUBIGNE AMONG THE TOMBS.

The following anecdote in relation to the family sorrows of the great historian of the Reformation will be new to many of our readers:

"One evening at the end of September I had taken my favorite solitary walk. The cemetery, belonging chiefly to a few families, was locked, the key remaining at the pastor's house close by. I had procured it, and been there but a few moments, and was taking off some of the decayed leaves from the rose-bushes, when the heavy door moved slowly on its hinges, and I heard steps moving toward the other end of the enclosure. By and by there were loud sighs and sobs, the uncontrollable grief of a manly heart. As I turned, I perceived a familiar form, a tall, powerful, majestic man, the man of genius and learning, known, praised and admired in many lands; but above all, the father. Beneath the stone on which he was kneeling, and upon which his tears were falling fast, four beautiful infants had been laid; they had died, the one after the other, between the age of nine months and thirty months.

That desolate father, then in the full power of his manhood, was no other than Merle D'Aubigne. Strange to say, he had lost a child at the publication of each of his first four volumes of the History of the Reformation; and so it was that when the fifth volume was to be issued, his friends were looking anxiously at the two remaining little ones. He stayed a long while, weeping as a child would weep, almost prostrated by the bitterness of his grief; it seemed as if his tears would never cease. At last, coming where I was, he took hold of my hand, and pointing to the distant Alps, now glowing at sunset, he said, with the deepest feeling, 'He is the Resurrection and the Life!' and pressing my hand with affection and sympathy, he left the cemetery."

ALONE AT THE JUDGMENT.—There is no escape alone or in the crowd at the judgment-day. It is not a multitude amid which we may hide ourselves and escape notice. At that solemn tribunal, each man will be as transparent before the searching eye of the Son of God, as if that man and Jesus were the only twin in the whole universe; such will be the intense light of that day, that one reason why the lost will call out for the hills to cover them, and the mountains to overshadow them, will be, that they cannot bear the intensity of that searching and unfeigned splendor; and such will be the dread silence of that moment, that each man will hear the very pulsations of his own heart, and if that heart be unregenerate, each pulse will sound a death-knell to his hopes and prospects forever. There is no escape in the crowd; there is no escape by wealth; there is no escape by talent; there is no escape any way; for "how, if we neglect so great salvation," says the apostle, as satisfied that there is no escape whatever, "shall we escape?"—Dr. Cumming.