

The Religious Intelligencer.

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

VOL. 7.--NO. 47

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK,

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 360

The Platter made Clean Inside and Out.

By invitation of Bro. B., I left the city to visit him in a "two day's meeting." The Saturday evening meeting was ended. On the way home with a brother, he remarked, "you touched a hornet's nest, to-night." What do you mean? said I. "Did you not see some persons leave the house during the sermon?" I did. "You gave a side-cut at the corn question," said he. What do you mean? I enquired. "Did you not know all this valley is laid under tribute to the distillers? Then God helping, we will draw the sword of the Lord and Gideon upon them tomorrow."

The Lord opened the bottles of heaven, the floods came and took possession of the fields, and the farmers were permitted to go to meeting. A revival followed. Many saw, what multitudes of others ought to see, that they needed an increase of grace much more than an increase of money. Full corn-cris, and richly stored barns of wheat, with religion at a very low ebb in the heart and family, is not a blessing to be prayed for.

Among others who were brought to see and deplore their lack of grace was brother A. While bowing at the altar and praying earnestly for a clean heart, this question was addressed to his mind, by the Holy Spirit no doubt, who often troubles people, "what will you do with that corn?" This question, by the road-side, or in the cornfield, by a certain class of men, would have given him no trouble; but meeting him at the altar for prayer, it very much perplexed him. The meeting for that evening was a joyful one to many. Bro. A., however, went home *unblest*, as he thought. How little is the blessing of conversion appreciated, because it is attended in its workings with humiliating discoveries and compunctions of conscience.

The week rolled on, the meeting still continued, but all wondered why brother A. was no more among us. The Lord holds protracted meetings sometimes. He was holding one that week, near the corn-cris, with only one attendant, who was our absent brother A. When the Lord's meeting broke up, the whole congregation came to us, to tell what great things the Lord had done. Brother A. rose and said in substance, as nearly as my memory serves me, "Brethren, I am glad to be among you again. Some of you may have wondered where I have been all this time. To tell the truth, the Lord had worked for me to do at home. Brethren, I thank the Lord for what he hath done. O, glory be to his name." Here he paused, while the deep fountains of his heart poured forth a flood of tears.

"Brethren, I went to that altar to seek a clean heart. No sooner had I commenced praying for the blessing than the Spirit put to me this question, 'what will you do with that corn?' Corn, said I, why I did not come here to sell corn! I want a clean heart. I got the subject out of my mind as soon as I could, and began to pray again. But somehow it was all dark, and my heart was growing very hard. I was alarmed at the darkening prospect, and felt that no time was to be lost. I cried out, O Lord, give me a clean heart. 'What will you do with that corn?' again rang in my ears. O, the darkness that settled down upon me! Despair seemed to be taking hold of me, when something seemed to say, 'if God will cleanse the inside of the platter, will you cleanse the outside? What does this mean?' said I. The Spirit broke the seal. 'If God will give you a clean heart; will you give him a clean business?' I saw at once, brethren, the equal necessity of holiness of life, as well as heart. But, said I, is a pure business-life possible? Here the enemy had great power over me. 'Who, said he, will buy your corn but the distillers? Do they not give better prices? And are you responsible for the use they make of your grain?' Suffice it to say, I was glad when the meeting was closed—I thought it never would end. I went home enveloped in darkness, sometimes sorry I had ever tried to be a Christian, and now wishing the strange preacher had not come amongst us.

"Next morning the family being assembled for worship, I read a portion of the word of God, and we all knelt down, as usual to pray. But it was all dark, the heavens were brass over my head. I did not go to meeting that day; I staid at home and thought and thought. Night came, but no access to prayer. Day after day passed, and the darkness still increasing. I saw how very wrong most every thing was, and how much men labor and toil, eat and drink, for this life only. How few seem to have the fear of God before their eyes. I saw, too, the grave, and the judgment seat, where we must all give an account of our deeds. O, I saw how worse than in vain that man lives who does not live right before God. But could I live right? Could I go against the current of the world, and against the practice of so many professors of religion? The enemy whispered, 'if you do a clean business, you will be singular, and your family will come to want.' I was almost sorry the light had shone upon my heart and life, for my joys and peace had, seemingly, fled before it. But the thing could not be undone. I saw that the light must be followed, or I should perish.

And yet I feared and hesitated. The clouds grew darker, and God seemed about to leave me; it was an awful moment. Setting a chair in the

middle of the room, for a mourner's bench, I was soon on my knees before the Lord. O Lord, have mercy, have mercy, I cried. He would not hear my cry. I could see nothing before me but the corn-cris and the distillery. A mountain wave rolled over my poor heart—I thought I should die. The pains of hell got hold of me. O, Lord, cried I, I will sell no more corn to the distillers. It may rot in the cribs, or the fowls of the air may carry it off kernel by kernel. Give me a clean heart and I will give thee a clean business. Glory be to God, no sooner was the vow uttered, than I felt the all-cleansing blood applied to my poor heart. The clouds broke, and streams of salvation, light, love and joy came pouring into my soul. O, bless the Lord for his amazing grace.

"And now, brethren, the platter is cleansed inside and out; all is on the altar, and I am in for a clean business—a holy heart and life. O, hallelujah, my soul is full, glory be to God."

He sat down, and while many felt the streams of love and mercy in their souls, others looked as if the sword of the Lord had gone through their hearts.

After the shouts and feeling had subsided a little brother M., a mechanic, rose and said, "Brethren, I am a poor man, you all know, and I have to work hard for a living for my family, but the Lord being my helper, I have made the last whiskey barrel. I will give God a clean business too, and I don't believe he will let me suffer for it."

The holy fire spread, and others inscribed upon their hands, "holiness to the Lord."

"He that hath a clean heart, and a pure heart, he shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation."

May God multiply holy hearts and holy lives.—*Beauty of Holiness.*

THE POWER OF THE SPIRIT.

By REV. JAMES SMITH, CHILTERNHAM.

God has done great things for his people, but He has not done all that he was willing to do. Unasked He gave his Son, but He wishes us to ask for his Spirit. Not but his Spirit is in the Church, but for use of his presence, power, and grace we are to plead. Every believer may have the power of the Spirit than he has, so may every individual Church; and more of the Spirit would make us more like Christ, fill us with joy and peace, and make us abound in hope. Beloved, "the power of the Holy Ghost" (Rom. xv. 13), is greatly needed at the present day, by almost all of us, and by almost all our churches. Let us have the power of the Spirit, for that power, and the Lord fill us full of it. Consider.

ITS NATURE. It is not physical force, or anything resembling it, for it acts on mind according to its nature, not interfering with its freshness of action, or accountability. It treats us as men, not as brute beasts. It is compared to three powerful elements. To the wind, which is invisible, useful and strong. To water, which is soothing, cleansing and refreshing. To fire, which purifies, rarifies and melts. It is something like the power of music, which attracts, captivates and charms. Or the power of scenery which fascinates, rivets and delights. Or like the power of life, as it operates in vegetables, animals and intelligent beings. It is secret, no one can discern it, but by its effects; it comes secretly, works secretly and its manner of acting is a secret. It is sovereign; it is exercised, directed, and regulated in sovereignty. No one can command it, and in many of its actions, no one can control it. It is successful; it changes the heart it renews the will, and it transforms the life. It comes to accomplish the Lord's purposes, to fulfill his promises, and to answer his people's prayers, and it never fails. It is the power of God, and therefore omnipotent. It is the power of the Spirit of God, and therefore irresistible.

OUR NEED OF IT. We need it. We deeply need it, for the gospel is inefficient without it. No matter who preaches it, or how it is preached; eloquence and earnestness, simplicity and sincerity, affection and tenderness, all may be employed, but all will be in vain without "the power of the Spirit of God." Sinners cannot be converted without it. The Spirit's power alone can raise the dead in sin, open the blind eyes, unstop the deaf ears, or new create the soul. We may change a man's opinions, and he may reform his life, but he is still under the power of spiritual death, still an enemy to God and still walking after the course of this world, until quickened by "the power of the Spirit of God." Anxious souls will not receive Christ without it. They will doubt and fear, attend ordinances and perform duties; but as to opening the heart, receiving the Saviour, and entering him in the affections, this they will never do, until they experience the working of "the power of the Spirit of God." The believer will not thrive, or grow in grace, or abound in the knowledge of Christ, but will be a poor, weak, stunted plant, without "the power of the Spirit of God." The backslider will not be restored, and brought back to the Saviour and his fold; but will become hardened in sin, and will go from bad to worse, except "the power of the Spirit of God" be exerted in his experience. The Church will not be vigorous, nor will the pastor be happy, unless the Spirit put forth his power influencing, ruling and controlling the whole. O how dependent we are, both as individuals and communities, on "the power of the Spirit of God!"

THE MEANS NECESSARY TO OBTAIN IT. If we would enjoy the power of the Spirit we must seek it, but we shall never seek it, unless we are deeply convicted of our need of it. We must feel that we are shut up to this, and that what we will, let circumstances be never so favorable, and suitable means be never so plentiful, yet without the direct putting forth of the power of the Spirit, all will be in vain. There must be deeply embedded in our souls, and constantly rising up from our hearts, so as to influence and regulate our lives, a desire for this necessary and invaluable blessing. Desire is the life of prayer, and we shall never pray for the Spirit so as to obtain it, unless it be the one absorbing desire of the soul. We must also have faith in the promise, and also in the God who made it. Coming to God we must believe that He has it, and that he has the heart to give it.

His word informs us that He has it, and his promise assures that He is ready to bestow it. It must be sought in earnest, untiring, and persevering prayer. Unless our prayers are earnest, it is clear that we do not feel our need, or heartily desire it; unless our prayers are united, we cannot claim the promise made to social prayer for this and similar blessings; and unless we persevere until we obtain it, it is clear that there is something wrong, or deficient in our experience. O that every member of Christ's Church deeply felt the need of "the power of the Spirit" in this steady faith, that each one had a simple and ready faith in the promise, and that we all would unite to plead fervently and perseveringly with God for this invaluable blessing!

Reader, do you feel the need of the power of the Spirit of God? Do you realize that it is necessary for yourself, for your family, for the Church of God, and for the world at large? Have you the deep-seated conviction, that the gospel is inefficient without the Spirit's power, that no sinners will be converted, that no anxious souls will become decided, that no backsliders will be reclaimed, that believers will not grow and thrive, and that the Church will not be strong, vigorous, and fruitful without "the power of the Spirit of God?" Are you anxious that Spirit should be poured upon us from on high, that so our own personal religion may be deepened; that the Church, the garden of the Lord, may flourish and grow; and that the wilderness may rejoice and blossom as the rose? Do you heartily believe the promise, that our heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit unto them that ask him? Without this, our efforts will be feeble our prayers will be languid, and our hopes will be only faith. Life is not more necessary to the vegetable in order to its growth, than the sun to our system in order to its fertility, than is faith in God, and in the promises He has given to us, our success at the throne of grace. Do you feel any responsibility on this point? Surely if the Spirit is so deeply needed, if it is promised to the prayers of God's people, and if you can pray, there is some responsibility resting upon you in reference to the matter. Has God, by his apostle commanded us to be filled with the Spirit? (Eph. v. 18). Does not this suppose that the Spirit may be obtained? Does it not lay us under a solemn obligation to seek to obtain it? If when Israel were dying with thirst in the desert and God commanded Moses to take his rod and strike the rock, that the waters may flow out to supply them, Moses had neglected or refused to do so, and the people had perished for want of water, would he have been held guiltless? And when all around us we see sinners perishing, and the Church languishing, and we know that the one thing needed is the Holy Spirit, and that God has commanded us to seek it, and has promised to give it in answer to our prayers—if we, from whatever cause, neglect to seek and obtain this living, life-giving waters, and souls perish from the want of it, or the Lord's Church be fruitless and withering, can we be held guiltless? It is vain to say, "God can give it without our prayers." We know He can, and He could have given Israel water without sending Moses to strike the rock. But God is a sovereign, and in sovereignty He chose to work through such instrumentalities, so that man was honoured, and yet held accountable; and so it is in this case, it is God's method, and it is our duty to bow to it, acquiesce in it, and carry it out—and we are faulty if we do not. Shall we then have the power of the Holy Ghost? Will you reader, help to obtain it? In your private prayers, in your family devotion, in your social meetings, and in the Church of God, will you plead for it? Will you, to use the prophet's words, "Give him no rest," until He open the windows of heaven, and pour out this blessing in rich and copious abundance?

AWAKE AND REPENT.

By THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A.

Reader, when I take the Bible in my hand and look at the ways of the world, I see much that is very distressing. I see many persons about whose souls I am exceedingly afraid. Listen to me for a few minutes, and I will soon tell you what I mean.

I see many who, if Bible words mean anything, have not yet been converted and born again. They are not justified. They are not sanctified. They have not the Spirit. They have no faith. They have no grace. Their sins are not forgiven. Their hearts are not changed. They are not ready to die. They are not meet for heaven. They are neither good, nor righteous, nor holy. If they are, Bible words mean nothing at all. Reader, are you one of these. If you are, awake and repent.

I see many who, to all appearance, think no more about their souls than the beasts that perish. There is nothing to show that they think of a life to come more than the horse and ox, which have no understanding. Their treasures are evidently all on earth. Their good things are plainly all on the table of the present. Their attention is swallowed up by the perishable things of time. Meat, drink, and clothing—money, houses, and lands—business, pleasures, or politics—marrying, reading, or company—these are the kind of things which fill their hearts. They live as if there were no such book as the Bible. They go on as if resurrection and eternal judgment were not true but a lie. Alas! what a state is this for the soul! Reader, are you one of these? If you are, awake and repent.

Reader, I put it solemnly to your conscience as in the sight of God, are you one of those persons whom I have just described? There are thousands of such people in our land—thousands in our country parishes—thousands among Dissenters—thousands among rich—thousands among poor. Now, are you one of them? If you are, I fear for you—I tremble for you—I am alarmed for you—I am exceedingly afraid.

What is it that I fear for you? I fear everything. I fear lest you should persist in rejecting Christ till you have sinned away your own soul. I fear lest you be given over to a reprobate mind and awake no more. I fear lest you come to such a d-d and hardness of heart, that nothing but the voice of the archangel, and the trumpet of God will break your sleep. I fear lest you cling to this vain world so closely that nothing but death will part it and you. I fear lest you should live without Christ, die without pardon, rise again without hope, receive judgment without mercy, and sink into hell without remedy.

Reader, I entreat you to remember that the Bible is all true and must be fulfilled—that the end of your present ways is misery and sorrow—that without holiness no man shall see the Lord—that the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the people that forget God,—that God shall one day take account of all your doings, and that Christless sinners like yourself can ever stand in his sight. Oh! that you would consider these things! Where is the man that can hold his finger for a minute to the flame of a candle? Who shall dwell with everlasting burnings?

Reader, I beseech you in all affection to break off your sins,—to repent and be converted. I beseech you to change your course,—to alter your ways about religion,—to turn from your present carelessness about your soul, and become a new man. I offer to you through Jesus Christ the forgiveness of all past sins,—free and complete forgiveness. I tell you in my Master's name that if you will repent and turn to the Lord Jesus this forgiveness shall at once be your own! Oh! do not refuse so gracious an invitation. Do not hear of Christ dying for you, Christ stretching out his hands to you, and yet remain unmoved. Do not love this poor perishing world better than eternal life. Dare to be bold and decided. Resolve to come out from the broad way which leads to destruction. Arise and escape for your life, while it is called to day. Awake, repent, believe, pray, and be saved.

SWEARING CURED.

When the Rev. Rowland Hill was returning from Ireland, he found himself much annoyed by the revocable oath of the captain and mate, who were sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First the captain swore at the mate, then the mate swore at the captain; and then they both swore at the winds. Mr. Hill called to them for "fair play."

"Stop, stop," said he, "let us have fair play, gentlemen; it is my turn now."

"And what is it your turn?" asked the captain.

"At swearing," replied Mr. Hill.

Well, they waited and waited, until their patience was exhausted, and they wished Mr. Hill to make haste and take his turn. He told them, however, that he had a right to take his own time, and swear at his own convenience.

The captain replied, with a laugh, "Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn?"

"Pardon me, captain," answered Mr. Hill, "I shall do so as soon as I can find the good of doing it."

Mr. Hill did not hear another oath on the voyage.

THE SICKLES.

"Let the sickles alone," said a farmer to his son, who was left in the field while the reaper went to dinner. James obeyed his father for a time; but at length he grew lonesome, and took up a sickle "just to look at it." He then felt its edge, and then thought he would cut "one hand full." In so doing he cut his little finger, inflicting a wound which rendered the middle joint useless for the rest of his life. When it was healed, an ugly scar, and a stiff finger were lasting mementoes of his disobedience.

Disobedience to his heavenly Father leaves a scar on the sinner's soul and lessens his capacity for virtue. What a frightful appearance would many a soul present could its scared and maimed condition be made visible. Unseen facts are as those which are seen by the eye. Every sin leaves its mark on the soul. Every sin increases the soul's tendency to sin, and lessens its power for virtue. Every sin thus effects a change for the worse in the condition of the soul. It is not merely registered in the book of God's remembrance. It is registered in the very condition of the soul.

EDUCATION FOR ETERNITY.

Education to have its legitimate scope, ought to be for eternity. Our connection with this world, at the longest, is but for a few years, it may be for a few days; it is the merest folly, therefore, to qualify children only for the duties of the present life.

Education, too, for time and for eternity, are not in opposition to each other. The best preparation for the one is the best preparation for the other.

Now it is possible to convey complete information on many secular subjects, but by taking into account our relations to eternal things. The world is all a riddle excepting as resolved by Christianity, and it were as unphilosophical as profane to allow the mind, which terminates its inquiries only in the highest causes of things, to revel in secondary ones, while an ascending path is open to it, to him, of whose perfections his works are but a mirror, and a recognition of whom leads to their greatest charms.—*Dr. Ralph.*

EVERY MAN IN HIS PROPER POSITION.

Adversity is the more common experience of God's people, because their faith and grace are too weak and imperfect to bear the severer trials to which prosperity subjects them. This sphere is too high for the weak Christian to walk in it without becoming dizzy.

And though it may be true that the man, who, in adversity and destitution of worldly goods, can look up and trust in God, is a strong believer, as we speak, yet, is not his faith stronger by much as the faith of that other man, who, while solicited by all the blandishments of success and enjoyment suffers not his eye or his heart, for one

moment, to turn away from God, the portion of his soul? The man, who is conscientiously desirous of filling his sphere in life, will find a very small one to be sufficient to occupy him.—*Anon.*

HOW TO GET A SAVING KNOWLEDGE OF THE GOSPEL.

For the acquirement of a saving and spiritual knowledge of the Gospel, you are, on the one hand to put forth all your ordinary powers in the very same way that you do for the acquirement of knowledge in any of the ordinary branches of human learning.

But in the act of doing so, you, on the other hand, are to prosecute on a profound impression of the utter fruitfulness of all your endeavors, unless God meet them by the manifestations of his Spirit. In other words, you are to read your Bible, and to bring the faculties of attention, and understanding, and memory, to the exercise, just as strenuously as if these, and these alone, could conduct you to the light after which you are aspiring.

But you are at the same time to pray as earnestly for this object, as if God accomplished it without your exertions at all, instead of accomplishing it in the way He actually does, by your exertions.

It is when your eyes are turned toward the Book of God's testimony, and not when your eyes are turned away from it, that He fulfils upon you the petition of the Psalmist, "Lord, do thou open mine eyes, that I may behold the wondrous things contained in thy law." You are not to exercise your faculties in searching after truth without prayer, else God will withhold from you his illuminating influences. And you are not to pray for truth without exercising your faculties, else God will reject your prayer, as the mockery of a hypocrite.—*[Chalmers.]*

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

If you want your spiritual life to be more healthy and vigorous, you must just come more bodily to the throne of grace. The secret of revival is your little faith and little love. The fountain is unsealed, but you only sip a few drops. The bread of life is before you, yet you only eat a few crumbs. The treasury of heaven is open, but you only take a few pence. O man of little faith, wherefore do you doubt. Awake to know your privileges; awake and sleep no longer.

Tell me not of spiritual hunger, and thirst, and poverty, so long as the throne of grace is before you. Say rather you are proud, and will not come to it as a poor sinner; say rather you are slothful, and will not take pains to get more. Cast aside the grave-clothes of pride that still hang around you. Throw off that Egyptian garment of indolence which ought not to have been brought through the Red Sea.

Away with that unbelief which ties and paralyzes your tongue. You are not straitened in God, but in yourself. Come boldly to the throne of grace, where the Father is ever waiting to give, and Jesus stands by Him to intercede. Come boldly, for you may, all sinful as you are, if you come in the name of the great High Priest. Come boldly and ask largely, and you shall have abundant answers; mercy like a river, and grace and strength like a mighty stream. Come boldly, and you shall have supplies exceeding all who can ask or think. Hitherto you have asked nothing; ask and receive, that your joy may be full.—*[J. G. Ryle.]*

DO YOU LOVE CHRIST?

Do you love Christ? I ask not if you feel the warm excitement of that party zeal which follows on, while others lead the way. And make his cause the fashion of the day; but do you love Christ when his garb is mean, Nor shrink to let your fellowship be seen? Do you love Jesus, blind, and halt, and maimed? To own him, though his injured name may be a mark for some dark slanderer's obloquy!

Do you love Jesus in the Orphan's claim, And bid the Widow welcome in his name? Say not, When saw we him? each member dear,

Poor and afflicted, wears his image here; And if unveiled, or unknown by these, Where can you thus unite with the body dead? And if you turn to the body dead, Where is thy life in Christ the living Head? And if dis severed from the living Vine, How canst thou dream that thou hast Life Divine?

Sweet is the union true believers feel: Ourspirit they have drunk; the seal Of God is on their hearts, and thus they see In each the features of one family! If one is suffering, all the rest are glad; If but the least is honored, all are glad; The grace of Jesus, which they all partake, Flows out in mutual kindness for his sake. There he has left them for a while to wait, And represent him in their suffering state: While his, though glorified as yet alone, Bears the whole Church before the Fathers throne.

THE BRAVE PILOT.

John Maynard was well known in the Lake district as a God fearing, honest, intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried bosta. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is." Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, "captain the ship is on fire." Then "Fire! fire! fire on shipboard!" All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers raised forward and enquired of the pilot "How far are we from Buffalo?" "Seven miles," "How long before we reach it?" "Three quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam." "Is there any danger?" "Danger here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward, if you would save your lives!"—Passengers and crew, men and women, children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire, clouds of smoke arose, the captain cried out, through his trumpet, "John Maynard, 'Aye, aye, sir!'" "Are you at the helm?" "Aye, aye, sir." "How does she head?" "South-east-by-east, sir!" "Heard her south east, and run her on shore."— "Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the

shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard—The response you feebly—'Aye, aye, sir!' 'Can you hold on five minutes longer?' 'By God's help, I will!' The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set with the other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beseeched the ship—every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to his God. He sacrificed his life to save the lives of others; it is worth a greater effort to save a man from moral ruin—to save a child from drunkenness—than from fire.

AN INDIAN CHIEF IN THE MEETING.

On a late occasion, a Cherokee Indian chief appeared in the Fulton street prayer meeting. His name was "White Cloud." He was richly attired, as an American gentleman, except that his outer coat was of buckskin, very highly ornamented; not in the usual Indian style, but with rich work of silk embroidery. The cut and taste was thoroughly Indian. On his way to the meeting, he had attracted much notice from the children in the street. He was uncommonly modest in his appearance and bearing, and appeared very intelligent.

He began by saying that he felt it a great blessing to him to be in the Fulton street prayer meeting. "I have," said he, "a great heart toward all Christians here. I could embrace you all, and take you all to my bosom. God only knows how it makes me feel to stand here and look around at these praying people, and think that you come here to pray. You pray to go to heaven. Poor Indian wants to go to heaven too. You pray to Jesus, whom you love. Poor Indian loves him too. You pray to be washed in his blood too. Poor Indian must be washed in his blood too. You pray as brothers redeemed by the same Jesus. Poor Indian comes as a brother, too—redeemed by the same Saviour. I am a Cherokee. My home is 3,500 miles away, in the far West. You sent the missionaries to my people in 1816. The white man came with the Bible on one arm, and his hymn-book on the other, and the love of the gospel in his heart. He told us that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. The Spirit of the Lord came down into the darkest corner of my father's wigwam and said to me, 'You are a sinner—you must believe on Jesus.' He accused me of everything. He laid heavy charges against my door—felt very bad. Ran away into the deep forest—no getting away from very bad heart. The Spirit says to go to Jesus. I went to him and owned up to it all, and told him all about it. He had mercy on me. I could not speak one word of English when I was converted. I cannot tell you how glad I am to be in this prayer meeting. Oh! keep it a prayer meeting in this great city of New York. I cannot speak very good English, but I want to pray. Let us pray."

He then led in prayer; and such a prayer, for its childlikeness, thankfulness, simplicity, faith and love, was scarcely ever heard in that room. He sobbed aloud, and strong men bowed their heads to hide their flowing tears. That prayer was perfectly indescribable. It made the deep impression that this Indian was very truly taught of the Holy Spirit.—*[New York Observer.]*

CHRIST'S INNOCENCE.

WHAT CHRIST'S BETRAYER AND JUDAS BEYD AS TOUCHING HIS INNOCENCE.

I heartily concur and embrace the language and sentiment of David when he said, "The wrath of man shall praise thee." The scriptures afford abundant testimony for the truth of David's assertion, and also Divine Providence that the wrath of man often brings a revenue of glory to God and his Church.

Judas, who betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned by the ruling authorities said, "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood," and cast down the thirty pieces of silver; and his repentance was the strongest evidence, could have offered to declare his master's innocence from all charges made against him by the Jews. The sincerity of Judas' repentance, in an evangelical sense, I think, is plausible from the Bible.

Pilate, the Roman Governor, under whose jurisdiction he was condemned, shows by his conduct in the trial, that he believed that Christ was unjustly prosecuted, and will forever exultate in innocence beyond all charges, and establish his Lord of heaven and earth as a doubt. While said to the chief priests and to the people, "I find no fault in him." (Luke xxiii. 4). In the 20th verse of the same chapter, he made another effort to release him, saying, therefore, he was "willing to release Jesus," but the Jews' cried out, saying, "Crucify him, crucify him!" In the 22d verse, he made his third and last effort to deliver the "King of the Jews" from Jewish mockery, animosity and murder, but did not succeed. He said unto them the third time, "Why what evil hath he done? I have found no cause of death in him." Pilate was in extreme confusion and perplexity in the trial. He knew Christ was "delivered for envy;" his wife had warned him to have nothing to do with that "just man." No less than three times did Pilate call the Saviour from all blame, but against his own convictions, and fearing at the same time of being accused of disloyalty to Cæsar, "gave sentence that it should be as they (the Jews) required."

Herod, who was governor of Galilee, was in Jerusalem at the time of the Saviour's trial. Pilate, on hearing he belonged to Herod's jurisdiction, sent Jesus forthwith to him. Herod's decision was given by Pilate in the following statement: "Said he unto them (the Jews), 'Ye have brought this man unto me as one that perverteth the people, and behold, I, having examined him before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him. No, nor yet Herod, for I sent you to him, and lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him.'—(Luke xxiii. 14, 15.)"

Christ, the adorable Saviour, was cleared three times by Pilate, once by Herod, and then by the living testimony of the traitor Judas, making in all five times. What an everlasting stigma upon the Jews. Is it any wonder that they have been withering under the blighting judgments of an Almighty God, for more than 1700 years? Believe the trial of the Great Redeemer was the basest, and was prosecuted with more unreluctance than any that stand out in the annals of evil.—*[Memphis Adv.]*