

# The Religious Intelligencer.

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WHOLE NO 329

## Religious Intelligencer.

### Perishing between Sodom and the Mountain.

Some are moved to flee from hell, yet still are only almost Christians. Some persons are really awakened by the spirit of God to "flee from the wrath to come." They forsake their old "pleasures of sin," their old companions, their old ways; they live in anxiety and dread; still they will not come to Jesus Christ, in order to have life. They are almost, but not altogether, persuaded to be Christians. This arises from many things.

Sometimes it arises from pride. They are afraid of hell, but they think they shall escape by some way of their own; by tears, or prayers, or reformations. They hew out cisterns for themselves; they kindle a fire for themselves, "and walk in the light of their fire, and in the sparks they have kindled." (Isa. 50, 11.) They will not come to Jesus Christ, and let him be their light and salvation. Oh, how sad to be so near being saved, and yet to be lost! How sad to be almost Christians, and to be kept from being altogether by soul-ruining pride!

Sometimes it arises from enmity to God. Christ is the Saviour whom God has provided. The way to honor God is to flee to Jesus Christ; but some awakened souls have got so much enmity to God, that they will not honor him by believing on Jesus Christ. Oh! how mad it is to fight against God and your own soul. How mad to be almost Christians!

Sometimes it arises from mistaken views of God. Some anxious souls are suspicious of God. They dare not believe that he has such an infinite depth of pity as to provide a Saviour for them. "No, it cannot be for me. It may be for other sinners, but it cannot be for me!" and so they will not come to Jesus Christ. Oh, how mad not to believe what God has said of himself and his Son.

Such are almost Christians. See here the folly of being almost a Christian.

All your anxiety to flee from hell will do you no good if you are only almost a Christian. You have trembled much, and wept much, and prayed much, for your poor soul. Still, if you are not brought to Jesus Christ, it is all in vain. If you were swimming for your life—if you had breasted many a dashing wave, and were now close to the shore, just within reach of the rock—still, if you do not stretch out your hand to clasp the rock, you will be drowned; and all your former pains and labours will be in vain. A man may drown within reach of the rock just as well as a thousand miles at sea. So, after all your anxiety, hearing, praying, and tears, you may perish where you are, just as surely as those who are out of sight of God. It is quite vain to flee toward the ark, if you do not flee into it. A man might drown clinging to the ark. Be ye "shut in!" It was vain for Lot's wife that she fled out of Sodom for she never got into Zoar; just so vain is it to be almost but not altogether a Christian.

Your sin is far greater than that of other men. Agrippa's sin was far greater than that of Festus or Bernice. He was moved to flee to Christ, yet did not flee. They saw no beauty in him, that they should desire him. So it is with you and the world. If a man were not in search of pearls, and he passed by the pearl of great price, it needed not to be wondered at, his eyes were busy with other things. But if a man be really seeking goodly pearls, going from place to place, night and day in search of them, and the pearl of great price is offered him, he looks at it, turns it round and round; he is told its value—worth all that he has—he lays it down and proceeds on his anxious search. Ah, that is the man who despises the pearl most of all. So you are they who despise Christ most of all; other people tread him under their feet, because they do not know him, nor desire him; but you as it were, take him into your hands, and examine his value, and yet you lightly esteem him. Oh, your sin is far greater in this lightly esteeming Christ, than all that you ever committed before. Judas, despising mercy through the Lamb of God, and hanging himself, was a greater sinner than betraying the Saviour; so your turning away from Christ is greater sin than betraying him at his table—than all that you ever did against him. Oh, may God open your eyes, that you may not be almost a Christian, but a Christian indeed.

The deepest place in hell will be for almost Christians. In strict justice it will be so. The more sin the greater guilt and the deeper hell; and who has so much sin as the soul that comes nearest to Christ, yet is not ravished with his beauty, and attracted to him by his loveliness. In the nature of things, the hell of the almost Christian will be more severe than that of others. To be almost saved and yet to be lost; to be not far from the kingdom of God, and yet to fall into the kingdom of wrath; oh, that will be an awful thought to all eternity. "I was once very near being in Christ," many a one will say in that day, "I was made anxious for my soul; I wept and prayed, and searched the Scriptures. I listened with anxiety to the preached word. I felt it was the power of God. I felt myself condemned by the law. I was quite different from my worldly friends; they did not understand my sorrow—they could only laugh me to scorn. I fled from them. I fled from my old sins. I was not far

from the kingdom. I almost stretched out my hands to accept of Christ. I was almost persuaded to be a Christian; and oh, where am I now." The higher you cast a stone into the air, the deeper it will fall into the sea; so the nearer you are to Christ and heaven, the deeper you will fall into hell.

If you come just up to the gate of heaven, and see the streets of shining gold, and the happy faces of the glorious ones who walk there; if you think you hear their songs of glory, loud as the voice of many waters, sweet as the harpers harping on their harps; and yet, if the gate be shut against you, and Christ say, "I know you not, depart from me," what words of man can tell the agony with which you will go away to lie down in sorrow,—to lie down in hell. If there be one waiting cry from that sad abode more dismal, more heart-rending than another, it will be the bitter wailing of him who was almost, but not altogether a Christian.

Oh, be not content with HALF-WORK. Oh, be not sluggish in seeking converting grace. There is hope for every one of you. I would to God that not you only, but all who are hearing me this day, were both almost and altogether such as Paul was except his bonds.—Rev. R. M. McChesney.

### THE FULTON STREET PRAYER MEETINGS.

Among all the numerous requests which came to hand during the last week, none awakened a deeper interest than one which called for prayer for London, and especially for invoking the blessing of the Great Head of the Church upon all the prayer meetings then maintained. Many thanks were expressed that God had such a goodly number of his own followers in that great metropolis, and petitions were offered that these may be valiant for the truth in the midst of abounding error and wickedness, and that God would prosper all the means for carrying the gospel to the perishing masses, and that the gospel preached and taught might be clothed with power.

### A PRAYER MEETING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

With great desire, said a gentleman, I am in this meeting for the first time. I belong in Western Indiana. I have lately come from a travelling over across the plains, and over the Rocky Mountains, and as far away as Utah. I have heard Brigham Young, with his oily tongue, and Heber Kimball, in language that would not bear to be repeated. I have heard Orson Hyde in his prophesying, which he claimed was by the inspiration of the Great Jehovah. Indeed, certain things were prophesied of the speaker, and his stay and residence among the plains, and the Mormons were rendered very uncertain and uncomfortable.

In all his wanderings over those distant plains and mountains, he met only one man, among the thousands whom he saw, whom he regarded as a real Christian. That man he met in the Rocky Mountain pass, up in the region of "everlasting snow." And there they held a prayer meeting together. And that meeting, he must say, was to him the "house of God" and the "gate of heaven." Never had he enjoyed more sweet communion than there among the mountain snows—showing that when Christians meet they feel that they belong to one great Brotherhood, of which Christ is the common bond, and all in Him are of one household.

The gentleman then went on to say that he had lately returned to Western Indiana, where he had charge of a church and congregation, and that he recollects the prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon his people. He said there were some hopeful appearances among them, and previous to his late leaving home there had been five hopeful conversions. He requested prayer for a revival, so that when he returned home, as he was about to do, he might find them in the midst of a spiritual refreshing.

PRAYER MEETING ON THE IOWA PRAIRIES. A gentleman said he was from Iowa, and he wished to state what he had seen and felt of the union of Christians in prayer away on the prairies of the West. He said he had been in the habit of reading the papers, and he had seen the reports of the doings of the prayer meetings in New York, and, as he considered, to great pleasure and profit. He had not a doubt but the faith of thousands of Christians was encouraged and strengthened by this reading, as his own had been, and thousands of souls were awakened and converted through their instrumentality. He believed that the revival spirit was sustained and diffused by means of these reports, and the facts and incidents of other prayer meetings in every part of the land. We are encouraged, when we know of what God is doing in other places, to labor more abundantly in the places where we dwell.

He said that in the midst of wheat harvest last summer they established a prayer meeting in the midst of a beautiful grove on the prairies, just a little way from Fort Madison. They made benches, and had a small raised platform for the preacher's stand, and, hung lanterns to the limits of trees, and their beautiful place of worship was furnished. For three weeks, every night, they held their meetings in this place, and though it was the busiest season of the year, farmers would come ten miles to attend the meetings.

Then they moved the meeting still further out on the prairies to another grove, and continued it there for about the same length of time. And after a time, they removed the meeting still once more. The Lord blessed them from the beginning, and through all their meetings, and about 100 souls, in the judgment of charity, were truly converted to God. Their meetings were for prayer, followed by preaching.

A school-house, where they could hold a religious meeting. And it had often been the prayer of the good people of Fort Madison that the Lord would furnish a place of prayer in that very neighborhood. And he had done it in this way—the farmer's new house had become the house of prayer and the gate of heaven to some souls.

THE CONVERTED LAWYER. The leader of one of the meetings closed with relating the following incident: He said, on leaving the Fulton street prayer meeting a few days before, he was accosted by a friend, who was a lawyer. He expressed some surprise, and, at the same time, pleasure, at seeing him at the meeting. The lawyer gave this explanation of the facts of his case.

Some time ago, said the lawyer, some of my friends, unbeknown to me, sent in a note to the meeting, asking that they would pray for me. I thought one day I would go into the meeting and see for myself what it was. I went in, and became greatly interested in the meeting. And I hope, within two weeks, I have become a new man. I have experienced a great change in my feelings, and all the course of my life is changed. I was a thoughtless, wretched sinner, living in utter disregard of religion. These friends who desired prayer for me, seen and felt my guilt and danger, and here I am, a monument of God's mercy and grace, as the hearer and answerer of the prayers of those who call upon him.

### A WHOLE HOUSEHOLD TRANSFORMED.

A gentleman stood in the doorway, and said he had a word to say, though the time had nearly gone. He said that some days ago he had noticed that his oldest son was uncommonly thoughtful. He would not go out, but was inclined to keep by himself. One night he went to a meeting, and after the preaching he found his own son remaining. And when the anxious were invited to kneel in prayer, he knelt with others, and then prayer was poured forth for the salvation of this company of anxious sinners. I did not at first lead in audible prayer, said the gentleman, but after a time I went and knelt down by my son. Then it was that the clerkman called upon me to lead in prayer. My heart was very much drawn out in the earnest wish to be very much glorified in saving his soul. I felt a sweet peace and assurance as I arose from my knees and left the place.

When I arrived home, I went straight to my own room, and when I opened the door what a wonderful sight I beheld. My dear boy had run home before, when I supposed I had left him at the church, and there was with his arms around his mother's neck, trying to tell her the joy of his heart. And when she asked him to tell her how he felt, he exclaimed, I can say that I love my mother more than ever, but how I love Jesus I never can tell—how I love him I never can tell! Such were his joyful exclamations of love to Christ that all in the room were melted to tears. Among the number were two Roman Catholic girls, who have lived in my family four or five years. These sons left the room in tears, and some time I went out to look after them. I found one in one room on her knees in prayer, and another on her knees in another room. They told me if this that my dear boy had had religion, they wanted it. I had also a cook in my family who had lived with me for seven years. I will not detain the meeting only to say that my son and another child and these three servant girls are all now the hopeful followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

### MOTHER KNEW GOD.

In one of the meetings a young man arose and said he wished to relate his religious experience. Five years ago, he said, he, his mother, and one sister landed in New York from Scotland, without money, having but seven shillings left after having paid their passage. We knew no one in the city. But mother knew God.

After being in New York a short time, I found that my associates, and was in the habit of staying out late at night. Mother would leave the outside door ajar, so that I could come in without disturbing the other tenants occupying the house.

One night I came home early and went to my bed without going into my mother's room. After being in bed for a time, she came in softly, and with her hands, in the dark, felt to see if I was there. Finding me there, she said, "Thank God, my son is in early to-night." Kneeling down beside the bed, she poured out her soul to God in audible prayer. She wrestled and pleaded with God that I might be converted and become a minister of the gospel of Christ. The earnestness and anxiety of that prayer made a deep impression upon my heart, and from that moment I resolved that by the grace of God, I would become a Christian. I sought the Saviour and very soon found him.

About two years since, hearing that a small church was in want of a pastor, I resolved to accept the charge, if they would give it to me. Before leaving to enter upon my ministry, my mother gave me her parting blessing, commanding me to God, and the word of his grace. Three months after I received a letter informing me that my mother had suddenly died. I came to New York, and followed her remains to Greenwood Cemetery. Since that my sister has passed away, and I was left alone with my mother's friend, whom she so well knew. My grandfather was a minister of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and he often prayed that I might become a minister of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

I have just come from Greenwood, where I knelt upon my mother's grave, and renewed consecrated myself to the service of God in the Christian ministry with more earnestness than ever.

### THE LONDON CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

BY REV. HUBBARD WINSLOW, D. D.

Instead of immuring herself in cloisters, and wasting tears in solitary and selfish lamentations over human sins and frailties, Christianity is to go forth in obedience to her high mission into the very citadels of worldliness, making them at once her strong holds of defence and salient points of attack in subduing the world to God. Our Saviour called his early disciples in the midst of their worldly avocations; nor did he, except in some special cases, require them to leave or relax their pursuits, but to consecrate all to his service. This primitive and divine method must be resumed and carried fully out. The most intense worldliness, the very focus of business, must become the most intense Christianity, the central home of the Cross.

When last in London, I witnessed a striking illustration of this in the mercantile house of Messrs. George Hitchcock & Co., near St. Paul's

### Cathedral. This is one of the largest mercantile

houses in the great British metropolis. It was about 12 o'clock, the busiest part of the day, when a friend of mine and neighbor of Mr. Hitchcock called with me upon him at his store. I designed then only a moment's call, merely for an introduction,—knowing the value of a merchant's time in hours of business. But he insisted on our stopping, and with a most cordial welcome begged us to be seated. In a few moments he had finished some business in which he was engaged with gentlemen at his side, and then seated himself by us. Seeing several persons waiting for an interview with him, I proposed to leave and call again. He replied, "I may not see you again, and I have learned to seize present opportunities. I have learned, too, that 'godliness is profitable unto all things,' and that a few moments spent in Christian fellowship and communion with God, even in the midst of business, is time never lost nor misapplied." He then read a few verses from the Bible, and proposed to invite in two brief prayers. By this time some fifteen or twenty persons were waiting for him in and around his office, but the remarks and devotions were in such good taste, so simple, earnest, devout, that they all seemed to be most favorably impressed. No time was really lost to them, even in a business view, for the ten minutes thus spent composed their thoughts and prepared them to do business with fewer words and with more directness and assurance. I was informed by my friend that Mr. H. often had similar seasons of devotion in his counting-room, especially when strangers were introduced to him. After a few kind words, he appointed a time to see me at leisure. At the appointed time I found him alone, and he learned from him the following interesting facts.

It was then about ten years since he first obtained grace in the grace of Christ. He had previously pursued business on mere worldly principles. One of his numerous clerks, a very devoted and earnest Christian, persuaded a few of his companions to join with himself in seasons of daily prayer, making the conversion of their employer their prominent object. Mr. H. heard of it, and sent for the clerk to come and see him. The clerk confessed the whole to him, and made to him a respectful and earnest appeal in behalf of Christianity. Mr. H. was deeply affected, and soon after became a Christian. He then united with those young men in their prayers and labors, and soon a very precious work of grace extended over his whole establishment. He appropriated a furnished a large room for his clerks, providing a library of all conveniences for reading and study in the evenings. In this room all of them were required to assemble every morning and evening, for devotions. He also adopted the plan of closing his store at an earlier hour than before, to afford his clerks more time for self-improvement. This plan has since been adopted by several others of the leading merchants in London.

Some time subsequent to the conversion of Mr. H., the clerk who had been the chief instrument of it had married his only child, and had also become a partner in his business. A happier man I never saw. He had no desire to augment his capital, and gave all his earnings to benevolent objects. With what tenderness and significance did he repeat those words of Paul: "What things were gained to me, though I counted loss for Christ: Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." "Never," said he, "may I forget the debt of love I owe to Christ."

"All that I have and all I am Shall be forever thine: What ever my duty bids me give I cheerfully resign."

Yet if I might make some reserve, And duty did not call, I would give God with real so great That I would give him all."

He took down from his depository of books in his counting-room, "The Four Witnesses, by De Costa," and the Prize Essays entitled "Gold and the Gospel," two large and elegant volumes, in which he wrote my name, asking me to accept them. "One of these," said he, "has helped to solve my difficulties respecting the Gospels; the other has taught me the value and use of money." These precious volumes are now on my table, and they awaken many pleasing and grateful recollections as I write. After writing me to visit him at his residence at West End, he directed a clerk to serve me in any way I might desire. At my request the clerk conducted me over the establishment. It was a magnificent model for all to imitate. The order, stillness and despatch with which business was done I have never seen equalled. Here in various rooms were over two hundred clerks filling out bills of sale and despatching goods to all parts of the world—to the United States, California, British America, South America, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, India, China—and in all those various countries were clerks and agents trained in this establishment, and doing business on the principles here taught. The influence of that mercantile house in favour of Christianity and of honest dealing is felt to-day in all parts of the world. What an amount of good accomplished, under God, through that one clerk, and through him by that one mercantile house! "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Let no clerk, let no youth, however obscure his position, ever say he can do nothing for Christ. And let no merchant, pursuing a lawful trade, say that he cannot serve God in his business. He can serve God in the counting-room as truly as in the church, and his religion is of little value in the one unless it also obtains equally in the other. "In that day shall be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."—N. Y. Observer.

### HOW SHALL OUR STANDARD OF PIETY BE RAISED?

All acknowledge the words the importance of individuals raising the standard in their own hearts, but in all this there is a certain indefiniteness of object. A mere vague belief that we might be better, and ought to be better, does not give us any standard at which to aim, and the general standard of preaching and constant and unvarying confessions in prayer, both in the church and in the prayer meetings, show that just about the same sort of coming and failures are expected from day to day and year to year.

In the case of a child, you would have little to expect as the result of mere exhortation. "You ought to be a better child, more obedient, more docile, more kind; you must have a higher standard of life as a child." But if he is told, "You must be perfectly obedient to the letter and spi-

rit of your parents' commands; you must live in entire harmony with your brothers and sisters; you must always have perfect lessons in school; you must always speak the truth," then he sees something definite and attainable; he has a fixed standard, and can know how near he has come to it. He has an object and a motive. Our Christian course is upward.

Suppose we are ascending a mountain; peak after peak rises before us. We see them in apparently interminable succession, but the goal is above all. We may set out and toil, on, on, on, painfully, and may be making progress upward. But are we conscious of progress? There is another experience. The ascent is seldom up and up in a direct line, but from one point to another; and if in going up we fix our eye upon some point and aim at that, it is an encouragement that that point is reached. Then, turning to look back on all the way we have come, we again mark some other spot still above us, and aim at that until we reach it.

Thus we go from strength to strength. Applying this to our Christian life, let us first believe that we can reach a higher standard, then aim to reach it, and instead of vaguely, indefinitely reaching upward, aim at points of progress: Directly overcoming any known sin. Performing some known but neglected duty. Faith in prayer. The full assurance of hope. Perfect love, which casteth out fear. Subduing the will. Full harmony of our own will with the will of God.

Attaining to the "peace" of God which passeth all understanding. Sanctification, or holiness of heart and life. Whatever we believe to be attainable, let it be made the direct object of aim and effort; and by these steps we may reach a higher standard of Christian life. But there must be the full belief that it may be attained, and earnestness in the striving to attain it. How was it with conversion? We believed it possible, desirable; we labored, prayed, read, inquired, sought, rested not until the blessing came. So if there be other points of attainment beyond conversion, there should be the like definiteness of aim, the like earnestness, steadfastness of purpose, reading, striving, prayer. When this truth shall be fully apprehended and acted upon by the church, then we may look for a higher standard of Christian character.—Independent.

### THE DYING INFIDEL.

What shall I be? Where shall I go? I'd give a thousand worlds to know. Shall I exist, or shall I not? Ceasing to be—I dread the thought—Does death, in fact, destroy the whole, And with the body kill the soul? Reason! I chose thee for thy guide, I'll hear thy voice and none beside! Come now, decide the doubtful strife, Twixt endless sleep and endless life. Some who thy sole dominion own, As nature's brightest eldest son, Say thou hast taught the soul will live, And her account to God must give. Others deny that this will be, And both for proof appeal to thee. I feel I know that I have sinned, And conscience rages here within: If there's a God (I fear 'tis true)—Does the creature count on vain? And if the soul immortal prove, Will he who has nothing then to fear, Because he governs there and here? If he is good will he destroy, And banish every human joy? Are parents hurried to the tomb, Merely to give successors room? If he regards our action here, Why not reverse the oppressor's tear? And crush the cruel and unjust With pride and malice in the dust? These thoughts an anxious doubt create, That this is not our final state. If there's a God then who can tell There may be heaven, there may be hell, The Bible doctrine may be right—If so I sink to endless night. I hate that God which they declare, His holiness is too severe; I hate his law which says I must Be holy like him or be cursed! Once I could laugh at what I feel, And scorn the thought of heaven and hell, But reason shines as clear as day, Altho' my outward man decay; Yes, it may shine and never step, And misery fill my future cup. Draw near, my friend—if friend indeed, You will assist me now in need: With you I spent the joyful day; And cast the thought of death away; I spurned at God and Christ and hell, The names that priest and women tell; I gave the reign to sin and lust, Which hastened my return to dust. O, can you screen my soul from harm Against the power of any arm? Ah! wretcheda, stop—deceive no more; I've heard all you can say before. I scorned the Christian and his God, And trampled on the Saviour's blood. With him I now no part can claim, For still I hate the very name. Yet he must be more safe than I, Better prepared to live or die; If he is right still he is well, If he is right I sink to hell.

### DON'T CALL ME BROTHER.

Many Christians seem never to overcome the sin of covetousness. They are all their lives held in bondage, and know little of the luxury of giving to the Lord. This sin, when once rooted in the heart, goeth not out but by prayer and fasting. Dr. Sprague's Annals of the Baptist Pulpit has a capital illustration of this in the sketch of Rev. Clark Kendrick. His church had occasion to exclude for covetousness a member who refused to pay his church dues. A few days after, the excluded member met his pastor, and, as in former times, said: "How do you do, Brother Kendrick?" But Brother Kendrick declined the recognition saying, as he alone could say it: "You need not call me brother. I belong to a brotherhood who hold all for God as his stewards. You do not belong to that brotherhood; you must not call me brother." The countenance of the man tell; he went

away in grief; but at the next covenant meeting he came to the church and said:

"Brethren, I wish you would take me back and try me. When I first joined the church I made a mistake; I kept my firm out. This time I wish to put in all I have."

He was re-admitted into the church, and his pastor again called him brother.

### CIRCULATION OF THE BIBLE IN FRANCE.

WASQUEHAL, March 3, 1860. Mr. Editor,—I have, as you know, been a constant reader of your valuable and highly esteemed journal for many years, and knowing the great interest you take in everything that promotes the spread of the gospel, and the circulation of the Word of God, I take the liberty of forwarding you a few facts that have come under my own personal observation in this department of France, within the last few weeks.

I am a foreman dyer in a large establishment in the Commune of Wasquehal Department, du Nord, situated between Lille and Roubaix. We have a large number of workmen, both French and Belgians. I have, therefore, an excellent opportunity of learning the customs and opinions of the working classes of this country, and I have at all times, when opportunity offered, spoken to them of the blessed truths of the gospel of Christ Jesus, and as kindly and gently as I could, have pointed out to them the errors of popery, &c. I have generally found them willing to listen, and have several times lent out my French Bible. A few weeks since, I lent my Bible to a very intelligent Frenchman, and he was very much interested with its contents; and, although a man forty years old, and a consistent Roman Catholic, and with true French politeness, thanked me for the use of it, and said he had now one of his own, which he had purchased from a book merchant. On making inquiries, I found that a French colporteur, employed by a Society in Paris, had visited the adjoining commune of Flers, and had sold a large quantity of Bibles and Testaments, in the French and Flemish languages. These, as you may imagine, created quite a sensation. Many were rejoicing that they had now possession of the long heard of, but never before seen, Bible. But one young woman, more deluded than the rest, went to the priest, and told him what had taken place. Whereupon, Monsieur Cure strode away to the school, conducted by the nuns—"Sisters of Instruction"—and asked the children if a book merchant had been at their homes. The poor children held up their hands not knowing the consequences. He went round and took the names of their parents. He visited each domicile, and demanded their Bibles. Many gave them up, and many refused. One man asked the priest why he wanted it. He replied it was a book he loved, and therefore desired to have it, and would give him a better book for it. The man said—"I love it, too, and will keep it; if it is good for you, it is equally so for me." I rejoice to know that others have followed his example. Last week this same brave Frenchman came to Wasquehal. Visiting from house to house, he came to mine amongst the rest, and was highly pleased to find us Protestants, and kindred spirits with himself. When asked if he did not fear the priests, he laughed in a quiet manner, and replied, "No, no; I carry the truth of God, and need not fear what man can do." When he arrives at the door, he knocks, and enters, cap in hand, with a polite invitation to all in the house, and asks if they want to buy any books; at the same time he closes the door, takes off his knapsack, and draws forth a Bible. He opens it, and, with reverence, reads some interesting passage from the evangelists, or the Acts of the Apostles. He then asks them to buy the Book of God; if they can afford a Bible at 20 sous, he can sell them a Testament at 10 sous, or he can sell them the four evangelists and the Acts of the Apostles for 6 sous; if still unable to buy, he reads them a chapter, collects his treasures, resumes his pack, and politely bids adieu. He sold a large quantity throughout the commune. One man told me it was just what the people wanted, and he would not part with his for 50 francs. I heard of another who took his Bible to the factory with him, to read in the meal hours to his comrades. At one house they were so anxious to have a Bible, they sent to a neighbour's to borrow the money. But in an evil hour, the priest of Wasquehal heard of the good work, and at once set to work to find out the abominable heretics that dared presume to read the (by them proscribed) Word of God. Last Sabbath he mounted the pulpit, and said that he had heard that many had bought a Protestant book, called the Bible. He denounced it as a villainous and abominable book, not fit to be read in their families, and ordered every one who had bought them to carry them to him that same day, and he would give them another book worth two of it; but if any dared to keep them he would not give the Communion to their children, and the curse of God would rest upon them. They could not be Christians and possess that book; but they would be shut out of paradise for ever, like the Protestants. A great many of the poor, deluded, superstitious creatures took their Bibles and Testaments to him at once; he tore off the backs (to keep as trophies I suppose) and threw the Bibles into the fire, and burned them before their faces, one after the other.

The great God on high saw the deed, and angels veiled their faces, and wept for the sins and bigotry of man. But, glory to God, some retain His Word, and will retain it, and the main object of writing these particulars to you, is to ask you to solicit the prayers of God's people in dear old Britain for a blessing to rest upon this noble French colporteur—I am, dear Sir, your brother in Christ. CHARLES DAVIS.