

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

That God in all things may be

glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK,

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One Sin;

THE DYING FATHER AND HIS SON.

BY A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

My duties as a pastor brought me into connexion with Mr. R., and I had frequent opportunities of meeting him. He occupied a quiet and beautiful residence, which offered a pleasing and attractive abode to all who were permitted to share in its hospitality. To this friendly resting-place a Christian stranger could find easy admission, and was always welcome. The eye saw nothing to offend, and the ear heard nothing to make the mind uneasy. Instead of cold courtesies and formal smiles, here was apparently, and perhaps really, the warm and genuine feeling of unaffected kindness.

But this house, where all seemed prosperous and fair, where without was the incense of flowers, the melody of birds, and the beauty of prospect, while rich resources abounded within, this house was soon and suddenly to be the house of mourning. The messenger of death was at the door, though unseen; he had his warrant for the owner, far as the thought of such a visitor was from him.

The calmest and most beautiful sky may have upon it a small but threatening cloud, which may soon spread itself in dreadful tempest through the heavens. So suddenly was the sunshine of this abode darkened by affliction and death.

I missed Mr. R. from his seat in his place of worship. He was not often absent, and I called to know the cause. I missed him the more as it was his custom to stay a little while after the congregation was gone, and converse about the sermon. He appeared to take great interest in what had been the subject of the discourse. In hearing he seemed thoughtful and interested, and his manner was outwardly such as becomes a worshipper of the Most High God. The pride and importance of property, the ostentation of station or rank, so often painfully seen in the house of God, received no encouragement from his example. His good sense, I trust, shrank from the offensive spectacle of a poor guilty mortal preaching the infinite Majesty with idle parade, from having a life more wealth than his fellow worms of the earth. He sometimes while listening had an earnest and eager look, which would lead to an encouraging hope that he might benefit by what he heard. But how affecting and lamentable to say that here the matter seems to have ended. A degree of interest was shown; but his after history plainly proved it to be only passing and without root. Real religion is not a moment's excitement. It is a principle of holiness in the soul wrought by the renewing grace of the Holy Spirit; and will be seen in the forsaking of all sin for Christ. Sin, though as dear as the right eye, must be plucked out. The sacrifice must and will be made if here be real concern for the soul, and real love to Christ.

When I called upon Mr. R., I found him very ill, but lying on a sofa. His large and powerful frame was reduced in a few days to great weakness. He lay pale and melancholy, and, for the most part, silent; the shadow of what he had been. The ancient and withered tree when shivered by lightning excites little sympathy; but the oak in its prime, and with its bright leaves upon it, awakens regret; and it was distressing to see one who so lately had been vigorous, a prostrate and lowly man.

From the first he was possessed with the idea that his illness was mortal, that his dreaded enemy was not far away. He was miserable; he trembled; he would have shut his eyes from the fearful vision that was before him, but it was of no use. His earthly enjoyments were gone, and he awoke as from a dream to his real situation. He saw himself as a being, not only of time, but of eternity; and he perceived the great interest he had at stake: he had a soul to lose. Ah! who can tell the power of this fact when fully grasped? Every faculty was in tumultuous motion. Thoughts, as fiery darts from the world to come, made him afraid of himself. What was to become of his soul, was now a thought there was no getting rid of. He was really an unconverted man. He had no ground of consolation. The night was upon him. Profession alone was felt to be nothing; rather, an aggravation of his case. He had made many outward offerings to God, but had held back himself. The sin dearest to him he had never given up. The artificial gilding of a name will not do to a dying man. As the eye may be blinded by the light of the sun, so the mind may be blinded by a name while we have health and strength, but it will not often do for the hour of death. Few men are really deceived, then, and it is vain to try to impose upon the Judge of all, or to trifle with him by a lie. God is not mocked; "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Mr. R. got worse. I went often to see him. A deeper melancholy came over him. On my entrance he would extend his hand to me in silence. The gloom of the poor fellow under sentence of death seemed to be upon him. His very eyes seemed to retire from all outward communion. He listened without replying when I urged him to repent and believe the gospel. His countenance bore the outward traces of inward conflict. I think of his thoughts at this time as like the rolling of dark clouds upon one another in wild disorder. The chief interruptions to long

intervals of silence were heavy and long sighs, approaching to a deep moan. But how could anything otherwise be looked for in such a trial, when all efforts fail to move, and where the soul was not right with God or prepared to meet him?

Mr. R. had lived many years a professor of religion. He had entertained many servants of Christ, and seemed to relish intercourse with them. But holiness is not obtained by acquaintance with holy and eminent men, as sunbeams do not permanently impart their brightness to the object they may shine upon. He knew what true godliness was. He could distinguish the false from the true, the form from the inward living spirit. But while he gave—and gave liberally of his substance—he would not give his heart. The ear saw there, but not himself; and no fire from heaven acknowledged it. He wanted to serve two masters. There was a secret sin, carefully concealed, which he would not give up. He loved it more than the salvation of his own soul. He knew he sinned by it the agonies of the cross, and the glories of redemption. He knew he exposed his soul to perdition by this sin, and that there was no escape from the law that condemned him. He was conscious he was not a changed man, had not passed from death unto life by the renewing of the Holy Spirit, or all sin would have been forsaken; and when he awoke fully to the truth of his awful situation, he felt overwhelmed with the calamity his sin had brought upon him. He now counted the cost of it, in prospect of the endless sufferings of the sinner who dies in his sin. Placed on the verge of mortal things, it required no effort to realize the great and alarming disclosures of revelation as to the end of the wicked. When felt as real, who shall describe their effect on the mind? It is the wrath to come; the wrath of God revealed against all unrighteousness; a consuming fire brought into the soul. Guilt brought home to the conscience is a calamity which human speech can give no name to; but such is the infuriating power of sin, man rushes upon his ruin. Strange as it may seem, the sin that slew this unhappy man, he clung to even in his illness. It was his love of brandy at all hours; the excitement it produced held him captive. Its power so gained upon him by habit, he got blind or reckless in regard to the sin of indulging in it and it triumphed over him. No miser ever looked upon his gold with a more fatal enchantment than poor Mr. R. upon this cup of woe. Such is the force of sin to darken and infatuate the soul, till the terrible revolution of a dying hour forces it within the influence and light of the world to come.

Mr. R. gradually wasted away; his last hours unillumined, as it seemed by a single ray of hope I never heard of him from him that showed his mind at rest. All comfort fled from him. He had read of others who had died in triumph; he had seen others die in faith, with a blessed hope of endless joy; he had read of exceeding great and precious promises, to uphold the soul in death; but none of those appeared to be his portion or privilege; his sin, it is to be feared, had ruined his soul for ever. He had read of heaven, talked of heaven, sung of heaven, and prayed with those who earnestly sought it, and went in company with them; but in death he was divided and had no hope of their blessedness. He was as far as man can see, the guest without the wedding garment.

As he grew worse, the sofa was exchanged for the bed; silence reigned through the chamber, and an air of oppression was on every countenance. And how did the pale sufferer look, while every moment had a mighty emphasis in it, as it brought on great crisis or change from time to time? There was deep silence and a gloom as if hope were extinguished, an outward appearance as though the soul were in secret audience with the sin that slew it, shut up in company with its tormentor without power to escape from it. In this solemn silence poor Mr. R. passed into the valley and shadow of death.

O ye rich men, who give to ministers and missions, who build sanctuaries and support religious societies, and who are the pillars and ornaments of them, let the great truth come to you, that all this by itself will not do for the search of a sick bed, or the trial of a dying hour. You must if you would be saved, give yourself to God the Saviour in repentance, in faith and love, a holy living sacrifice. The most costly gifts without this surrender, are a vain show. The true way of salvation is plain;—the humiliation of the soul in real repentance, and faith in the sacrifice of the cross, and its fruits revealed in a holy life and conversation. Believe then on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;—saved from all—from every sin; for the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. But as one spark may burn a building, so one sin indulged in must and will destroy the soul in hell.

At the grave of poor Mr. R.—there was a son, who wept at his funeral. He had watched at his side in his sickness; he had been a witness of his father's sorrows and sin; he had held his hand in the convulsive struggles of death, and saw the last look he gave on earth. This son not very long before had been near to death himself. He was given over by his physician, and from a malady brought on by the very sin that it is to be feared, destroyed the soul of his father. But with this remembrance fresh upon him, his father's death, his own wonderful recovery, with his promises and prayers for the future he turned again, just after he followed his father to the

grave, to the same fatal sin, and not many weeks after I attended the death bed scene of this son also, through a disease brought on again by the same sinful practice. I sat night after night with the son, as I had done with the father. I spoke to him, I prayed with him also. I laboured to do him good, by turning to repentance and faith in Christ. The son had just resisted the warning voice from heaven, louder than many thunders, with which the alarming providence of God had visited him in his illness. He had trifled with God's mercy and his own vows, when solemnly restored to health from the brink of the grave, and his guilt was great. But he needed not any remonstrance to make him miserable. Such was his restlessness, he could hardly lie in bed. His despondency and gloom were deep as midnight. The kind attentions of wife or daughter could not relieve him from the horrid haunting of a guilty conscience. His look was that of a terrified victim in the clutches of some monstrous enemy. I fear his spirit gained no relief by prayer or exhortation. Accusing thoughts of his ingratitude and guilt had apparently set in, in a strong current, and it was not long before his spirit was summoned into the presence of its Maker and Judge. Thus also passed away the son of poor Mr. R.

Here are the triumphs and trophies of sin,—even one sin. The power of one sin, let it be what it may, whether the love of gold or the love of power the lust of the eye or the lust of pleasure, if allowed, can force onward the soul to an endless misery, through warnings like mountains with beacon fires stand in their way. O reader! if one particular sin be your chief snare, tremble and break the spell. Call on God the Holy Spirit to help you with all his blessed influences in the struggle. Flee to the Lord Jesus Christ for safety. Let there be no hesitation. It is a matter of life and death, eternal life or eternal death! But it is not one sin only, but all sin that must be given up in heart and practice, and this will be the desire and aim of all who by faith in Christ are truly "the sons of God;" for of all this it is said, "When he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." 1 John iii. 2, 3.—*Eng. Tract.*

THE WAY GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

"Mother," said Thomas, "I do not believe that God hears prayer always; I do not believe he hears little boys."

"If little boys are wicked," said his mother, "he will not hear them, for 'the prayer of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord; but if the Saviour said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, he will certainly hear their prayer if they pray aright.'"

"What is praying, aright, mother?" said Thomas.

"Praying in faith. In other words, believing and expecting that they will be heard and answered."

"Well, then, I did pray right, mother; I just as much expected that father would not go to the tavern to drink any more, as I ever believed anything in my life."

"How long have you prayed, Thomas, and what have you prayed for?"

"When I read in the Bible at school, that verce came to me, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, it shall be given you,' Mr. Farley (the teacher) asked me if I knew the meaning of those words; 'in my name,' I told him I did not. He told me 'if I asked God for anything in the name of Christ, that is, because Christ died for us, we would have it.'"

"How does that prove," said his mother, "that God will not hear always, or that he will not hear little boys?"

"Because the teacher asked me if there was any which I wished God to give me, I told him 'there was'; he asked me what, but I did not like to tell. But, mother, I have been, every recess since, out under the old elm, where the boys could not see me, and prayed."

"What did you say?" said his mother.

"I asked God to make father stop going to the tavern to drink, because Christ had died for us; and he has been every night since, and last night, you know mother, he was never half so bad."

"Poor boy," said his mother, "would to God, your prayers might be heard."

"Well, I cannot see how praying came to make him worse; that's the reason that I thought God did not hear sometimes," said Thomas.

"Did you think," said his mother, "the first time you prayed, that he would stop at once?"

"Yes, mother; I was just as sure when I got up from my knees, as I could be, and when I saw him go, I cried almost all night."

"But, the Bible says, 'Ye shall reap, if ye faint not; ye must not be discouraged; continue to pray, my child, he may answer you yet.'"

"I should think so, mother, if he had not been worse ever since I began to pray; that seems so strange."

"How do you know he began to grow worse then?"

"Because I heard Mr. Sligo (the tavern keeper) tell Mr. Burdham, that he never saw a man alter as he had in a week, he was afraid he would have the delirium tremens, and he did not like to have his customers have that, it frightened

hopeless at the beginning, was Tommy's prayer answered.

A little orphan girl, who was left without any friends in a strange city, was told by her dying mother, that she must say her prayers whenever she was in need. She was so tender an age, she could not tell her anything more, and he understood.

A poor washer-woman gave her shelter, while she was compelled to beg her bread. For this she had but little time as the woman kept her sitting by the cradle to watch her infant, while she was away at work. Being exceedingly hungry she knelt down beside the cradle and repeated the Lord's Prayer; when she had finished, she began to look round for food. As she took the little basket in which she collected fragments by begging, she was astonished to find nothing there.

"What did mother mean?" said the starving child.

A lady who had entered unperceived, and had heard her repeat that prayer, inquired the cause of her disappointment. When she told her she had expected to find her basket miraculously filled, the lady was so pleased with the story of her faith she adopted her for her own.

ESTHER.

BAD BOOKS.—The Rev. Professor Kingsley wrote in the right vein when he penned the following lines: "We cannot, then, silence evil books, but we can turn away our eyes from them—we can take care that what we read, and what we let others read, shall be good and wholesome. Now, if ever, were bound to remember that books are words, and that words come either from Christ or the devil—now, if ever, we are bound to try all books by the Word of God—now, if ever, we are bound to put holy and wise books, both religious and worldly, into the hands of all around us, that if poor souls they may need eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, they may also eat of the tree of life; and now, if ever, we are bound to pray to Christ the Word of God, that he will raise up among us wise and holy writers, and give them words and utterance to speak to the hearts of all Englishmen the message of God's covenant, and that he may cleanse the hearts of all Englishmen, who build our churches and founded our constitution, and made England the Queen of nations, were but ignorant knaves and godless liars, and that selfish money making and godless licentiousness are the only true wisdom; and so turn the Divine power of words and the inestimable blessing of a free press, into the devil's engine, and not Christ's Word of God. But their words shall be brought to nought.—Twenty-five village Sermons.

THE RELIGION OF IMPULSE.

You hear one day a stirring sermon; it starts you from the lethargy of years; you are roused; you are excited to a very high degree; you think you are now a Christian. Excitement is not conviction; the feeling may be excited, and the heart may remain dead in trespasses and in sin, and sood as the exciting force is expended the excited feelings will subside; the flame will die from want of fuel, and the embers and the embers cold and worthless, will be all that will remain behind. Tears and smiles are like April showers and sunshine; the one do not make religion, and the other are not yet the summer.

THE RELIGION OF FASHION.

He that knows human nature well knows it is a fact that some persons accept a religion because it is fashionable, or because it is deeply attached. You hear a preacher whom you esteem, whose character, whose conduct, whose person, worth you admire, or to whom you are personally attached, and you look at all he says in the light of esteem and affection you hear him; and you believe what he says just because you admire and love the man. But this is not religion; the advocate changes, the toy loses its gliding, the relationship is disturbed, an incident upsets your conviction, and you return to the religion that you once cherished; it is not a faith that will endure to the end.

THE RELIGION OF SENTIMENT.

There is the religion of sentiment; it is not the religion of conviction nor of the adoption of the heart, but purely of imagination. It indulges tender and sentimental emotions; it covers up every awful truth in theology with flowers and with perfume; it turns the most sacred truths into plaintive music for its amusement; it is the sentimentalism of piety, extremely beautiful; spends its time in working lace for altar-cloths, preparing priests' robes, in decorating the altar with flowers, in fitting the sanctuary to all the phases of the varying seasons; it is the religion of painters, of poets, of architects, of ecclesiastical dressmakers and robe-makers; it is the piety of Athens and the Academy, not of Jerusalem and the Church of God; it shrinks from the storm; it dreads defiling its delicate Sabbath-day and saint-day robes; it has no martyrs; it scarcely lives; it cannot endure; its advocates, as such, will not be saved in the end.

RELIGION OF THE HEAD.

The understanding is convinced that Christianity is true; it believes its every dogma from the commencement of the Creed to the Amen at its close; but it is a religion clear in the head, but cold as an icicle at the heart's core; it has no vital force, no warm and sanctifying energy; it is orthodox, not regeneration; it is light in the head without love in the heart; it is clear, but cold; it is the religion of the devils, who believe every word of the Creed, and whilst they do so, tremble. And if your religion is wholly the religion of the intellect, however clear tenaciously held, unless it has transformed the heart, it will not endure to the end.

THE RELIGION OF FORM.

It feeds on beautiful pageants, it is charmed with glorious rites; it would not worship in any but a medieval church; it would not listen to anything short of Mozzy and Handel's choicest pieces. With it the altar occupies the place of God, the sign of the cross Christianity itself; broad phylacteries, and holy places, and beautiful churches, constitute the sum and

substance of the religion of form. There is no endurance in it; it collapses the moment it is exposed to trouble. The ear may be engaged, the eye may be gratified; the country may be covered with beautiful cathedrals, but it may be empty of hearts that beat with love to God, and of souls that would die rather than sacrifice vital and essential truth.

ENDURING RELIGION.

What is then the religion that will endure? The religion of the heart—its roots in the intellect; the religion of the heart—its roots striking down there also; the religion of the conscience—its law, its atmosphere, its motive power; but all three inspired and taught by the Holy Spirit of God. This religion accepts Christianity because it's true, loves it because it is the manifestation of love, obeys it because it is duty, and ever sings and shouts, and triumphs while it abides, "I know in whom I have believed, and I know he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." This religion is not the mountain torrent fed by the shower, leaving its channel dry when the clouds are emptied of their contents; but it is the stream that moves on through beds of greenness, sprinkles all its banks with verdant flowers, until it mingles and is lost amid the mighty main; it is the oak that waves its branches in the storm, strikes its roots deeper in the tempest, and in summer makes progress towards God, and in winter makes progress towards heaven and happiness. He that thus believes that thus grows, has in him a religion that will overcome the assaults of Satan that will vanquish all the temptations of Mammon, that will turn aside all the shafts and arrows of ambition, pride, and pomp, and vain glory; and, enduring to the end, its holy and its happy possessor will be saved.—[From the Great Tribulation, by Dr. Cumming.]

THE TALENT OF TIME.

Our time is a talent put into our hands by the great Lord of the whole family of heaven and earth, and one of which we are to give an account when our Master calls: and it will be a terrible account, when it shall consist only of such things as these: Item, so much of it spent in plays, taverns, and gaming. Item, so much of it spent in sleeping, eating, and drinking. Item, so much spent in recreations and pastimes, and in summer makes progress towards God, and in winter makes progress towards heaven and happiness. He that thus believes that thus grows, has in him a religion that will overcome the assaults of Satan that will vanquish all the temptations of Mammon, that will turn aside all the shafts and arrows of ambition, pride, and pomp, and vain glory; and, enduring to the end, its holy and its happy possessor will be saved.—[From the Great Tribulation, by Dr. Cumming.]

Our time is a universal talent, that every man, that lives to discretion hath. Every man hath a talent of learning, of wealth, or honour, or subtlety of wit, to account for; but every man, that lives to the age of discretion, hath time to account for.

As our time is short, so there be many things that corrode and waste that short time; so that there remains but little that is serviceable to our best employment. Let us but take out of our lives the weakness and folly of childhood and youth; the impotency and morbidity of our old age; the times for eating, drinking, sleeping, though with moderation; the times of sickness and indisposition of health; the times of care, journeys, and travel; the times for necessary recreations, interview of friends and relations, and a thousand such expenses of time the residue left is but a small pittance for our business of greatest moment; the business, I mean, of fitting souls for glory; and, if that be misapplied, or idly spent, we have lost our treasure, and the very flower and jewel of our time.—[Sir M. Hale.]

Reader, how are you employing your time?

How much of it do you spend in preparation for eternity? Do you even employ an hour a day in seeking after the knowledge of God through Jesus Christ, and in calling on the name of the Lord at the throne of grace? How much do you use for reading your Bible, meditating on its truths, communicating them to others, serving the Lord, and getting ready for Heaven? If you are not saved, you will not be able to plead want of time, for you mispend more time every day than would suffice to obtain the salvation of your soul. You have the same twenty-four hours day which others have. Every one has plenty of time to be saved: how dreadful to use it only in ensuring everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord!

A DIALOGUE

Between an American Missionary and a Heathen Man.

BY J. CROUSE.

Missionary. You are sinners, and you must repent of your sins, believe in Jesus Christ, and be saved.

Heathen. Who is Jesus Christ?

M. He is the Son of God. He came into this world and died on the cross, that poor sinners might be saved from their sins and have a home in heaven, over eighteen hundred years ago.

H. If this is so and you have known it, why have you not long ago come and told us?

M. Oh, we could not get the money to come with.

H. But have you not plenty of money in your country?

M. (Hesitatingly.) Oh! yes—but—but, then it is spent for something else.

H. But for what else?

M. (In a fix, but the truth must be told.) Well, \$40,000,000 is spent for tobacco annually.

H. And how much for preaching the gospel?

M. Well, about \$6,000,000.

H. And how does this tobacco do for your people? makes them better Christians, I suppose.

M. Oh! no; it makes them filthy and nervous.

H. (Astonished.) And do your Christian people think so much more of their tobacco, that makes them filthy and nervous, than they do of our souls?

M. (Puzzled.) Well, as to that I cannot say; but it is a fact that there is about seven times as much money paid out for tobacco as there is for preaching the gospel.

The above is a true picture. Read it and think of it.

East Brookfield, Mass., Aug.

BIBLICAL QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The following are taken from "The Biblical Reason Why," a new book just issued from the publishing house of Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. They will at least interest our faithful young readers.

Why is the Bible so named?

From *Biblia*, a Greek word, signifying "the books," or "the small books;" or from *Bibles*, "the book," it being the Books, by way of pre-eminence; containing the revelation of God to man, the principles of the Christian faith, and its rules of practice.

Why is the Roman Catholic version of the Holy Scriptures called the "Douay Bible" and the "Rhemish Testament?"

Because the former—a translation from the Latin Vulgate—was first published by the English College at Douay, in Belgium, (A. D. 1609), and the latter was first made and issued from another English College at Rhemish (A. D. 1582).

Why was the first man named Adam?

From *Adamah*, a Hebrew word, signifying red earth, or dust from the ground.

What is the meaning of the word *Satan*?

It means "the enemy of God," and was bestowed upon the prophet because he was a child given in answer to prayer.

Why did our Saviour so frequently speak in parables?

Because it was conformable to the customs of the East to do so, and was a very popular mode of conveying truths with the Jews.

As an example of brevity, incomprehensiveness and simplicity, in contradistinction to the terms and self-laudatory effusions used and recommended by the Pharisees and Jewish doctors.

Why does the Bible conclude with the word *Amen*?

Because by that word is expressed a full and hearty concurrence with all that has gone before.

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

Never complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something, if only you had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands His own plan, and He knows what very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are, in reality, your most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! a truce to all such impatience! Choke that devilish envy which gnaws at your heart, because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather, bring it up to receive God's will and do His work, in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations; and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but really consistent with it. Hence it was that an apostle required his converts to abide each one in that calling wherein he was called; to fill his place till He opens a way, by filling it, to some other; the bondman to fill his house of bondage with love and duty, the laborer to labor, the woman to be a woman, the man to show themselves men; all to acknowledge God's hand in their lot, and seek to co-operate with that good design which He most assuredly executes for them.

There must be a complete renunciation of self-will. God and religion must be practically first, and the testimony that we place on God must be the element of our peace. And such a discipline have never known who did not have it for his joy that God was leading him on, shaping his life for him, bringing him along out of one moment into the next year by year.

How sacred how strong in its repose, how majestic, how heavenly divine is a life thus ordered! The simple thought of a life which is to be an unfolding, in this manner, of a Divine plan, is too beautiful, too captivating, to suffer one indifferent or heedless moment. Living in this manner, every turn of your experience will be a discovery to you of God, every change a token of His fatherly concern. What overabundance, darkness, trial, suffering falls upon you defeat, losses, injuries; your outward state, employment, relations; what seems hard, unaccountable, severe, or as nature might say, vexations—all these will be parts or constitutive elements in God's beautiful and good plan for you and as such are to be accepted with a smile. Trust God! have an implicit trust in God! and these very things will impart the highest zest to life. If you were in your own will, you could not bear them; and if you fall, at any time, into your own will, they break you down.

But the glory of your condition, as a Christian, is that you are in the mighty and good will of God. Hence it was that Bunyan called his hero Great Heart; for no heart can be weak that has the confidence of God. See how it was with Paul; counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, with sublime patience, unspokeable suffering; casting every thing behind him, and following on to apprehend that for which he was apprehended. He had a great and mighty will, but not a self-will; therefore he was strong—a true lion of the faith. Away, then, with all feeble complaints, all measure and mean anxieties! Take your duty, and be strong in it, as God will make you strong. The harder it is, the stronger, in fact, you will be. Understand, also, that the Divine plan, here is, not what you will get, but what you will become. The greatest wealth you can ever get will be in yourself. Take your burdens, and troubles, and losses, and wrongs, if come they must and will, as your opportunities, knowing that God has girded you for greater things than these. Oh! to live out such a life as God appoints, how great a thing it is!—to do the duties make the sacrifices, bear the adversities, finish the plan, and then to say, with Christ (who of us will be able?) "It is finished!"—[Dr. Bushnell.]

SOCIAL WORSHIP.—It is a remarkable fact that revival of religion happens every age being carried forward mainly by what may be termed the social means of grace. In Ezra's time we find the people assembled by thousands and tens of thousands to hear the Scriptures read and expounded, not by a few favorite preachers, but by a multitude—almost all who could read and explain were engaged in making known the word to their companions—and the result was deep conviction, repentance, reformation, and consecration to God. So also in the days of the apostles. From the season of Pentecost, when three thousand were converted in a day, all through the planting and growth of the primitive churches, we find all Christians united actively and heartily in the work. True the apostles labored and preached mightily, but private Christians labored conjointly with them, and all together shared in the service and reward. It was the same in the great revivals under Luther, Wesley, Edwards, and, as is well known, signally so under the labors of Randall and Colby.—*Morning Star.*