

The Religious Intelligencer.

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

VOL. 7.--NO. 31

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 3 1860.

WHOLE NO 344

Religious Intelligencer

(Correspondence to the New York Observer.)

Kirwan on the Irish Revival.

BELFAST, June, 1860.

We resume in the present letter our statements as to the present state of the Irish Revival, and its fruits. We have adverted already to its effects on the ministry,—to its increase of the number of communicants, and of those who attend public worship,—to its increase of the activity of the lay element of the Church, and to the decrease of cases of prostration. We shall proceed now to other statements in reference to it.

Perhaps we have not said enough as to the cases of prostration. I met with a most intelligent layman, an elder of one of the churches in Belfast, a few days ago. Naming three congregations of the first position here, I ask him if there had any prostrations occurred in them? He promptly answered, "only one or two." I then named an equal number of congregations where the poorer operatives mostly worship, and asked him if any cases had occurred in them? He answered with equal promptness, "O yes, a great many." And he accounted for the difference by reasons drawn from the culture of the people, and from the difference in the instructions they receive from the pulpit. And I have just bid farewell to a pious and intelligent man who asserts his belief, with tears, that these manifestations are produced by the Spirit of God for the purpose of waking up the masses to the importance of salvation, and that never would be so waked up without them. That they have roused the attention of men to the concerns of salvation, to a marvellous degree, is beyond all question. And this is the only value placed upon them by ministers, and intelligent persons, so far as I know. I have witnessed two or three cases in an open-air meeting at Ballymena, a few days ago; and what connection such "cases" could have with the salvation of the soul, I could not discern either from reason or revelation. They seemed to me to be nothing but crying out, and fainting, under the influence of strong religious emotions. This, with the sympathy which they excite, is both my theology and philosophy as to these peculiar manifestations. And, as if to prove all that, they are merely incidental to the great work, that work is quietly progressing, while prostrations are rapidly diminishing.

6. As far as yet appears, the subjects of this revival have retained their integrity to a remarkable degree. The reports before me all state that multitudes were sympathetically affected who promised fair for a time, but have returned to their sins. Such is the case everywhere, even in the most quiet, best conducted, and genuine revivals among ourselves. The heavy rains of summer, and the warm suns, bring up the weeds equally as the good seed and the fair flowers, and often with greater luxuriance of growth. "But it is exceedingly gratifying," says one of the Presbyterian reports before me, "to which all the brethren bear testimony, that almost all those who have professed conversion have steadfastly maintained their profession, and continue to adorn the doctrines of God our Saviour. The cases of backsliding are comparatively few." Another report says, "A few of those who were said to be stricken down are not giving evidence of any saving change, but the large majority are maintaining a consistent christian character; and that too, in some instances, in peculiar trying circumstances. Many who have not been striking are giving equal evidence of having become the subjects of gracious influence." And similar to this is the testimony which we hear on all hands as to the steadfastness of those who amidst this extraordinary work have been brought into the church. And this we might expect from the previous character of the people. The Presbyterians of Ulster are a Bible reading people. They have for ages been instructed into the doctrines of the Shorter Catechism. And when taught in power, by the Spirit, the truths which they were taught in form by their pastors and parents, we might infer a steadfast adherence to them, and a walk according to godliness. There is a great difference as to the permanence of the fruits of a great awakening among an educated and an ignorant people. But few people in the world are better educated into the doctrines of religion, than are the Presbyterians of Ireland.

7. The effects of the revival on the morals of the people are most happy. I have been astonished to hear from old ministers, and men, an account of the morals of the people,—and within a comparatively recent date!—and that a parent sin, whose brood is legion. Nor were the enclosures of the church strong enough to keep them out of its sacred precincts. And all the social vices were greatly stimulated by the customs and habits of the people, and by their frequent assemblages at fairs and markets. But in no one thing are the effects of the work of grace so obviously seen here. Our report says, "It is stated from every locality that the vice of intemperance has received a mighty, and it is to be hoped, a permanent check. Their traffic, and their ordinary use, are very much abandoned."

Another report says, "Drunkards have given up their drunkenness,—blasphemers, their blasphemy,—Sabbath breakers, their profanations of

the Lord's Day,—smokers, their smoking,—public houses have been closed,—licentiousness has received a powerful check; and abundant proof has been furnished that many most notorious characters are now new creatures in Christ Jesus." "Our County Judge," says yet another report "has more than once from the bench congratulated grand juries on the marvellous decrease in crime, and at the last sitting of the County Court in Coleraine, white gloves were presented to the Judge as a thankful token of a blank calendar." If the test is a true one,—by their fruits ye shall know them,—this is a noble testimony to the genuineness of the Ulster revival. There is no grace where the wicked do not for sake their way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and there is usually grace, where they do forsake them.

8. But we have not yet touched the question that rises first to every lip on our side of the Atlantic, is the Irish revival yet in progress? This question may be seriously answered, as persons assume this, or that point of observation. There is in nature a seed time and harvest; a spring, summer, and autumn; and they are all necessary to the filling of the garner. It would be as difficult to say which is most necessary, as it would be to say what link in a chain is most needed to make a whole chain. So here. The seed time of a revivals is, probably, over. The excitement is not what it was months ago. The "cases" are diminishing daily. There is not so much noise, and bustle, and circumstance to attract the passer by. And all this is, so far favourable. But the heaven is quietly, and powerfully working; and in every direction. This we have seen in the prayer-meetings in Belfast, which are crowded with persons earnest, to intensity, in God's service,—in the Sabbath assemblies full to overflow,—in Dublin, where the spirit of revival is rapidly on the increase, and where ministers are strengthening each other's hands in a way most delightful to witness,—in the churches scattered through the South and West which we visited under the lead, and in company of Dr. Edgar,—and especially a few days since in Ballymena. We were there on the invitation of the Rev. S. M. Dill, one of the Irish deputations to America a few months since, and one of the most judicious and influential ministers of this land. His large church was crowded with an audience such as I but rarely see away from my own thrice-beloved flock. The attention was deep, at times, almost painful. There was an open-air meeting at 5 P. M. in an adjoining field, to be addressed by Mr. Stuart and myself, from a stand erected for the purpose. The people commenced collecting at 3. And on they came, and on, like the waves of the sea. At four I walked out into the streets, and they were densely crowded with persons reverently going to the place of concourse. At the hour appointed we ascended the stand, and acres of people were before us, standing thick as the grass and almost as quiet. Ten thousand were said to be there! The singing was like the noise of many waters, and everybody had their Bibles with the Psalms at the end, and as almost everybody sung. The addresses made were heard with absorbed attention, save where "cases" here and there caused some bustle and noise. That immense mass continued there for two hours without a sign of weariness; and seemed to linger longing to hear more, after the benediction was pronounced. As we passed along to our home, it was solemnly impressive to see groups of people in earnest talk upon the one theme,—to see persons with their Bibles in their hands urging their friends to believe in Christ at once. There was one scene of which I would love to draw a picture; it was that of a young man, tall, thin, well dressed, with an open, benevolent countenance, with his Bible opened in his hand, and his finger pointing to some text, and with tears upon his cheeks, urging an old lady to look at once to Christ, and to live. As I passed along leaning on the arm of a friend, I could hear him say with a deep, suppressed tone, "now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." And my heart rose to heaven in prayer for his success.

Such a meeting as that at Ballymena, I have never witnessed. Everything was in perfect keeping with the holiness of the Sabbath. And whilst such meetings can be convened anywhere in the North, and on the briefest notice, I conclude the revival is yet in progress.

KIRWAN.

BEHOLD THY MOTHER.

Blessed words from the lips of our blessed Saviour! and in such circumstances of peculiar anguish were they uttered, even on the cross, just before he bowed his head in death, that they come to us with a strength of tenderness, inaccessible. The mosaic law said, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and Christ shewed his humanity, and set an example for all to imitate, in his disinterested thoughtfulness of, and his care for his dear mother and soothed the infant Jesus.

He had ever been "subject to" his parents, and now, when hanging on the cross, every nerve swollen with agony, his soul rent with the burden of a world's guilt, even here, his heart was on his mother. His eye turned wearily from the sea of faces before him, and found rest upon the form he had loved,—a form bowed with anguish at the sufferings of her child,—and with a heart yearning with irrepressible tenderness and affection, he turns to the disciple "whom he loved," and says, "Behold thy mother!"

Having thus provided for her, he was ready to die, and after fulfilling once more the prophecies, he exclaimed, "It is finished,"—and the weary, human head of the divine Saviour bowed in death. From that cross, comes to us also the same word of love, "Behold thy mother!"

"Behold" her, in your infancy, when, helpless and dependent, the breath of life just glimmering,

still struggling for the mastery, your existence in this ungenial world is commenced. You can not know the sufferings she has endured for you, nor the anxieties which almost crush her heart. You see not her tears as she goes alone before God, and with strong cries, pleads for life, for usefulness, for blessedness to attend you.

When in pain and sickness, with what tenderness she pressed you to her maternal breast, longing to bear all of you. With what devotion, night and day, did she watch your cradle, soothing with the softest and sweetest of lullabies your fevered dreams, and cooling your parched lips. Not a sigh, but she felt the pain which caused it. Never more keenly than yourself. Oh, you may never know the depth of anxious tenderness, which every day of her life, she felt for you!

Beautiful and cheering was her smile, which gladdened your infancy; warm and fresh as the sunlight which nourishes into beauty and fragrance, bursting buds and opening flowers, and more enduring the love—for that sun will some day be quenched in darkness, but the light of a mother's love will die never!

"Behold thy mother," in your childhood. How she watched the development of your intellectual and moral nature. How she rejoiced over every inclination to the good, and mourned over the evil; how she toiled from morning till night that your days might pass happily, forgetting weariness and illness, and seeming almost never to slumber, in her care that that bright and chilliness of this world should never rest upon your spirit; and when, in some unguarded moment, (how your heart reproaches you now,) you grieved her love by a word or act; when, for all this watchfulness and care, you were ungrateful and disobedient, can you forget the punishment? Your heart may have rebelled against it, but with a sweetness of voice and manner whose memory thrills you yet, she told you how it pained her to see you suffer, how sorry she was that you must be punished, and yet, (you see her chin quiver, and her voice is tremulous,) how much more deeply her heart was grieved that you had neglected her instructions and disobeyed her, for in so doing you had displeased your kind Father in heaven, and had grieved her own heart.

And then she took you to her bedside, and with her hand upon your head, (oh, feel it tremble!) she prayed so earnestly that you might be forgiven, that Jesus would love you again and make you one of his own dear children. (You feel that you are worse than the heathen.) And then, at night, when she went to your little bed and heard you say the words, "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner," how lovingly she kissed the tear of penitence from your cheek, and called you again her "dear little treasure," making your heart lighter than it had been for many long hours.

You are sure she never grieved her mother; you think nobody else such a mother; she is an angel, and you are almost afraid you will see her wings some day, and she will leave you;—and so you fall asleep to dream of the bright angels that are watching you, that never sin, and you wish you were an angel.

But that mother! She does not easily forget the day when she goes to her closet, to pray that you may grow up to be good, and never bring upon yourself the curse of Heaven by your disobedience. If any good purpose influences your life now; if you do love God and try to follow her teachings; if you can rejoice that you have not been left to bring disgrace upon her name, nor her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave by you, open eyes, you know not how much of this you may owe to that mother, as in solitude she wrestled with the angel of the Covenant, with an earnestness which would not let him go without a blessing for her child.

"Behold thy mother" in your youth. When the temptations of life beset your path, see her watchful eye follow you. If you are to leave home, how careful she is to provide every thing for your temporal comfort, nor does she forget to place among the necessary accessories of your journey the Book of books, with a mother's prayer, and a mother's blessing following it. How she watches for tidings from the absent one! How lovingly and frequently she writes, (you wonder how her busy hands can find the time,) and when at last you tell her how precious her Saviour has become to you, how does her heart overflow with gratitude for this answer to her prayers, and she looks say what emotion forbids her lips to utter, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

"Behold thy mother" in maturer years. As you revisit your home, how motherly fancy pictures you all her heart could wish; how proudly and confidently she leans upon you as the staff of her declining age. How, once fair and smooth, is now wrinkled by many cares. The tresses you used so to admire are faded, by many cares and the gray (how sacred to your eyes) is carefully concealed under a modest cap. But the same smile is there with its sunny welcome, the same heart warms as ever at the coming of your footsteps.

How it gladdens your heart to have her say you are a comfort to her, and how you wish your truthful conscience need not tell you you have not at all times been so. How you cling to her now, with a love that will not let her die, although you are sure there are mansions awaiting her in the land of the blest. What to you would be this world, without that resting-place from care? Who would defend and shield you from the venomous tongue of slander, and love you still, if she were gone? Who would in sorrow and trial counsel and advise you in sickness, soothe your aching head, or comfort your sinking spirit? Who, oh! who would pray for you if she were taken away?

"Behold thy mother!" Alas, alas! "Not with my mortal eyes" shall I again behold her, for she is to-day realizing the full import of that precious benediction. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "Even so, Father, for it seemeth good in thy sight."

It is just eight years since to me that voice was hushed in death, nay, rather, that she was borne, a happy, glorious spirit, above the cares of this fleeting life, to commence a life of blessedness eternal, near the throne, where, to-day, she "sees God."

While we worship in the sanctuary below, she bows in "the temple not made with hands," and casts her crown at the feet of him "whom, having not seen, we love." We gather about the elements of his broken body and shed blood, to celebrate his love; but with a robe already made white in the blood of the Lamb, and with love such as no mortal may know, she drinks of

the fruit of the vine anew in our Father's kingdom.

Thinks she not of her child to-day?—the child she consecrated with many prayers to her Saviour the child she committed to him, as leaning upon his staff she crossed the dark river. If the rich man, even "in torment," could remember the "brethren" left behind, surely they who walk beside the still waters in realms of ineffable light, can think of those they loved on earth, and would wish to see them!

She, to-day, sees God!—and oh, glorious thought! to see him is to be like him! From the emblems of his body broken, and his precious blood shed for such as I am, as well as from his cross, come to me with peculiar force his words, "Behold thy mother," as she was, in her example, her teachings, her prayers; and as she is, a glorified spirit near the throne, amid the excellent glory. In those vials full of odors her prayers for you are still treasured, O, orphaned heart! Despair not!

Mother! the springing grass is green upon thy grave. Ever fresh in my heart be the remembrance of thy example, thy teachings, thy death; and be thy home my rest! for "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—*Tract Journal.*

ANECDOTE FROM REV. JOHN ANGEL JAMES.

There are some districts in England, wild moorlands, which have for generations been inhabited by gipsies, tinkers and others of wandering habits. One of these moors was so notorious for the character of its population, that the lawless and the quiet and law-abiding were glad to escape from so dangerous a neighborhood, and leave them to undisturbed possession. No ministry ventured near them; and their living, live without God, and their dying died without hope.

In the midst of this spiritual destitution, a poor man whose heart God had opened, determined to devote himself to their evangelization. He and his daughter established themselves in a hut on the moor, and quietly and unostentatiously began their work. Their offensive life and persevering kindness in time won the confidence of their rude neighbors, and the good man began to see fruits of his labors. True, he was very poor, and his life of christian labor prevented him from supporting himself; but a few christian friends, who admired his self-sacrificing devotion, sent him gifts occasionally, so that though they knew want, they never starved.

But their sky grew very dark. For some time they had received nothing, and on Saturday night they were utterly destitute, without food or clothes. The daughter was trying to repair some stockings against Sabbath; but though utterly worn out. She looked at them, and then telling her father she could do no more, burst into tears. This was the climax of their poverty. They sat late by the cheerless fire-side; but conversation and reflection seemed only to make their distress more hopeless. He tried to speak comfort and to assure her God would help them; but he himself was sorely distressed. Alas! they could do was to pray, and that they did do.

Late in the night a rap came to the cabin door, and the poor man opened it. A little boy stood outside with a box, which was bade to leave there. Bewildered Mr. S.—turned to ask the name of the sender, but the lad had vanished in the darkness. They took the box and opened it, and found it full of their necessities. An entire new suit of clothes, stockings, flannels, shirts, &c. A letter lay in the box, which prayed his acceptance of the assistance from one who had long watched his labors and knew his need. It bade him God send and encouraged him in his work. They never found their opportune benefactor, nor were again reduced so low. The light that rose then brightened all their after life.—*Am. Messenger.*

THE UNEXPECTED SUMMONS.

It was a young man much beloved and respected in his native village, but, alas! a stranger to the love of Christ. He was full of life and animation, and a general favorite in society. He was riding out one day when his horse suddenly became frightened and unmanageable, and he was thrown with great violence to the ground.—A crowd quickly gathered around him, and he was conveyed at once to the nearest house. It was evident that he was seriously injured, and a physician was immediately sent for. When he arrived, the young man though suffering intensely looked him steadily in the face, and inquired in a firm voice:

"Doctor, must I die? Must I die, sir? Do not deceive me in this matter."

The physician could only reply hesitatingly, and told him he had probably not an hour left to live. A flash of lightning, he seemed to awaken from a sense of his sufferings, and to wander wide away from them.

"Must I go into eternity in an hour?" he said. "Must I stand before my Judge in one short hour? God knows I have made no preparation for this event. I have heard of impatient young men thus suddenly cut off, but it never occurred to me that I should be so." Oh! tell me, tell me what I must do to be saved!" He was told that he must repent of his sins, and look to Jesus Christ for pardon.

But I do not know how to repent. The whole of my life-time is crowded into this hour of agony. Oh! what shall I do to be saved?" he continued to cry, with an eye glaring with desperation. But agonized friends could not save him. Death would not wait for explanations, and thus crying out for aid and instruction, he sank back upon his pillow and in another moment he was in eternity.

THE LAST CALL.

It was in the winter of the year 1854, that the village of G— was favored with a gracious outpouring of the Spirit of God. Many of the worst characters in the town had been awakened and converted, and were now clothed, and in their right minds. There were some, however, who remained unaffected; and among these was Miss C—, who surrounded herself with a defence of self-righteousness, and had successfully warded off every arrow of truth shot from the bow of the Gospel by the minister of Jesus Christ. Yet she was pleased to witness the changes going on around her; and as one after another was converted, she rejoiced that they were brought to the enjoyments connected with the higher life of the christian.

ENMITY AGAINST GOD.

This tendency of man to separate himself from God, to organize his own purposes, to maintain his own character, to be indifferent to the Divine commands, or to comply with them only so far as he can secure his own interests, is a tendency of man to be supremely independent, and, if resisted, to oppose resistance to resistance—this tendency, that is patent on occasion, and that is often and easily developed, exists in the soul even when not developed. It is like a serpent's fang, which does not need to strike in order that we may know that it is poisonous. It is like a sleeping lion, which does not need to roar to prove its existence. Those who are your enemies from year's end, to year's end, and yet you do not occupy your thoughts, the amount of a week in the whole twelve months. And this nature in the human soul, which is pronounced by the Word of God to be enmity against God, does not exist as an ever-burning fire; it is rather an inward nature, which lifts its poisonous fangs, its claws, its talons, under conditions that bring men to the test as to whether they will permit God to be their personal governor—as to whether they will yield obedience to his laws. It is when the enemies of God, by their conscience, by their judgment, and by the Holy Spirit, become enlightened as to the claims of God upon them, that they show what their real nature is.—[H. W. Beecher.]

THE BOY WHO UNDERSTOOD THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

An old schoolmaster said one day to a minister who came to examine his school, "I believe the children know the Catechism word for word."

"But do they understand it? that is the question," said the minister.

The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and was asked to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said almost in a whisper: "Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet; and the gentlemen saw they were bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother; for she had no shoes either, and I thought that I could go barefoot better than she could."

DOES IT TELL ABOUT JESUS.

Dr. Bliss, an agent of the American Bible Society, wrote from Turkey:—"A book hawks, whose work is mostly among the Turks, spends an hour or two every day at a stand near the Seraskier's Tower, at Constantinople. Not long since, while offering his books from this stand to the crowd passing by, a Turkish lady timidly approached, and taking up a Bible, asked in regard to its teachings. Not quite satisfied with the answer, she asked that she might take it to a Turk, sitting at a little distance, that he might read it, and tell her about its contents. She was allowed to do so. The Turk took the Bible, and, looking at it for a few minutes, said: 'This is no book for you. It is not one of our books, it is one of the infidel books.' 'But,' replied the woman, 'whom does it tell about?' 'That is no concern of yours; it is an infidel book,' said the Turk. 'But does it tell about Jesus Christ?' asked the woman. The Turk again opened the Bible, and read various portions without making any reply. The woman again asked, 'Does it tell of Jesus Christ?' The Turk said, 'Yes; but why do you wish to know?' 'It is the book that tells about Jesus Christ, I wish to buy it.' 'Can you read, asked the Turk. 'No; but I can get some one to read it to me.'

She then took the Bible, and returned to the bookseller, purchased it, and bore it away as a most precious treasure to her home."

"His WAY."—Religion is designed to reform men inwardly and outwardly. Hence the command, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts.' Anything short of this is spurious religion, and will fail of heaven. Yet how common is the extenuating plea for those inconsistencies of spirit and action which religion positively forbids—'O, it is only his way!' is the apology often made for intemperance, anger, contentiousness, an overbearing, arbitrary and malicious spirit. We often find men professing godliness, and holding prominent places in the church, who seem barren of all the milder and sweetest graces of the Spirit, but bristle all over with the thorns and thistles of the 'old man,' giving evidence of no weeding, if not of no sowing. Instead of the lamb-fleece, behold the porcupine's asperity.

"To say that a man is a Christian, a real follower of the meek, forgiving and loving Redeemer, when in his heart and life he is the mildest and sweetest grace of the Spirit, but bristle all over with the thorns and thistles of the 'old man,' giving evidence of no weeding, if not of no sowing. Instead of the lamb-fleece, behold the porcupine's asperity.

PRECIOUS FRAGMENTS.

"WHAT GOD HATH PREPARED." Oh, blessed condition! to have rest on every side, fullness of grace, perfection of peace, to be free from all fears, to be lodged in the bosom and locked in the embrace of God to eternity, to be in heaven in our father's house! O my soul, it is a heaven to hope it! what then is it to have it?

THE MORNING OF JOY.

Blessed are those tears which so merciful a hand wipes off. There's no wilderness but shall end in Canaan, no water but shall be turned into wine, no lion's carcass but shall have a live of honey. O fainting soul, trust in his mercy. Oh, beg that since an infinite fullness in the gift, and a freeness in the giver, there be a joyful trust in the receiver.

EVEN SO, COME.

The soul of the believer is never gotten never enough till he be in the arms, in the bosom of Jesus. It saith not (as Peter of his tabernacles) "Lord, let there be one for me, and another for thee," but, Let us both be together in one. It is ever night with one who loves Christ, till the sun of his presence be arising.

THE MUNITIONS OF ROCKS.

Through the week we go down into the valleys of care and shadow. Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence; and so, as time rolls by, we shall go from mountain-top to mountain-top, till at last we catch the glory of the gate, and enter in to go no more out forever.

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.—If ever pains were taken by the Almighty deeply to impress any truth upon the mind of man, it was that of entire dependence upon himself, as the Author and Giver of all good. This he laboured to inculcate upon the minds of the Israelites by the whole course of his proceedings. They were brought out of Egypt, not of their own motion or choice, but by the special care of God. He had provided a country for them, and he charged himself with conducting them into it. Pharaoh resisted them, difficulties were multiplied to oppose them; but every difficulty served only to enhance the greatness of the power which overcame it, and to point out more manifestly the hand of the Most High. The sea opened a passage for them, and swallowed up their pursuers; the strong rock in the desert poured out for them copious streams of water, which followed them in their course; a cloud miraculously shaded them from the intense heat by day, and a pillar of fire gave them light by night; manna fell around them, in sufficient quantity to support them all abundantly; their clothes waxed not old upon them, nor did their feet swell; quail came daily, and fell around their camp in such abundance as amply to supply all their wants. Were they bitten by serpents? they were miraculously healed by only looking to one of brass. Did they want to pass over into the country which God had given them, the waters of Jordan flowed back, and left them a dry passage through its channel. And the walls of their enemies' cities fell down at their approach. Could any facts indicate in a more striking manner the presence and the agency of the Almighty God? This was the very knowledge he intended to inculcate. More important knowledge than this of the providence of God cannot be learned by men. While we thus practically know the power and presence of God, we shall feel the dispositions which that knowledge ought to inspire; we shall watch over our conduct with a filial dread of offending him, we shall place an unbounded confidence in his wisdom to direct, his goodness to bless us; we shall cease to have any will of our own, and become anxious only that his will should be done; we shall submit to him with perfect resignation, and endeavour in all things to obey his commands.—*Yenn.*

HOW TO DIE HAPPY.

Glorious words these, to which I heard a dying woman respond, not long ago, with a solemn burst of praise: "Is not a precious Saviour so great and good and willing to save all us poor sinners?"

She was lying on a hard bed, in the dreary infirmary yard of a workhouse; and the power of faith and love to create a happiness independent of circumstances, came out with almost startling