

The Religious Intelligencer

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That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER. VOL. 7.—NO. 6. SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1860. WHOLE NO 319

Religious Intelligencer.

An Important Document.

The following paper, drawn up and subscribed by a large number of Clergymen of the Church of England in London, is one of great importance and presents a laudable example.

We, the undersigned clergymen of the Church of England, having taken into careful consideration the circumstances connected with the recent revival of religion in America, and some parts of the United Kingdom, desire hereby to recognize what we believe to be the hand of God in that movement, and thankfully to acknowledge His mercy in purchasing so abundantly the gift of the Holy Ghost.

While, however, we avow it to be our solemn conviction, that the movement to which we refer is, in its main features, the "wonderful work of God," we do not wish to be understood to approve every step that has been taken in reference to it, and we are fully conscious of the practical difficulties by which the subject is surrounded.

We believe and confess that the Holy Ghost is "The Lord and Giver of Life." We are convinced, moreover, that God has made promises with reference to the gift of the Holy Spirit which never yet received their full accomplishment, and that the Church of Christ is warranted in expecting, in answer to special and united prayer, a special and abundant blessing.

It appears to us, therefore, to be our plain and bounden duty to sit up both in ourselves and in our people a spirit of prayer for the promise of the Holy Ghost, as well as to seize the present opportunity for bringing prominently forward in our public ministrations the teaching of Scripture on His person and work.

Those general principles of faith and duty can hardly be called in question. In consequence, however, of some diversity of opinion as to the wisest mode of putting them into practice, we have met to confer upon the whole subject; and, having unanimously accepted the propositions above stated; we have, by way of acting upon them, formed ourselves into an "Associated Conference of Clergy, for the purpose of promoting and directing united prayer and action in relation to the work of the Holy Spirit at the present time; and we take this method of affectionately inviting the co-operation of those among our brethren who sympathize with us in this movement. We propose to meet together from time to time, to unite, in supplication for the outpouring of the Spirit, to consider the best means of promoting and directing united prayer amongst our people, and generally to take counsel together as to any steps which it may be found necessary or expedient to adopt.

It is far from our wish to dictate to others, or to prescribe a special course of action to any man, but, feeling deeply that the circumstances of the present time are of no common character, and believing, that God is now speaking to us in the still small voice of mercy, we desire, in union one with another, and in mutual dependence on "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," to foster in ourselves and others the spirit of prayer; to mark and ponder carefully any notable signs of the special working of the Holy Spirit; and to honor God, by claiming and expecting the fulfilment of His own Word, "I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh."

At a meeting of above-named Conference held on Monday, December 6th, 1859, it was resolved that a series of sermons on the Person and Work of the Holy Ghost, should be preached in several of the metropolitan churches during the first week of the new year.

It was also determined to hold a monthly meeting of the Conference for prayer and consultation.

Special services, with sermons upon the work of the Holy Spirit, were held during the first week in the year. The following were among the subjects preached on:—"The Work of the Holy Spirit in glorifying the soul."—"The indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the children of God."—"The work of the Holy Ghost."—"The dispensation of the Holy Ghost in its distinctive character."—"The personality of the Holy Ghost, and His power with special reference to its bearing on sinners."—"The Indwelling of the Holy Ghost and His influence, with special reference to His bearing on Saints."—"The Holy Ghost the Author and Giver of Life."—"The Holy Ghost convincing the world of sin."—"The Holy Ghost the Comforter."

CONVERSION OF A MINISTER.

A Scotch Minister who visited Ireland to witness the revival, gives the following narrative of his conversion while there:—

I shall for ever bless the Lord, for the gracious providence that led me to undertake my journey to Ireland. . . . Great, indeed, have been the results which have flowed from that journey. And I believe they are destined to be far greater yet. I laboured here for fourteen long years, with, I suppose, nearly as much diligence, faithfulness, and perseverance, as my brethren around me; but during all that time I could not confidently say that I witnessed a single case of decided conversion.

In the evidence of all living fruit resulting from his labours, the pastor himself was often led to inquire, in deepest gloom and dejection, whether or no he had ever been "grafted" into the True Vine. This feeling of painful dejection greatly increased when he witnessed the joy and peace of the Irish converts, and saw how they loved one another, how zealous they were, how full of living faith, and, especially, how successful in pulling down the strongholds of Satan.

In this mood I wandered from one scene of revival to another,—from Belfast to Londonderry,—from Londonderry to Newtownhamilton, and from Newtownhamilton to Coleraine—seeing everywhere God's mighty work and conversing freely with God's redeemed people, but quite unable to sympathise with them in their terribly deep convictions of sin—or in the fulness of holy joy that succeeded them.

At last, in the wonderful providence of God, but so far as I was concerned, in a manner quite accidental, I was led, while in Newtownhamilton, to listen, for a few minutes to one of God's dear

saints, who was preaching to a small circle of Christian friends, on Major Lancey's lawn. I felt a mysterious drawing towards this man, and had a sort of conviction that he was to have some important influence on my future destiny. I followed him from place to place; I saw him in his own house and in those of others; I listened to his spiritual and soul-comforting conversations; I considered, and from my not unbosom myself wholly to him, in the hope that he would aid me in dispelling the cloud which for many days had been hovering over my mind.

Though I had been his own son, according to the flesh, he could not have bestowed greater pains on me. He met all my difficulties and made the light of truth shine on my doubts, and suspicions, and shamed me by his own unbelief, and from my not having fully surrendered myself to the Son of God, who had himself furnished the work of redemption—leaving nothing for us to do but gratefully to accept His unsullied righteousness and live, for the future, to His glory and praise. Under his directions and by the aid of the Holy Ghost, I was enabled to accept Christ as the alone ground of my salvation, and to yield myself wholly to Him. Immediately I felt that I would feel who had escaped from prison in which his hands and his feet had been bound with fetters. A scene of pardon, peace, and security followed me everywhere. I felt a far deeper interest in the work of the Lord, and was conscious of much greater strength to perform it. Every fundamental truth in the Bible shone out with greater vividness, and I marvelled that I had not seen them now.

Immediately after returning home, I began to preach in a way altogether new—with more confidence in God, and less in the flesh—with a greater desire to benefit immortal souls than to deliver an elaborately prepared sermon; and, blessed be the Lord for his undeserved mercy, he has been pleased to countenance my weak efforts to serve Him; and, within fourteen days after my return from Ireland, I was enabled through grace to bring into Christ's fold a greater number of souls than had previously been brought in by as many years.—*British Messenger for Jan.*

THE SUM OF RELIGION.

The following, written by Judge Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, was found in his closet, amongst his other papers, after his decease:—

He that fears the Lord of Heaven and earth, walks humbly before Him, thankfully lays hold of the redemption by Jesus Christ, and strives to show His thankfulness by the sincerity of his obedience—he is sorry with all his soul when he comes short of his duty! He walks watchfully in the denial of himself, and holds no confederacy with any lust or known sin. If he falls in the least manner, he is restless until he has made his peace by true repentance; he is true to his promises, just in his dealings, charitable to the poor, and free from all dishonesty. He is not dishonoured by God although secure from impunity. He hath his hopes and conversation in heaven, and dares not do anything unjustly, he is ever so much to His advantage; and all this because he sees him that is invisible, and fears Him because he loves Him—fears him as well for his goodness as his greatness. Such a man, whether he be an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, an Independent, or an Anabaptist—whether he wears a surplice or wears none, whether he hears an organ or hears none—whether he kneels at the communion or for conscience sake stands or sits, he hath the life of religion in him; and that life acts in him, and will conform his soul to the image of his Saviour, and go along with him to eternity, notwithstanding his practice or non-practice of things indifferent. On the other hand, if a man fears not the Eternal God, he can commit sin with presumption, drink excessively, swear vainly or falsely, commit adultery, lie, cheat, break his promises, live loosely; though at the same time he may be studious to practice every ceremony, even to scrupulous exactness; or may perhaps as stubbornly oppose them. Though such a man should cry down his sins, or profess that he should, he should be held as reprobate every day or declaim against it as hezy—and though he fast all the Lent or fast out of pretence of avoiding superstition—yet notwithstanding these, and a thousand eternal confemities, or zealous opposition of them, he wants the life of religion.—*C. H. Times.*

A HALF HOUR IN A BAD PLACE.

A STAGE OFFICE IN BROADWAY.

The stage would not start in half an hour. It was stormy and cold. I could not safely stay out of doors, and the only place in which to sit, was a bar-room, where four or five men were sitting about the fire. Took a vacant seat, and listened to their conversation.

Near me sat a bloated, imbecile old man who seldom spoke, but when he did, it was plain that his mind was nearly gone. I learned before I left him a worn out, hard drinker, gradually sinking a victim of intemperance. Near him was a total drunkard, his face flame red, his nose in blossom, his skin ready to burst, so full of raw it looked. He was now two thirds drunk, and talking with a thick tongue of politics and religion, a medley of both, with a drunkard's looseness, and almost every sentence was a shocking oath in it. The old man near me told him to stop talking: "I come here," he said, "to take a drink and have a little comfort, and I don't want to hear any of your stuff; if I was the landlord, I would have you put out in the street."

Two young men were sitting on the other side of the stove, and now joined in the conversation telling him to leave off his preaching and sit still. They returned upon them and made the strangest speech I ever heard coming from a drunkard's lips. I will not break up his speech by repeating all they said in reply, but will give his words as nearly as I can. Imagine him to be so nearly drunk as to be unable to articulate distinctly, and these remarks to come from his thick, foamy lips, that were just now full of blasphemy.

"I know what you are both of you! you are an atheist; don't believe there is any God; you are a German Jew and don't believe there ever was such a person as Jesus Christ; neither of them denied the charge, they were old acquaintances, and he knew their sentiments, and went on with his discourse; but I want to tell you what it is, if you don't repent of your sins, and you've got enough of them to repent of, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you will go down to hell and be punished in fire and brimstone forever and ever. There is no way for you to be saved but to believe in Christ who gave his life for sinners when he was put to death between two thieves

on the hill of Calvary. You say you don't believe there is any such place as hell. Well, that don't make it so; it makes no difference whether you believe it or not, if you don't repent of your sins and come to Christ, you will find out very soon, for your sorrow that there is a hell, and that you are in it for all eternity."

Here one of them broke in—"You're a pretty one to be talking so; you don't believe a word you say, and I can prove it."

"Well, prove it: let's hear what you've got to say."

The old drunkard seemed staggered for a moment, and then with more emotion than he had yet shown he replied:—

"You may say that, but it is all true just as I tell you: I learned it when I was a little boy; my mother used to hold me on her knees and read the Bible to me, and tell me all about Jesus Christ and what I must do to be saved: I know what I ought to do, but I don't do it, and don't expect to do it, but I want you to do it; I want you to repent of your sins and get Jesus Christ to be your Saviour."

Imagine all this coming from the lips of a drunkard, a profane, bloated, miserable drunkard! But he said no profane words while thus preaching. The stage was ready, and I left the company, but asked the bar-keeper who the old fellow was, and learned his name and history. He was once a respectable citizen, who had ruined himself by drink: his property had been taken out of his hands, and a weekly allowance given him which he spent in liquor, and was steadily burning himself up. The memory of a mother's lesson survived the wreck of his fortunes and intellect, and perhaps will yet be the saving of his soul.

Hope on, trust, believe, O praying mother! never despair, O mourning, broken hearted father! there is no depth deeper than a drunkard's degradation, but up from that doom the memory of your love, and the arms of your faith may yet restore him to the bosom of his parents and his Saviour!—*M. Y. Observer.*

NO NIGHT THERE.

No night shall be in heaven—no gathering gloom Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come; No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers That breathe their fragrance through celestial bowers.

No night shall be in heaven—no dreadful hour Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power. Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll, To dim the sunlight of the enraptured soul.

No night shall be in heaven. Forbid to sleep, Those eyes no more their mournful vigils keep: Their fountains dried, their tears all wiped away, They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

No night shall be in heaven—no sorrow's reign— No secret anguish—no corporeal pain— No shivering limbs—no burning fever there— No soul's eclipse—no winter of despair.

No night shall be in heaven, but endless noon— No fast declining sun, nor waning moon— But there the LAMB shall yield perpetual light, Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

No night shall be in heaven, no darkened room— No bed of death, no silence of the tomb; But breezes ever fresh with love and truth, Shall breathe the frame with an immortal youth.

No night shall be in heaven! But night is here, The night of sorrow, and the night of fear. I mourn the ills that now my steps attend, And shrink from others that may yet impend.

No night shall be in heaven! O had I faith To rest in what the faithful witness saith— That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee, And leave no night, henceforth on earth for me.

THE CONVERSION OF THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

"Have you a few minutes which you can give to me? I wish to speak to you."

Some one had laid his hand on the shoulder of the writer in the crowd, as the people were leaving the Fulton street prayer meeting, and many were speaking on every side to each other as they passed out.

On looking round we saw a fine, tall, gentlemanly looking man, as the one who had addressed the inquiry above, and he was waiting for an answer. He had been observed often, of late, in the meetings, though we did not know him. He had an intelligent, open countenance, marked with an expression of great sadness. He was apparently about 35 years of age.

We answered that we would be happy to speak with him.

We both made our way to the back part of the lecture room, and one of the seats. The room was soon empty and we were by ourselves; perceiving which he began:—

"I have wanted to speak with you—and even now I know not what to say, or how to get my case before you. I may as well say—I am a very bad man—I am one of the 'chief sinners.'"

We sat still, very much astonished, for we had noticed this man particularly, and took him to be some pious, Christian merchant, who was in the habit of coming to this room to pray.

"You look incredulous, but you do not know me as I know myself. I have been a very wicked man, a fast man, a wealthy man, living at the clubs and keeping company with such men as— and G— and M— and R— naming some men of well-known wealth and standing. I have wanted to ask you what I should do."

He sat with his eye intently fastened upon ours. After a pause, with an expression of disappointment in his face, he added:—

"I know you do not believe me. I want to believe me. Nobody believes me. I went to a prayer meeting, and twice I asked them to pray for me, and they would not. One gave me a book to read, but no prayer. I am the chief of sinners. I have been such a sinner that they are afraid of me. They say—'There comes—' What is he up to now? They have not a particle of confidence in me. They think this is a sham. They don't dare to pray for me for fear I will go away and make fun of them. I suppose, I am so wicked that they can not believe me sincere when I ask them to pray for me."

"That is strange," we replied. "The greater the sinner, the greater the need of prayer."

"Exactly so," said he, "I should have asked for prayer here, but I was afraid they would not pray for me."

"Certainly they would," we replied, "if you were to rise and ask for prayer yourself, you may be assured they would pray for you."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, we think so."

"Well, you don't know me, but many here do. There," said he, pointing to a man looking in at the door, "there is a man at the door who knows me—knows me to be a fast man—a very bad man—knows in what sort of sin I once lived at the same boarding-house with him. You could not make that man believe that I am anxious on the subject of religion. No—they won't believe me—and what am I to do?"

There was a most anxious, miserable look in his face as he gazed into the face opposite his.

"Are you in good health?" we inquired, somewhat puzzled in our impressions of his case and supposing there might be some nervous debility, which made him look so sad and melancholy.

"Never was sick a day in my life," he replied, with a sad smile. "It is not nervousness, as you may suppose; looking very grave again. 'It is not—Oh! if it was I could bear it, but I cannot bear.' And he hung his head down in sorrow, resting his forehead upon his hand.

"If you are such a sinner as you say why do you not go directly to Christ?"

"That is it. Why don't I? How shall I?—That is just the point I wanted to talk about."

"How long have you come to these meetings?"

"For some time. I know you have noticed my coming."

"What made you come?"

"I do not know."

"Do you attend church on the Sabbath?"

"Always."

"Have you talked with your minister?"

"I have. He gave me some good advice—very good advice. But he did not approve of my coming here."

"Why not?"

"I do not know. He gave me no explanations; but he did not think this meeting the place for me."

"My friend, do you depend on the Fulton street prayer meeting for any relief in your case?"

"Perhaps so."

"I do not depend—but yet I want to have them pray for me."

"Why?"

"Because I believe God hears their prayers."

"And yet you say you do not depend. May you not be mistaken?"

"Perhaps so."

"Have you ever asked for prayer here?"

"I have sent in a written request for prayer—asking them to pray for the 'chief sinners.' But I have found no relief."

"Did you expect any?"

"Perhaps I did."

"Have you any right to go anywhere else with your expectation of relief, except to Christ, or to exalt this meeting into the place of Christ? Do you not see that all this is heaving out to yourself your own cistern—while you neglect to do the fountain set open for sin in a Saviour's blood?"

He made no reply. We added—"Jesus Christ is exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sin. All you have to do is to apply to him, triumphant in mercy. And if you will go to him now—just as you are, and roll all your burden upon him, you will feel in your own soul how ready he is to take it. Don't you remember his words—'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.' And again, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' All you have to do is simply to take him in that word—for he is just as good as his word."

He paused a few minutes—in the deepest meditation. And his countenance lighted up with some new purpose and new light.

"Is there a place where we can pray together?" he inquired.

In a moment we went up into one of the small rooms in the consistory building. The missionary of the old church was there. He was made acquainted with our object in coming. We knelt down together—the 'chief sinners,' as he denominated himself, in the middle. One of the three led in prayer—very short—adapted to his case. This closed, and he began. Oh! what a prayer was that—full of repentance, confession, importunity, faith, love, consecration. We felt that the great transaction was done. The other followed in prayer, and our little prayer meeting was ended. We passed silently away, down the stairs and out.

The next day this man came, and told what the Lord had done for his soul, and all hearts in the meeting were filled with joy. He gave a rapid and succinct history of his past life, and spoke, with evident contrition, of his former courses, and declared openly his new faith in Jesus, and his attachment to him. The sadness had vanished from his face, and from that hour he has gone on his way rejoicing. He told to the meeting the features of his case that had made him regard himself as the chief of sinners, and as a brand plucked from the burning. He says he cannot recall the influences which led him to the Fulton street prayer meeting, but having once come he could not stay away. So God has mercy on whom he will have mercy.

Two or three days after the events spoken of above, this gentleman came rather later than usual to the meeting. He took a seat near the door, unable to get further in. An expression of joyous satisfaction rested on his face, full of humble, sweet submission. When the meeting was fairly opened, and the leader called on some one to lead in prayer, in a moment he was on his knees by his seat, pouring forth to his merciful Saviour such expressions of thankfulness and gratitude as melted all hearts. Long will that prayer be remembered by those who heard it. It may now be said of him as it was of another, "Behold he prayeth."

DEMAND FOR RELIGIOUS PUBLICATIONS IN IRELAND.

It is a matter of gratification to have to record that, during the past few months, a greatly increased and extraordinary desire on the part of the people for reading useful religious publications has been manifested. Scriptural, evangelical, devotional, and practical works, such as those of the Puritan divines, and others of a later date, but similar in matter and style, are now most valued. The young people in Sunday and National Schools, having acquired a facility and taste for reading, and the revival movement having greatly improved it, the demand for such

works has consequently increased in an unprecedented manner. It may be mentioned that of such works as "The Power of Prayer," "Life Thoughts," "Revival Truths," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Anxious Inquirer," "The Persevering," "The Father's Call," "Bogatzky's Treasury," thousands have been lately issued; while of a smaller class, such as "The Sinner's Friend," "Come to Jesus," "Follow Jesus," "Quench not the Spirit," "Christian Victory," tens of thousands have been called for; and of a still smaller and cheaper kind, comprising addresses, essays, sermons, tracts, handbills, revival hymns, leaflets, hundreds of thousands have lately been circulated. A Roman Catholic paper in the south of Ireland, not at all pleased with the diffusion of so much religious information, has lately stated that, as all Protestant or revival tracts contain truths, there must have been about fifty thousand lies lately issued from the Ulster Tract Depository. This opinion might be expected from such a quarter. It may, perhaps, surprise the same journal to hear that, during the past few months, instead of fifty thousand, eight times that quantity, or above four hundred thousand, of such publications, bearing on the great subjects of religion, temperance, and revivals, have been issued from the Depository, Donegall-square. Mr. David Burt, of Dundee, who has lately paid a visit to the north of Ireland, in detailing at a prayer-meeting in Enniskillen, Church, Dundee, the impressions produced on his mind by what he had seen when in the sister country, said that the Manager of the Bible Depository in Londonderry informed him his sales had greatly increased of late, so much so that he had difficulty in supplying the demand. During the months of May, June, and July, he had sold between 5,000 and 6,000 Bibles and Testaments. A Bible agent in the country, where the population is not very large, had sold within two months no fewer than 700 Bibles and Testaments. At Ballymoney, an agent disposed of about 1,500 to 2,000 and the demand was still increasing.

TRUE PEACE—HOW GOT.

The following extracts are taken from a book, entitled, "Sermons touching some points much controverted at present" by the Rev. J. PURVIS, Free Church, Jedburgh. The eleventh sermon, from which we extract, is one of the richest and most delightful exhibitions of gospel truth we have ever perused, and, if issued as a tract, could not fail to be eminently blessed of God in these times of awakening in guiding the anxious soul into the peace of the gospel. The subject of the sermon is designated, "Peace first found in Believing," and is founded on the text, in Rom. xv. 13—Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, &c.

THE GOOD NEWS.

"This gospel has been expressed in a single sentence, worthy to be written in letters of gold all over the firmament of this lost world—It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." This one gospel is your all—your all for life, for peace, for joy, for hope, for heaven begun. These good news just believed, at once, and without an effort on your side, let in all heaven to your heart, for they let in all God's love; and there is no heaven, if that does not make it.

"Oh the nearness, the freeness, the simplicity of this grace! why cannot we bring this full blessedness into the bosom of each and all. None are excluded from sharing in it, none are hindered but such as hinder themselves. It is in the midst of our life, it is for the use of you all. It is in the midst of you all. It is for the use of you all. It is free to you all, and there is but one way common and alike for all.

"It is this—but this—to all. 'Look unto me and be ye saved.' 'Hear, and your soul shall live.' Believe, and enter into peace. 'The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart: that is the word of faith which we preach unto thee: that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him up from the dead, thou shalt be saved.'"

WAIT NOT A MOMENT.

"If, then, there be an anxious, perplexed sinner, putting the question, How, or when, or where, can I find peace? we answer, You have at least no need to wait for it—no, not a day, not an hour, not a moment. You need not, you ought not. The peace is already waiting on you—waiting your free and instant acceptance. And should you wait a whole life-time, it is for naught, at last, you will find it there, just where you may as easily find it now; and where you will then be amazed you ever missed to find it—even in the open, true, free, simple, gospel, which is at this moment sounding in your ears like the melody of heaven."

THE SIMPLE WAY.

"There is one way to all the race, and one way only—this and no other. And it is a way so simple, so unperplexed, so entire remote from and opposed to everything like doing, working, labouring, suffering, feeling changing, being on our side, that there is a danger in even speaking at length about it; lest by the very act of doing so we run the hazard of conveying a wrong conception of it to your minds—of making you think of it as something greater, or something other than it really is."

NOT GOT BY PRAYING FOR IT.

"You will reach the peace and the joy you are seeking, not by praying for it. Some, indeed, prescribe this as the way of peace. But the Bible does not. It does not lead us to expect it ever will come into us as the fruit of prayer. When it has been once obtained in part, and in believing, as was the case with the persons for who this prayer was breathed, then prayer is one grand means of procuring its increase."

A FATAL ERROR.

"But to send a soul that is seeking it for the first time to prayer, as the means of obtaining it, before, and instead of believing, as it could do this, and cannot do the other, is to prescribe a remedy which God, by his inspired ministers never did; and to indicate, by implication at least, a fatal error, and almost necessarily to mislead a benighted spirit from the only way of peace."

NOT BY MERELY ATTENDING ON THE MEANS OF GRACE.

"And neither does it come to us by just attending on the means of grace, as if the thing would, in such a course, slip unexpectedly and unconsciously into your possession some day or other,

one knows not how, or why, or whence. To prescribe a waiting on the means of grace to a spirit anxiously seeking rest, as a substitute for the instant belief of the truth concerning Jesus which gives the rest, as if the one could and the other could not be done; or as if in doing the one, God would at least reward the diligent soul with the other, is to mislead that spirit to endless ruin. And everything like attempting a change upon ourselves, bettering our own state, inward or outward with whatever has reference to ourselves—all are of the same description, these are weeds which man is trying to plant, when God has already set with his own right hand the Plant of Renown, "the Branch," already laden with the fruits of righteousness, peace, joy, everlasting consolation, all for you, all free. They are part of that human quackery to which man is so prone to have recourse, instead of the true and only medicine that can bring health and happiness to souls—the balm of Gilead itself—an entire, a crucified, a risen Christ, and in him a full and free salvation."

"PEACE IN BELIEVING"

"There is but one thing in all the earth that can fill the soul 'with all joy, and peace, and hope.' One thing, and nothing but that; nothing beside that, nothing before that—that by itself, and that at once. If ever genuine peace has been found by any fallen spirit upon earth, it has been in one and the same way; and it ever will be so while the world endures, just 'as in believing,'—in the very act of believing the good news concerning free salvation to the chief sinners through the blood of the Cross—in the act of seeing what these good news mean; and seeing that they are true, are real, are glorious certainties. It is not after believing, as if the peace and blessedness were superadded; as something out of the gospel, and separable from it, and which God bestows when this act of believing has been accomplished in token of his delight therewith, and as a kind of reward to those who do so."

AGAINST EVIL TEMPER.

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.—Proverbs xvi. 32. Where envying and strife is, there is confusion, and every evil work.—James iii. 16. Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.—Proverbs xvi. 18. When pride cometh, then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom.—Proverbs xii. 2. Who soever hateth his brother is a murderer.—1 John iii. 15. The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men.—2 Timothy ii. 24.

It is very sad to think how much unhappiness there is in the world, arising from evil tempers, which might be prevented, if men would obey the precepts of the Bible. Pride, anger, envy, jealousy, hatred, strife, peevishness, what a host of miseries these occasion! How much the bad temper of one single person may spoil the happiness of a whole family! Every one has his own particular faults of this kind to correct, and if we profess to belong to Christ, we must set ourselves steadily to find out what these are, and how best to overcome them, by the help of the Lord. In some cases this is no doubt more difficult than in others; but the old saying is always true, "If religion has done nothing for your temper, it has done nothing for your heart."

CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD.

Dr. Payson, when racked with pain, and near to death, exclaimed: "O, what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will. Since I have lost my will, I have found happiness! There can be no such thing as the disappointment of me, for I have no desires; but the old saying is always true, 'If religion has done nothing for your temper, it has done nothing for your heart.'"

"I was once called," says Mr. Jay, "to attend the dying bed of a young female. In answer to my inquiries, she replied, 'I have little to relate as to my experience. I have been much tried and tempted; but this is my sheet anchor: He hath said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' I know I come to him, and I expect he will be as good as his word. Poor and unworthy as I am, he will not trifle with me nor deceive me. It would be beneath his greatness as well as goodness.'"

A "REVIVAL" AT BOMBAY.—Something like a revival movement seems to be springing up in Bombay and Poona. At these two places daily prayer-meetings are held. *The Bombay Guardian* says: "We are happy to state that we hear of a greatly increased spirit of prayer in Poona. Some four or five or more meetings for prayer are held weekly among soldiers and civilians. We know of four daily prayer-meetings now held in Bombay, namely: one among the soldiers of the 28th; one of native Christians in Marathi (Free Church Institution, at 5 P. M.); the one at the General Assembly's Institution, at 7 P. M.; and the one at St. Andrew's church, at 1 P. M." The Bishop of Bombay, Dr. Hardings, has taken the movement in hand, and has issued a circular on the subject.

BEAUTIFUL PARAGRAPH.—The following lines are taken from Sir Humphrey Davy's *Salmonia*:—"I envy no quality of mind and intellect in others—but genius, power, wit or fancy—but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and believe most useful to me, I should prefer a religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; breathes new hopes; enriches and throws over decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of light; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes misfortune and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of psalms and canticles, the gardens of the blest, and security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair."