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ON ETERNITY.

This incommunicable attribute of the Almighty, is a subject so awful and abstruse, that when poor feeble man, the creature of a day, attempts to grasp it in his thoughts, he unavoidably comes to the conclusion, that as well might he think to stop the volcanic mountain from sending forth its streams of burning lava, as to attempt to comprehend eternity. It cannot be an object of our comprehension. There is nothing in nature to compare it with. All temporal things, when compared with eternity, become a mere insignificant cipher, or as a drop in the unbounded main. But certain it is, that eternity bears some affinity to something else that is incomprehensible, that is immensity. All space, although unsubstantial, may be compared to another unsubstantial thing, duration. For immensity is boundless space, and eternity is boundless duration. Eternity is considered as divisible into that eternity which is past, and that eternity which is to come. The Psalmist speaks to this point where he says, "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God." "Thou art God from everlasting;" meaning that portion of duration which will have no end; while time, as a certain writer says, "is a fragment of eternity, broken off at both ends," or, may it not be considered that portion of duration, which commenced when "those morning stars sang together," and the foundation of the heavens was laid, and lies, so as to speak, between these two unbounded oceans, and will continue until the archangel shall be commissioned to blow his trumpet, and utter his mighty voice through the vault of heaven, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment," and then will cease to be, sinking forever in the unbounded ocean of eternity. But, is not this duration of time, when compared to eternity, less, infinitely less, than a single drop of water to the whole ocean. But still what is eternity! To impress this awful subject with greater weight upon our minds, let us use the language of one of the ancient fathers. Suppose there were a ball of sand, as large as this globe of earth; suppose a grain of this sand were to be annihilated in a thousand years, yet that whole space of duration, wherein this ball would be annihilated, at the rate of one grain in a thousand years, would bear infinitely less proportion to eternity, than a single grain of sand would bear to the whole mass. Then what can we think of those wicked spirit that are suffering in a miserable eternity? Were we to be bound down in a lake burning with fire one day; yea, one hour, I know not if it would not seem as a thousand years. But, awful to think, when millions of millions of ages have rolled their round, they have just commenced to drink the bitter cup—just on the threshold of eternity. Philip Melancthon, the most learned of all the German reformers, gives the following relation. When I was walking out one summer evening, with several of my fellow students, we heard an uncommon singing, and following the sound, saw a bird of an uncommon figure. One stepping up, asked, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost what art thou? I answered, I am a damned spirit; and in vanishing away, pronounced these words, "O, eternity, eternity! who can tell the length of eternity!" O sinner! when the sound shall steal upon thee ear, louder than a peal of thunder, "Depart, ye cursed," then thy fallen spirit will be lost! forever in a miserable eternity! But, blessed be God, the day of grace is not gone by. Salvation is now offered to you freely on the conditions of the gospel. God now bids you reach out your hand to a happy eternity. He bids you look and live. Sleep no longer while hell is moving beneath to meet you. Fly to the ark of safety. Throw thyself at the feet of sovereign mercy; and choose life, life eternal; and, having chosen the good part, pursue thy course onward, and thou shalt enjoy forever a happy eternity.

"IF TWO OF YOU SHALL AGREE."

A few females who had long been associated as a "praying circle" were assembled, and one of them read from the eighteenth of Matthew. On reading the promise, "I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven," she paused a moment, and then said, "Is it possible that we have so often met to make known our requests unto God, and have never noticed this promise? I have read it all my life, but it seems new to me. Why should our prayers be unavailing, when we have such an assurance from the Saviour's lips? Perhaps it is because we have not agreed on some definite object for which to pray."

She then proposed that some individual should be made the special object of their supplications. The proposition was acceded to, and a merchant of high respectability and worth, who seemed to lack only "the one thing needful," was the friend mentioned. He was exemplary in his deportment, a man of strict integrity, liberal to charitable objects, and a regular attendant on the public ministrations on the Sabbath; but was never seen at an evening meeting, and had never evinced solicitude of his highest interests. Perseverent and repeated supplications were made on his behalf by this little company; and when they dispersed, they agreed not to mention the course they had pursued, but to continue to entreat the richest blessings on the individual until

they should meet again at the expiration of a fortnight.

Strong as the faith of these ladies had been, they were surprised, at the next weekly prayer meeting to see the gentleman for whom they had been so interested enter the room. In the course of the evening, he rose, and said he felt constrained to state that a few days since he became deeply impressed with the thought that he was living "without hope and without God in the world;" that he had been wretched ever since, and now had come to ask the prayers of those present.

Before the next meeting of the praying circle, this friend was clothed in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Encouraged by this signal answer to their prayers, these ladies united in another object. There were two brothers in the village, both members of the church, but between whom there was such hostility, that years had passed without their speaking to each other. These brothers were next made the subject of fervent prayer. That very night one of them was sleepless, and musing on the unhappy state of feeling between himself and a brother once so dear to him, on the effect such an alienation was calculated to produce on their own character and on the cause of Christ, which they both professed to love, he felt the sting of an awakened conscience; and resolved to attempt a reconciliation. Early the following morning he repaired to the dwelling of his brother, who saw him approaching, and went out to meet him. They greeted each other most affectionately, and in tears "confessed their faults one to another." Each declared himself the aggressor, and the other comparatively blameless. After a melting interview they separated, forgiving and forgiven, loving brothers in Christ.

"Let us not be weary in well doing," said these ladies: "We will ask yet more of a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God." They knew that one of their brethren in the church was rendered most wretched in consequence of being "yoked to an unbeliever." His wife was another Zantippe, and openly opposed to everything connected with christianity. Her conduct was so obviously reprehensible, that she was the object of universal censure, and to her own family she was a terror. Nothing but the power of God could subdue a heart like hers, and this was sought most earnestly. Importunate entreaties for her conversion, and the emancipation of her husband from his miserable thralldom, were reiterated—and wrestling prayer prevailed.

There had been surprise meeting for some weeks, and on the morning after this meeting of females, the brother who had so long writhed in anguish from this "thorn in the flesh," and gone in solitude to the place of prayer, was seen walking thither, with his wife leaning on his arm, who seemed benign under the weight of some terrible emotion. During the services, the husband told the audience that he had passed a sleepless anxious night, and his wife one of indescribable agony; that her sin like a mountain was pressing her in the dust; and he besought all to pray for her relief. Ere many days elapsed she was, with the support of a little child, learning in the school of Christ.

Do not these facts afford powerful encouragement to united, ardent, and believing prayer for particular individuals?—*American Messenger.*

CONFIRMATION OF SCRIPTURE.

The following interesting article, from an exchange, shows the bearing of the discoveries at Nineveh on the teaching of the Bible:

The discoveries of Layard at Nineveh, though curious and instructive in all respects, are most important from the light they throw on Scripture. In reading the narrative of the bold explorer, we seem to be transported back to the days of the Hebrew prophet, for substantially the same manners and customs prevail in Mesopotamia now as did three thousand years ago. There are still the lodges in the cucumber gardens which Isaiah describes; the oxen still tread out the corn; and the wild asses of the desert, so potently alluded to in Job, still watch the traveller from a distance, pause for him to draw near, and then gallop away to the shadowy horizon. To realize the Old Testament, Layard should be read. The ancient portion of the Bible ceases to be the dim, far-off record it has heretofore appeared; light gleams all along its pages; its actors live and move before us; we become ourselves sharers in the story; and the past, for the moment, is vivified into the present.

The confirmation of the truth of the Scriptures derived from the sculptures of Nineveh is not less remarkable. The bas-reliefs on the walls of the palaces, now just restored to light, after being entombed for nearly two thousand years, verify perpetually the Hebrew Bible. There is still to be seen the wild bull in the net, mentioned by Isaiah; the Babylonian princes in vermilion, with dyed attire on their heads, described by Ezekiel; and warriors bringing the heads of their enemies in caskets, to cast them down at the palace gates, as was done with the seventy of Ahab. There, too, are painted shields hung on the walls of besieged towns, as we are told by the Jewish prophet he beheld at Tyre. There are the forts built over against the beleaguered city; the king placing his foot on the necks of the captive princes; and the idols of the conquered carried away by the victors, precisely as described by Hosea and other sacred authors. There are also the Assyrian gods, still the same as when their portraits were drawn five

and twenty centuries ago—cut from the trees of the forest, decked with silver and gold, fastened with nails, and clothed with purple and blue. The very star to which Amos alludes, is yet on those palace walls, above the horned cap of the idol, though the worshippers have been dead for thousands of years, and though the wild beasts, as predicted, have long made their lairs there.

Even the enormous circumference which Jonah gives to the walls of Nineveh, is fully corroborated. The three days' journey of the prophet is still required to make the circuit of the great ruins on the East bank of the Tigris, for the people of Mesopotamia build their cities as the Hindus still construct theirs. First one king erected a palace, round which grew up a town; then a new monarch built one, for fresh air, on the verge of the open country, whither soon followed another town; and this process was repeated till seven contiguous cities were decaying and being erected, all passing, however, under the general name, and covering together an extent of ground which would otherwise be incredible. The light thrown on Scripture, the confirmation afforded to the Bible by these recent discoveries at Nineveh, is so remarkable, that it almost seems as if that ancient city, after being buried, had been allowed to be disinterred solely to confound the folly of modern skepticism.

LOSSES BY RELIGION.

The following is a well authenticated fact. An aged couple in the vicinity of London, who in early part of life were poor, but who by the blessing of God upon their industry enjoyed a comfortable independence, in their old age, were called upon by a Christian minister, who solicited their contributions to a charity. The old lady was disposed to make out some excuse and to answer in the negative, both for her husband and herself; and therefore replied, "Why sir, we have lost a deal by religion since we began; my husband knows that very well. Have we not, Thomas?" "Yes, Mary, we have lost a deal by our religion," I have lost a deal by my religion. Before I had got a water pail in which I carried water, and that you know I lost many years ago. And then I had an old slouched hat, a patched old coat, and mended shoes and stockings; but I have lost them all long ago. And Mary, you know that poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk and quarrelling with you; and that you know I have lost. And then I had a burdened conscience and the wicked heart; and then I had ten thousand guilty feelings and fears—but all are lost—completely lost, and like a millstone cast into the deepest sea. And Mary, you have been a loser too, though not so great a loser as myself. Before we got religion, Mary, you had got a washing tray in which you washed for hire—and God Almighty blessed your industry. But since you got religion, you have lost your washing tray—and you had got a gown and bonnet much the worse for wear, though they were all you had to wear—but you have lost them long ago—and you had many an aching heart concerning me, at times, but those you happily have lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost, and even more; for what we lose by our religion, Mary, will be our eternal gain." I need not add that the preacher did not go away without substantial proof that both Thomas and Mary, deemed their losses for religion their most weighty obligations to the goodness of Almighty God.—*Cl. Obs.*

UNIVERSALISTS WITHOUT HOPE.

Mr. W —, the deacon of a Universalist church in the United States, was taken ill—He then sent for a Universalist brother, and begged him to communicate to their church, a request for his name to be immediately erased from the books; and stated, that he found their "system would not do to die upon, that it left him "without hope" on the brink of eternity.

The first lie uttered in this world was that which was spoken by the father of lies, when he said to the first parents of mankind, "Ye shall not surely die." Equally false, and equally adapted to answer Satan's purposes, is the doctrine of universal restoration, or that all the unrighteous as well as the righteous, will be ultimately raised to heaven.

A professor of this doctrine, for many months of lingering illness, had retained his confidence; and he now seemed as if about to expire in full belief of his favorite doctrine. But the near approach of the destroyer revealed to him the unsubstantial character of his foundation, and annihilated his hope. "I find," he observed to an afflicted relative and friend, "that my principles do not support me. The doctrine of universalism answers well enough to live by, but it does not suffice for the dying hour."—Such was the heart-rending confession of one who had been, for a series of years, extremely confident in his belief. He lived to discover and acknowledge his unhappy mistake; but, alas!

"Soon after his decease, another individual of the same creed was laid upon a sick bed; in a few days his case assumed an aspect which greatly alarmed his friends. He was kindly informed of the prospect before him, and gradually relinquished all expectation of recovery; but he betrayed no anxiety, and actually felt none, for the result. His language to his afflicted relatives was, 'Do not mourn over me; I have no fears of death; nor do I wish to live beyond my appointed time. If it is God's will that I depart, I am prepared to go.'

"On one occasion," says the narrator, "we were summoned to his bed-side to see him expire. He thought himself to be dying and still manifested the greatest composure, both in respect to his dissolution and the consequences that were to follow it. We had ceased to reason with him as to the grounds of his confidence; but we persevered in commending his precious soul to the mercy of that God who has promised to hear the prayer of faith. A few hours after this scene, he was suddenly, and in a manner unaccountable to himself, impressed with the reality of a hell, and his fearful exposure to descend into it. His conviction of his sinfulness before God, and his apprehension of immediate destruction, became, in an instant, overwhelming, and indescribably dreadful. With the confession of the returning prodigal, and the trembling anxiety of the afflicted jailor, he cried to heaven for mercy. He became a hopeful penitent; and was, contrary to expectation, rescued from the mouth of the tomb, to afford the most satisfactory proof of his conversion to God. His language now is, that through the divine mercy, and the renovating power of the Holy Spirit, he has escaped eternal damnation."

WALTER SCOTT'S DEATH-BED.

Yonder is a man passing on to his great account Millions in many lands have admired his genius, and offered incense to his name. Whenever he moves, he is followed by applauding crowds; and if ever there was one who might have been satisfied with the homage of his fellow mortals, that was the man. Princes deemed themselves honored by being under his roof. Royalty set him at his right hand. He added field to field. He determined to make for himself a local habitation, as he had already made for himself a name; and his mansion, once modest and humble, grew into a "romance in stone."

But the fashion of this world vanishes away, and that man must die. Before he leaves the scenes which his presence had long invested with smiles, he must read a lesson to man—had man a heart to learn it—more salutary and profound than any he had ever tried to teach. The wind of adversity blew, and shattered his fortunes and his hope together. Death entered his abode, and one who had long been its joy was carried to the tomb. This affliction laid its hand upon himself. The body was palsied, the mind a wreck; and amid all this, the man's spasmodic effort to resume his former self, rank among the most touching incidents in the chequered history of humanity. But we must listen to his own words to learn his tale of woe, and see how broken is every earthly cistern when man seeks joy from it apart from God; how shadowy and dream-like is every earthly thing apart from Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

"When I think," says this idol of millions, on the eve of leaving his home at the bidding of stern necessity and financial pressure: "when I think what this now is, compared with what it has been not long ago, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of all my family, I am an impoverished and embarrassed man."

Farther, he thus touchingly wails: "Death has closed the dark avenue of love and friendship. I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place, filled with monuments of those who once were dear to me, and with no other wish than that it may be open for me at no distant period."

And, as if to show that all his anguish did not come from without, the great universalist says, "Some new object of complaint comes every moment. Sickness comes thicker and thicker; friends come fewer and fewer. The recollections of youth, health, and power of activity neither improved nor enjoyed, is a poor strain of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at length, and close all."

Now, it will be noticed in these extracts that it is the *grave* which closes the vista of the greatly-uttered man; at least he never refers to the bright altar of which the tomb might be the portal. "I have no other wish than that the grated door of a burial place be open to me at no distant period."—It is there that the mind seems to rest. It never rises into the region of immortality. It does not refer to the favor of which life is. As far as these mournful records tell, that soul had nothing to repose on but what was soon to be wrapped in the body—the earth and earthly things. Dazzled even to blindness by the mimic immortality which man bestows on man, the life and immortality of the Gospel were ignored. Steeped in the possessions which only increase the thirst which some suppose they quench, that man discovered and confessed that he was "an impoverished and embarrassed man," when he might have exulted in the unspeakable gift, the unspeakable riches of Christ.

Now, it is thus that men sow the wind and reap the whirlwind, by expecting that joys from things which are seen and temporal, which can be found only in the things which are unseen and eternal; and it is thus that the men who "Hunt their misery with a zeal to die," proclaim to all who have ears to hear, that if we would have joy to the full, and blessings such as can satisfy the soul, they must be sought in Him who is our peace, "of whom and to whom are all things." "Surely he is, or ought to be, a happy man," said a visitor at Sir Walter Scott's abode. "When I think what is now . . . I think my heart will break"—is his own dire like response.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS TURNED OUT OF DOORS FOR PRAYING.

In the year 1830, or 31, there was a young lady from Vermont residing in New York city. She attached herself to the Duane St. Society. From a desire to be a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, she joined herself to the Sabbath school of that society, as a teacher. In examining the little charge committed to her care, she discovered one anxious for the salvation of her soul, although she was but ten years of age. In pointing her to the Saviour, the tear of penitence was seen to flow, which deeply interested the teacher in her behalf.

That teacher found on inquiry, that both the father and mother of the little girl were temperate, and that no assistance in leading the child to Christ, could be expected from them.

The kind Redeemer who suffered little children to come to him, soon became precious to her, and she loved prayer, and began to pray at home. As soon as this was discovered by her parents, they forbade her to pray in the house! Driven from the house, the dear child resorted to a wood pile in a yard, and behind that she lifted her heart to her heavenly Father, pleading that her parents, although unkind to her, might nevertheless experience the blessing of God, and that although they had forbidden her to pray, that they might themselves feel the need of prayer. Her father discovered this retreat, and in much anger forbade her praying there. She continued however, to pray, upon which her parents thrust her out into the streets, and forbade her entering the house! They did this, probably, upon the supposition that, as there was no place to which she could resort, she would give up praying; but this dear lamb of the Saviour's flock could not do this. Banished from home, and turned out upon the wide world by those who should have cherished, protected and encouraged her, what could this little child, of the tender age of ten years, do? To whom could she go?

Under these afflictive and trying circumstances, she resorted to her Sabbath school teacher, and gave her an account of all that had transpired. That night, her teacher and a fellow-teacher, and the little girl joined in prayer and wrestled all night, that God would take the work into his own hand. "It was truly melting," said her teacher, to hear this amiable and lovely child plead for her parents.

The morning the two teachers advised her to go home and see how her parents would receive her. She went, and was much surprised to be kindly received. That evening she invited her father and mother to go to a prayer meeting which she had attended, and to her great surprise and joy, they accepted her invitation. While in meeting that evening, or during the interval which elapsed from her departure from home, the Spirit of God had fastened conviction upon their hearts, and when the invitation was given that evening for all who desired the prayers of God's children to present themselves at the altar, they were the first who presented themselves; and before a week, they both rejoiced with their little daughter, whom they had recently so cruelly persecuted. They sought an interest in Christ, and God for Christ's sake, forgave their sins.

Two years after this event, the teacher, then residing in Vermont, received a letter from the leader of the class to which the parents of this child belonged, stating that they continued to follow on to know the Lord, and were living to his glory.

The above deeply interesting relation was given by the teacher herself at a Sabbath School prayer meeting at Bennett St. Church in this city about a year since, and was listened to with intense interest. Its truth may be relied upon.—*Zion's Herald.*

A FIDDLER'S EXPERIENCE.

"The wicked travail with pain all their days—a dreadful sound is in his ears."

A such is the language of Scripture; yet guilty men tell us that flowers are strewn in their path and that, indeed, it is a path of peace. With many, the ball room is said to be a path of peace. The individual whose experience we have in view, had been a popular fiddler. His wife, for some time, had been a warm friend of the ball-room; but God, by his spirit, arrested her mind; she saw her folly; sought the Saviour, and found pardon. The poor man was now left alone. The fervent prayers of his wife—her exhortations and tears, had pierced his heart. But still he pursued his former course, doing violence to conscience and grieving the spirit. At times, when he would return late in the night, and find his little family resting in peace, he hated his folly; and though weary with fatigue, and the loss of sleep, the horrors of a guilty conscience, forbid him sleep. A little daughter that could but just lip her father's name, entreated him to abandon his business; and would tell him that she and ma should pray for him as soon as he was gone. In the hall room, the vision of that kind wife and little daughter, knelt at the throne of grace, pleading in his behalf, would rush into his mind; and notwithstanding the passing scene, such were the impressions upon his heart, that tears would roll down his cheeks. As soon as he would return the child would embrace him, and entreat him to desist, if he did not he would go to hell. He could not reprove the child, for he felt the truth of her remarks. She would say, "Well, papa, ma and I did pray for you, and when ma prayed she would weep. Now, papa, do stop fiddling, won't you?" With such entreaties, what must have been his feelings? Truly, the wicked travail with pain all their days!

Years passed before he submitted unto the Lord; but when he did, it was heartily. He forsook all for Christ, destroyed his fiddle, and for years has been telling the story of Calvary. Having hope big with immortality, he now looks forward to that rest, where he will with angels around the throne praise God eternally.

"A TIME TO DANCE,"—A TIME TO DIE."

The first victim of the pestilence was H—B— She was the youngest of three daughters in a family, every member of which was impenitent. On Sunday, Feb. 7th, she returned in the stage to her father's, to make preparation for a ball during the week. On Monday she was engaged with her sisters in the usual labors of the family. She seemed the picture of health; was unusually talkative and happy. She remarked to her sisters the independence she meant to assume on the evening of the ball. "You," said she, "are to be dressed in white, but I shall appear in black." On Tuesday, the pestilence seized her—Thursday she died. On the reverse!—On the evening of the ball, the joyous Harriet lay

in her white shroud a corpse; and the weeping sisters kept vigils in black.

The day of her funeral was exceedingly stormy. The wind howled the death dirge. I preached to a solemn audience from the words of Isaiah, "Let me die the death of the righteous." The grief of the family was excessive. On taking the last look of the deceased, the sisters wept aloud. They called on their departed sister in the piteous moanings of despair. It was all in vain, death would not release his prey. We conveyed the body to the grave, there to remain till the trump of God shall wake the sleeping dust.—*Pastor's Journal.*

COMFORT OF RELIGION.

I recollect, when I was but a very small boy, but six years old, my father, who loved true religion, and who used every Sabbath afternoon, from five to eight o'clock, to travel round suburbs of Dublin, and visit the sick and distressed, asked me if I would walk with him to see a very old woman. We went into a very remote part of the city, and followed him into an upper chamber, where I was struck at the sight of an old lady lying on a pallet of straw; there was no bed, no chair, no table in the room! The moment my father entered the room she appeared to receive him with joy.

I said to my father, "This strange, she appears to be quite happy!" I then inquired, "Dear mother you are very old; what makes you so happy? You appear to be very poor, and have no one to attend you. What have you to eat?"

"I have," she said, "this crust, which has been lying by me these two days; and I am happy, for my child, I love Jesus. I have religion; my Jesus is with me here, lonely and forsaken as I appear! He makes my crust pleasant, and my drop of water delightful; and I was that moment drinking of the text, 'I will be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow.' And 'God has sent your father to my relief.'"

Here my heart was touched; I was affected.—Here was the poor woman without an earthly friend, and nought but religion to comfort her; religion the daughter of paradise, that supports suffering humanity in this vale of tears; religion made her rich; it was her friend.

DEATH-BED OF THE FALSE PROFESSOR.

O! of all death-beds, may I be kept from beholding the death-bed of the false professor! I have seen it before now, and I trust I may never see it again. They are not blessed after death. The rotten branches will burn more fiercely in the flames. O think what torment it will be to think that you spent your life in pretending to be a Christian, and lost your opportunity of becoming one indeed! Your hell will be all the deeper, blacker, hotter, that you knew so much of Christ, and were so near him, and found him not. Happy are they who endure to the end, who are not moved away from their hope of the gospel, who, when others go away, say, Lord, to whom can we go? In prosperity, they follow the Lord fully; in adversity, they cleave to him closer still, as trees strike their roots deeper in storm. Is this your case! Endure it to the end. Be not moved away from the hope of the gospel. We are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end. Even in the dark valley you will cling to him still. Come to him as ye came at first—a guilty creature, clinging to the Lord our Righteousness. Thus waste made my sin. This is to die in the Lord, and this is to be blessed.—*Sermon by the late Rev. R. M. McCheyne.*

NEARLY HOME.

"Almost well, and nearly at home," said the dying Baxter, when asked how he was by a friend. A myrrer when approaching the stake, being questioned as to how he felt, answered, "Never better; for now I know I am almost home." Then looking over the meadows between him and the place where he was to be immediately burnt, he said, "Only two more miles to get over, and I am at my Father's house." "By, ing," said the Rev. Medley, "is sweet work; home! home!" Another on his death-bed said, "I am going home as fast as I can, and I bless God that I have got a good home to go to."

Beyond the gathering and the strewing, I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home,
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not but come!" Bonar.

KNOW ONE ANOTHER IN HEAVEN.

And old Welch minister, while one day pursuing his studies, his wife being in the room, was suddenly interrupted by her asking him a question, which has not always been so satisfactorily answered. "John Evans, do you think we shall be known to each other in heaven?"

Without hesitation, he replied, "To be sure we shall; go you think we shall be greater fools than we are here?"

After a momentary pause, he again proceeded. "But, Margaret I may be a thousand years by your side in heaven, without having seen you; for the first thing which will attract my notice when I arrive there, will be my dear Saviour; and I cannot tell at any other object."

John and Margaret are now in heaven and perhaps they have yet had hardly time to look out for one another.

THE BOOK OF JOB.

Biblical critics seem agreed that our own Book of Job was written in the East. I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. A noble book; all men's books! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny, and God's ways with him here on this earth. And all in such free, flowing outlines; grand in its simplicity, in its simplicity, in its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye the mildly understanding heart. So true, every way; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual; the horse, —"last thou clothed his neck with thunder"—he laughs at the shaking of the spear! Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest chorale melody, as of the heart of mankind—so soft and great,—as the summer melody, as the world with its seas and stars!—*Curlye.*