

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

VOL. 7.--NO. 44

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 357

SYRIA.

(From the London Daily News.)

EXECUTION OF AHMED PACHA AND OSMAN BEY.

A terrible retribution is at length overtaking the faithless servants of the Sultan at Damascus and in the Lebanon. A fortnight ago we were informed that 110 Turkish soldiers convicted of taking part in the massacres at Hasheba had been shot in the square of Damascus. Next we heard that fifty-seven of the inhabitants, many of them related as fathers, brothers, or sons, to the victims of the country, had been publicly hanged, and hundreds of others condemned to hard labor for life. It would have been unpardonable if, while the severest justice was meted out to those people, the high officers of the ports who encouraged the murderous fanaticism of the population by their criminal inactivity when the lives of the whole Christian population were in danger and escaped. Their time has come. The work of Faud Pacha is not indeed done, for great offenders yet remain to be brought to trial; but a commencement has been made. The highest rank has not served to protect the guilty. Faud Pacha is just now executing so closely the behests of public opinion in Europe, his blows fall so exactly upon the denunciations of the world that fallen before, that if the evidence of the guilt of the men just executed were not both clear and accessible, we might fear that political exigencies were prevailing over strict justice. But, striking as these executions are in the story, there is no reason to doubt that they follow upon deliberate equity, and fulfill the demands of impartial justice. Our correspondent at Beyrout, writing on the 22nd ultimo of the first series of executions, observes: "All these miserable culprits were only condemned after a long and tedious trial, and have richly deserved their fate." And we remark that the trial of the principal culprit whose death is now reported, has lasted several weeks.

Ahmed Pacha, governor-general at Damascus, during the late massacres, and who was executed on the 28th ult., held the rank of Mushir, or field-marshal, in the Sultan's army, and was engaged in the Crimea in a high command. On him falls the chief responsibility of the massacres, not only at Damascus, but also at Hasheba and Hasheba. Invested with the chief military authority over the army of Arabia, and uniting with it the highest civil authority, he was repeatedly entreated by our Consul, Mr. Brant, to send out an expedition to fetch the people of Hasheba and Hasheba, and he promised to do so. He never did, however. He waited until the catastrophe was consummated, and then satisfied himself with the reflection that it was too late. When Osman Pacha returned from Lebanon by betraying the Christians of Hasheba helplessly into the hands of their enemies, Ahmed Pacha received him as a conqueror. Although warned by these earlier massacres, and solemnly assured by the Consuls of the Christian powers to do his duty, when the Christian quarter of Damascus was burnt and plundered, he showed himself waiting in every quality of a governor. No attempt was made under his orders to arrest the conflagration, and the houses of the Christians, who dared not move, were burning for a week. He was asked to set a guard at the gates, to prevent the influx of the murderous rabble from the villages of the plain, but he did nothing. A third part of the male Christian population was massacred, yet the Pacha was never seen without the walls of his palace. Detachments of troops were occasionally sent out, but no officer of rank ever headed them. Cannon were sent to the Christian quarter to clear it of plunderers, but they were never used; and during the whole course of the massacre the troops fired but for show, and with no effect. The greater part of the force in Damascus was kept at the palace to defend this faint general and governor. In the opinion of competent judges, responsible eye-witnesses of the horrors at Damascus, a hundred soldiers, properly handled, at the beginning of the disorders could have mastered the outbreak, and prevented the dire calamities which ensued. Why were they not employed? "I know," said Consul Brant—a name which in the course of these sad transactions has been covered with honor—"I know in what direction to look for the explanation of these facts, when the time for inquiry shall come; but the inquiry must be armed with power, and be able to protect those who will give evidence." Such an inquiry Faud Pacha has proved himself; and Ahmed Pacha, having by his shameful cowardice, surrendered the Christian population to fire and sword, permitted the Muslims to involve themselves in guilt and ruin, and will-nigh caused the downfall of his master's throne, suffers at length the reward of his deeds.

The next officer in rank though probably the first in crime, among those just executed is Osman Bey. This man's villainy has never been surpassed. He was the commander of the troops at Hasheba, when it was surrounded by the Druses on the 30th of last June. The Christians having applied to him in vain for protection against their enemies, were attacked and overpowered. In this strait they fled to the palace which he occupied with his troops. The day after he prevailed on them to surrender their arms to him, giving them a written guarantee pledging the faith of the government for their personal safety. Those arms were given to the Druses. For a week the Christians remained in the palace straitened. At the end of that time Osman Bey had a conference with some Druse sheiks, and immediately afterwards his soldiers surrounded the palace to prevent the escape of the Christians and drive in the Druses, while the Druses, to whom the gates had been opened, marched upon them with their arms, fired one volley, and drawing their swords began to slay them to the last victim. So perished eight hundred by the treachery of this base man. His fate is richly deserved.

We can but hope that the trials and executions at Damascus may prove the commencement of a more judicious treatment of justice to the Ottoman empire, which, by its even constancy, may yet be unnecessary violent demonstrations of rigor; but for a long time to come the wild tribes which form the population of Syria will need a strong, as well as a just hand.

RULES FOR USING THE TONGUE.

The tongue is called in the Bible "an unclean member." Our own experience accords perfectly with the statement, and observations on the tongues of others have satisfied us of the fact. We think the following rules, if carefully followed, will be found of great use in taming that which has not yet been perfectly tamed.

1. Never use your tongue in speaking any thing but truth. The God of Truth, who made the

tongue, did not intend it for any other use. It will not work well in falsehood. It will run into such inconsistencies as to detect itself. To use the organ for publishing falsehood, is as congruous as the use of the eye for hearing, or the ear for smelling.

2. Do not use your tongue too much. It is a kind of waste-gate to let off the thoughts as they collect and expand the mind; but if the waste-gate is always open, the water will soon run whither it will, and let streams of thought flow in till the mind is full, and then you may get off with some effect.

3. Never let the stream of passion move the tongue. Some people, when they are about to put this member in motion, heat the wrong gate—they get out passion instead of reason. The tongue then makes a great noise—disturbs the quiet of the neighbors, exhausts the person's strength, but does no good. The whirlwind has ceased, but what is the benefit?

4. Look into the pond and see if there is water. Move the wheel to any purpose before you open the gate; or, plainly, think before you speak.

5. Never put the tongue in motion while your respondent has his in motion. The two streams will meet, and the reaction will be so great the words of neither will reach the other, but come back in a blinding sprinkle upon himself.

6. See that your tongue is hung true before using it. Some tongues we have observed are so hung that they sometimes equivocate considerably. Let the owners of such turn the screw of conscience until the tongue moves true.

7. Expect that others will use their tongues for what you do yours. Some claim the privilege of reporting all the news, and charge others not to do so. Your neighbor will not allow you to monopolize the business. If you have any thing to be kept secret, keep it yourself.

PRAYING WITH HANDS OF WAX.

A lady went into a church, the other day, in a city in Spain, in order to relieve the sacrament. She knelt down by the side of another lady who was apparently absorbed in devotion. Presently the second corner fancied she felt a hand at her pocket, and suddenly looked round at her companion; but as the latter had her arms folded on her breast in seemingly earnest prayer, she reproached herself for the suspicion, and proceeded with her religious duties. On leaving, however, the thought of her purse induced her to put her hand in her pocket, and lo! it was gone, with its contents of 25 sterling. She immediately mentioned the case to a policeman, who took the stolen money into custody, and found the stolen money in her possession. This ingenious and pious thief had a pair of beautiful arms made of wax crossed on her breast for praying purposes, while her fish-and-bread arms were engaged in something less honorable than prayer. Now, excellent reader, will either the arms of flesh and blood, or the arms of wax, be able to do the clever pickpocket, or mow over the daring thief, or the creature who is guilty in robbing a fellow creature while she pretends to be worshipping God, according as the matter strikes you at the moment. We do not pretend to dictate the view you should take of this Spanish devotee, but leave it entirely to yourself to form your own opinion. It is too common to see the arms of wax in the hands of the ignorant, though we never know of such a case before, the idea of our wax-arm piety, of artificial devotion, is not altogether new. If we are not mistaken, we have met with it before frequently. The lady in Madrid only embodied in a tangible form a thing by far too common among us. The waxen arms formed the seeming in her piety; they made the spectator think that she was praying; the arms of flesh and blood busy with the stranger's pocket declared the real character of the person—worship on her lips, covetousness in her heart, adoration in her posture, the world in her soul. She was the type of many, the representative of a large class.

"The lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
When not the heart is found."

They go into the sanctuary, perhaps lift their voices in their songs, are still during the prayers of the pastor, and listen with respectful attention to his exposition of divine truth; but all the while, thinking of the boxes of yesterday or tomorrow, and what is all this but arms of wax? There is no spiritual life in their devotion, no holy soul in their worship. The thing is altogether artificial—a mere matter of lifeless wax. And they are a very odd set, too, for we find them existing so far back as the times of Isaiah and Ezekiel. The first says of them, "This people draw near me with their mouths, and honor me with their lips; but their hearts are far from me, and their heart toward me is taught by the precept of man." And the last describes them thus: "They come unto thee as the people come, and they stand before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them; for with their mouth they show much love, but their heart goes after their covetousness." They are, as we have said, therefore, quite an ancient set. The famous Pharisee, who happened to be in the temple at the same time as the heart broken publican, was one of them. How he lifted up those eyes and hands of his toward heaven! but after all it was only a case of wax—nothing more, nothing better! He took nothing by his journey to the temple that day, for he came too full of himself, as Mary says in her celebrated song—"God my Saviour hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away." This is still his way of dealing with those who visit his house; for this is the law as laid down by himself: "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" and "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." But wax figures—why, they are clearly out of place in the temple—Christian World.

THE DYING FORMALIST.

While many perish without even the form of godliness, others perish by resting satisfied with its form, though strangers to its power. A Christian writer furnishes the following narrative: "I was, sometime ago, called to visit a poor man on his death-bed, who had long been in the habit of attending the house of God with regularity, and apparently with great attention. I found him very near his end. Disease had reduced his strength, and emaciated his once-athletic frame. Entered without delay on the great subject of his sick."

"How long, my friend, have you been in the habit of attending the worship of God? Thirty years, Sir."

"And have you ever felt the reality and importance of religion, on the services of which you have attended? With a look which seemed to indicate the feelings of despair, he answered in a tone of the utmost earnestness, 'No!'"

"What, can it indeed be possible, that you have been favored with the devotional services, and the holy instructions of God's house for thirty years, and never have felt that religion was to you necessary?"

"Ah! Sir, mine has been a sad life, and one of my greatest sins has been my neglect of the service of God. I will give you my history:—"

"My father and mother were free from the grosser vices of the world, and regularly attended their church; when I was apprenticed far from home, they charged me never to neglect a place of worship, and I have kept the promise I made them, that I never would; but I now find that all my hard attendance on the public duties of religion has done me no good."

"How?"

"Oh! Sir, I supposed that I had nothing more to do than to present myself before God and appear in the act of worship. I never felt that I was a sinner, and that the curse of God rested upon me; that therefore I ought to humble myself before him, and seek for his mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ; but now I feel I am going to die, and I am sure that such a religion as I cannot take me to heaven. My conscience does not reproach me with neglecting my duties to my fellow creatures; but, Oh! I have sinned against God! I forgot, what I now feel, that He looks at the state of the heart, and that we cannot worship Him if that is not engaged. I have no hope! I have no hope!"

"But there is hope in Jesus," said I, "for the very vessel of sinners."

"But, Sir, I have insulted God by solemn mockery. I have professed to hear his word but I know nothing of it: I professed to pray, but never did so in reality. My neighbors, I dare say, took me for a Christian, but the great Searcher of hearts knows I have been a hypocrite. Sir, I have had some moments of happiness after death!"

"Truly the case was an awful one, but I felt my duty to be to direct the sufferer at once to His grace, who has promised to cast out none who come to him; his reply was indeed emphatic: 'Sir, I have despised his counsel, and would none of his reproaches. I must be lost!'"

"Yet still believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "I have heard that passage of Scripture," said he, "repeated scores of times, but it does not now belong to me: God will not always be tied with me: I have abused every opportunity of obtaining salvation for thirty years, and now He has left me to take the consequences of my sins." "Reader, how is it with you, in reference to your attendance on the ordinances of God's house? and the improvement you derive from them? It is too common to see the arms of wax in the hands of the ignorant, though we never know of such a case before, the idea of our wax-arm piety, of artificial devotion, is not altogether new. If we are not mistaken, we have met with it before frequently. The lady in Madrid only embodied in a tangible form a thing by far too common among us. The waxen arms formed the seeming in her piety; they made the spectator think that she was praying; the arms of flesh and blood busy with the stranger's pocket declared the real character of the person—worship on her lips, covetousness in her heart, adoration in her posture, the world in her soul. She was the type of many, the representative of a large class."

SUFFICIENCY OF THE ATONEMENT AND THE GOSPEL OFFER.

It is common to infer the sufficiency of the atonement as a consequence, the offer of the gospel to all men, from the dignity of Christ, the atoning sacrifice, rather than from his character as a representative. "Now the nature of Adam's sin was the same, whether twenty or twenty thousand generations were represented by him; so the nature of Christ's atonement is the same, whether He represents one soul or the whole world; for it is simply a meeting of the claims of the broken covenant, which are the same to one as to all; namely, complete obedience on the one hand, and complete suffering on the other." Our representative in the legislature may represent a million, if so stipulated, as well as a thousand. The efficacy in all such cases depends upon the specific number represented, while the sufficiency might be inexhaustible, or to an unlimited number. The heathen serpent might have answered for any number, as well as for one or all that did look.

Now, the gospel offer is not to lost angels, not because the atonement is not sufficient, but it is not intended for them—they are not represented.

"What is the gospel offer? The commission is 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;' not every creature, being or thing, but every human being. Thus the world is the field, and we are to preach, yet it is our duty, as far as able, to preach it to one and all. But what is the gospel? It is 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.' Not that we can go to this one and every one, and tell him or her personally that Christ died for her individuality and specially. But our gospel is, 'He that believeth, &c. If all looked to the brazen serpent, or to the Lamb of God, all should be saved; if but one, one would be saved; all that looked not, or believed not, should be lost."

Our business is not whether the declaration of the gospel will be heard to this one or that one; whether this seed or that seed, here or there shall prosper. Duty is ours. Preach the gospel, and urge men to embrace it. Christ could say, He prayed not for the world, but our general command is to pray 'for all men.' He knows all things, but we do not. As to where, when, and how men will be saved, we know not now; but this we know—namely, that believeth is the gospel not only sufficient, but made efficient as the power of God to salvation. J. B. S.

LIFE AND DEATH—A SKETCH.

BY THE LATE MISS H. C. ALLEN.

"I am content to die, but oh! not now!"

Eva was young, beautiful, and beloved. Her happy heart vibrated with affection and hope. She had never as yet tasted the bitter portion of mortal suffering. No cloud had ever cast a shadow on her sunny path. No word of unkindness had ever chilled the full stream of her ardent feelings. She was a being that seemed scarcely of the earth, earthly. Her intelligent eye was lighted with a beam more bright than nature is wont to

shed—and oh, how lovely was its brightness when bedewed and softened by the tear awakened, when a tale of sorrow reached her ear!

Eva was the first born of her dotting parents, and an only daughter. But never did she exercise the prerogatives, that their fondness vouchsafed her, with aught but gentleness towards her young brothers, whose highest pleasure was to gather for their sweet sister the flowers of their own little gardens, to deck her hair, and to pour their simple troubles into her sympathizing bosom.

How proudly did her fond father look on his beautiful and gentle girl, when returning from his avocations abroad, to his quiet threshold, the first smile and accents that welcomed him were those of his Eva.

It was a starlit evening, and the air of spring, scented with the fragrance of young flowers, played lightly with the flowing ringlets of the laughing girl who was carolling a pleasant lay, in the buoyancy of her innocent spirit.

Suddenly a gentle but persistent thought, (for all her thoughts were gentle,) came over her spirit. It was a thought of death. Strange that in a scene so lovely, and in a breast so little used to sadness, the unbidden reflection should find room. But it came like a shadow from the darkness of the future.

"To die!" she murmured, "to pass to be laid in a clay cold tomb, and familiar things, to kind words will be heard no more, and my little brother's merry shout shall never come, and my father's kiss shall never be impressed on my cheek, while calling me his dear, dear Eva! How delicious is this moonlight view—how pure and fresh this blessed air—how freely does my heart expand—how blissfully does life run in my veins! O! I trust it may not be my lot to die, while yet it is so sweet to live!"

The maiden heaved a light sigh, she knew not wherefore. It was an unfamiliar effusion of her young breast. A wild vine had by her own hand been trained around her chamber window, and she rested her wet cheek, (for she had wept in the fullness of her emotion,) on the leafy pillow, that the fresh intruding tendrils had luxuriously spread.

The balmy stillness of the evening hushed her heart. How long she slept she knew not, but when she awoke she felt her blood chilled, and a morbid sensation ran through her slight frame. The morning found her feverish and ill, and a lingering though not violent sickness ensued. Weeks passed languidly away, and Eva was changed. Not changed in sweetness and tenderness, but in her countenance. Her beauty was not new found at the summer's end, but it had just learned to swell the shout of the elder boys, when launching their fairy boat in the sparkling stream. Her tame deer frolicked now with the bounding nymph, on the green lawn, under her mother's parlor door. Her guitar lay unheeded with its loosened cords, just where her hand resigned it, on that evening—the last which ever heard the sweet voices tuned to melody.

Months passed on. The winter came with its clouds and blackness. The parterre fire burned cheerfully as ever, but the boys played sofly, and prattled even in whispers, lest their once welcome gleam might pain the sick girl's feeble nerves.

Spring came again in its loveliness, but it brought no roses to Eva's lighted cheek. The calm resignation sat on her pale brow—brought sometimes would the memory of the past come with its sunshine and its summer beauty, and she would sigh in her soft sweet way, "Mother, think you not that I could lean on father's arm, and walk quite freely to the fountain's side once more, where the jessamine used to bloom so freshly? Surely I am better, mother—do I not look better?"

Her parents turned away to hide their tears, for the dim eye and colorless lip, betokened life's swift "passing away."

Eva's summer's health had changed to those of autumn, the fear and dread trial came, that was to bring the faint's dearest, and best affection, and crush one of the dearest and fairest flowers that ever bloomed on earth's unequalled soil. "Mother, I think that I am dying," the pale girl said. "Father, I must leave you, but you will come to me, though I shall never, never return to you. Once did I weep and pray an content to die, for Heaven's sake, a blessed place and the love of earth the heart I shall be there. Farewell, my kind brothers, you have long watched my dying pillow, with tenderest love. Where we shall meet again, there shall be no more death."

And she sank to sleep, the sleep of the grave, as sweet as infant's to its light slumber on its mother's bosom. We shall paint the scenes of the sad home she left behind.

[From the N. Y. Evangelist.]

THE LAST VISIT TO THE VILLAGE GROCERY.

If you have ever visited the village of B., in the western part of the state of New York, you may have noticed a few fields of cultivated ground, upon the very summit of the hill which rises to the north west of the place.

What spot commands a more delightful prospect. The village lies at your feet, with its houses embosomed in shrubbery, its rivers, its canal, its bridge, and its many spires. The banks of the river are fringed with trees, and the pure waters reflect the fair green fields, and the pure white clouds of the sky. The faithful mirror every object above them. As you stand and look down upon the valley below, you seem almost to hear the hum of the busy population and clearly and sweetly will fall upon your ear, the sound of the "church going bells."

But the view from this spot is not confined to the village. You may look east and for many miles trace the valley of the Chenango, with its cultivated farms, and comfortable dwellings, interspersed with patches of verdant woodland, or you may glance to the south, and watch the junction of the two rivers and trace the windings of the rapid Sagoyewah, until, in the far distance, you catch the glimpse of another spire, and perchance in favorable weather, the notes of its bell.

The autumn scenery, the banks of these rivers, the mingling of the dark green of the pine, and the rich crimson of the maple, with the variegated foliage of the mountain shrubbery, is surpassingly beautiful; and he who stands upon this spot and contemplates the beautiful scene spread out before him, has renewed evidence of the benevolence of that Being who thus so beautifully decks a world which has been prepared for the habitation of the imperfect, unholy and rebellious race of man.

Late in the evening of one of the most bitter days of the winter of 183—, a light might still exercise the prerogatives, that their fondness vouchsafed her, with aught but gentleness towards her young brothers, whose highest pleasure was to gather for their sweet sister the flowers of their own little gardens, to deck her hair, and to pour their simple troubles into her sympathizing bosom.

She could see the lights of the village, and she watched until they all gradually disappeared—until the last star which twinkled from the windows of the farm house beneath her, had been extinguished, and all darkness settled upon every object, and she could no longer catch the gleaming light of a distant window. She must have then felt more sad and lonely; but still she heaped her fire, and the pine-tree shed its bright and warm light around her room. To-morrow would be the Sabbath; and how many wives and mothers around and below her, had sunk into peaceful slumber, and would awake to all the sad enjoyment of its holy hours;—and as such thoughts passed through her breast, she turned to the bed of her little ones, and then hasted and watched—yet still dreaded the return of the husband and father.

That husband was a drunkard, and the wife knew that, she staggered home his mouth would be filled with imprecations, and, unlike the patriarch of old, who returned to bless his dwelling, as he entered his home, and his revellings would be poured upon his family.

It was not unusual for him to be absent late at night, or through the night; yet still she was required to watch his hearth, and trim his fire, while he was engaged in drunken revelling, and angry brawls. Once or twice she thought she heard him, and her head sunk and her breath came thick in dread of his abuse; yet when he did not appear, and she remembered his probable exposure to the piercing cold—of the danger of his losing life or limb, as he wandered like a maniac over that bleak hill, she forgot all his brutality; she thought of him only as the husband of her youth, the father of her children; and felt impelled to venture forth to try to seek and save him. Fear and prudence still withheld her, and morning at length dawned upon the sleepless and anxious wife.

With the light of the morning the children rose and as the eldest boy left the house to fodder the few sheep, his eyes fell upon the prostrate body of his father! The man had perished in sight of his own dwelling—in sight of the fire which his eyes fixed upon that illuminated casement. There he lay, with the ground beneath him, and his feet around him; his hands clenched, and filled with snow, as if he had perished like a storm in agony—his limbs frozen, his face purple, his eyes glazed and open.

His tale was soon told. When the last village grocery was closed, he started for his distant and solitary home. He was traced by his own path, until he passed the last habitation on his way, and some benevolent individuals who heard him, fearing that he might lose himself and perish that bitter night, rose from their beds and watched his steps until he was within a short distance from his own home. He probably became direct, and his countenance more sane, they then returned to their homes. He probably became delirious and chilled, and exhausted some domestic and died, as he had lived—a drunkard; and adding one more to the long list of those who perish on their return from their last visit to the village grocery.

M. E. D.

ADVICE TO PREACHERS.

The Rev. Dr. Morrison in his discourse before the Alumni of the Cambridge Divinity School, argued that the minister who studies merely with direct reference to his sermons from Sunday to Sunday, takes the most effectual method of bringing on "premature senility and decay." This idea he thus illustrated:

"This living from hand to mouth will stir the dormant faculties of the mind. We must adopt a more generous culture. We must sow beside all waters. We must enter on large and liberal views which promise no immediate return for the uses which may be made of them. The minister who preaches Sunday by Sunday, and who preaches only for the week, will never fall off from the dreams of our youth."

If I were to express in one sentence the vital power which is to sustain and keep us hopeful and cheerful through every thing, it would be this: The life of God flowing in our hearts is the one renewing source of perpetual hope and perpetual youth—the life of God flowing into our lives—quickening them with its own vitality—whether it come through the outward universe with its visible forms, through the thoughts of poets and sages, or in its fullness through the life and spirit of our Lord. If we live and believe in him, we shall never die.

FEMALE PIETY.

In all the relations of sister, wife, and mother, woman has a momentous influence on the welfare of the race. Woman's sphere where most of all she creates and blesses the influences of the place is home. No place merits the appellation so sacred as the mother's, or wife, or sister be not there. That the mother should be without piety were a child's undoing; for, who is to shed over the child's unfolding heart, those teachings of Divine love which shall effectually bring it up in the godly nurture of Christianity? We once heard an excellent man say, "Mothers should always be persons of piety and prayer; should very early teach the child the simplest truths of religion, and pray with them daily." This is a true and timely; and that is to sow the seeds of truth be tender mind into sin.

As a humble Christian, how often has it been the case that the believing wife has been the acknowledged means of saving the unbelieving husband?

band? We have known several such instances, and have read of others. Dr. Tyng has given such a case in a late *Independent*, substantially this: The sick husband had suffered much acute pain for weeks, and could not bear any light in his room, where she at once watched by him the long dark hours. One day he said dear wife, can you not say something that will guide and comfort me? "Immediately she repeated to him slowly and minutely the Saviour's blessed parable of the prodigal son. It all appeared to him in a light perfectly new, and seemed new to him in every word, a history of his own life: he seemed that wretched wanderer in sin, and burst into a flood of tears. From that hour he earnestly sought Christ and a preparation for heaven. Dr. T. visited him several times in his continued illness, and found him trusting in God and he has now quitted life in the precious hope of immortality. Saved by the conversation of his wife, through the simple Bible truth of the parable of the prodigal son. Thus does God magnify his word and his grace."

Piety in the wife, sister and mother has each a thousand times its reward in the conversion to Christ of those most immediately under its influence. Hence it is that we are greatly rejoiced when we see young ladies consecrating themselves to God, and uniting with the church. The ratio in which the sexes are members of the Christian church is very nearly that of two females to one male. And though all souls are alike precious in respect to personal relation, yet in regard to influence, it is unquestionably better as it is, than if the ratio were reversed. Not only for home and family influences, but for church-building and church-sustaining; the wife, mothers, daughters have been found really as efficient as the husbands, fathers, sons.

Woman, it may be, is naturally more disposed to piety than man; as more trusting, more refined, less worldly. Certainly woman is earlier and better a teacher of childhood. With all the advantages the church has for young men to enter as laborers into Christ's vineyard, there are as many and urgent calls for earnest, efficient female piety. However many may enter the church, religion will suffer sadly unless the female influences are consecrated to Christ.

WORKING, AND BELIEVING.

In the Epistle of Paul to the Romans we are fully instructed in reference to salvation by faith. In chapter iv, v, we have his clear statement, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." The working and believing plan are both illustrated by the following story:

"I am so wretched, so very wretched," said a poor woman, "I kneel down on my bare knees and pray, but I get no better."

"But why do you go on your bare knees," asked the Christian lady to whom these words had been addressed.

"Oh, ma'am, because I am so wicked," said poor Peggy with great simplicity; "and so I kneel down and pray till I can scarcely feel for cold and cry to God to have mercy on me a wicked sinner." But Peggy found no answer, and thus she was made very unhappy. The lady then simply explained to her the way of salvation, and she saw her again, all tears were gone, and a peaceful smile had displaced the gloom of her countenance. She said: "I am happy now. A year ago, after prayer, the words, 'You brought sweet comfort to my soul, no more sin and iniquities will I remember no more, if God speak then to my heart, I approach God now without fear, through the blood of Jesus his son, who is at his right hand; and my desire is to live for his glory.'"

WHERE HE FOUND HIS SERMON.

"Dominie," said a plain spoken elder to his pastor, "where did you get that good sermon last Sabbath morning? We have not had one with more juice in it for many a day."

"Well," replied the Dominie, "that sermon came from the same quarter that I got the good tidings of my last donation visit. Part of it came from your house, and part of it from neighbor Van Buren's, and part of it from widow R.'s; and one of the best parts in it came from your smart boy Frank. I picked up that sermon in one day of pastoral visiting."

He was a pastor. He had not a very large library, and his family increased faster than his books. But the book of human nature is never exhausted, and so he set out often and went to every house studying his people; and by the firesides of his flock he gathered up the suggestive materials for his richest practical discourses. If he was preparing a sermon on "Trusting God in times of trial," he recalled all cases of trouble and affliction that had come to his knowledge during the last day of pastoral visitation. People love to tell their troubles to their minister, and always will do so if he be a cordial appreciable man as every pastor should be. So, in reviewing the various trials in the lives of his flock he drew his illustrations from the many tales of trial that had reached his ear and touched his heart, at the hearth-stones of his parishioners. Elder A. had told him of his religious griefs and despondency. Neighbor Van B. had spoken of his anxiety about a wayward son; and the good widow R. had had her usual dolorous lament over her late evenement, and what hard work it was to make both ends meet since her husband died of the rheumatism. Miss M. had told him all her difficulties in finding her way to Christ.

For each one of the troubled souls the good pastor had a chery word of consolation. With each of them he prayed. And then he went back to his study, and wrote all these individual cases (without making his allusions so personal as to be recognizable) into his next Sabbath's sermon.

This is the secret of a long and lasting ministry. The pastor who studies his Bible and human nature never wears out, for his materials are inexhaustible. His books may be few, but every day's life of one of his people adds a new page; that endless volume—the book of human experience.

How shall a minister of Christ understand that pregnant volume without studying it? And where can he study it so well as by the firesides of the sick-beds of his flock? What day over the tombs of the dead is as profitable as a day of visitation among the homes of the living? If our people need such preaching to help them to live, we are certainly need their lives to help us to preach.