

The Religious Intelligencer

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FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

That God in all things may be

glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

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WHOLE NO 318

Revival Truth.

We are living in the most important era of our world's history! How melancholy the condition, and how ominous of evil the attitude of earth's nations! The human sea is heaving restlessly! The people are infected with a strange unrest! How earnest, persevering, and successful in man's carrying forward his gigantic schemes and favourite movements! Strange is it also that an all but universal cry for political reform should be made simultaneously with a cry for the Holy Ghost to achieve for us nationally a spiritual reformation.

We cannot help being stimulated in our exertions for the cause of Christ, by contiguity to unceasing activity manifested on every side; but were this our only incentive to action, our zeal would be spurious; for all effort and activity in promoting the Gospel, which are the offspring of mere imitation, and originate only in proximity to the activity displayed by the world, instead of being based on personal faith in Christ and living communion with God, form nothing higher or better than "a fair show in the flesh."

But we have reason to believe that a mighty breath of the Divine Spirit is now passing over the earth. The Church of the living God, in its various denominations, has been feeling its influence; and the result of His gracious presence and quickening power is appearing in greatly increased religious activity. This is matter of thankfulness. We need to have a renewal of our youth that we may be healthy, fresh, and vigorous to engage energetically in the great work that is to be done for God in these eventful days that are now passing over us. And let us bear in mind that the errand prerequisite to thorough usefulness is, that we ourselves should be "strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith; that being rooted and grounded in love, we may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fullness of God." If we would be filled with the grace of God, and refreshed in soul, it is essential, at such a time as the present, that we should constantly recall, and deeply ponder the great foundation-truths on which we rested at the time of our conversion. "Looking unto Jesus" is the most refreshing exercise in which we can engage; and the shortest road to revival is by the cross of Calvary.

The great thing needed at present is not so much revival sermons or revival prayer-meetings as revival truth; and as the very essence of that truth is the Gospel, or, in other words, the testimony of the Holy Ghost, (externally, in the preaching of the Word, and internally, in its application to the soul,) to the all-sufficiency and infallible efficacy of "the precious blood of Christ," that which is pre-eminently required to order to the general revival of religion, is a full, clear, intelligent, and earnest utterance of the grand leading doctrines of the Gospel of the grace of God. True revival is not obtainable by preaching about revival, but by a statement of that all-important truth, by which it is produced—"that Christ once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." He will prove the most effective revival preacher, who gives the greatest prominence to these three great facts—"that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and that he was buried, and that he rose again, the third day, according to the Scriptures." And I am convinced that the reason why so many ministers exhaust nearly all their converting power during the first few years of their ministry, while some continue to possess it, is greatly owing to the former leaving the simplicity that is in Christ, and betaking themselves to secondary matters, while the latter make Christ crucified their "Alpha and Omega." Oh, that all the ministers of Jesus Christ would return, for a few months at least, to all the common texts from which they preached discourses which seemed to be so blessed in the early days of their ministry! Were they to take a series of such texts as Matt. xi. 28; John iii. 16; Rom. i. 16; 1 Cor. ii. 2; 1 Tim. i. 12-17; 1 John i. 7; and after resting them, and bringing all the light of their reading and experience to bear upon their exposition and enforcement, to preach from them with the Holy Ghost, and with a lively faith, that, by the grace of the Holy Spirit accompanying their preaching, the unconverted among their people would be immediately converted, I believe there would be a great and general awakening, and tens of thousands would be added to the Lord.

When we get into a state of spiritual decay; when our "soul is full of troubles and our life draweth nigh the grave," when "our spirit within us is overwhelmed and our heart within us is desolate,"—there is nothing so reviving and invigorating as a realising grasp, by the power of the Holy Ghost, of the "faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." This is at once the all-sufficient means of reviving the spirit of the Christian, and of giving life to the self-despairing sinner; for the Gospel of Christ is "the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth."

Brethren, let us settle in our minds that if we are to have a larger harvest of genuine revival experience, we must have a larger sowing of pure revival truth.—*British Messenger.*

ARE YOU BORN AGAIN?

Oh that all who read this paper had correct views of the total corruption of fallen humanity! Unless we know the deep-seated plague of our own hearts, we will never truly know either the necessity of God's regenerating grace, nor the offensiveness of our character in His sight. The whitened sepulchre is inwardly "full of rottenness." Were we rightly impressed with a thorough conviction of our total depravity, it would be easy to show us, that regeneration must be of God, and is pre-eminently necessary.

Let us never forget that regeneration is as necessary to salvation as to be born to live. And let us remember that it is as necessary to spiritual life to have the Spirit of God as it is to our natural life to have the air we breathe. What our souls are to our body, that must God the Holy Ghost be to our soul, if we are to live spiritually. He is our life.

Morality, apart from regeneration, is of no account with God. There can be no works which God can call good, prior to a regenerated state of heart. We will find it impossible to please God in our unregenerate condition. When conscience alarms, men may betake themselves to outward reformation, in order to render themselves acceptable to God; but it is vain, for He says "Ye must be born again."

The true design of the Gospel is to make us spiritual. It is quite true that every converted man will be infallibly a moral man, but not in order to be spiritual, but because he is so. Men have carnality, and intellectuality by nature, but no spirituality. It is this which is ministered to us by the Gospel.

There may be many degrees in sin and holiness among men, but there are no degrees in regeneration. It is an instantaneous change. "There is no point in its history at which it can be said of any soul, that it is neither converted or unconverted. Conversion admits of no degrees. There is no man in God's sight there are only two kinds of people—the one regenerate, the other unregenerate—and to one or the other class we belong. We are either saved or lost—converted or unconverted—in the spirit, or in the flesh—fitting for heaven or hardening for hell.

Regeneration is undoubtedly mysterious in its production, but it is obvious in its results. The wind is not seen; yet we see, hear, and feel its effects. And it is not of so much importance to know how the Spirit works in changing a man's heart, as to have the proof given in his eternal life that he has a new heart.

There must be a new heart and direct from God, for we cannot have it by hereditary descent. We get only a bad spiritual nature, even when descended from pious parents. Holiness does not run in the blood, but it comes in another way altogether. It is by faith and a vital connection with Christ, that we get our holiness; for of Him it is written, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of man, but of God." Nicodemus, with all his advantages of birth and privileges of position, needed to be born again. Training may do much good, but it cannot reach the heart.

But since the word of God is the great means of regeneration, we should endeavour to understand the testimony of the Gospel concerning Jesus Christ, if we would enjoy the experience of the new birth. It comes in when we look out of ourselves to "Jesus only." Our eye on the cross brings us the new heart. Reader, are you born again? or are you still dead in trespasses and sins?

From the N. Y. Observer.

FULTON STREET PRAYER MEETING.

AN IMPROPER MOTION ASKING FOR THE CONVERSION OF HER SON.

A strange lady and a female companion were observed seated in the meeting, evidently in a restless state of mind.

Said the missionary to her, it being some time before the opening of the meeting, "Do you often come here?"

"I have never been here before," she answered.

"Are you a Christian?"

"No I am not."

"Then why do you come?"

"Oh I have good cause to come. Some of my children have been here. And some time ago I sent a request here; and it was for my son. That son was becoming a drunkard. And one day, when he was actually in a state of intoxication, I sent a request for prayer for a son, who was fast becoming a drunkard, and signed it—a distressed mother. I did not know what else to do but to ask you to pray. We watched him closely as he came out of that state of intoxication to see what he would do. And what do you think he did?" said the lady.

"Well, I did not know," the missionary answered.

"Well, I will tell you. The first thing he did after he rose up from the bed in his own room, where he had been lying, was to fall on his knees—and this was his prayer—'Oh God, save me.' I looked in and saw him, and I heard him utter that prayer again and again—'Oh God save me.' The poor mother seemed overcome with emotion, and was silent.

"Well! What followed?" said the missionary.

"Why, he has not touched a drop of liquor since, and he has become a Christian. And here is his unconverted mother. Oh! will this meeting pray for me, a poor, impenitent sinner?"

"Then you were surprised at your son's conversion?"

"Certainly I was surprised. I never dreamed of it. I was in a state of almost hopeless despair about him. And as a last hope I asked for prayer for him. And then she relapsed into expressions of concern for herself.

The missionary spoke a few words of encouragement, urging her to go to Christ, and call on God to save her for Jesus' sake; and he would save her. She might feel assured of it. The room soon filled. The exercises began. What this prayer was to that heart-stricken soul remains to be told.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

A young man arose and stated that he was from New Jersey, and that some four weeks ago he was in this meeting and asked for prayer for a young man that he might be converted. Now he was here this morning to say that he was knowing all the facts about that young man, and he was happy to say that the prayers which had been offered here had been answered. That young man is now converted, and is leading a life of zealous devotion to his heavenly Master's service.

Then another gentleman arose and said that some weeks ago he asked prayer for a young lady, who was then very sick and was in a state of impenitence. That young lady is now rapidly recovering, as he believed, in answer to prayer offered here. He thought and felt at the time that those prayers must be answered. And they have been. And what is better than all else is, that she has been converted. She gives most satisfactory evidence that she is born of the Holy Spirit. She is now nearly well; and her whole soul goes out after God. He said he hoped that we would never limit the mercy of God.

Many believe there is little confidence to be placed in sick-bed conversions. He believed that no sinner should put off religion to a sick bed and a dying hour. But God could save a sinner nigh unto death and whose every step take hold on hell. We must not limit God in his grace. He is a Sovereign, and has mercy on whom he will have mercy, on whom he will be hardeneth.

THE PRAYER MEETING IN THE STORM.

One of the most blessed prayer meetings, said a gentleman, was when there was prevailing a most tremendous storm, so that there were only seven persons present, when ordinarily there were present several hundred. One of the seven was a woman, who had been converted the night before, and who came to tell her joy. She was almost blown away in coming. But as she was to sail for Charleston, S. C., the next day, she feared she never should have an opportunity, unless she came now, to tell what the Lord had done for her. Two of the seven were impenitent men, and they were converted before leaving the place of prayer, and both of them led in prayer before the conclusion of the meeting.

THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL.

Three hundred years ago, Bishop Latimer, being chained to the stake at which he was to suffer a cruel death, addressed to his fellow-martyr a prophetic exhortation, which will be held in remembrance so long as England and her language shall endure. "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley," he said, "and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle in England as I trust, by God's grace, shall never be put out."

The trust was well-founded. By "God's grace" the candle that day lighted continues to burn; nor did there need "a starry-pointing pyramid" to keep fresh in the national recollection the memory of that martyrdom, or to mark the scene of it. It has, however, been most justly deemed fit that a monument should be erected near the spot where the above memorable words were uttered, and where Ridley, Latimer, and Crammer were added to the noble army of martyrs; and amid the many splendid buildings which adorn the university of Oxford—the place whence arose, some years ago, those mists of error which have threatened to obscure, if they could not extinguish, in this land the light of Protestant truth—there stands THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL.

On the accession of Queen Mary, the fate of the infant Reformation must have seemed to be sealed. To all appearance, the decease of Edward VI. had been its death-blow; for no sooner was his successor firmly seated upon her throne, than the imprisonment of the most distinguished among the reformers gave indication of her determination to suppress with a strong hand the faith which they had defended. The laws against heretics, which laws under young Edward had been repealed, were speedily revived; and with the commencement of the year 1555, the work of persecution was begun with appalling severity. The fires of Smithfield were lighted on the 4th of February in that year, on which day John Rogers, a prebendary of St. Paul's, received the martyr's crown. Five days later, Bishop Hooper was burned at Gloucester; and, soon afterwards, throughout the length and breadth of the land, the flames of persecution ascended toward heaven.

The most important victims, however, of this popish persecution were not among the first who suffered. With respect to Ridley, Latimer, and Crammer, hopes would seem to have been entertained that they might be induced to recant, and thus, doubtless, to lose much of the respect of their adherents. During the month of March, 1555, they were removed from the Tower, and sent to a prison in Oxford; whence on the 14th of April in the same year, they were each brought to St. Mary's church, there to debate publicly on certain popish doctrines, with the promise of acquittal and freedom in case they succeeded in convincing and silencing their opponents.

No mutual consultation, no time for preparation was allowed them. On the 16th of April, Crammer commenced the discussion, supporting his views with much ability, and with more boldness than had been anticipated by those who were acquainted with the yielding character of his mind, and with his constitutional lack of firmness. He was overpowered, however, by the hissing and hooting with which his scriptural tenets were received by the Oxford scholars.

On the following day, Ridley was produced upon the stage, and met with no better treatment; but his general ability, his argumentative powers, his strength of nerve, and his great theological knowledge, caused themselves to be felt by his adversaries, who were constrained to acknowledge the subtlety of his understanding and his extensive reading. He stood, however, but as one against a host, and a host determined against truth and evidence. When argument failed them, his opponents had recourse to vociferation, and all set upon him at once.

"I have but one tongue," cried Ridley, "and cannot at one time answer you all; but by this arduous contest he did good service to the Protestant cause.

On the third day of this, so-called, discussion, Bishop Latimer was brought forth to take his part in the proceedings. He was at this time fully eighty years old, and was so weak that he could scarcely stand. "Ah, good masters!" he said to his judges, "I pray you be kind to an old man. Ye may come to this age, and to this state of weakness."

As Latimer addressed his audience in English, he was probably better understood than Crammer or Ridley had been, they having spoken in Latin. However that might be, the reception which he met with was yet more coarse and insulting than that which had fallen to their lot, and drew forth from the venerable bishop a touching reproach.

"In my days," he said, "I have spoken before kings; and that more than once, and by the hour together. But now, methinks—if by your leave I may speak the truth—I cannot be suffered to declare my mind before you, not by the space of a quarter of an hour, without snatches, revilings, checks, rebukes, and taunts, such as I have not known the like of in such an audience all my life long."

On the 28th of the month, the three prisoners were once more brought up to St. Mary's church, and were asked whether they would now recant or not.

"Read on," said they, "in the name of God, for we are not so minded."

They were then condemned to death; but nearly eighteen months elapsed before the sentence was carried into execution.

At length, however, the appointed time arrived, and Ridley and Latimer were first brought to the stake. The place of martyrdom was at some distance from the prison; but Ridley soon reached it. Latimer, by reason of his great age, walked slowly; observing which, his fellow-sufferer went back to meet him, and kissing him on the cheek, said, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flames, or he will strengthen us to bear them."

The customary sermon was preached on this occasion by Dr. Smith, who, having renounced popery in king Edward's time, was now, under Queen Mary, its zealous defender. His text was singularly chosen. It was, "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." The discourse being ended, Ridley divested himself of his upper garments, giving away among the bystanders—some of whom truly valued the gifts—different portions of his apparel; also a new groat, some nutmegs, and some morsels of ginger, with other trifles which he had about him. Latimer, from age and helplessness, submitted himself to the gaoler to be prepared for the stake; but when he stood up in his linen shroud, erect and bold, by the side of the faggots, he seemed no longer a feeble and decrepit old man, but, on the contrary, "as comely a father as one might behold." Then they chained him to the stake; and it was while this was doing, that he uttered, for the encouragement of his brother martyr, the glorious and ever-memorable words already quoted.

Gunpowder was now placed near the person of each martyr. That which was near Latimer soon exploded, and his death was consequently instant. The sufferings of Ridley were much more protracted. He stood long in the flames, and

"... from that kindling hath foretold
A torch of unextinguishable light."

After the burning of these brave martyrs, Crammer was suffered to linger yet five months longer in prison; the queen, as some have thought, supposing that, being deprived of the support and sympathy of his friends, he might, perhaps, be induced to abjure his "heresy." As he was an archbishop, it was necessary to submit his case to the pope, by whom, according to due order, he was cited to appear at Rome. This piece of mockery being duly performed (for, being closely imprisoned at Oxford, his appearance at Rome was an impossibility) he was declared guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced upon him.

The malice of Crammer's enemies was now to receive its temporary gratification. He was constitutionally weak of nerve, and he quailed at the thought of a cruel death. He implored mercy; entered upon theological discussions; represented himself as still open to conviction; nay, even, it is to be feared, gave ear but too willingly to the subtle suggestions of those who spoke of safety through recantation. With a refinement of cruelty, those who had the charge of him endeavored to stimulate within him into fresh activity the natural love of life. They removed him from his dreary prison to the pleasant house and gardens of the dean of Christchurch; they supplied his table delicately; provided for him variety of recreation, and flattered him by assertions of the queen's attachment to him, and of her consequent earnest desire that he should give in his adhesion to the Romish faith.

The downward path which the victim had unhappily begun to tread was but too successfully smooth. His tempters triumphed. The dread of a horrible death, working upon constitutional weakness, prevailed over the poor archbishop. He resolved to live, and he signed a recantation.

The result was such as he might have anticipated had he known the real mind of the queen respecting him, and the tempers of the men with whom he had to deal. Amid the triumphant exultation of the doctors and monks of Oxford on occasion of the humiliation and degradation in the eyes of all men of one of the main pillars of the Reformation, orders were issued for Cran-

mer's immediate execution; and on the evening of the 20th of March, 1556, the eve of his martyrdom, he was directed to transcribe a recantation, to be delivered by himself at the stake on the following day.

The eventful morning dawned, and the hour of execution arrived. Dr. Cole preached the usual sermon. Crammer stood forth to read, as it was supposed, his recantation. To the astonishment, however, of the assembled multitude, the repentant prelate burst forth into an explicit and emphatic declaration of his faith in the principles of the reformed religion; having done which, he added the following words:—"I come now to the great thing which troubles my conscience more than any other thing I ever said or did in the whole of my life; I mean, the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and writ for fear of death, and to save my life, if so it might be. In all such papers as I have written or signed with mine own hand, with my degradation, I have written many things untrue; and forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall be first punished; for if I may come to the fire, it shall be first burned. As for the pope, I refuse him, as Christ's enemy and antichrist, with all his doctrines."

At this point of his discourse the martyr was hastily dragged away, and so prevented from further speaking. He was taken to the city ditch, to the same spot on which Ridley and Latimer had suffered, and there disrobed and fastened to the stake. The moment of nature's weakness had passed away forever. Crammer preferred no request for mercy, uttered no moan. As soon as the flames began to rise around him, he thrust forward his right hand, "that unworthy hand" with which he had signed his recantation, and held it steadfastly in the fire so long as life remained. The flames raged fiercely, but he continued as immovable as the stake to which he was chained, his eyes constantly directed towards heaven, and his lips sometimes moving as if in prayer. His last audible words were, "Lord, receive my spirit."

The Martyrs' Memorial stands at the northern entrance to the city of Oxford, close to the church of St. Mary Magdalene. The precise spot where the stakes were fixed, and where Ridley, Latimer and Crammer respectively met their doom is not certainly ascertained. It is recorded to have been in the portion of the city ditch opposite to Balliol College, a piece of ground which is now covered with a row of houses forming part of Broad-street. The prison in which these martyrs were confined was a gatehouse which stood in Cornmarket-street, near St. Michael's church. This prison, from the top of which Crammer is said to have witnessed the death of his two friends was removed in 1778.

It was originally intended that the Memorial should be a church; but for various reasons that design was abandoned, and the present beautiful monument was erected, the surplus money being devoted to the enlargement of the church near which it stands. The first stone of the Memorial was laid on the 19th of May, 1841, just three centuries after the time when Crammer's English Bible was completed and authorized by royal authority to be read in the churches of the land. It is a highly-decorated hexagonal structure of three stories, raised upon a pedestal of steps, and surmounted by a cross—its total height being seventy-three feet. The lower story bears the following inscription:

TO THE GLORY OF GOD,
AND IN GRATEFUL COMMEMORATION OF HIS
SERVANTS;
THOMAS CRAMMER,
NICHOLAS RIDLEY,
HUGH LATIMER,
PRELATES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,
WHO, NEAR THIS SPOT,
YIELDED THEIR BODIES TO BE BURNED;
BEARING WITNESS
TO THE SACRED TRUTHS
WHICH THEY HAD AFFIRMED AND MAINTAINED
AGAINST THE ERRORS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME;
AND REJOICING
THAT TO THEM IT WAS GIVEN
NOT ONLY TO BELIEVE IN CHRIST,
BUT ALSO TO SUFFER FOR HIS SAKE.
THIS MONUMENT
WAS ERECTED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION,
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD GOD
MDCCCLXI.

In the second story, under canopies elaborately carved, are statues of the three martyrs, that of Crammer facing St. Giles's church; that of Latimer, the corn-market; that of Ridley, Balliol College.

May England continue to hold fast, as her most precious treasure, the faith for which they died.—*Sunday at Home.*

A BEACON AND A MODEL.

THE BEACON.

Samuel Nugent Leigh was the eldest son of the Reverend Leigh Richmond, and it was the earnest wish of his father's heart that he should be trained for the Christian ministry. The early stages of his education pointed in that direction. The father kept him much under his own eye, and guarded him with scrupulous care from all that was likely to contaminate. But when removed at length from that guardianship, young Richmond formed a friendship which ended in his moral ruin, and it soon became necessary to remove the deluded youth from his father's home, where his example was likely to spread a moral vessel. He was placed on board a merchant vessel, and, as a wanderer in the wide world, he had to make his own way amid the buffetings of life.

Now, few cases of leaving home ever were attended with deeper grief than this. Disappoint-

ed hopes on the part of the father, and wounded hearts alike to father and mother, ensued. The wages of sin fell to the lot of more than the transgressor; all who were linked to him by love shared in the woe—and the case is another illustration of the truth, that a single sinner destroys much good. With a Bible, and the counsels of an affectionate and weeping father, that youth left a happy home for ever. Its lessons he had been tempted to trample on; its prayers were unheeded by him; its affection had no controlling or curbing power on the heart which sin had fascinated or enslaved; and, as the leper was separated from the society of men, so this misguided youth was separated from his father's house, because of the moral taint which his presence was producing there.

Yet he did not forget that home. Nay, he came to himself at last, and wrote confessing at once his sin and his folly. Tossing to and fro upon the deep—shipwrecked again and again—in danger from pirates—assailed more than once, and on the eve of being murdered—sick, lonely, conscience-stricken, and forlorn—that wanderer roamed from land to land, from year to year, and, as often as he wrote to his parents, he had to confess and deplore his sins. "I often reflect on my past conduct," he said, "and bitterly bewail my folly. If I had not done what I ought not to have done, I might now be resting comfortably under your roof, instead of having to bear very great hardships by night and by day; but I will not complain of my circumstances; I have indeed far greater comforts than I deserve. . . . Oh, how I look back on the hopes and fears, the alarms and anxieties of my dear parents! If God permits me ever to see them again, I hope it will be under different circumstances and feelings."—It was thus that wanderer wrote in letter after letter. His bitter regrets and the discomforts of his new position were alike apparent—the wages of sin had been won, and they were paid.

Though young Richmond's waywardness was not speedily subdued, it soon became manifest that the truth had some power over the wanderer's mind. Amid his tossings to and fro, he did all the good he could in preventing evil and promoting what is right. He carried Bibles and tracts from harbour to harbour, and spread them wherever he found opportunity. He wrote to Britain for missionaries and thought by his exhortations abroad he was cast upon the world at the age of 17, without means of livelihood, without friends or even an acquaintance. God saw him while yet a great way off; he was "lone, wandering, but not lost," even amid the tempests which he had to brave; and there is ample reason for believing that the lessons which his mother taught, or the prayers which his father offered on his behalf, were not unnoticed by the Stay of the destitute. After several years of wandering, the youth was returning to his home; but he died at sea, worn down by toil and disease, and his body found a resting-place—if that be not a misnomer—in the depths of the ocean. Too late at least for his earthly happiness, he had become, "true to the kindred points of home and heaven." And is not this case another beacon? While it may encourage parents to pray and not faint, it may warn the young that there is nothing before them but sorrow, when God's truth and home affections are outraged.

THE MODEL.

Again: on a cold and wintry day in the year 1803, a youth left his native town of Kelso to find his way to the great metropolis of Britain and the world. It was with a heavy heart that he set from home, and on one of the bridges which connect Scotland with England, he stood, and wept till the tear had nearly frozen on his cheek. On his eighteenth birthday he found himself in London, and scarcely had he reached it when a companion attempted to lead him into the paths of the destroyer. But with the firmness of true principle, he repelled the temptation, and left the youth, whom he had known a short time before in his native place, walking as the virtuous do, to hurry along the road which leads to death. That misguided one would not be warned by his friend, and the dupe of his own heart must reap as he chose to sow.

The young friend whom he had thus tried to entice into the cockatrice's den—James Nisbet, afterwards the well-known publisher—hurried away from that dark scene, and the remembrance of that night helped, as an anchor, to keep him immovable through life. While dissipation led to the early death of the one, his example was like a beacon above a rock to the other. It stimulated him to decision. That fostered and fortified his early piety; and sad as had been his setting out from home, or painful his adventure with his dissolute friend, young Nisbet soon became marked for consistency and force of principle. "He loved the habitation of God's house," and the blessings which he experienced there led him in future years, when principle was crowned with the blessing of God, to expend large sums of money in building churches both in Scotland and in England. In truth, the lad who had wept such bitter tears when leaving the home of his childhood, lived to wield an extensive influence for good, in this and many other lands. Missionaries from every shore found an asylum or a welcome in his hospitable abode. His systematic order, his zeal, his activity, his ardour, his large liberality, his devotedness, his hearty, joyous nature, placed him in the front ranks of the Christian men of business, the real philanthropists, who at once adorn and bless the metropolis. And he died as he had lived, in the act of labouring to do good; he went down to the grave honoured by all good men, and wept by not a few with very genuine tears. "His early outset and his long career" in godliness blessed both himself and hundreds besides.

Now, if young Richmond was a beacon, here is a model. The example of James Nisbet is one which might encourage all who are not already blinded by sin, or so far its dupe as to expect happiness for the soul in what entailed misery and a curse at once upon a globe and a race.

We might add many examples to the same effect. Among the Mohammedans at Tangiers, a missionary once found a dying lad, the son of godly Scottish parents, who had left his home sighing, as he confessed, all that they had done to guide him to the Saviour. But after a career of folly and of trial, when death and his sins found him out together, he felt the full misery of having fled from a holy home. He supposed that mercy there could be none for one so reckless. His sins, his companions, his pleasures were all unavailing now; and if he was saved during his last breaths, when he cried vehemently for mercy, it was "so as by fire." He is another beacon, even though he be a brand plucked from the burning.