

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

VOL. 7.—NO. 49

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1860.

WHOLE NO. 362

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,
An Evangelical Family Newspaper,
FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.
Rev. E. McLEOD, Editor & Proprietor.
Published every Friday Morning.

At their office, No. 21 Germain Street, up stairs, St. John, N. B.

TERMS.
Single Copies as usual. £ 7 6
TO CLUBS.
5 Copies one office, 1 5 0
10 do do, 2 5 0
15 do do, 3 5 0
20 do do, 4 5 0
25 do do, 5 5 0

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Are you Insured?

The fire-bells were sounding an alarm. It was nearly midnight. Looking out of my window, I observed that the sky was brightly illuminated and judged there must be an extensive conflagration not far off. Soon the ever alert firemen were out with their machines, and the streets were alive with men and boys hastening in the direction of the fire.

While hastily dressing myself for the purpose of going out, I heard a violent knocking on the door of my next neighbor, Mr. J., and a voice exclaiming, "Mr. J., your store is all on fire!" I put my head out of the window to make an inquiry, but Mr. J., having heard the alarm, had raised his window, and, apparently in great excitement, was inquiring of the messenger if he was sure that it was his store that was on fire? "Yes," replied the messenger, "I am sure! I know your store; it's the second one in the block, and it's all in a blaze now, and nothing can be saved! Insured, ain't you Mr. J.?"

Mr. J. was too much confused, for a moment, to answer the interrogatory, and I was about to repeat the question myself, being anxious to know the fact; although I supposed, of course that so careful and prudent a man as Mr. J. had been reputed to be, would not fail to keep his property fully insured. At length he exclaimed in a despairing tone, "I'm a ruined man! Oh, what a fool! I neglected to get insured, thinking every day that I would do it to-morrow, and now I have lost all! Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do! What will become of my poor family!" and he sank back from the window the picture of despair.

Most deeply did I sympathize with my neighbor in his distress, and began to consider how I might help him. I abandoned the idea of going into the street and was soon lost in deep meditation. And thus I thought:—
"Well, poor J., his property is gone! Why did he not get insured? It is really a hard case, I have seen a card hanging up in some workshops and counting rooms, on which was printed, in large letters, 'ARE YOU INSURED?' It's a good thing to remind folks who forget. I wonder why J. didn't have one of these cards hung up in his counting-room! I should think he would be almost tempted to hang one round his neck after this. No insurance, and all his property in that building!—it was downright, inexcusable neglect."

Dear reader, the incident we have narrated relates to the loss of property; and although you blame Mr. J., as I did, for his negligence in a matter so important, you can not help feeling sympathy, as a man, for his misfortune. But, my friend, how is it with yourself? You have an interest at stake, of infinitely greater moment.—What have you done about it? Is your immortal soul insured? It is of more value than all the property of the world. It has a wealth of affections of capacities, of powers richer than all the gold and jewels of the mine. It will exist when the earth itself shall have passed away.—What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? What shall it profit him to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? That's it, my friend, your own soul is in more danger, and needs more to be insured than your property, and I ask you, in sincere friendship, have you attended to it?

You are, as a sinner, in danger of everlasting fire! Such is the declaration of God himself. "He shall say unto them on the left hand, Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." (Matt. 25: 41.) If you say this only means a guilty conscience, or some temporary punishment, I reply, you don't know that. God says it shall be fire; and if he says that, he means something more fearful than you have ever conceived of. It is a fire that will burn upon the soul; not seizing the poor frail body alone, but insinuating itself into the keener sensibilities of the spirit. It will burn forever, because the material that feeds it is immortal. "The worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

This fire will come upon the sinner suddenly. Like my poor neighbor, he may have promised himself that he would attend to the subject soon, but alas! he has put it off from day to day, till in a moment the flames break forth, and it is too late. Multitudes of persons have lost their all by such delay, and vastly greater multitudes

have lost their souls in the same way. "When they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape."

There is but one possible way of deliverance from this danger. It is by applying to the Lord Jesus Christ. His blood alone can extinguish the fire that threatens the wicked. His promise of pardon is the only reliable assurance against it. That word was never broken, never falsified. It has saved millions, even at the last moment, and it is able to save to the uttermost. But application must be made to him for it. It availed my friend J. nothing that the insurance companies were sound—their vaults full of gold; the fatal mistake was, that he had taken out no policy. So the blood of Jesus will not save the sinner unless he applies to him. Otherwise there remaineth only "a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries."

Such, my friend, are the plain facts of every sinner's case. I ask you then, again, Are you insured? Have you any guaranty against that most fearful of all losses, the loss of the soul? Have you been to Christ with it, with true penitence for sin, and a solemn consecration to his service? Can it be that you are neglecting this matter, while interests so momentous are depending upon it?

WILL YOU GET INSURED? Perhaps you have been guilty of delay up to the present moment. If so, do not continue it longer. Possibly it may not be too late to attend to it now. Hasten, hasten at once. Flee to Jesus. Lay hold on the hope set before you. Confess to him your sins. Cast yourself on his promised mercy, and beseech him to save you. You may do this now; to-morrow, one hour hence, and it may be for ever too late.—*Am. Tract.*

ARE YOU AN HONEST MAN?

You would consider yourself insulted if any man should say you were not honest; but what answer does the clear voice of conscience give to this question when asked in the stillness of your secret hours? You hope you are a Christian; if you are, you are certainly an honest man for Christ requires the most spotless integrity of his disciples, who are to be "the light of the world,"—"a city set upon a hill,"—"the salt of the earth," and against no class of men does he utter such fearful denunciations as on those who cloak dishonesty under a garb of outward sanctity.

Are you, then, an honest man? You are not, if you are living beyond your means, borrowing money wherever you can, with good prospect of repaying it; in other words preparing for an assignment, by which you will pay ten, twenty, or fifty cents on a dollar to your creditors.

You are not, if you have placed your property out of your hands to avoid paying your debts, and are living in luxury while many a poor man and woman, whom you owe, are toiling hard to procure the bare necessities of life.

You are not, if you are habitually practicing frauds in your daily business, either by asking exorbitant prices, by giving a poorer article than you have contracted for, or representing it to be, or by any low, mean arts deceiving those with whom you deal.

You are not, if you can not fearlessly look every man in the face and say, "I am not wronging you by word or deed; I am in no way taking advantage of your weakness, or ignorance, or necessities; I use no unfair concealments, make no untrue statements, and in no wise do you, in my business transactions, as I would not be done by." Applying this test, are there not many in the Church of Christ who can not be considered honest men? Is not the charge so often brought against professors of religion, of being no more upright in their business relations than other corrupt men? Are you, reader, one of those whose inconsistencies give rise to such painful allegations? If so, suffer a word of advice from one who would fain see the church of Christ fair and spotless, as his bride should be.

Let me entreat you to refrain, while thus living in sin, from loud professions, from exhortations to the impenitent, from public prayer. Never think that professions of piety, or fervor in devotion, or fine-sounding talk about faith and love, can make the place of honest dealing with your neighbor; rest assured that no attempt to convert souls will be of any avail so long as it can be truly said, as alas! it so often is said, "That man cheated me last time I traded with him; don't want to hear him pray, or talk about religion; I don't want any such religion as his; it doesn't make a man any better, and what is it good for?"

Think you God is mocked? Think you the cries and tears of those you have defrauded, have not risen up into the ear of the God of Sabaoth, or that he will listen to your prayers while your hands are yet black with dishonest gain? Think you every one who hears you is not forced to mourn, if he is a Christian, and tempted to decide if he is impenitent? "A converted tree can not bring forth good fruit," and "by your fruits," not your words, "ye are known."

No longer, dishonest professor of religion, would the blessed Saviour in the house of his friends, but hasten to repent, and to do works meet for repentance, that peradventure God may be gracious unto you, and grant forgiveness and salvation. Let no dream of having been once converted delude you into false hopes.—"He that loveth me keepeth my commandments," saith the Saviour; "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven; Depart from me, ye that work iniquity; behold, I never knew you." Be no longer a stumbling-block in the way of others, or those who shut up the kingdom of heaven against you, neither going in themselves, nor suffering them that are entering to go in. A wail, indeed, will be the doom of him who has devoured widow's houses, and for a pretence made long prayers; will might the gentle Saviour denounce such as hypocrites, and say to them: "Therefore ye shall receive the greater condemnation."

Resolve from this hour forward to be an

honest man. Remember that God's eyes are upon you in the shop, the counting-room, the crowded street, and that he holds you accountable for every deed done in those places of business, "whether it be good or whether it be evil."

Remember that not only have you your own soul to save, but, if you are a member of Christ's visible church, you are also in some measure responsible for souls around you. If, because you speak in the name of Christ and then go forth to overreach, and defraud, and oppress, they are prevented from giving a candid hearing to the claims of the gospel, shall not their blood be found in your skirts?

Examine yourself therefore, as in the sight of God, and, if found guilty, "Repent, and turn yourself from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin."—[Tract Journal.]

WHY A MAN OUGHT TO BE HUMBLE.

The best reason in the world is, because he has been so proud of it. If he had any just reason for self-exaltation, God would not forbid it. But the unfitness of such a feeling to his condition and character renders pride as pitiful as it is wicked. Let a man ask himself candidly, What ought I to think of myself? And he must conclude thus: "I am but one man among eight hundred millions. The world has been little affected by my coming into it, and it will be little affected by my going out of it. If I were to die to-morrow, it would be but one grain of sand taken from the limitless sea-shore. Then what am I in the universe in which the globe itself is but a grain of sand?"

Or if he turns to those attributes, or adjuncts, in which his poor mortality is dressed, how little there is to give countenance to pride! Perhaps he is proud of his beauty, of his graceful figure, or of his strength and courage. But manly beauty is but the hectic flush—the cheek of consumption, or the mellow tint of the autumn leaves when they are hastening to decay. A man's courage is often a brute insensibility to danger, or a foolhardy recklessness. And his boasted strength melts at the first touch of disease.

Men are proud of their position in society, and think that the accident of birth really places them in the rank of superior beings. But it would be well for them to consider what degree of merit in them their elevation implies, and by what tenure they hold it. We have seen the first throne of Europe a plaything in the street—the Royal Palace ravaged by a mob, while the monarch fled.

"This is the moral of all human tales"—the grandeur of yesterday furnishing a mournful contrast with the humiliation of to-day. So the contrast with the humiliation of to-day, of those who are proud of their wealth—their gay equipage as they roll along the streets—would do well to think how easily God can bring them down into the dust.

Nor have we any reason to boast of our intellectual capacities or attainments. Whatever they may be compared with others, they are slender indeed compared with the ocean of Truth to be explored. "That which I know," said La Place, "is finite, but that which I do not know is infinite." Small indeed is the knowledge of man. In the great universe it extends over but the minutest speck. The more he extends his researches, the more he feels that he is shut in by a boundless unknown.

This meekly impression of our insignificance is increased by thinking of our frailty. While the world on which we live has kept its orbit for thousands of years, mankind have been passing over it like shadows over the sun-dial. Generation has followed generation, each busy with its own concerns, and with scarce a thought of its predecessors. The memorials which past ages have left us that they have been, remind us at the same time that they are gone, and that we must follow them. We belong to a race that is always dying. We go to the grave and our works follow us. Every monument of wealth and power which we build instantly begins to crumble and turn into dust; whatever elevation we reach, the grave quickly closes over it. The earth rests on the gay equipage and the princely dwelling; on stars and coronets and the pomp and the pampered flesh and the proud heart. "We dwell in houses of clay; our foundation is in the dust; we are crushed before the meth."

But if we are so little in ourselves, and because we are mouldering into dust, we shrink into nothing when compared with God to produce humility in a mind disposed to think justly nothing is needed but a knowledge of itself and the Maker. To contemplate that Being elevates the human mind with impressions of infinite Power, and Wisdom, and Goodness. But it humbles it also. What are we to be proud before the Creator, the Sun in whose beams we float like insects?

Even if there were anything belonging to us, which was matter of just pride, it would be enough to check our exultation to reflect that this wealth, these talents, these virtues, this boasted of, are not of our acquiring. What ever they are, God has given them to us, and they only confer additional responsibility.—"What maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if it had not been received?"

Even our characters are not purely our own. It is owing greatly to circumstances that we are good rather than bad if they are so. What right have we to censure our fellow-men severely, and to reflect with secret complacency on our own unsustained reputations? The difference may not be owing to any superior natural goodness on our part. "By the grace of God we are that we are," and though we may be grateful, let us not be proud.

Besides, in the best characters there is still a mixture of evil. No man can reflect honestly on all the errors and follies of his life without humiliation. He may have much to be thankful for. But he finds much too for which to implore forgiveness.

So sensible are good men of this, that eminent Christians are uniformly humble. The effort to become perfect produces a high spiritual taste like that of an artist in painting—a standard of character above that of common men, and with that a painful consciousness of defect. "Not as though I had already attained"—this is the language of a truly religious man aiming at perfection—"either were already perfect; but I follow after; forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark." Humility is a virtue peculiarly pleasing to

God. "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price." In God's realm this is the order of promotion: "Before honour is humility." "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO SPEND YOUR WINTER EVENINGS?

Winter in Canada is emphatically the season of merry-making. Foreigners are always at a loss to understand how we can survive the long Winters, when the earth is so deeply covered with snow, and the thermometer stands below zero. But they forget that if cold, the air is clear, bracing, and invigorating, and that various amusements and festivities serve to render the season, not simply bare, but one of the most joyous of the year. While these amusements are harmless, and not carried to excess, they are to be commended rather than censured, particularly those which serve to develop and strengthen the physical system. But they take up but a small portion of time, and very frequently the greater proportion of the winter evenings is spent in idleness and folly. Sad indeed, is it, that golden hours should thus be wasted! What advantages, what delights are often thus trampled upon! To spend the precious hours in this manner is not only foolish and wicked, but it is spurning away the best opportunities for attaining that knowledge, without which no person can be powerful of mind, and far different from the stand to the Temple of Learning, but its gates stand open, and all are invited to enter and drink of the fountain of Wisdom. To spend the winter evenings in a manner so as to enrich and store the mind with precious freight, is not only the most profitable, but affords the most lasting and enduring pleasure. It is a pleasure which can be re-enjoyed whenever Memory is called upon to yield up her stores, and far different from that evanescent enjoyment so beautifully and truthfully described by the poet:—

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower; its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow fall in the river,
One moment white, then gone forever.
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

Neither of these propositions can be truthfully denied. Without information, obtained by careful study and extensive reading, what is our race better than the lower animals? Knowledge is that which either sinks or raises us in the scale of being. If, then, the young would seek to emulate the Divines, the Statesmen, or the Professors, men who have indelibly stamped their names on the World's history, they must improve every passing hour. But while knowledge gives power, it also confers the most exquisite pleasure. What could be more delightful, on a winter's evening, when seated by a fire which bids defiance to the stormy blast, than to read of those Scientific wonders which surround us on every hand. Through the labors of the Geologist, who has dug deep into the bowels of the earth, we can read the wondrous story of its formation, and scarcely less remarkable history. The Microscope informs us of the most startling facts, reveals the secrets of animals of all shapes, colors and organizations, entirely invisible to the naked eye. The Chemist tells us of the structure of the earth—the air we breathe—the water we drink—and gives us facts clustering upon facts, of the most interesting character. Historians recount over again the World's chequered and eventful history; the Anatomist makes us acquainted with the wondrous structure of our bodies; Travellers lay before us a picture of the most distant lands. And by the aid of the telescope, the mind can soar far beyond the din and conflict of human passions, to Heaven's resplendent dome, and there behold millions of worlds whirling with unerring regularity in the boundless realms of space:—

DEAD, YET LIVING.

The cedar is the most useful when dead. It is the most productive when its place knows it no more. There is no timber like it. Firm in grain, and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of no insect can touch it, and time itself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers, which it fills, the worm will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards—all but immortal life, it transmits its aramantine qualities to the object around it.

Every Christian is useful in his life, but the goodly cedars are the most useful afterwards, when he is dead, but his veneration of God's free and sovereign grace will never die. Knox, Melville, and Henderson are dead, but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and a Christian peasantry, a Bible in every house, and school in every parish.

Bunyan is dead, but his bright spirit still walks the earth in his Pilgrim's Progress. Baxter is dead, but his soul goes still and led by the Saints Rest. Cowper is dead, but the "golden age" are still as fresh as when newly gathered in the "silver basket" of the Olney Hymns.

Elliot is dead, but the missionary enterprise is young. Henry Martyn is dead, but can count the apostolic spirits who, phoenixlike, have started from his funeral pile?

Howard is dead, but modern philanthropy is only commencing its career. Ransome is dead, but the Sabbath schools go on. Wilberforce is dead, but the negro will find for ages a protector in his memory.—[Rev. J. Hamilton.]

THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM UP STAIRS.—A young man who was thinking of studying law said to Daniel Webster, "Mr. Webster, I understand the profession of law is quite full, and that there are more lawyers than are needed; do you think there is a chance for me?" "There is always room up stairs" was the reply—and as true as it was ingenious. Only a few persons reach the high places, and these are always in great demand.—"There is room enough up stairs." First class farmers and mechanics, as well as physicians, lawyers, &c., always find plenty of room, plenty of work, and good pay. Whatever calling you choose, and it matters little if it be an honest one, resolve to go into an upper story, but don't try to jump there by a single leap, or you may fall disabled. Rather begin at the bottom of the ladder, and patiently step up each round.

THE PHYSICIAN AND THE PASTOR.

There are two classes of men to whom the world presents itself in an aspect which is hid from the mass of mankind. The physician and the pastor look on men from a prospect-ground peculiarly their own. They see man, not in the might of his mind, or in the vigor of his frame, when he comes out in the morning, the fair handwork of heaven, and conscious sovereign of all under God. They look on him in his prostration and misery; visit him when under the depression of grief, and in the impatience and feverishness of pain; they hear all his repinings, see all his weakness and tears, and know better than others how poor and humble a thing he comes to be before he dies. They see him, not in the touching grace and attitude of the sublime Apollo, but in the recumbent and distorted posture of the suffering Laocoon. Others walk on the surface of society—they penetrate to the core. And it is like being conversant with different worlds. With-out and in the street all is hilarity and joy of heart, and the gay spirit of life predominates. But

thus ends our chat about Winter evenings.—We have but very cursorily glanced at the subject, but we trust we have advanced some reasons why, and some modes by which these important hours may be rendered highly profitable and agreeable. We hope the reader will test our advice by experience. There is nothing like it.—Try it during the approaching Winter! If in the Spring you do not feel that you are wiser and better—while your enjoyment has been increased instead of diminished—then regard not our predictions for the future.—*Dumfries Reformer.*

THE BIBLE IN NAPLES.

On the stalls in the Toledo, the other evening, there lay quietly side by side, for sale, the pistol and the Bible—life and death, or, rather, death and life—and Garibaldi well knows their power. About the statistics of the pistol I know nothing; but I stopped at one of the stalls, where a number of copies of Diodati's New Testament were lying, (printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society), and asked the proprietor how many he had sold.

"Perhaps," he said, "two or three hundred."

"And to whom—foreigners?"

"No; to persons, most Neapolitans."

I hear, however, from an excellent and well-informed friend, that nearly 2000 copies of the Bible have been already given out for sale. The stall keepers come eagerly after them, from which I conceive, the demand must be great.—[Times.]

A POOR EXCUSE.

A young man, a professor of religion, dressed himself elaborately for a ball. "Can you reconcile it with your views of duty?" asked his roommate.

"I am going from a sense of duty," said the young man.

"Does your copy of the Bible read, 'Be ye conformed to this world?'"

"No, but I go because it will give me an opportunity to speak with some in regard to their salvation."

"We are never to transgress a positive command that we may do good."

"Something must be done for the fashionable portion of society. We can do nothing for them if we never come in contact with them."

The young man went to the ball. Whether, at the interval of dancing, he spent his time in inviting the thoughtless to serious reflection, and in warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come I do not know. The strong probability is that he did not.

The above fact is a striking illustration of the excuse made by many for transgressing the law, "Be not conformed to this world." In the case thus stated, the unsoundness of the excuse is very clearly seen. It is no less unsound in cases where the absurdity is less clearly apparent. The real motive is a love of the world—the love of sin; the excuse is a mere pretence. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

THE ARROW.

Seeing a young person singing, whom I knew I said to her: "Can you say, 'Jesus is mine?'" The question, responded to in the negative, led as an arrow in her conscience, until, dashed after, being in a "stricken state," and the whole household having gathered around her, she poured forth her soul thus: "O Lord God! have mercy upon me, have mercy upon my poor soul! O Lord! I cannot say, 'Jesus is mine.' I am too wicked. Satan has for a long time been leading me astray. He was making me very sinful! Oh! my poor soul, my poor soul! Oh! my dreadful sin! what shall I do with them? I would like to tear them from my soul, and cast them at the foot of the cross, so that Jesus might drop his blood on them, and wash them all away."

I told her that the great awakening which was working in her was from God. To this she replied: "Oh! I could die if I had my Saviour now! O God! what would become of me were I to die now? O God! have mercy on me! Oh! I could only say, 'Jesus is mine!' These sins are pressing on my soul. I cannot bear them. O blessed Saviour! take them away with thy precious blood."

I prayed with her, and said that, before an hour expired, perhaps you may be happy, and enabled to say: "Jesus is mine."

"Oh! I cannot yet sing those dear, precious words! Oh! these dreadful sins oppress me and keep me down! Oh! the devil has fast hold of me! Oh! what shall I do to get this awful load off my soul, my poor soul?"

I said: "Cast your burden on Him who is able and willing to bear it. He invites you: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' Trust in the Lord Jesus Christ alone. He will save you, and he will give you rest. Remember what he has said: 'Though your sins be as scarlet,' etc. Having sung the hymn, 'There is a fountain,' etc. she seemed much impressed with one verse, which we sung over and over again. It is that one beginning with, 'The dying thief rejoiced to see.' She now began to be peaceful, and it seemed as if Satan were giving up the struggle in despair, and resigning her to the arms of Jesus, but not without, like the evil spirit that our Saviour cast out, having rent her sore before he departed.

No pen could describe the anguish of this poor soul. But, oh! what a change was on her now! Where, before, the blackness of despair had reigned, all seemed peace and joy; and her smile was that of heaven, when she said: "Now I can say, 'Jesus is mine.' I have a hold of my Saviour, now; he has taken away the load of sin off my poor soul!"

"Where are they gone?" I asked. She answered: "Down, down, down beneath my feet; and they will never now rise up in judgment against me."

is only the opening of a door, or the stepping into a cellar, and the scene is all changed. Man, the goodly child of heaven, the fellow of him who was seen in the alertness and joy of life, made after the same pattern, and breathed into by the same Spirit, is laid out in languishment and death, so poor for aught but pity, his sinking pulse and aching heart betoken how little of the little span a left him.

To these scenes, both come on the work of benevolence; but they occupy different departments. The curer of the body knows his tools and anxieties. Let him first do his work, and be gone. Oh, then, to sit down by the bedside at the moment when the physician shakes his head and rears, and all that is seen and heard betokens that he sick is given over. At that moment of wound-up interest, the riches of the Father's tender mercies, and the impressive testimonies of the application of the gospel's comforts—to select and present the chapters which the Spirit has written for the dying—to tell of the rod and staff of Jehovah to comfort, and how precious in His eyes is the death of His saints; or, if he be not a child of God, cautiously to alarm, and gently to reprove the frequent invitation, the encouraging promise, the riches of the Father's tender mercies, and the impressive testimonies of the application of the gospel's comforts—to select and present the chapters which the Spirit has written for the dying—to tell of the rod and staff of Jehovah to comfort, and how precious in His eyes is the death of His saints; or, if he be not a child of God, cautiously to alarm, and gently to reprove the frequent invitation, the encouraging promise, the riches of the Father's tender mercies, and the impressive testimonies of the application of the gospel's comforts—to select and present the chapters which the Spirit has written for the dying—to tell of the rod and staff of Jehovah to comfort, and how precious in His eyes is the death of His saints; 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