

AN EVA VOL. 7.---NO. 3

Religions Intelligencer. Jesus! Jesus! None but Jesus !

"Water, water ! give me water !" was the cry of the dying soldier, as he lay covered with wounds, and groaning with agony upon his gory bed of thee. death. His parched throat prompted the piercing cry that moved even his enemy to minister to his dying foe, the refreshing draught to moisten his burning lips,-quench his raging thirst, and sweeten the agonies of death, even upon his gory bed. A kin to this is the cry of the soul in its longings for Jesus. Jesus ! Jesus ! give me Jesus or I die! is the out-bursting, agonizins prayer of a heart emptied of every thing, and longing for the fullness which can only be drawn from the fountain above. The following illustration of the soul longing for the Saviour, in the experience of the most distinguished preacher touching withal, that we give it to our readers. And let every heart examine itself, if it has this longing for Christ. "Our own experience recalls us to the period purposes; he made no such acquaintances in the meeting as led to conversation on personal relionly want. Vain to us were the mere ordinances -vain as bottles scorched by the Simoom, and drained of their waters. Vain were ceremonies -vain as empty wells to the thirsty Arab. Vain were the delights of the flesh-bitter as the waters of Marah, which even the parched lips of Israel refused to drink. Vain were the directions of the legal preacher-useless as the howling of the wind to the benighted wanderer. Vain, worse than vain, were our refuges of lies, which fell about our ears like Dagon's temple on the heads of the worshippers. One only hope we had, one sole refuge for our misery. Save where that ark floated, north, south, east, west, were one broad expanse of troubled waters; save where the star burned, the sky was one vast field of unmitigated darkness. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus ! he alone, he without another, had become the solitary hiding-place against the storm. As the wounded, lying on the battle-field, with wounds which, like fires, consume his morsture, utters only one monotonous cry of thrilling importunity, "Water, water water !" so did we perpetually send our prayer to heaven, "Jesus thou Son of David, have mercy on me! O Jesus, come to

If my reader be fully resolved to satisfy his hunger only with the manna which cometh down from heaven—if he be determined to slake his thirst at no stream save that which gusheth from the Rock—if he will accept no cordial of comfort save that which is compounded of the herbs of Gethsemane—it is, it must be, well with him. If none but Jesus is thy delight take heart. Au-gustine cast away Tully's works because there was no Christ in them ; if thou like him, dost re-nounce all but Christ, Christ will never renounce thee.

NGELCAL FAMILY

[From the N. Y. Observer.]

THE FULTON STREET PRAYER MEETING CHOOSING THE BETTER PART.

"Mr. C., you said all was well with you when I last saw you. What did you mean by it?" "I meant this : I have found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." A young man arose in one of the prayer meet-ings and said he felt it to be his duty to speak of what the Lord had done for his soul. He stated prayer meetings, I suppose ?" "Nothing ? I despised the very thought of that some one invited him about six monts ago to come to the Eulton-street prayer meeting. He "Nothing ? I despised th said he went out of curiosity to see what kind of going to a prayer meeting." "Now you are here every day? "Every day, and never so happy as when here. All this is a new life to me. But I am meeting it wes. He was very much interested, and concluded he would go once more. He went again and again, his own mind becoming deeply imbued with the spirit which he felt convinced exceedingly happy." pervaded the meeting. So absorbed was he, that

I had other short conversations with him, at now living (the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon), is so true he attended from day to day for six months or other times ; all of the same general import. He "When thou passest through the waters I will come away home.' Her poor mother followed to the experience of every real christian, and so more. In all that time no one ever spoke to him had really experienced the great change. How on the subject of religion ; yet all that time he little did I then suppose that the grace and was earnestly inquiring what he should do to be mercy of God was preparing him for the still saved. Living at White Plains, he was a stran- greater change through which he was so soon ger here, though daily in the city for business topass-the change from grace to glory. THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 860.

THE SWELLING OF JORDAN.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ-PETER.

We speak of Jordan's waves, and we sing of and then, not forgetting their calling, gathered in

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA

N. Oako

Teach

Never

A SABBATH SCENE IN ABERDEEN.

Jordan." Such a passage supposes severe suffer-ing, and, humanly speaking, death comes to us in A SABBATH SCENE IN ABERDEEN. A correspondent of the *Free Press* says :--On this aspect: it is the sorrow of sorrows ; it an overwhelming calamity. Even the Christian has a natural dread of death ; what then must be that man's view of it who is entirely destitute of a well-founded hope of everlasting life through the merfounded hope of everlasting life through the mer-its of the Redeemer? You recollect Bunyan's Pilgrim. He saw a reflection from the city, but still there was the river, with no bridge, and no miraculous provision, as in the case of Enoch and Elijah—and the river must be crossed. As he touches the water, his heart fails him; remem-bering his sins, he is troubled, and fears lest af-ter all he should come short of heaven. Blessed be God! to the Christian the fear is but momen-tary; he thinks of his Saviour's promise— "When thou passest through the waters I will

WHOLE NO 316

SCOTIA.

E DEEEE

We speak of Jordan's waves, and we sing of Jordan's flood; scarcely any figure of death is so familiar to us as this; and we all feel that we must soon "tread the verge," and breast the tide. "The swelling of Jordan!" The language is at once striking and awful. Before they could enter into their rest, the Israelites had to cross the river. It was harvest-time, and, as usual, all the banks were overflowed. This superabun-dance of water is here called "the swelling of Jordan." Such a passage supposes severe suffer-The following extraordinary document being

In his cell, Dec. 16. 1859.

I give my soul to my Creator and Redeemer, and I humbly supplicate the Divine goodness for the forgiveness of sins.

I supplicate the Immaculate Virgin Mary, mo-ther of my God, to be my kind advocate with her Divine Son, when I appear before his redoutable Tribunal.

I pray my angel guardian, my holy patron saint, St. Jean Baptiste, and all the saints of Heaven, to assist me at the terrible moment when I mount the scaffold.

I beg pardon of all those whom I have offended or scandalized, and beg of those whom it may concern to release me from my debts.

I, on my part, with all my heart, forgive all the harm that may have been done to me, and in particular, I forgive those who may have been the cause of my death. I give my crucifix and the fourteen images of my Little Way of the Cross to my beloved wife. Sophie Delage.

and other athletics, enjoyed a right good dinner,

ROMANISM IN CANADA.

" Gracious Lord! incline thine ear, My requests veuchsafe to hear ; Hear my never-ceasing cry-Give me Christ, or else I die.

" Wealth and honor I disdain. Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain ; These can never satify, Give me Christ, or else I die.

" Lord, deny me what thou wilt, Only ease me of my guilt; Suppliant at thy feet I lie, Give me Christ, or else I die.

" All unholy and unclean, I am nothing else but sin ; On thy mercy I rely, Give me Christ, or else I die.

" Thou dost freely save the lost, In thy grace alone I trust; With my earnest suit comply, Give me Christ, or else, I die.

" Thou dost promise to forgive All who in thy son believe ; Lord, I know thou canst not lie. Give me Christ, or else I die.

" Father, does thy justice frown ? Let me shelter in thy Son ! Jesus, to thy arms I fly, Come and save me, or I die."

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As he that tantaliseth thirst with painted rivers, as he that embittereth hunger's pangs by the offering of pictured fruits, so were they who spoke of ought else save Christ and him crucified. Our heart ached with a void the whole earth could not fill. It heaved with a desire as irresistible as the mountain torrent, and as little able to be restrained as the volcano when swelling with its fiery moved onward in one direction. Like to an army pressing upwards through a breach, did our united powers rush forward to enter the city of salvation by one door-that door Jesus the Lord. Our soul could spare no portion of itself for others ; it pressed the whole of its strength into the service to win Christ, and to be found in him. And oh ! how glorious did Jesus then seem ! what would we not have given to have had the scantiest morsel of his grace ? "A kingdom for a horse !" cried the routed monarch. "A king- the very picture of firm and robust health. dom for a look-a world for a smile-our whole selves for one kind word!" was then our far wiser prayer. Oh what crushing we would have endured, if in the crowd we could have approach-ed his person? what tramping we would have borne, if our finger might have touched the lowest hem of his garments ! Bear us witness, ye hours of ardent desire, what horrors we would have braved, what dangers we would have encountered, what tortures we would have suffered, for one brief glimpse of Him whom our souls' desired to know! We could have trodden the burning marl of hell at his bidding, if his face had but been in prospect; and as for Peter's march upon the deep, we would have waded to our very necks without a fear, if it were but with half a hope of a welcome from the Lord on the other side. He had no robbers then to share his throne, no golden calf to provoke him to jealousy. He was the monarch reigning without a rival. No part of our heart was then shut up from him ; he was welcomed in every chamber of our being. There was no tablet of the heart which was not engraven with his name, nor a string of our harp which did not vibrate with his praise, nor an atom of our frame which would not have leaped with joy at the distant sound of his footsteps. Such a condition of longing alone for Jesus is so healthy, that many advanced believers would be well-nigh content to retrace their steps, if they might once more be fully occupied with that desire to the exclusion of every other. "I must and will," casting down his eyes and looking very solemn. All this was said as we were passing out of the room together. "I must and will," casting down his eyes and looking very solemn. All this was said as we were passing out of the room together. "I must and will," casting down his eyes and eat on Sunday,' and for weeks the boy has fast-ed from Saturday night till Monday morning. The Chinese make staunch Christians when once

gious experience. But he resolved he would not give over seeking until he obtained the great object of his desire, an interest in Christ. And now that he had obtained mercy he felt bound to confess it before men. He had been led of the to my desired haven. Holy Spirit. He wished to bear his testimoey to

the importance of inviting the impenitent to come to the meeting, for here the Lord perhaps would meet them as he had been met, and they might occasion expressed his thankfulness and joy that heaven will make a divorce. he had ever come into the Fulton-street prayer

meeting. A ship's captain followed, in very earnest and glowing terms, describing the change which had thing it is to be deaf and dead to this world's come over his spirit.

"I had a pious sister," said he, "who urged me to come to this meeting. I told her, 'no ! you don't catch me in a prayer meeting, or any little room like this. Had I not paced the quarter ney to heaven, conteut with such fare by the way deck of a ship-humph ! I go into a prayer meet- as Christ and his followers have had before you. ing? Not I. When I go to a meeting, I will go The Lord hath not changed the way to us, for into a church-a.church, mind you, and not small lecture room.'

"But she insisted, and urged, and somehow I got in here ; I don't know how. And when I had

meeting, oh ! what a change came over me. had been puffed up, and was a great man, in my

own estimation. I felt that I was a man of imnutes, in that first hour in this meeting, I had such a sense of my own littleness as I never had before. I never dreamed that I was such a little

creature. My importance, was all gone. It not. seemed to me as if I could have crawled into the Truly it is a glorious thing to follow the Lamb; minated myself. I never had such feelings. What should I do? Where should I go? I thought never saw him before. in that very meeting, now if there was ever a poor More than Christ I c sinner that needed the mercy of God, I am that nor desire for you. I am sure the saints are but very sinner. I cried in my heart for mercy, and

I cried with all my heart and mercy came in that very meeting. My heart melted within me I parable excellence of Christ. We know not the cannot describe it. Little as I was and sinful as half of what we love when we love him. I was, I was led to come right to Christ, just as I That Christ and the sinner should be one, and was, and he received me right off-right on the spot. Oh! I tell you, it was a blessed place to me before I got out of it-this despised Fulton- of salvation ; what more could love do? street prayer meeting. For though I had not I find that when saints are under trials and said it, in my heart I had despised it. But glory well humbled, little sins raise great cries in the be to God, the great Saviour did not despise such a poor little creature as me. But he had mercy as soon as I cried out for it with all my heart.

was more than a year ago, in this very place, and I have been on voyages since, and he is always with me. Think of Christ? Why, I think the grandest hopes that ever entered into the heart of mortal man, are hopes in Jesus. Oh ! what coffin-lid fell those words upon my ear and heart. good times I have had with him when it was my The physician had been hastily summoned to the watch on deck in the middle of the night-far, far at sea. Oh ! I love to talk of him, and to recommend him to poor sinners like me." CONVERTS GOING TO THEIR ETERNAL HOME.

Said another speaker : We are continually up ; and hoping against hope, we sought to save

The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bare ; it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or as sails to a ship, to carry me forward

NEWSPAPER,

In a day or two after he came up the stairs at an ealy hour. I was standing on the landing. I said to him :

" Is Christ very precious to you now ?"

"Once you would have no heart for these

" Unspeakably precious."

Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, but they part at heaven's door, for there is no room for crosses in heaven. Sorrow and be converted. The same young man on another, saints are not married together; but were it so,

To be crucified to the world is not so highly accounted by us as it should be. How heavenly a

I exhort you in the Lord to go on in your jourour ease, but will have us to follow our blessed Master.

Those who by faith see the invisible God and been here only a very short time, at the very first the fair city make no account of present losses and crosses.

Go on in the strength of the Lord, and put portance ; was a proud sinner. But in a few mi- Christ's love to the trial; put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed; we have not recourse to his love and therefore we know it

smallest hole or crevice; I was nothing. Not only was I a little creature. I loathed and aboin his own country at home, you will think you

> More than Christ I can neither wish, nor pray strangers to the weight and worth of the incom-

should share heaven between them, is the wonder

well humbled, little sins raise great cries in the conscience; but in prosperity, conscience is ; pope that gives dispensations and great latitude "What do'you think are my feelings towards to our hearts. The cross is therefore as needful Christ now? The time he had mercy on me, as the crown will be glorious.—Rutherford.

" TOO LATE."

How like the sound of the fresh earth upon the The physician had been hastily summoned to the bedside of my dear and only son, upon whose fair bedside of my dear and only son, upon whose fair forehead lay the dew of death. He had been sud-denly stricken, and we knew not how to give him up; and hoping against hope, we sought to save him. The physician turned to me, saving. "It is

dread reality; and may the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, irradiate the gloom with the light of family, he staggered down the street. O ! who his countenance.

last end be like his." But did the momentary the waves. Heaven is not so easily won. We monster which is destroying them? must not only desire, but do, if we would die

well. Dear reader, fear to depart merely wishing.

II. Read the account of one who was in ciecumstances of the most abject poverty. The poor man Saviour, and waited. And the Lord was gracious

a good hope through grace." waves but momentarily discompose the believer houses without a convert. in Christ ; his peace returns and increases ; he feels his master with him-sensibly present with him-and goes, through death, triumphant home.

So Paul went, and "The long cloud of witnesses

Shows the same path to heaven." Dear reader, look over these examples again,

and tell me, "How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan ?" Were God to call you away now,

be with thee; and through the rivers they shall with a child on each arm, and as her husband not overflow thee ;" and is at rest. But still, such is death. It is vitally important that we should be prepared to meet. "How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan ?" To help you, ly to entreat him to 'come home,' but he turned dear reader, to answer this inquiry, let me tell savagely upon her, and wickedly told her to ' Go you of some who have already encountered the to hell!' Shaking himself clear of his pleading

can picture the desolateness of that forsaken I. Artend to the account of one who wished to home, as the heart-broken mother returned withdie well. He was a prophet of God, but strange-ly contrary to his calling, he loved the wages of in its cold and cheerless walls, with scarcely a unrighteousness. Vainly did he strive to curse, covering from the winter-cold, and, perhaps, powerfully was he constrained to bless. Con- neither food for her hungry children nor fire to science returning upon him, he exclaimed, " Let warm them-the money that should have prome die the death of the righteous, and let my cured these necessaries of life being spent upon wish change Balaam's character? We fear not; the father's created appetite for strong drink.we know the visionary character of our own wish- | Can no means be found to banish the traffic from es, and should indeed tremble to die merely wish- our land which is the cause of such misery ? How ing for what we know we had not obtained. Such can society improve, or the Church be revived, sweetest music! It is little this world can take an expression, without suitable accompanying from me, and as little it can give me.

A VILLAGE CONVERTED.

The Ayrshire Express, Scotland, gives an interesting account of the conversion of nearly has to die. Thank God ! the mud-built cottage the whole of Drumclare, about eighteen miles is frequently more honored than the stately pal- from Glasgow. The inhabitants of the village ace. This poor man had scarcely a hut or even were pitmen, engaged in the coal mines, numa mortal to call his friend. He had cramled to the gate of a large house, and asked for the bering with their families above three hundred crumbs that fell from the table ; and, covered souls, and seemingly sunk far below the moral with sores, the dogs of the mansion had compas- level of their countrymen. Through the sion on him. But Lazarus knew God, and in his instrumentolity of Mr. Abercrombie, a Baptist extremity trusted in him ; he believed in God his minister, who had returned from America to his to him. The intelligences above paid the beggar native country to engage in religious labor, a service; and when he died, he was carried by an- meeting for prayer and preaching was opened. gels into Abraham's bosom. What is the secret Hardly any one attended, and the plan was of such a happy death? The man believed in the therefore adopted of preaching outside, near Lord Jesus, and in fervent prayer sought strength from him to live according to his precepts, and it was given to him. And as he lived so he died, Six months passed before any results were in confidant reliance on an Almighty Saviour. manifest, and then two or three, and soon after Thus he was made happy; and in this way-and six or seven more, were converted. These were this way only-may the poorest man on earth find baptized, and while the ordinance was being III. One who spent his last days in a prison administered many were pricked in their hearts. house.-He was a soldier of Christ, and had fallen Soon after, twenty-three more followed the into the hands of the enemy. Death thought example of their Master, and now out of an adult that he could triumph over the Christian warrior. population of about one hundred, sixty are am persuaded that he is able to keep that which professing Christians, The whole condition of I have committed to him against that day." the village has been changed, radically and com-Again he writes, "I am now ready to be offered pletely. A prayer-meeting is held from house to and the time of my departure is at hand." The house every evening, and there are only eight

ADVICE TO MINISTERS.

The following extract is from the oration delivered by the Rev. Dr. Bethune before the Porter Rhetorical Society of Andover Seminary September, 1842.

Brethren, our only sure guide is the High

My beads to my good and unfortunate old father from whom I beg pardon for all the sorrow which I have caused, and solicit his last benedic-

My small images, which have so much consoled and comforted me, to each of my dear children ; and to my good old mother, my little infant Jesus carrying his cross.

To the poor young little one that I have not seen a medal of the Immaculate Conception, given to me by the Holy Bishop of Montreal, who passed the last night with me on earth.

To my dear and devoted brother, Damase, also my dear sisters and sister-in-law, the images marked with their respective names.

I die content and resigned to the will of God, thanking him for his infinite mercy, asking for his holy paradise, and praying all those who may have done, or wish me good, to pray for me, all who assist at my death, and all those whom I leave in the gaol.

I also wish my kind remembrance to the Captain of the Ward, who has been so kind to me. Oh ! Mary, gate of Heaven, I in dying recommend to Heaven the Gaoler, his good family, and all the employes, who have been so kind to me during my captivity.

God alone knows what I owe to the Rev. Mr. Villeneuve, my confessor, and to the kind Nuns of the Providence, who have so much softened my last days on earth, and may God returu it to them a hundred fold in this life as in the other.

J. B. BEAUREGARD.

REMARKS.

The above Spiritual Will of the man recently executed in this city for murder is a document worthy of special attention, on several accounts : 1st. It doubless embodies the faith and hope which are common among the French Canadian population.

2nd. It must have been submitted to, and approved by, the convict's spiritual adviser, who was so exceedingly attentive to him, and that spiritual adviser was the Rev. Mr. Villeneuve, Director of the College of the St. Sulpicians, one of the most influential, enlightened, and generally esteemed priests in Canada. Probably, also, it was approved by the Bishop of Montreal, who spent the last night of Beauregard's life with him in his cell. Indeed, it was probably drawn up by one of the above-named priests, and it seems to have been intended for publication.

3. Here, then, we have an authentic public deliverance of the actual state of religious belief among Roman Catholics in the year 1859, and in Canada. And what is it ? A catalogue of crucifixes, images, beads and medals, accompanied by invocations addressed to the Saints, and especially the Virgin. An old Roman, with his household gods, was a sensible man when compared with a Roman Catholic of our times, with his 14 images left to his wife, and his small images to

reminded that this is not our home. Even those him. The physician turned to me, saying, " It is lava. Every power, every passion, every wish, who have been recently converted do not tarry. too late." They are going to their eternal home. They are continually crossing the waterfloods. Last night one of the recent converts of this meeting was piness, death will one day come to thee. Thou

called away. He had not even a moment's mayst not be prepared for it. The stern messenwarning, He was smitten down in a moment, without the least premonition of what was comwithout the least premolition of what was could ing. He was a young man, who, although married and engaged in business, with business cares and responsibilities upon him, was far short of having arrived at middle life. He was I knew him, said the speaker, years ago. It had been in my way to do him a worldly favor, now it is too late,-eternally too late !"

which he never forgot. I noticed him the very first time he came into this meeting. I was very much surprised to see him. I had known him as a very careless, irreligious man. I had never seen in him anything that savored of the least 'The heathen have no Sabbath. Christian na-

seemed to be uppermost with him. I noticed that he continued coming. I took pains to speak to him, and to tell him how glad I day. The natives think it very queer that we was to see him so attentive on the meetings. I 'rest' one day in seven, and say they would starve ventured to ask him if he felt interested ? if they did it. We ask them to compare them-"Deeply interested," said he. "I never at- selves with those who rest on the Lord's day, tended such meetings before, I feel that it is important for me to come here. I have eternal and see who are best housed, best fed, best clothinterests at stake in this matter." "What induced you first to come here ?"

would come in, one day, having no particular Chinaman begins to listen to the gospel, the firs reason to my own mind; but when I had come once, I could not stay away." "Do you feel your need of an interest in next to break off labour on the Christian Sabbath. Christ ?" "I do." I dotte fort fortentare ?? ...

"And mean to secure it ?"

" I will." de deine affeite Ile forme

"Will you come to him at once ?"

the room together.

Ah, thoughtless youth, seeking for earthly hap-

ger may come to thee as he did to little Charles, thought of this hour, and prepared for it ; but

CHINESE CONVERTS.

A Methodist missionary in China writes thus : serious feeling. Anything else but religion tions are the only ones that keep the Christian Sabbath. Sunday in China is just like any other ed-those who worship God, obey the fourth commandment, or those who worship idols and work "I cannot say," he answered; "I thought I all the time to keep idol's feast days. When a thing he does is to put away his idols, and the A few months ago, a young man living in the country became convinced of the truth of Christianity. and ceased to work on Sunday. His father said, Very well, if he wont work on Sunday he shan't "I must and will," casting down his eyes and eat on Sunday,' and for weeks the boy has fast-

converted.'

of God, and whatever may be the reply, it cannot lowly demeanor, his constant activity, his gentle be without profit to your soul. Remember that meekness, his unshaken confidence, his divine to die well, you must live well. Live as the Bible courage. Behold him upon his throne, his will be Christ, and to die gain."

CLERGYMEN.

The great mass of those who have taken on true teacher, an omnipotent support, a present their hearts life's greatest and severest duty, go divinity in that Holy Spirit, who baptized the from one place to the other, criticised, misjudged, humanity of Jesus, and strengthened his flesh, overworked, underpaid, the life of an angel de- and blood, and human soul for the susception manded of them, but the food of a fast-day given and endurance of its mighty burden. That them. If they are imprudent, they are put aside ; Holy Ghost is promised unto all that seek his if they are independent, they are put down, if grace, and may ours. He and He alone, can so they sin, (" and there is no man living that sin- surround us in the study, the pulpit, and our neth not"), the rack and the fagot, in words of daily walk, as to ward far from us each thing of

censure, are their fate, and whoever essays to for- | sin and guilt.

give them, must expect to find that economically administered to him. Let no man judge of the condition of clergymen | HAVE faith in God. Faith will be staggered

by the kindness bestowed on the few. There is even by loose stones in the way, if we look maned by the people in this respect.

Air and water are said to be free to all men .- across and obstructing apparently our onward In days of panic this is a favorite maxim, presumed progress. "Go forward," is the voice from hea- injurious, in a great variety of ways, to both mind to be consolatory. Just let a clergyman luxu- ven ; and faith obeying, find the mountains beriate in the open atmosphere, in the dashing fore it flat as plains. "God with us," is the wave, and if vestry, and session, and trustees, and watchward of our warfare, the secret of our stewards (the congregation in their train,) don't strength, the security of our triumph. "If thou overhaul the unlucky gymnast or yachtman, all canst believe, all things are possible to him that experience fails. They do better than this for believeth." How strong faith is when we are the clergymen, even in crowded, smoky London. just fresh from the fountain of redeeming love Last summer, Fowell Buxton entertained at his A good conscience. and then faith will do all seat in Essex 362 of the missionaries of the Lon- things, for it is in its very nature such as to let don City Mission. These men, not all clergymen, God work all ; we may say that it is most active it is true, but engaged in a work of kindred good, when it is most passive, and that it wearies least has occurred, there has been found little more and of heart-warning anxieties, engaged in cricket when it does most work .--- Hewilson.

his children. The Hindoos, or South Sea Islanders, idolatrous as they are, could not probably exceed, in regard for their idols, this French Canadian, instructed by our most enlightened mightiness to save, the glory of his reward, his priests. beckoning hand holding forth the palm and crown of the faithful unto death ! We have a

4. This poor man looks to Mary as the Gate of Heaven, when Jesus Christ expressly says, "I am the door." He also looks to her and the saints as his intercessors, when the Scripture says that the only mediator between God and man is the man, Christ Jesus.

5. God's wrath is pronounced more distinctly against idolatry than any other sin or crime ; what judgments, therefore, must we expect in Canada, and what a deep interest must every inhabitant of this country feel in the progress of the Gospel among French Canadians ?

BAD EFFCTS OF SMOKING.

Dr. Seymour of London, in a pamphlet just issued from the press, denounces the immodeas not only one of the causes of insanity, but as and body : Its effect, he says, is to depress the circulation, the heart becomes weak, irregular in its action, and the pulse is scarcely to be felt. The victim becomes irresolute and nervous, his appetite fails and his mind fills with imaginary evils. This may continue for years, but at length the smoker dies, often suddenly; then examination has shown that the muscular structure of the heart is imperfect in its action ; the left side is thin, and in some cases, in which sudden death than a strip of muscular fiber left on that side.

FAITH IN GOD.

a great lesson of common justice yet to be learn- ward; if we look Godward, faith will not be staggered even by inaccessable mountains stretching rate smoking of tobacco by boys and young men,