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

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[From the New York Observer.]

The Fulton Street Prayer Meeting.

GOOD NEWS OF REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

A gentleman said, on coming to the meeting, passing up Broadway, he met an old friend from Troy. He was a member of one of the Baptist churches. He said he had glad tidings from Troy to give him. The revival is moving onward. The church to which he belonged, Rev. Dr. Baldwin's, had received already not far from 120 members, and the Fifth street Baptist church about 115. Many more stand ready to be received on a future occasion. Smaller numbers have joined other churches, and the work is advancing over the city. Some of the churches are but little affected as yet.

The revival reaches parents and children. In some cases whole families have been converted. He said he had seen the father and mother and the sons and daughters going into the baptistry together on the same occasion—sometimes the children being baptized first, because they first believed and had been followed "in the regeneration" by their parents. The witnessing of some such scenes had brought tears to many eyes, and had been the means of the conviction of others.

A gentleman from Rochester said that with the great week of prayer for the conversion of the world, there had been to be much more interest in the church to which he belonged, which was deepened by that week of prayer. So far the result had been that about 25 had been hopelessly converted.

A gentleman said he was from the South. He had never been in this meeting before. He had heard of it, and read of it, and thus was well acquainted with it. In the village where he resided they maintained a noon prayer meeting, held twice a week, and since the great week of prayer the Lord had poured down his Holy Spirit and many had been converted. He did not name the place.

A communication was received from Coxsack, N. Y., dated the 2nd inst., containing an account of a revival which had been passing by. But from recent appearances among Christians, the writer was persuaded a revival was close at hand. And now it had come with great power. Within eight or ten days twenty five or more had been hopelessly converted. Over fifty had attended the evening meetings and new cases are occurring every day. Some of the conversions are among the most influential citizens. Numbers are released from their employments, every day, in the service of Satan, and become enlisted in the service of Christ. Every meeting brings new testimonies to the love of Jesus.

YOUNG MEN TURNING TO THE LORD.

Three or four young men, in the lower lecture room, in Fulton street prayer meeting, arose, one after another, to tell what the Lord had done for their souls. They hoped they had been converted in answer to prayer here offered, and in connection with the exercises of the meeting. Then immediately followed another, leading in prayer, and thanking the Lord for the hope that was in him, that he and his young wife had been converted—thanking the Lord, too, that he had been assisted, on that occasion, to open his mouth, for the first time, in public prayer. That prayer was very touching. There was something so expressive of humility, gratitude, and love to Jesus, that all hearts felt assured that this young man had found the pearl of great price, and had sold all that he might purchase and possess it.

There is a great movement among the young men who attend upon the meeting. Many of them are turning to the Lord. The leader on Saturday stated that we never met without having awakened persons present.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN OLD MAN.

A gentleman arose who said he was 62 years old, and all his life he had lived without repentance. He had a praying wife and praying daughters, and they prayed for him. There was no mistake about that. They prayed believing that God would convert them in his own time. And he did. My heart was hard as a nether millstone. It was to no purpose that they labored with me; I resisted all.

One night, however, I went with them to church and they had been making me a special subject of prayer all day. The minister took for his text: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." It was a knock of terror at my heart. I never had such a knock before—I went from the house in agony—I never had any such peace as I had before—and I pray God I never may. But I have a peace now that passeth all understanding. I walk continually in the light of God's countenance. I cannot describe this peace; it fills my whole soul night and day. I often pray in my dreams, and I get so interested that I wake up, and then I keep right on praying half the night. Oh! what a treasure I have! What a salvation I have! What a Saviour I have! What a glorious brotherhood I have—on earth—in heaven. What a glorious song has been put in my mouth—and I expect to sing it forever—a song of praise to Jesus. Oh! how much I owe to Him and under Him to those prayers which were offered for me.

WHAT A MOTHER'S PRAYERS CAN DO.

A gentleman said he had been an attendant at the late Convention, and he carried over a day, in order to be at the noon prayer meeting held in Sanson's street. He found the church well filled at the hour of prayer, and after the first half hour the brethren remaining over after the Convention were invited to occupy the time. The delegate from California, who was a Methodist clergyman, arose, and said, he had wished to relate one incident, in connection with his own experience and observation, which illustrated the power of a mother's prayers and love, and he begged a little indulgence.

As he had a large circle of friends and acquaintances at the East, and as it was known that he was travelling, to a great extent, over California, he received many letters from anxious friends, begging him to hunt up a brother, or a son, and endeavour to bring them to Christ. Many an earnest letter of this kind he had received. Among the rest was one from a mother, so urgent, so full of entreaty, that it took a deep hold upon his heart. The letter told him how she had agonized and prayed for a son in California, until she had lost all traces of him, and begged of him that, on her behalf, he would endeavor to look up the lost boy, who, she feared, was in the broad road to ruin, and, as he loved souls, do all he could to save him.

Then, the speaker went on to say, I hunted for

that son a whole year. I made inquiries for him everywhere. I determined to find him, if possible. At last I found him in a gambling saloon, at the card table, deeply engaged in play. In the midst of his game, I approached him, and told him I wished to speak with him. We descended into the street together. I told him how long I had been on the hunt for him, and it was all about the salvation of his soul.

He looked me to scorn. He assured me I used my time and money to very poor advantage in looking for him, and, as he would take good care of himself, he did not know but thanks for all my painstaking would be superfluous. He said much that indicated that he looked upon my efforts with haughty disdain and contempt.

But I had a commission to fulfill. So I requested him to go with me to the temperance rooms and there sign the temperance pledge; and then I wished him to go to the prayer meeting with me. He flatly refused to do either.

Stepping up close beside him, I placed my hand upon his shoulder and said, "Charlie, I believe you have a pious, praying mother. I am here at the request of that mother. All this long year I sought you, from place to place, in obedience to a request of that mother. I have been here a long time, asking this of me; would you like to see it?"

The young man was struck dumb for a moment with astonishment. I ran my hand into my pocket for the purpose of showing him the letter. "Oh!" said he, "don't show it to me; I don't produce the letter. I cannot bear to see it. If any young man owes a debt of gratitude to a mother, none more than I." I asked him again to go with me. He answered, "Let me go back and finish my game, and then I will come and go with you."

He went back and played out his game, and, good as his word, he came out and went with me. We first went to the temperance rooms, and he signed the pledge. Then we went to the prayer meeting. The man was soon in great agony of spirit. To make a long story short, that young man became hopelessly converted, and witnessed a good confession before many witnesses. He was a liberally educated young man. He was, in process of time, chosen to be a Judge of the Court of the County in which he resided. He was a conscientious Judge.

One day he was trying a man, who was indicted for gambling and similar offences—just such as he had before been guilty of. The man at the bar was a desperate one, and he shot the Judge upon the bench. He was mortally wounded and life was fast ebbing away. He sent immediately for me, continued the speaker. I had just time to reach him and receive his last words. Oh! what precious words they were.

"Tell my dear mother," said the dying young man, "that I am dying in the assured hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. Send her a thousand thanks that she sent you to tell me, and oh! a thousand thanks to you, that you so faithfully followed me up, and hunted that whole year for me. Tell my darling mother I thank her for that love which never tired, and for the prayers which were never omitted for her far-off son. I am going—going to heaven. I shall meet her there. Oh! who can value a mother's prayers! And who would complain of the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, if they would give him no rest—as did this mother, my dear, dear mother. Farewell!"

The gentleman then added—While I was laboring for the salvation of men in California, I had an impatient father, and mother, and brother, and two sisters, all of whom opposed me when I devoted myself to the gospel ministry, and whom I prayed. Now I am on my way to meet them, next Sabbath. I intend to give them the right hand of fellowship on their admission into the Church, and sit down with them at the sacramental table of the Lord. All of them have been converted within the last seven weeks, and when I shall meet them, whom I have not seen for many years, how different will be the scene from that in which I parted from them years ago, all them opposed to the gospel of Christ, and all of them rejoicing in Christ Jesus. So I believe God has been a covenant-keeping God with me and been faithful to his promises to hear and answer prayer.

And now, said the gentleman making the narrative, suppose we, any and all of us, should follow up our impatient friends with the same intensity of industry and desire as were manifested in this case, should we not win our impatient friends to the Saviour? Who would stand out against it? Would not the Spirit of all grace make it the means of their conversion—our faithful, humble, persevering efforts? Surely he would.

A NEW WITNESS FOR THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.

A gentleman arose in the upper lecture room in Fulton street, a graceful, cultivated looking man, and said he had a great desire to say something in this meeting. But coming here, as he had done day after day, he had been deterred by the interesting communications which were here made, and the evident disposition of the meeting to spend much of its time in prayer.

Yet, said he, I feel I have a duty to discharge in what I have to relate.

Some time last August, a man came into this meeting, a young man, in a state of great destitution—ragged, hungry, and friendless. He was the child of great parental anxiety and solicitude; a child of many prayers and tears. He had been carefully educated. He had led an orderly moral life. But when he came in here, he was without hope and without God in the world, a poor, wretched wanderer upon the face of the earth. He came into this room and sat down—a stranger among strangers. He heard your joyful songs of praise. He heard your fervent prayers. He felt the presence and power of the Holy Spirit upon his own heart. He felt his guilt as a sinner laid upon him as a heavy load, and he felt that his burden was more than he could bear. But with this load of guilt there was the voice, which said, "Look unto me and be ye saved." It was a voice of encouragement to just such a sinner as he was, and cast down as he was, he saw and felt that he might be saved in this act of time—in this day of salvation. It is not too late for a sinner to turn to God, if he will. God will abundantly pardon—not only pardon—but abundantly pardon. How those words did move his heart. The spirit of the meeting was such as to inspire hope.

Months have passed away. What a change those months have wrought. That young man, months ago, found his way, under the influence of this meeting, to the cross of Christ. All that

load of guilt and sin was removed. No name is so precious to him as the name of Jesus, none so loved and honoured. The language of his heart is—

"Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all."

Now can you wonder that he loves to come to this place of prayer? It was here, in this very room, in the midst of your prayers and praises, that the adorable Redeemer revealed himself able and willing to save. Here, where Christ is so honored and exalted, that "his name is above every name," that poor young man came and bowed at his feet—under his yoke and his burden upon him—easy and light are the yoke and the burden—according to the gracious promise of the Saviour. He has been permitted to see and feel that there is a fullness in Christ, of which, till lately, he had not the faintest idea, because he did not understand the word of God. But oh! when the fountains of Christ's love were opened to that thirsty soul, how did that soul drink, and drink, and drink a full supply.

"I must have all things and abound, While Christ is Christ to me."

My dear young brethren of the Fulton-street prayer meeting, that young man is before you, here to acknowledge the debt of gratitude which he owes to God and you for all the Saviour has done for him here. Long have I desired to tell you what I have now told, and add my testimony to the many testimonies which have here been given of Christ's ability and willingness to save. More than this I need not say—less I could not say. It is a blessing upon the world, why this place has been none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven to his people.

Come to this fountain of infinite fullness. Come for all your need. Come to Christ and drink. It shall be in you a well of living water, springing up unto everlasting life. Just think of it—*everlasting life*. The way to drink is just to receive and believe in receiving. We have Christ, the hope of glory, formed in our hearts, when we believe.

THE BENEFITS OF AFFLICTION.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B. A.

If man had never sinned, I should have been at a loss to discern the benefit of sickness. But since sin is in the world, I can see that sickness is a good. It is a blessing quite as much as a curse. It is a rough schoolmaster, I grant. But it is a real friend to man's soul.

Sickness helps to remind men of death. The most alive as if they were never going to die. They follow business, or pleasure, or politics, or science, as if earth was their eternal home. They plan and scheme for the future, like the rich fool in the parable, as if he had a long lease of life, and were not tenants-at-will. Sickness sometimes goes far to dispel these delusions. It awakes men from their day-dreams, and reminds them that they have to die as well as to live. Now this I say emphatically is a mighty good.

Sickness helps to make men think seriously of God, and their souls, and the world to come. The most in their days of health can find no time for such thoughts. They dislike them. They put them away. They count them troublesome and disagreeable. Now a severe disease has some times a wonderful power of mustering and rallying these thoughts, and bringing them up before the eyes of a man's soul. Even a wicked king like Benhadad, when sick, could think of Elil-sha (2 Kings, viii. 8). Even heathen sailors, when death was in sight, were afraid, and "cried every man to his God." (Jonah, i. 5.) Surely anything that helps to make men think is a good.

Sickness helps to soften men's hearts, and teach them wisdom. The natural heart is as hard as a stone. It can see no good in anything which is not of this life, and no happiness excepting in this world. A long illness sometimes goes far to correct these ideas. It exposes the emptiness and hollowness of what the world calls "good" things, and teaches us to hold them with a loose hand. The man of business finds that money alone is not everything the heart requires. The woman of the world finds that costly apparel, and novel-reading, and the reports of balls and operas, are miserable comforts in a sick room. Surely anything that obliges us to alter our weights and measures of earthly things is a real good.

Sickness helps to keep men humble. We are all naturally proud and high-minded. Few, even of the poorest, are free from the infection. Few are to be found who do not look down on some body else, and secretly flatter themselves that they are "not as other men." A sick bed is a mighty tamer of such thoughts as these. It forces on us the mighty truth that we are all poor worms, that we "dwell in houses of clay," and are "crushed before the moth." Kings and subjects, masters and servants, rich and poor, are all dying creatures, and will soon stand side by side at the bar of God. In the sight of the coffin, and the grave, it is not easy to be proud. Surely anything that teaches that lesson is good.

Finally, sickness helps to try men's religion, of what sort it is. There are not many on earth who have no religion at all. Yet few have a religion that will bear inspection. Most are content with traditions received from their fathers, and can render no reason of the hope that is in them. Now disease is sometimes most useful to a man in exposing the utter worthlessness of his soul's foundation. It often shows him that he has nothing solid under his feet, and nothing firm under his hand. It makes him find out that, with all his form of religion, he has been all his life worshipping "an unknower God." Many a crowd looks up utterly unsound and useless on the rough waves of the sick bed. The storms of winter often bring out the defects in a man's dwelling, and sickness often exposes the gracelessness of a man's soul. Surely anything that makes us find out the real character of our faith is a good.

I believe that in many cases sickness is God's day of visitation, and that feelings are continually aroused on a sick bed, which, if improved, might, by God's grace, result in salvation. I believe that in heathen lands sickness often paves the way for the missionary, and makes the poor idolater lend a willing ear to the glad tidings of the Gospel. I believe that in our own land sickness is one of the greatest aids to the minister of the Gospel, and that sermons and counsels are often brought home in the day of disease which have been neglected in the day of health. I believe that sickness is one of God's most important subordinate instruments in the saving of men, and that, though the feelings it calls forth are often temporary, it is also often a means whereby the

Spirit works effectually on the heart. In short, I believe firmly that the sickness of men's bodies has often led, in God's wonderful providence, to the conversion of men's souls.

I leave this branch of my subject here. It needs no further remark. If sickness can do the things of which I have been speaking, (and who will gainsay it?) if sickness in a wicked world can help to make men think of God and their souls, then sickness confers benefits on mankind. We have no right to murmur at sickness, and to repine at its presence in the world. We ought rather to thank God for it. It is God's witness. It is the soul's adviser. It is an awakener to the conscience. It is a purifier to the heart. Surely I have a right to tell you that sickness is a blessing and not a curse, a help and not an injury, a gain and not a loss, a friend and not a foe to mankind. So long as we have a world wherein there is sin, it is a mercy that it is a world wherein there is sickness.

THE HIGHLAND MOTHER.

A Highland widow left her home early one morning, in order to reach before evening the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her in paying her rent. She carried on her back her only child, a boy two years old. The journey was a long one. I was following the same wild and lonely path when I first heard the story I am going to tell you. The mountain track, after leaving the small village by the seashore, where the widow lived, passed through a green valley, watered by a peaceful stream which flows from a neighbouring lake; it then winds along the margin of the solitary lake, until, near the western end, it suddenly turns into an extensive copse-wood of oak and birch.

For this it emerges half way up a rugged mountain side, and entering a dark glen, through which a torrent rushes amid masses of granite, it at last conducts the traveller, by a zigzag ascent, to a narrow gorge, which is hemmed in upon every side by giant precipices. Overhead is a strip of blue sky, and below is dark and gloomy. The weather is stormy, and the wind howls in the western gorge, and the water of the lake, which was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey indeed. But the rent was due some weeks before, and the sub-factor had threatened to dispossess her, as the village in which she lived, and in which her family had lived for two generations, was about to be swept away, in order to enlarge a sheep farm. Indeed, along the margin of the quiet stream, which watered the green valley, and along the shores of the lake, might be seen, even then, the traces of a man's habitation, where happy and contented people once lived, but where no sound is heard except the bleat of a solitary sheep, or the scream of the eagle as he wheels his flight among the dizzy precipices.

The morning gave promise of a lovely day. But before noon a sudden change took place in the weather. The sun, which had been shining brightly, became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rushed upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks and to rattle with black squalls the surface of the loch. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and the sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May; for that storm is still remembered as the "great May storm." The wildest day of winter never beheld fiercer of snow falling heavier, or faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock.

Wet, and wet, and cold, the widow reached the pass with her child. She knew that a mile beyond it there was a mountain shielding which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. The return home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wild cat's or fox's den would be welcome.

After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of rock which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a more sheltered nook. Crouching beneath a projecting rock, she pressed her child to her trembling bosom.

The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child, her only child, was all she thought of. She wrapped him in her shawl. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and she could hardly defend herself from the piercing cold of such a night as this. But whatever was to become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess, which afforded, at the best a miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother stripped off nearly all her own clothing, and wrapped it round her child, whom at last, in despair she put into a deep crevice of the rock, and covered it with her shawl.

And now she resolved, at all hazards, to brave the storm, and return home in order to get assistance for her babe or perish in the attempt. Clapping her infant to her heart, and covering its face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down to sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

The night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from the clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain top, while a thousand waterfalls poured down their sides. Dark fumes, made visible at a distance on the white ground, might be seen with long poles examining every hollow near the mountain path. They are people from the village who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry is heard by one of the shepherds, as he sees a bit of a tattered cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead; her arms stretched forth as if imploring for assistance! Before noon they discovered the child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Her almost naked body revealed her love. Many a tear was shed, many an exclamation expressive of admiration and affection were uttered from enthusiastic, sorrowing, Highland hearts, when on the evening the aged pastor gathered the villagers in the deserted house of mourning, and by prayer and fatherly exhortation sought to improve, for their souls' good, an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed away. That aged and faithful pastor was long dead, though his memory still lingers in many a retired glen among the children of children whose parents he baptized. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. It was a communion Sabbath. The subject of his discourse

was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of "that love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood. And he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her poor tattered cloak, which she had wrapped around him in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with love and gratitude too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you my hearers, if over those memorials of the Saviour's sacrifice of himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love and adoring gratitude?"

A few days after this a message was sent by a dying man, requesting to see this clergyman. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and gazing intently on his face said:

"You do not know, you can not recognize me! But I know you, and I knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Sabbath I entered your church, the church of my countrymen, where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the Gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son."

Here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment he cried: "I am that son!" and burst into a flood of tears.

"Yes," he continued, "I am that son! Never, never, did I return that mother's love. Well might you ask what sort of a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me. Though I never saw her dear to me is her memory; and my only desire now is, to lay my bones beside hers in the old church-yard among the hills. But, sir, what breaks my heart, and covers me with shame, is this: until now I never saw, with the eyes of the soul, the love of my Saviour in giving himself for me, a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner. I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with his breast heaved, and the most God who made you and me, and his blood for sinners; and that tell that story. Praise be to his holy name, my dear mother has not died in vain, and that the prayers which I was told she used to offer for me have been at last answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit in making me see as I never saw before, the love of the Saviour. I see it, I believe it; I have found grace in old age, where I found it in my childhood, in the cleft of the rock, but it is the Rock of Ages!"

And, clasping his hands, he repeated with intense fervor: "Can a mother forget her suckling child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yes, they may forget; yet will I not forget thee!"—Rev. Norman McLeod, M. E.

THE END OF THE WICKED.

The prospect of meeting the Lord God Almighty, amidst the bitterest dreg in the cup of the wicked, and the most tormenting thought in the view of their dissolution, that racks them on the verge of eternity. How would they court death and solicit his arrival were it not that *after death is the judgment!* How gladly would they meet and embrace the messenger, could they but be excused from meeting that God, the light of whose countenance makes heaven, but in whose frown is hell. From a reluctance to do this arise dismal apprehensions, dreadful impatience, torturing doubts, and a tormenting anxiety to live; all which conflict of raging and tumultuous passions, in a soul at the article of dissolution, and upon the point of meeting God, is thus strikingly described in the imagery of the poet:

In that dread moment, how the frantic soul Raves round the walls of her clay tenement! Runs to each avenue; and shrieks for help! But shrieks in vain! How wretchedly she looks On all she's leaving, now no longer hers! A little longer, yet a little longer, O might she stay, to wash away her crimes, And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight! Her eyes weep blood; and every groan She heaves is big with horror! But the Foe, Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose, Pursues her close through every lane of life, Nor misses once the track; but presses on, Till forced at last to the tremendous verge At once she sinks.

Awful plunge! Dreadful exit! What heart can conceive, or tongue describe, the state of an immortal soul, trembling on the brink of fate; arrested by death; the prisoner of guilt and fear; reluctant to depart, yet viewing dissolution inevitable; looking forward to eternity with painful dread, and backward upon the world with sorrow and regret; unwilling to go, yet unable to stay; soliciting a reprieve for a year, another month only, or even a week, but denied one moment's delay; putting off, in imagination or in wish, what is present to sense; quitting the world, and bidding an everlasting farewell to all its enjoyments with nothing in prospect to compensate for the loss; at length forced to launch, though sure of shipwreck, and nothing in view but a black abyss; a forfeited heaven, and an angry God! This is the end that awaits the wicked!

ANECDOTE OF JOHN NEWTON.

Two or three years before the death of that eminent servant of Christ, John Newton, of London, formerly of Olney, when his sight was becoming so dim that he was no longer able to read, an aged friend and brother in the ministry called on him to breakfast. Family prayer followed, and the portion of Scripture for the day was read to him. It occurred the verse, "By the grace of God I am what I am." It was the pious man's custom on these occasions to make a short familiar exposition on the passage read. After the reading of this text he paused for some moments, and then uttered this affecting soliloquy:—"I am not what I ought to be—ah, how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I wish to be—I abhor what is evil, and I would cleave to that which is good! I am not what I hope to be—soon, soon, shall I put off mortality, and with mortality all sin and imperfection. Yet—though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say I am

not what I once was—a slave to sin and Satan; and I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

THE PASTOR'S APPEAL.

Ye who have sat for weary years And criticised my voice and tone, And sorrowed that the Word of God By hands so feeble should be sown; My Christian friends, a suppliant Your Pastor comes to you, this day And asks you, in the name of Christ, For his immortal soul to pray. Tempted without and weak within, Storm-tossed and tempest-driven, I struggle, "mid wild waves of sin, To point to you the shores of heaven. The very office that I bear Attracts the wily tempter's eyes, For where there floats a leader's plume, There thick the foemen's arrow flies. I cannot tell the vast amount, For souls committed to my charge I shall be called to give account. Oh, Christians friends, will ye not heed The solemn words I speak, this day, And for a blessing in Christ's name Upon your Pastor, humbly pray.

—Author of *Herbert Atherton*.

THE ONLY WAY TO HEAVEN.

There is only one way to heaven! How important, then, is the question: What is that way? Let us inquire at once of our Lord and Saviour himself! In the 14th chap. of John, 6th verse, He says: "I AM THE WAY: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." And again in the 10th chap. of John, 9th verse, Christ says: "I AM THE DOOR: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

Observe, Christ does not say, I am a way, as if there were other ways, but, "I am the way,"—the only way; no one can come unto the Father, or to heaven, by any other. Christ does not say, I am a door, but "I am the door," that is, the one and only door into the fold of God.

"By me," Christ says, "if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

"Any man" churchman or dissenter—rich or poor—learned or ignorant.

"Any man"—whatever his former character—however many his sins—however hard his heart, if he enter by the door—if he truly come to Christ, he shall be saved.

"He shall be saved"—his sins shall be pardoned, his heart shall be renewed; he shall be delivered from the wrath to come; he shall be set free from the love, power, and dominion of sin; he shall be brought safe home to heaven—to perfect happiness—to ETERNAL GLORY!

Beloved reader, have you entered by THE door into the true fold of God?

Have you come as a poor, guilty, helpless sinner to the Saviour? Are you convinced of the sin and folly of attempting to enter heaven by any other door than Christ? Does your soul depend only on the person and work of Jesus for pardon, for acceptance, and eternal life?

If you have not entered by "THE DOOR," you are not a sheep of Christ's fold.

Let me entreat you to beware of resting on forms or ceremonies, on a profession of religion, or on membership with any visible church whatever.

If you are in "THE WAY" to heaven, you are "IN CHRIST"; and "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature;" he is "born of the Spirit;" he breathes the breath of prayer; he desires "the sincere milk of the word, that he may grow thereby;" his affections are set on things above; he is led, not in word and deed, but in deed and in truth, "to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lists of the flesh."

If you are conscious that at present you are not saved—that your sins are not pardoned—that your heart is not changed, consider once more the words of Jesus: "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." Come then to Jesus. He shed his blood for sinners; and he hath said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Do you ask me who you may come? Come as you are!

"If you tarry till you're better, You will never come at all."

OUR SAFETY.

With God as our God, we are safe and happy everywhere. A gentleman crossing a dreary moor came upon a cottage, and entered into conversation with its inmate, who was standing at his garden gate. When about to leave, he said, "Are you not sometimes afraid to live in this lonely place?" "Oh, no," said he: "for faith closes the door at night, and mercy opens it in the morning." He that dwells in the secret places of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in Him will I trust."—He careth for us.

LOVE OF CHRIST.

If but one or two of the shallowest waves should roll in upon the shore of your heart from the ocean of God's love in Christ, you would shake off your unbelieving fears, and run after God, longing to be bathed in the unfathomable ocean of that love.

Did you know in any measure "what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," you would flee into the embrace of the everlasting arms with bold awe and confident reverence. What baubles, gewgaws, empty shadows, the pleasures, the prophets, the honors of this world are! Oh, that we may tread them under foot that we may win Christ!

One glimpse of Christ's excellency and glory would make us sick of longings and thirstings after the enjoyment of his love.

Did we but see a millstone put of the loveliness of him who "altogether lovely," we would cry aloud "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."