

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA

Rev. F. McLEOD, {

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

{ Editor and Proprietor

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Religious Intelligencer.

"I AM IN DARKNESS."

"God is light, in him is no darkness at all,"—1 John 1:5.

How often do we hear professors of religion, when relating their christian experience, make remarks like the above, viz: "I am in darkness," or "I am in the dark," &c. We have been pained to hear such remarks from persons who profess faith in Christ because we think it has a tendency to lead astray the young convert, and also the one who makes them, and not only so, but when rightly viewed, they greatly dishonour the cause of Him of whom it is declared, "that in Him all fulness should dwell." We are aware that misapprehension of terms serves more to fix one's mind than the persons making them are aware of. Those who are in the habit, or often do make such remarks, we wish kindly and affectionately to address, being governed by motives pure, and with an eye single to the glory of God.

You say you are in darkness. Now, one of two things is certainly true. 1. You either misapprehend the import of the term dark or darkness, spiritually applied, or else, 2. You are not a child of God. There is no such thing as spiritual darkness, properly speaking, to the child of God. In examining this subject, let us call to our assistance the Word of God; and in order to which we will lay down the following propositions: Everything has its opposite. For instance, the opposite of cold is heat; the opposite of health is disease; the opposite of light is darkness. Taking for granted this to be true, we are prepared to step on to scriptural ground.

Now the conversion of the soul to God is brought to light in the Bible in various forms of speech. Such as "born of God," "born of the Spirit," "brought from darkness to light," "being delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son," &c. We believe that when a soul is converted to God, it knows it, for the Bible declares 1 John 5:10, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." Witness to what? To the fact that his sins are forgiven, and he is a child of God; for "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God."

We will give one illustration of conversion. You shut a man up in a dungeon for a long time, where soverly a ray of light is given to illuminate his dark abode, and then bring him out suddenly or moderately into the clear light, and he will exclaim, how light it is! how good, how cheering is the light! It will effect him, even so much that he will cover, for a time, his eyes; and you cannot persuade that man to say he is still in darkness. Precisely so it is when a soul is converted to God. Man, in a state of nature, is in darkness. But when he is brought by the power of Omnipotent Jesus, from his dismal abode into the clear light of justifying grace, he will know it, and he will cover his eyes with his hands, exclaiming, how light I am! how light I feel! and you cannot persuade him to say he is in darkness. No wonder, for Almighty has saved out of his crusty nature a window, into which flood after flood of Divine glory comes, which removes the veil from his spiritual vision, thus enabling him to see the light, and feel its warmth. Such an one will not need to be asked if he thinks his sins are forgiven, or someone to confess Christ for him, but in the strength of Jesus; you will hear him exclaiming, "I know that God hath power on earth to forgive sin," "for he has forgiven mine."

Now if you are a child of God, and say you are in darkness, the difficulty lies here; you do not discern between spiritual darkness, and sorrow or sadness in the absence of spiritual joy, for there are times when the soul is not exulting in the joy of salvation, and still a child of God at the same time. Heaviness, as the apostle expresses it, is not darkness.—You may be in heaviness through manifold temptations," or through trial, occasioned by the loss of friends, or from other circumstances, and at the same time enjoying much of the love of God. For instance, you may meet with a sad disappointment which, for a time, seems hard to endure, and you feel somewhat crushed or weighed down, but as soon as your mind is turned in the direction of the will of God being done or submitted to, you feel a peaceful resignation. The apostle Peter, speaking of the children of the Most High, says, "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time. Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations;" and then very encouragingly adds, seemingly as if a reason for this heaviness, "That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ. Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." 1 Pet. 1:6, 9. We learn from this that the child of God is to walk by faith. "For a time," says Peter, "ye are in heaviness." Now, during this "time," or "season," it is not to be supposed they were constantly exulting in the joys

of salvation, and yet possessing a peace of mind and quietness of conscience that none realizes but he who knows his sins are forgiven. But this heaviness worketh, if we walk by faith, joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Are you in heaviness? Then walk by faith. If in "heaviness through manifold temptations," then claim this promise for yourself "But God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but with the temptation will make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it." If in heaviness or sorrow, reason—ed by their circumstances, then put your trust in God, and claim this promise. "Behold I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious, and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded."—Then lift up your head and rejoice. Say no more you are in darkness as long as you know you are a child of God.

But still do you say you do not know where you are, you are in the dark? Then let us pry a little deeper into the subject.

You say you don't know where you are which in substance is saying you do not know whether you are a child of God or not. Then let me kindly say, if you do not know whether you are a child of God or not, it is clear evidence, sustained by Scripture, that you are not, which occasions the darkness of which you complain. But I was converted. We will admit you were. But let us ask one question, however. Do you know you were converted? Did you meet with a radical change of heart, or did you take a change of purpose for a change of heart? If so, you never knew the joy of salvation, and have constantly been in the dark ever since. But you say you were converted. Then it remains for us to say that you have been living in the neglect of known duty, and have departed from keeping all the commandments of God. The Scripture says Rom. 8:1, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." Do you feel condemnation? Then you are not in Christ Jesus, consequently not a child of God, which occasions your darkness. Have you neglected known duty? If so you are under condemnation; darkness has come over you. But you may ask what is my duty? We cannot tell you all your duties, only a part of them. You may have duties to perform which none knows but you and God.—When you were converted, you loved to pray in secret. How is it now? Do you pray in secret? If not, no wonder you are in darkness, for it is a violation of a commandment. You are not only to pray in secret once or twice a week, but you ought to, two or three times a day; at least twice. Have you faithfully confessed Christ? Not only so, have you faithfully recommended him? for he is worthy of recommending. He has forgiven you your sins, thus delivering you from the curse of a broken law. If you would be a follower of Jesus Christ, you must take up your cross daily. Have you done so? Perhaps you have friends unsaved, with whom the Holy Spirit has pressed you to converse in reference to their salvation. Did you faithfully perform that duty? If so, well. If not, you are condemned. Jesus says, "ye are the light of the world;" not only so, but commands us to let our light shine. Do you let your light shine in all departments of life?—at home and abroad, in your conversation and deal with sinners? If you shrink from this, you must necessarily dwell in Egypt. Perhaps the Holy Spirit has pressed you to seek for higher attainments in the Divine life, but on seeing crosses and privations ahead, you have shrunk back, thus grieving the Spirit which wished you to go on.—Have you anything to which an undue attachment is placed, so much so that you would not cheerfully surrender it up to God, if need be? If so, that thing is an idol which is the occasion of darkness.

In conclusion, let us say, that if you are child of God, you are in the light, for "God is light and in him is no darkness." So it is. The opposite of spiritual light is spiritual darkness, which is in keeping with the Word of God, which says, Eph. 5:8, "Ye were sometimes in darkness," i.e. children of the devil. "But now (since ye were converted) are ye light in the Lord; walk as children of the light."

Remember, the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day, from which you may infer, if you do not know where you are, that you are not in the light of the Lord. Hence arises the exhortation that you rest until you can exclaim, now I know that "God is light and in him is no darkness at all."—(Northern Independent).

HOW KNOX AND LUTHER PRAYED.
During the troublous times of Scotland, when the Popish Court and aristocracy were arming themselves to suppress the reformation in that land, and the case of Protestant Christianity was in imminent peril; late in a certain night the vigilant and unwearied John Knox was seen to leave his study, and to pass from the house down into an enclosure to the rear of it. He was followed by a friend, who after a few moments of silence, his voice was heard as if in prayer. In another moment he seemed deepened into intelligible words, and the earnest petition went up from his struggling soul to heaven: "O Lord give me Scotland, or I die!" Then a pause of hushed stillness, when again his petition broke forth: "O Lord give me Scotland, or I die!" Once more all was voice-

less and noiseless, when with a yet intenser pathos, the thrice-repeated intercession struggled forth: "O Lord, Give me Scotland, or I die!" And God gave him Scotland, in spite of Mary and her Cardinal Beaton; a land and a church of noble Christian loyalty to Christ and his crown, even unto this day. How could it be otherwise?

So Luther, when Germany and the Reformation seemed to be lost, and human help was none; this was the prayer which that second Moses went and laid down at the foot of the eternal throne. "Oh God Almighty, God everlasting! how dreadful is this world! behold how its mouth opens to swallow me up, and how small is my faith in thee! If I am to depend upon my strength of the world, all is over. The knell is struck. Sentence is gone forth. Oh God! Oh God! Oh thou my God! help me against all the wisdom of the world. Thou shouldst do this. The work is not mine, but Thine. I have no business here! The cause is Thine, and it is righteous and everlasting. Oh Lord, help me. Oh faithful and unchangeable God! I lean not on man. My God, my God, dost thou not hear? My God, art thou no longer living? Nay, thou canst not die. Thou dost not hide thyself. Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it. Therefore, Oh God, accomplish Thine own will. Forsake me not, for the sake of thy well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, my defence, my buckler, and my stronghold."

But he had not done. Once more the tide of emotion and importunity burst forth. "Lord where art thou? My God, where art thou? Come, I pray thee; I am ready. Behold me prepared to lay down my life for thy truth. For the cause is holy. It is Thine own. I will not let thee go;—no, nor yet for all eternity! My soul is Thine. Yes, I have Thine own words to assure me of it. My soul belongs to thee, and will abide with thee forever. Amen! O God, send help! Amen!"

The history of the salvation and sanctification of human souls hitherto is the history of such praying as this, in spirit, if not in these or any uttered words. Such sacred earnestness and familiarity never offends, but earnestly delights, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who through him is the God of all grace and consolation.—[Congregationalist.

A Missionary's view of Mr. Spurgeon.
BY JUSTIN PERKINS, D. D.
Mr. Spurgeon was in Glasgow during the week I spent there, and I embraced the opportunity to go and hear him. I was in almost every respect favorably impressed. In person he is short and rather thick, with a large head, thick lips, broad mouth, and an open, intelligent countenance. After a graphic exposition of the forty-fifth Psalm, of twenty minutes, followed by a very earnest, pertinent prayer, he announced as his text Eph. 1:19—"To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge;"—remarking that he had preached from the text scores of times, and hoped to preach from it hundreds of times more, for the subject—the love of Christ—is exhaustless. He would now give it only from one angle—he could do no more in a single sermon—viz., the Christian's knowing Christ, in several particulars, rising as the rounds in a ladder—knowing him doctrinally—sympathetically—practically—rapturously—sympathetically—absorbingly. These adverbs will hardly suggest the rich and varied scope, and the apt and striking illustrations, embraced under each, nor the completeness of the sermon as a whole. His manner was plain and unadorned, but earnest and direct. His language was familiar, but terse and well-chosen, and his matter was a rich feast for the believer—the marrow of the Gospel. The attention of the great audience was riveted to the close of his sermon of an hour and ten minutes. Comparisons are apt to be invidious. But my mind often darts from the boyish-looking Spurgeon, while thus, as a master in Israel, he unfolded so ably the treasures of the Word of life, to the popular American preacher of Brooklyn. To the latter I should award the meed of much the most native talent and genius, and versatility and varied attainment; but the former seems to be clothed with a fresher unction, and to draw more deeply from doctrinal and evangelical fountains. Surest and longest will they both stand on their high and enviable, yet not a little dangerous positions, in proportion as they keep near the cross, determined, with Paul speaking generally, to know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified.—N. Y. Independent.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM.
It is easy to die in a battle-field—to confront death there. There earthly prizes are won—stars, bright honors, are glittering amid that sulphurous smoke; there earthly passions are to be gratified—my sister was wronged, my mother butchered, my little brother's brains dashed out against the wall, I am a man, and could believe the story told of our countrymen; now each, having got a bloody lock of a murdered woman's hair, sat down in awful, ominous silence, and, after counting the number that fell to each man's lot, rose to swear by the great God of heaven, that for every hair they would have a life. Amid such scenes, with passions boiling, vengeance calls for blood, hurling me, like a madman, on the hedge of steel; and where

the shout of charging comrades cheers him on, the soldier is swept onward on blazing guns and bristling bayonets, in a whirlwind of wild excitement. But to lie pining in a dungeon, and never hear the sweet voice of human sympathy; to groan and shriek upon the rack, where cowed and shaven murderers are as devoid of pity as the cold stone walls around; to suffer as our fathers did, when calm and interdict, they marched down the street to be hung up like dogs for Christ's crown and kingdom, implies a higher courage, is a far nobler, manlier, holier thing. Yet thousands have so died for Jesus. Theirs has been the gentle, holy, heroic, spirit of that soldier boy whose story is one of the bright incidents that have relieved the darkness of recent horrors, and shed a halo of glory around the dreadful front of war. Dragged from the jungle, pale with loss of blood, wasted to a shadow with famine and hardship, far away from father, or mother, or any earthly friend, and surrounded by a cloud of black incarnate fiends, he saw a Mahometan convert appalled at the preparations for his torture—about to renounce his faith. Fast dying, almost beyond the vengeance of his enemies, this good, brave boy had a moment more to live, a breath more to spend. Love to Jesus, the ruling passion, was strong in death; and so, as the gates of heaven were rolling open to receive his ransomed spirit he raised himself up, and casting an imploring look on the wavering convert, cried—"Oh do not deny your Lord!" A noble death, and a right noble testimony!—[Dr. Guthrie's Inheritance of the Saints.

DOING VERY WELL?
An awakened sinner was constant in his attendance upon the preaching of the gospel, was diligent in reading his Bible, and attempts at prayer. Notwithstanding all his efforts, like the woman who spent her all upon the physicians, he found himself no better, but rather worse. In his increasing alarm, he called on a minister of the gospel, who told him to use the means of grace. "You cannot convert yourself," said the minister, "you must use the means of grace in humble reliance upon the blessing of God. What are you doing?"

"I attend all the meetings, and read the Bible and pray."

"You are doing very well. Keep on using the means of grace; keep on seeking and you will find."

The young man left the preacher with a less deep sense of sin. He proceeded in the attempt to work out a righteousness for himself. He continued to do as he had been doing. By degrees his desire for salvation left him. He again became a careless sinner.

The result might have been different, had he not been told that he was doing very well—had he been told that he must at once, as a guilty, helpless, lost sinner, go to Christ—and receive from Him salvation!

"The Lord God Omnipotent Reigneth."
Rev. XIX. 6.
Good government is a great blessing. The government of God is perfect. He rules and overrules all things. Our God is the Supreme Ruler. He is omnipotent as well as omnipresent. No one can effectually resist him, or frustrate his designs. He says, "I will rule," and who shall let it? He ever rules, and he rules everywhere. Always and everywhere, in all he does, and in all he permits to be done, he keeps the good of his people in view. The world may be convulsed, nations may be thrown into disorder, all around may be in confusion; but with the eye fixed on him, and the heart resting upon him, all within me is peace. As it is written, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Let us never lose sight of the fact, that whatever parties appear on the stage, God rules; and whatever is done your best interests are secured, if we are believers in Jesus. Satan is held in check, or bound in chains, just as the Lord pleases, or the interests of his Church require; and though we may not be able to see the end of many things which take place at present, we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose." Believe, let what will take place in the world, in the Church, in the family, or even in thine own heart, rejoice in this glorious truth, that "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

STUDIOUS DEVOTION.
"Could ye not watch with me one hour?" (Mat. xxvi. 40.)
We are often in a religious hurry in our devotion. How much time do we spend in them daily? Can it not be easily reckoned in minutes?

Probably many of us would be discomposed by an arithmetical estimate of our communion with God. It might reveal to us the secret of much of our apathy in prayer, because it might disclose how little we desire to be alone with God. We might learn from such a computation that Augustine's idea of prayer, as "the measure of love," is not very flattering to us. We do not grudge time given to a privilege which we love.

Why should we expect to enjoy a duty which we have no time to enjoy. Do we enjoy anything which we do in a hurry? Enjoyment presupposes something of mental leisure. How often do we say of a pleasure, "I wanted more time to enjoy it to my heart's content?" But of all employments, none can be more dependent on "time for it" than stated prayer.

In the royal gallery at Dresden may be often seen a group of connoisseurs, who sit for hours before a single painting. They walk around those halls and corridors, whose walls are so eloquent with the triumphs of art, and they come back and pause again before that one masterpiece. They go away, and return the next day, and again the first and the last object which charms their eye is that canvas on which genius has pictured more of beauty than on any other in the world. Weeks are spent every year in the study of that one work of Raphael's. Lovers of art cannot enjoy it to the full till they have made it their own by prolonged communion with its matchless forms. Says one of its admirers: "I could spend an hour every day, for years, upon that assemblage of human, and angelic, and divine ideals, and on the last day of the last year discover some new beauty, and a new joy."

I have seen men standing in the street before an engraving of that gem of the Dresden Gallery a longer time than a good man will sometimes devote to his evening prayer. Yet, what thoughts what ideals of grace, can genius express in a painting, demanding time for their appreciation and enjoyment, like those great thoughts of God of heaven, of eternity, which the soul needs to conceive vividly, in order to know the blessedness of prayer? What conceptions can art imagine of the "Divine Child," which can equal

A PASSAGE IN A LIFE.
At morn, he was so happy; and at night
Heard broken utterance—quite worn and gray.
Upon the garden of his hopes a blight
Had fallen—a blight never to pass away.
A few words turned his soul's peace into strife;
Done in an hour, it did in a minute's space.
But every word out keenly as a knife,
Carving deep lines of suffering on his face.
And soiling bitter memories in his heart.
He was a strong man mail-clad; one whose part
From childhood upwards it had been to bear;
But the great God, great God, how good thou art!
Knew where the weak spot was, and smote him
there.

THE FAMILY ALTAR IS BROKEN DOWN.
I have often heard this confession from returning back-siders. "O how it has thrilled through my inmost soul! I want to say a few words to those who have suffered the family altar to fall. The family altar is broken down. And your unconverted children are going down to irretrievable woe. The blessed influences of a father's and mother's prayers accompany them not, as they go out into the world, and mingle with its bustle and strife. Vice allures them; they yield to the voice of the charmer, and frequently are lost forever. Your prayers might have saved them, but they heard them not."

The family altar is broken down. And that daughter of yours, young and intelligent, and who, if ever converted, would be a bright and shining light, has been mourning in secret places for months. But she has kept back in consequence of your neglect. That son, too, has been saying in his heart, "O could I but hear father pray as he used to do, how easy it would be for me to bow and give myself to God." That son, if converted, would do immense good. Yet you are standing in the way. You do not go in yourself, but you do hinder him.

Again, if you constantly bow before God at the family altar, it may be like seed sown on good ground, even when the grass grows green over the place of your rest.

A godly, praying father and mother died, leaving unconverted children. Perhaps the children did not remember when the family altar was reared. Perhaps they had never known the parents to neglect it. Sadly, silently and tearfully they gathered around the hearth-stone, after having committed the remaining parent to dust. The hour for family prayer arrived. The brothers and sisters looked upon each other. All were thinking of the same thing. At length one broke the silence—"Shall the family altar now be broken down?" "No, no!" They loved that family altar. As the fruits of it, they were led to rejoice in the wonderful salvation of God.

The family altar is broken down. And you are having an exceeding deleterious influence upon the companion of your bosom. Do you love that tender wife? If she be a Christian, you are marring her peace. If she is not, I fear she never will be, with so poor an example of the life and power of religion before her eyes.

The family altar is broken down. And your own soul is in imminent danger. I dare not hope that you attend to any public or private Christian duties. I fear you are a stranger in your closest—that you do not often attend the prayer-meeting—that your voice is not heard telling of the pure, sweet—Yea, ecstatic—joys of the life and power of religion before her eyes.

THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.
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THE THOUGHT WHICH CHEERS A DYING HOUR.
Said a dying man, in our hearing once, "My life has been a failure. I have made a fortune to leave to my relatives to quarrel over when I am gone, and what is there in that thought to cheer me now? There is but one green spot in the dreary waste of a long life, and that is the fact that I took a number of poor boys by the hand and aided them in becoming men. I can run over in my memory more than a dozen such, who are now useful and honored men, both in church and state, whom I aided and encouraged in obtaining an education. They will do some good in the world, if I did not."

The tears ran down his cheeks as he thus spoke, and he turned himself on his bed, and gently sank into the arms of death. We shall never forget that scene. It daunted myself upon the page of memory, never to be effaced.

Reader, what are you doing that you will look back on with pleasure upon your dying-bed? Have you any green spot in life upon which memory will delight to linger? Is your life a success, so far as the great business of life is concerned? You will soon lie upon your death-bed, and it becomes you to ponder these questions now.—[Presbyterian Herald.

HOW TO DIE HAPPY.
Glorious words these, to which I heard a dying woman respond, not long ago, with a sudden burst of praise: "Is he not a precious Saviour so great and good, and willing to save all our poor sinners?"

She was laying on a hard bed, in the dreary infirmary ward of a workhouse; and the power of faith and love to create a happiness independent of circumstances, came out with almost startling force in her answer to the inquiry: "You know him, then, and love him?"

"Yes, I do know him and love him; his presence makes a heaven of this room."
"If you heaped up my bed with gold and silver," she added; "if you could give me the queen's carriage and horses, and her palace and her garden, and all her beautiful flowers, and health and strength to enjoy it all, I would not take them, if they would hinder me from going home to my Saviour. They talk of the pains of dying; what will they be to me? They will but hurry me to heaven and to Jesus."

A VERY COLD PLACE.
I have seen many cold places in my day. More than once I have travelled in the northern portions of the country and the Canadas, amidst wintry storms and blasts, which almost took my breath away. I have suffered from the piercing winds upon the summit of Mount Washington, and been chilled by the cold night air upon the heights of the Alleghanies. I have lain down to rest wrapped only in my shawl upon the glaciers of Switzerland, and been fanned by the breeze from eternal snows of Mount Blanc. I have visited other regions where life in a short time would be endangered by exposure.

But I have been in one place where I suffered more from the cold than in all these. That place was a formal, lifeless meeting for prayer. There I have been chilled, yes frozen through and through, until my vitality seemed almost gone and all my heart as icy as a Greenland winter. Oh it was terrible; and it took me a long time to recover my wonted warmth and vigour. And I wrote in my note book, "Let me die anywhere and anyhow, rather than be frozen to death in a prayer-meeting."—[American Paper.

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Said a dying man, in our hearing once, "My life has been a failure. I have made a fortune to leave to my relatives to quarrel over when I am gone, and what is there in that thought to cheer me now? There is but one green spot in the dreary waste of a long life, and that is the fact that I took a number of poor boys by the hand and aided them in becoming men. I can run over in my memory more than a dozen such, who are now useful and honored men, both in church and state, whom I aided and encouraged in obtaining an education. They will do some good in the world, if I did not."

The tears ran down his cheeks as he thus spoke, and he turned himself on his bed, and gently sank into the arms of death. We shall never forget that scene. It daunted myself upon the page of memory, never to be effaced.

Reader, what are you doing that you will look back on with pleasure upon your dying-bed? Have you any green spot in life upon which memory will delight to linger? Is your life a success, so far as the great business of life is concerned? You will soon lie upon your death-bed, and it becomes you to ponder these questions now.—[Presbyterian Herald.

HOW TO DIE HAPPY.
Glorious words these, to which I heard a dying woman respond, not long ago, with a sudden burst of praise: "Is he not a precious Saviour so great and good, and willing to save all our poor sinners?"

She was laying on a hard bed, in the dreary infirmary ward of a workhouse; and the power of faith and love to create a happiness independent of circumstances, came out with almost startling force in her answer to the inquiry: "You know him, then, and love him?"

"Yes, I do know him and love him; his presence makes a heaven of this room."
"If you heaped up my bed with gold and silver," she added; "if you could give me the queen's carriage and horses, and her palace and her garden, and all her beautiful flowers, and health and strength to enjoy it all, I would not take them, if they would hinder me from going home to my Saviour. They talk of the pains of dying; what will they be to me? They will but hurry me to heaven and to Jesus."