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BIBLE SOCIETY MEETING. (Continued.)

On rising to second the resolution, the Rev. G. M. Armstrong stated, that he stood in the place of another who, he knew, would have been most happy to fulfil the task assigned him, for which he was so capable, had he not been prevented by ill health. Under these circumstances Mr. A. felt that much would not be expected from him, and, therefore, he should satisfy himself, with merely mentioning a fact in connection with this meeting, and then reciting a striking and interesting incident connected with Bible distribution in England, under very peculiar circumstances, during the past year.

The fact to which he alluded was, that during the present week, as he thought all present would know, Christians throughout the world were engaged in united prayer; that wherever the Bible Society's operations were being carried on, which was in every accessible part of the globe, there Christians were met together, in accordance with the invitation of the Evangelical Alliance, for special prayer, so that the earth was actually being girt around with a broad, deep belt of earnest, faithful, preserving prayer to Almighty God for the general outpouring of the Holy Spirit through Jesus Christ our Lord. That various subjects had been proposed for each day, and that by a remarkable coincidence the very day, which had been appointed for the present meeting, was that on which the subject for thought, prayer, and exhortation, appointed by the Alliance was "the free circulation of the Word of God," and that under these circumstances the young men of the Christian Association of St. John, who had arranged so that the Christians of the different denominations in this city might meet daily at noon and in the evening in one place, had purposely omitted a meeting for this evening, in order that we might all gather together around the Bible at this anniversary. The thought that while we were thus employed the minds of Christian brethren all over the world were engaged on a similar subject, could not but throw an additional interest upon the present assembly.

Before relating the incident to which he had referred, Mr. A. reminded the meeting of that most precious and comforting truth of Scripture, spoken by our Lord, that not even a sparrow shall fall on the ground without our Heavenly Father; that as He directs the birds of the air where to pick up a crumb of bread, so will He direct his children where they shall receive the bread of Heaven, and that this was often done in a wonderful manner, as the instance he was about to relate would exemplify. He then mentioned that there was a society, or rather an amalgamation of societies, in France, called "L'Orpheon," which is the largest that exists in the world for the study and practice of choral music. That it consisted of 30,000 amateurs, with M. Delaparte at their head, with whom the idea had originated of incorporating them into one society, thus uniting representatives of 48 departments, 11 languages, 150 choral societies, chiefly composed of workmen, belonging to the manufacturing cities of France, and artisans of various kinds. That the year before last, 6,000 of these choristers met together in Paris, when a grand performance took place before the Emperor and a great crowd of visitors, among whom were some of the chief members of the British Sacred Harmonic Society. And in the early part of the spring of last year it was arranged that the Orpheonists of France should hold a great festival in the following June at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. But as the whole 30,000 could not by any possibility be included a list were selected, and 3,000 picked Orpheonists were chosen from the branch institutions to constitute the harmonious phalanx. This movement excited the greatest interest both in France and England, and everything was done on both sides to make it come off with the greatest possible eclat. Ten steam packets were appointed to leave, respectively, Havre, Dieppe and Calais, to convey the French singers to London and back; and they compared the journey to "a bridge of fraternity thrown across the straits—a bridge which carries from one shore to the other the electric cable of humanity—a conductor of peace, union, and happiness." Little did they think what a message would be sent back by that cable, or of the only real key to true peace, union and happiness, which would be committed to the care of that conductor. As soon as it became generally known that this festival was to take place, the Rev. G. A. Rogers, the incumbent of the parish where the Orpheonists were to be quartered during their week's stay in the metropolis of London, originated, with a Christian lady, the project of presenting to each of them a copy of the Holy Scriptures. With this view the former wrote a letter in the Record newspaper, informing the Christian public that the French were coming, and that shortly between 3,000 and 4,000 would be landed on the shores of Albion. He spoke of the way in which they would be welcomed by the nation at large to its public museums, institutions and places of amusement; and then asked whether British Christians would not give them some lasting token of their interest in the welfare of France. "Shall we not," he writes, "place in their hands a copy of Britain's

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.
SAINT JOHN NEW BRUNSWICK,

Magna Charta—the secret of her greatness, the sole origin of her power, the talisman of her liberty, the bond of brotherhood, the only true basis of peace." He said that "the effect of this token of brotherly kindness might be that the representatives of France might learn the sweeter harmonies of sacred and undying peace." He expressed his willingness to be the medium of presenting the Word of Life to their visitors in the name of those Christian friends whose hearts should be opened to respond to his appeal, mentioning that £100 would procure 2,000 copies, so that a contribution of one shilling would enable him to present one. This appeal met with a most hearty response, persons flocked in to contribute their offerings towards the purchase of French Bibles and Testaments, so that an individual engaged in the work said that the readiness with which the contributions were made surrounded him of the account given in xxxv. Exodus, of the readiness of the Israelites to contribute towards erecting the tabernacle, and he earnestly prayed that contribution might tend to the increasing of the living stones of the heavenly temple, of which Christ is the chief corner stone. A large number of the Orpheonists were lodged in two monster hotels in the new metropolis market, Copenhagen fields. Mr. Rogers made his arrangements with a company of young men, aided by a Foreign Missionary of the London City Mission, from whose long and very interesting report, Mr. Armstrong had collected the details of the distribution, a very slender account of which he could then give. Before starting on their mission to visit the hotels, the parties committed themselves in prayer to the guidance and protection of Almighty God. When they arrived at the first Hotel they found the cart containing boxes of the sacred treasure, which they had sent on before, awaiting their arrival. They gained admittance into the hotel without any difficulty, the lobby of which was kindly placed at their disposal for unpacking their books, which they were permitted to place on a table in the hall; each volume contained the following inscription: "This copy of the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, is presented to the Orpheonists of France by a few English Christians, for a remembrance of their visit to England." This was, of course, in the French language. Before they were ready for distribution, several hundred of Frenchmen were gathered around, looking curiously on. Presently they were told of the intention to present them in the name of a few Christian friends with a copy of the New Testament, if they were willing to receive it. They unanimously expressed their willingness to receive such a token of hospitality, exclaiming in French, "yes gentlemen, certainly, with much pleasure, and many thanks." And then commenced the work of distribution, which may be more easily conceived than described, so eager were they to obtain the gift. But in the midst of the happy realization of their wish, Mr. Rogers and his party were suddenly interrupted by the voice of a gentleman (Mr. A. felt ashamed to say it was of an Englishman), who told them that he had the charge of the affairs of the visitors, who were all Roman Catholics, though he was a Protestant, and as their visit to England was neither a religious, nor a political affair, he could not sanction the distribution of religious books. And then turning to the policemen on duty, he said, "I order you to remove those boxes, and see that these gentlemen leave immediately." Disappointment beamed on every countenance at the sound of this most unwelcome news. Mr. Rogers, however, remonstrated with the charge d'affaires, and assured him that their desire was a token of respect and Christian duty, to present the Orpheonists with a copy of the Holy Scriptures and showed him that each copy was accompanied with a ticket explaining their reason for presenting the gift. This remonstrance, with the visible dissatisfaction of the Frenchman, at being prohibited from accepting the token of English hospitality, made him change his resolution, and turning to them he said, "gentlemen do you really wish to receive the books?" They immediately responded on all sides, "Oui Monsieur," (yes sir) and then the work went on with redoubled activity. Many of the men, who had retired to their rooms, came out again half undressed to receive copies, and throughout the whole building the distribution was carried on. Our friends then went to the adjoining hotel at the door of which they were met by two, (again Mr. A. felt ashamed to say that they were Englishmen) who said they had the charge there and could not compromise themselves by allowing the party to enter. They were not, however, thus to be deterred, and commenced unpacking in the street, and as any of the Frenchmen entered the house they presented them with Testaments; these soon told those who were within, who came flocking out, inasmuch that they had to obtain fresh reinforcements, both of books and hands to distribute them. They continued distributing until midnight, and the number thus given away altogether, amounted to 1,500. Arrangements were made for continuing the distribution on the following day, but as the day time was completely occupied by the visitors going about from place to place, they could only be seen late in the evening, when several hundred volumes more were distributed.

On Friday, Mr. Rogers having learnt that a grand concert would be given to the Orpheonists by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter

Hall, he issued a notice to inform all those who had not received the remembrance of the New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, that they might obtain them on Friday evening at Exeter Hall, where gentlemen would be found to distribute them. Consequently there were parties stationed at the front and back entrances of the Hall with supplies of Testaments to be thus disposed of. Here to them met with interference on the part of an individual who ordered them to go away, and even went so far as to direct the police inspector to take them into custody. This officer, however, knew his duty better, merely advising the distributors to stand in the street at the side of the doors. This was done, and soon they were literally besieged with applications. While this was going on, several French gentlemen were observed, approaching, wearing various medals and decorations. When they drew near to the door of the Hall, they were politely offered a copy of the Sacred Volume, the acceptance of which would be regarded as a favor. They stopped, and Mr. Delaforte himself came forward and accepted a Bible. He expressed, in a most cordial manner, his great satisfaction at the interest thus shown towards the Orpheonist, and tendered his own sincere thanks, which he begged might be conveyed to all who were connected with the movement, expressing a hope that the books might realize the desired effect. He further said that if sixteen Bibles were sent to the European Hotel in Leicester Square, he would consider it a pleasure to distribute them among his brother officers. And so pleased was he at the distribution, that he gave orders to his commissary in attendance at the door, to make known to all who had not yet received the English "souvenir," to come out and get it. This great numbers did, and the total number of Bibles and Testaments distributed to them on this and former occasions amounted to nearly 4,000 volumes. Who can tell what may be the blessed effects of this single distribution, by God's blessing, in rescuing souls from eternal destruction? The difficulties, however, which attended the supply of Scriptures to the Orpheonists were not yet ended; hindrances to their carrying the sacred volume to their homes presented themselves on their return to their own shores; there the Custom House demanded all books to be given up, the only souvenir of England they had received in a tangible form—but to this the Frenchmen would not submit. No! they would sooner go back to London than give up their present! They stormed, they fought—at Calais they conquered. At Boulogne the Sous-Prefect who went down to calm them, was glad to escape in safety, and 800 Testaments steamed gloriously up to Paris. At Dieppe, 1,300 were detained but an order was soon afterwards sent to release the books, and they were restored to their owners.

The lesson taught by this incident, Mr. Armstrong added, was the importance of availing ourselves of whatever opportunity might be afforded of supplying the Word of God to those who were destitute of it; that in doing so difficulties might be expected, which energy and perseverance, combined with prayer to God, would ultimately overcome. We little knew how soon avenues once opened might speedily be closed, and therefore we should be on our watch. Some years ago Italy was thrown open, and who can tell the amount of blessing which attended the Bibles then poured into that unhappy country? But soon it was closed by the hand of bigotry, which did all it could to quench the light that was gaining an entrance. Once more Italy invites the operations of our Society, and we do well to avail ourselves of the opportunity, not knowing how soon again it may be closed. It was his firm conviction that in the midst of the troubles surrounding us on every side, God was gathering out His own elect, and His people were being used as instruments to supply to them the Word of Life, in which they should all be delighted to be engaged. He stated that at the last annual meeting of the Church Society, in this diocese, his venerable father had advocated the claims of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and expressed his opinion that the Diocesan Society would thrive and prosper all the better if the noble Bible Society were sanctioned and patronized by it. Mr. A. then observed that "in essential things there should be unity, in doubtful things liberty, and in all things charity," and he believed that the Bible and the Bible Society were essential things, upon which all should be united, and that he was quite sure that those churches, and congregations, and ministers would be most successful and thriving, who thoroughly supported this noble institution.

In moving the fourth Resolution, the Rev. Mr. Narraway alluded to the remarks of Mr. Ferris and others who preceded him, respecting the Prince of Wales and his genealogy. He himself had traced Victoria up through William the Conqueror to Alfred, further still, to Hengist and Horsa, up to some Scandinavian god! but he thought that the proudest genealogical plume in the Prince's cap was that he was the son of his mother! Mr. M. made a graceful allusion to the zeal of his Church of England brother, Rev. G. M. Armstrong, whom he had known when he (Mr. N.) entered the ministry. He would not make a speech at that advanced hour of the night.

Dr. Botford seconded the Resolution, with a few remarks.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1861.

Mr. Allan McBeath, moved the fifth Resolution, and alluded to the fact that as the world advanced in progress, the influence of woman was more and more felt. The Bible Society of this Province owed a debt of gratitude to the ladies of New Brunswick, for their exertions in its behalf.

Mr. John Fraser seconded the Resolution. The meeting then terminated by singing the Doxology.

The collection at the Annual Meeting was £15, and the sum derived from the sale of Tickets was £20.

"YOU READ—I'M TOO WICKED."

By attending meetings where the Bible and churches were ridiculed, and by reading sceptical authors, Mr. — became a confirmed infidel. In his rage one day, while speaking against the followers of Jesus, he seized the Bible from the stand, cast it into the fire, and watched it until it was consumed. His wife and child stood amazed, fearing to speak a word. He continued in this mad career, spending his Sabbath among scoffers and blasphemers, forbidding both his wife and child to hear the Word of God.

Months passed away in this manner, when being alone with her mother one day, little Mary asked, "Mother, can't I go to Sabbath-school?" "I should be willing," said her mother, "but you know your father will whip you if you go." "Can't I go in the afternoon, when father's away at his meeting?" "Perhaps you might; but you know how your father hates religion." Mary hesitated, and then said, "If you will let me go, I won't mind being whipped; may I go next Sabbath?" "You may, but take care how you speak of it to your father." "Oh! I'm so glad!" said the dear child, and her face lit up with cheerful smiles as she imprinted a kiss on her mother's cheek.

The next Sabbath Mary went, for the first time, to the Sabbath-School. She was delighted; the singing charmed her; the voice of prayer solemnized her; and the pious talk of a devoted teacher won her heart. That Sabbath to her was a high day, and a holy day. She became a faithful, diligent scholar. Her interest grew deeper in the truths of the Bible, while her affection for her teacher was most tender.

It was not long before her teacher presented her a small Bible as a birthday gift. She was delighted; but what could she do with it? Could she conceal it? Would it be burned, like her mother's? Many anxious thoughts passed through her mind. Well she knew, if it were placed on the book-shelf, it would be destroyed. She concluded to hide it beneath her pillow. So, between the bed and mattress she deposited her sacred treasure. Many were the happy hours she spent alone, perusing its most precious pages.

About two years after she began attending the school, one Sabbath afternoon her father came home earlier than usual. Having to go up stairs for something, on reaching Mary's room he heard her voice in earnest prayer: "O God, have mercy on my dear father. Show him his sins. Let him feel his need of Jesus Christ. May he seek thy mercy, and find peace through believing in Jesus." He stood powerless, almost paralyzed. Quietly he turned and came down stairs, and was overcome with a sense of his great guiltiness before God. The hand of God had touched him. The light of heaven had beamed upon his dark, polluted soul. He sank down on a chair, and said to his wife: "I feel very strange." His wife, looking at him anxiously, said, "You don't look well; what's the matter? Shall I send for the doctor?" "No, I'm not sick, but I feel an awful depression on my heart; isn't there a Bible in the house?" He sighed heavily, when Mary spoke,—"Father, I know where there is one; shall I fetch it?" "Yes, child, do." Quickly she was in her room, and brought the precious book, and handed it to her father. He gave it to his wife, saying, "You read—I'm too wicked." Opening the book in the middle, he eyes fell on the fifty-first psalm, which she read slowly and distinctly. "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness," never fell on ears more ready to receive them than was this poor trembling sinner.

When the psalm was finished, he said "Can't you pray for me?" Blushing at such an unexpected request, she said, "No, I cannot; I have not prayed since I was a little girl." The dear child, seeing her father's distress, said, "Father, shall I pray?" "Yes, child, if you can." She knelt down; her father and mother both fell on their knees, when she poured out a fervent prayer for mercy and salvation for these her parents. God was in that room. Jesus was there to bless. The Holy Spirit was there to enlighten and sanctify. The father's heart was melted; so was his wife's both wept together for their sins.

Mary's face beamed with holy joy that her prayers were now answered. Many times had she sought the Lord alone, and prayed for her father's conversion. That day salvation came to that house. While partaking of their evening meal she said, "Won't you go and hear Mr. B.?" They consented. She led them to that sanctuary where was her dear Sabbath-school. The gospel of Jesus was seriously and solemnly proclaimed, and the Word reached the heart of this man. He went home to pray. He sought and obtained mercy. His wife became a Christian; all three united with the church. Mary is now a devoted Sabbath-school teacher.

endeavouring to lead other children to Christ. The infidel is a zealous Christian, and has written books defining the faith he once sought to destroy. Who can overestimate the influence of a pious child? Verily "He leadeth the blind by a way they knew not, and in the paths they have not known."—Am. Mess.

CONSEQUENCES OF DELAY.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A YOUNG WOMAN THAT DELAYED SEEKING THE SAVIOUR.

"Let me call the attention of the reader," says a Christian medical practitioner, in the year 1830, "to an event which happened lately, as an awful instance of the uncertainty of life, the frailty of even youthful vigor, and the danger of procrastination. The individual to whom I allude was a young woman, 17 or 18 years old, possessed of a stout and rather handsome person; she belonged to the laboring classes of society, and earned her own living, part by working at the mill of a manufacturer. Here her morals became gradually tainted, till at length, as will appear by the sequel, she fell into very gross sin. Her female cousin, for she had neither father nor mother, had often reasoned and expostulated with her on the alarming change that was observable in her conduct. She succeeded sometimes in softening her mind, and drawing from her repeated promises of amendment, and attention to the word and will of God.

"In this manner time wore away, and, doubtless, day by day, and month by month, Satan, the great enemy of her soul, failed not to suggest to her, that she was quite young, and strong, and healthy; what need then of immediate concern? would not to-morrow do as well? why not seize the pleasures of to-day? Surely she would have abundance of time and opportunity to follow up serious resolutions. At length, however, the hour did come, and found her sinful and unconverted.

"With a mind intent upon every thing, except the one thing needful, she awoke to pursue her daily calling; at her breakfast, joined merrily in the jests and follies of her depraved associates, went out, returned at her usual hour of dining, sat down to the table with a slight headache, when suddenly her eyesight became effected, she rose up, made an effort to cross the room, staggered, and fell senseless across her bedstead never to speak more. I was sent for, and found her in this state, alive, it is true, but without the power of thought or utterance. She was laboring under a fit of apoplexy. Medical aid was tried in vain; death held fast his prey. When I called the following morning, and had ascended, without meeting any person, the broad staircase of the large old building, which had been let off into tenements to poor people, I opened the door of her chamber, and looking about me for the aged woman who had undertaken to nurse her I drew near to the bed, the curtains of which were closed round; on being drawn aside, they disclosed a livid corpse, cold, stiff, and swaddled up in grave-clothes. It was the girl, who only twenty-hours before could have boasted of youth and strength, and who looked for years to come with the youngest and healthiest of her companions. Her cousin joined me while I stood gazing upon the awful spectacle, and from her I gathered the account which I have now related.

"Let me ask you, reader, if the above is not a sufficient proof of the danger of delay, and a full corroboration of the declaration of God, 'He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.'"

ANECDOTE OF THOMAS PAINE.

One night, in 1830, when Paine boarded with Carve, I says Grant Thorburn, stepped into his room while he was preaching his doctrines to eight or ten journeymen mechanics. When he ceased, I said to him:

"Mr. Paine, the first night I slept on shore in America, was at No. 8 Dutch street, New York, in an open garret, on the 17th of June, 1794. The night was hot. I laid on my ship's mattress on the floor. At midnight, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the rain descended, the flood came and beat on the shingle roof. I knew not what it meant. We had no shingles in Scotland. I was in bodily fear. Sleep fled from my eyes. I arose at four in the morning, headache, heartache, and spirits sunk down to my heels. To kill time until the people were astir below, I opened my box of books to see if they were mended; they had been fourteen weeks in the hold of the vessel. On the top lay a small pocket Bible. It was placed there by my pious father. I opened the book; my eyes lighted on the third chapter of Proverbs. I read the chapter twice. I was astonished. My spirits revived—my pains fled. I grasped my wrought nail hammer, and went forth to earn my first cent in America, resolving to take that chapter for my pilot, and the sixth verse for my chart. Having the Bible in my pocket, I read him the chapter.

"Now, said I, Mr. Paine, the whole host of French philosophers, with Voltaire at their head and myself with your 'Age of Reason' and your book of 'Common Sense,' never wrote a line to teach a boy like himself (who, before going on board the ship which carried him from this country, had never been twenty miles from his father's door), how to behave in the world, and how to shun the path of the destroyer. But every verse in this chapter is a map and the sixth verse

a guide, a guide post, and no traveller, though a toll, can err." He looked earnestly in my face as I spoke, and laying his hand on my shoulder, said, "Friend Grant, thou art a young enthusiast." His father belonged to the society of Friends.

RELIGIOUS DEPRESSION.—It is the strange truth that some of the highest of God's servants are tried with darkness on the dying bed. Theory would say, when a religious man is laid up for his last struggle, now he is alone for deep communion with God. Fact very often says, "No; now he is alone as his Master was before him, in the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil." Look at John in imagination, and you would say, "Now his rough pilgrimage is done. He is quiet, he is out of the world, with the rapt foretaste of heaven in his soul." Look at John in fact. He is agitated, sending to Christ, not not able to rest, grim doubt wrestling with his soul, misgiving for one last black hour whether all his hope has not been delusion. There is one thing we remark here by the way. Doubt often comes from inactivity. We cannot give the philosophy of it, but this is the fact—Christians who have nothing to do but to sit thinking of themselves, meditating, sentimentalizing, (or mystifying), are almost sure to become the prey of dark misgivings. John struggling in the desert needs no proof that Jesus is the Christ. John shut up, became morbid and doubtful immediately. Brethren, all this is very marvellous. The history of a human soul is marvellous. We are mysteries; but here is the history of it all: for sadness, for suffering, for misgiving, there is no remedy but stirring and doing.

LIVING WITHIN MEANS.

We hold it to be one of the first temporal duties that an individual should not suffer his annual expenses to exceed his income. This may often call for the most rigid economy and self-denial, but this sacrifice must evidently be made, or somebody must be wronged. The ability to get more than one has the means of paying for, is founded on credit; and as every person is presumed to know the state of his own finances better than others can know it, to buy, without the reasonable prospect of being able to meet fully the expectations of the creditor, deserves no lighter name than fraud.

Extravagance in living is a prominent cause of debt and embarrassment; and that pride which is unwilling to come down to one's actual circumstances, and which seeks to hide poverty by a show of wealth, is a principal source of this extravagance. Yet a man always commands the respect of the world, who conforms his style to his real condition—looking the latter full in the face himself and not unwilling that others should see it as it is. A man of character can afford to do this; the fictitious sensibility and the false name belong to the pretenders to gentility.

We were impressed with these thoughts in a pleasant call which we lately made on a young family of our acquaintance. The young man belongs to one of the liberal professions, and his residence is within sight of the elegant homestead; richly furnished within, and surrounded by ample and shaded grounds, where his parents still reside. His young wife was brought up tenderly, and to a character of natural delicacy adds the charm of social culture and refinement. They occupy their own house—and what is its style? The simplest cheapest of all cottages, containing, we believe, five little rooms, all told—the whole structure costing less than the annual rent of hundreds of houses in this city which are built to rent. But affection, intelligence and taste, preside over that cultivated home, making it more attractive to an appreciative visitor, than a palace would be without these accessories, and to its inmates it is fragrant with the breath of their first-born child. It is their own house; and be their prospect never so flattering, nothing can be more sensible than this simplicity; and as it is all which is at present within their means, they are contented and cheerful—happier far than the occupants of splendid dwellings who cannot pay their bills. We commend the example to "fast" young men and ambitious belles if there are any such among our readers, reminding them that hardly any social spectacle is more delightful than a graceful conformity to an humble style of living, in one who is fitted by an early training to adorn the most elegant—*Congregational Herald.*

YOUNG MEN.

As interesting and important to young men, the thoughts which follow were addressed by a man of God, who has long been labouring for Christ:

Young men are valuable. Pious young men, beyond estimate, valuable. The Church knows the worth of a young man as a Christian. The father and mother know his worth as a son.—The sister knows his worth as a brother. The young wife knows his worth as a husband. The politician knows the worth of a young man.—And Satan knows his worth.

How did Christ look upon young men? He set us an example in that, as in every other respect. When the young ruler came to him, he looked upon him and loved him. So we should look upon young men. We should love them for what they are as immortal souls, love them for what they may be. Who are going to take the places of these hoary heads? Fathers, who are going to take your places? Who are going