

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. E. McLEOD, {

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

{ Editor and Proprietor

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## Religious Intelligencer.

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### AN APPEAL TO LORD REFWRE, THE PRINCE OF WALES,

ON THE PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF HIS CIGAR AND PIPE.

MY LORD: I am told that God has endowed you with intellect, and, though born and bred amidst courtiers, you are not insensible to the dictates of friendship and common sense.

American Citizens, with one voice, thank you for your late visit, and trust that Divine Providence may make it a presage of signal good to your nation and our own.

We gave you, my Lord, unmistakable evidence of affectionate homage, when "the shout of a king" went up on every hand, and men of all parties cried "God save the Queen," and You, the heir of her illustrious throne! Hence, in this Appeal, I shall not disgust you by offering a needless amount of homage, nor degrade myself by making unnecessary apologies.

Your likeness is among us in daguerotypes by thousands; and it may gratify you to know that our artists have in no instance disfigured the countenance of your Royal Highness by the presence of your meerschaum with its noxious fumes.

But I am sorry to say that our Youth, far and near, have discovered that the Prince whom we delighted to honor is a devotee of this idol—a victim of this master-vice of the age!

Wherever these dear boys trace you in your route, whether on railways, rivers or lakes, in Canada or Illinois, in Baltimore or Boston, on the heights of Quebec or on the banks of the Potomac, they see you with this idol in your mouth, envied by smoke!

I have spent ten of the best years of my life in battling Tobacco, in warning our rising millions against this fashionable abomination and its affluities, and in forming Bands of Hope. Hence you compel me to tell you, my Lord, that your example has been contagious, and in this particular pernicious.

We were afflicted with juvenile smokers before. These young Enns were about us in abundance. But now our tobaccoists, urged by cupidity, are rapidly manufacturing the Prince of Wales Cigars, and, by this fascinating brand, our youths and dandies are fast copying this vice of yours, who may never copy your virtues.

I hate tobacco as Lord Nelson hated a Frenchman. "I will fight a Frenchman," was his language; "wherever I can find him; wherever he can anchor, my ship shall be there." Hence, even your Royal Highness may expect no quarter for this vice; for, God helping me, I will battle it alike on a throne or in a dungeon.

English travellers reproach us for our national intemperance; English philanthropists for our atrocious system of slavery. For this fidelity your countrymen have our thanks.

And now, my Lord, I wish in some measure to reciprocate this kindness; I wish, if possible to save you, from a baneful habit which has power "to bind kings with chains, and bring princes to nothing."

I might dwell on the expensiveness of your habit; but what are hundreds of pounds, annually consumed in smoke, to a royal purse? "The gold and the silver," I add, however, "are the Lord's."

I might dwell on the waste of time—"the stuff," my Lord, "which life is made of," but an English earl has shown that the victim of tobacco, in one form must waste a twentieth part of life in his indulgence. This must suffice upon this point.

I might pour ridicule upon your habit, my Lord; for never does prince or subject appear so ridiculous as when he becomes a puffing locomotive, or a smouldering volcano!

I do not address you however, in your individual capacity or position, but as prospective monarch; for I wish to induce you to abandon a habit which will essentially impair your ability to rule over the most powerful nation on earth.

In the first place, my Lord, your habit may prove fatal to self-reliance, and, by enslaving you, incapacitate you to rule others.

You early made use of this poison. You use it freely, and already it may have gained the mastery. The man who is mastered is one who has lost the power of resistance—one who is subject to some despot, some passion or imperious appetite. Artificial appetites are despotic masters; and the appetite for this poison, once formed, is eminently such; it becomes a ruling passion, swaying its victims at will.

We have many political demagogues in America, who make a vast uproar respecting foreign despots, who disgust us by their vulgar and boisterous boasts of liberty, whilst they themselves, victims by this noxious drug, are subject slaves! They care more for this popular poison than for God, Man, or State.

Thus it is with us, my Lord. How is it with you? Which has the ascendancy, you or your meerschaum? "As the eye of a servant is unto the hand of his master," is not your eye upon this fond idol? Is it not among your last indulgences at night, and your first in the morning? What luxuries flowing from the munificent hand of God—what fruits—what food—what pastimes—what friends—what studies—what sciences—what affairs of state—what province in all the

vast amplitude of your dominions, occupies half so much time or attention as your fond cigar, or your idolized pipe? Here, here is a power—let no one despise it—which carries "kings into captivity, and binds princes at its pleasure."

No man, my Lord, who has the soul of a man, can contemplate the mission of England and America—a mission, under God, which is to spread constitutional liberty and Christ's religion over the earth—but must regard you, England's coming King, with intense interest and genuine good will. We wish you to be a prince "who shall have power with God and man"—"a tower of strength and salvation."

But how can you, my Lord, victimized by this narcotic, unable to rule yourself rule a kingdom of such dimensions?—a kingdom which stretches "from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth," and whose "morning drum-beat" echoes the globe?

Ah! my Lord, blast not the hopes of expectant millions of England and America! Be not the prey of artificial appetites! Act upon the sublime sentiment of Jeremy Taylor: "He who hath the fewest wants is the most like God!" With the great Apostle say, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection."

Your habit, my Lord, may not only disable you, but through you, future Kings on your throne. We desire no extinction of this royal line. May it go on increasing in virtue and glory "as long as the sun and moon shall endure." You seem designated as the Prince who is to perpetuate this dynasty; hence it is presumable that you are to transmit rulers for the English throne. How desirable you should be a model man, and transmit model kings!

Tobacco is undeniably a poison, which injures the health, strength and manly courage of ordinary mortals; and we are yet to learn that the laws of Nature pay any such deference to royal blood, as to suppose it may not injure you. Divine authority has said, "It is the honor of a king to search a matter." We ask you, then, to go to the royal shelves, consult some volume which treats of vegetable poisons, and learn the nature and baneful effects of tobacco.

Set it down, my Lord, as a scientific and philosophical truth, that God no more intended you should make this poison a bosom friend than prussic acid, arsenic, hemlock, or a rattlesnake with his fatal fangs. As a poison, it disturbs the entire physical economy—affects the nervous system, at one time maddening the sensibilities at another rendering its victim as amiable and oblivious as sleeping babe!

We paint imperfectly, my Lord, but we paint from life. We think this poison, used by one generation after another, injures the nerves, strength and style of man; or, in the language of an English physician, "It destroys the very principle of manhood." In the lapse of time its victims take on a peculiar type—they become tremulous and timid, lank and lean—they do not rise to the stature of men, and what is worse, they afflict church and state by entailing on their posterity their own physical and moral deterioration.

Says another English physician, "The sin of the father is never so strikingly visited on his children as in the sin of tobacco-smoking."

I know, my Lord, that some, who by chance may glance at this humble tract, will treat this subject with contempt. But, should you consult such statesmen as Lord Palmerston, such divines as the Dean of Carlisle, and such physicians as Brodie, they might tell you that the man is not born who can take "the gauge and dimensions" of this insidious enemy, which "has smote great nations." Why have Mexico, Germany, Turkey, Italy and Spain now so little nationality? Tobacco with them has had free course, and is a mighty cause, among others, of their inferior position. May not such be the fate of England!

The example of a prince, says the word of God, may be "clothed with desolation." Hence we aim to defend "Young America," my Lord, against your injurious example. But we cannot forget that there is Young Ireland, Scotland and England, and that you have humble Reformers in your own dominions wielding the battle-axe against this and kindred evils, amidst indifference and derision.

It is the character of a virtuous prince to live for the good of his people. Hence, we beg you, my Lord, to drop your meerschaum and its affluities; and as you are prospectively the Head of the Church, we beg you to be the Head of the Temperance Cause amidst a loyal and noble people. A cause of such intrinsic excellence, working so admirably in all places and times; may not borrow one iota of glory from prince or potentate; still, so much are the masses swayed by names, that you, the Prince of Wales, have power sufficient to give it a glorious impulse, which will be felt till time shall end.

Advance, my Lord, and honor the injunction, "It is not for kings to drink wine, nor princes strong drink." Give your princely strength to struggling reforms by pledging total abstinence from intoxicating drinks and deadly drugs. You will then be the crown of rejoicing to the Sons and Daughters of Temperance the world over; and Bands of Hope will spring from the peat lands of Ireland, from the blue hills of Scotland, and from the cold regions of the Canadas, and, bless you. Dear boys and girls, by millions will clap their hands, and give you such a throne in their hearts as no earthly monarch ever filled.

Respectfully, your friend, my Lord  
GEO. TRASK.

Fitchburg, Massachusetts, U. S. A., Dec., 1860.

## THE REFORMATION.

WHAT IT DID FOR SCOTLAND

Three hundred years have gone by since Scotland was a Popish country. A poor, wretched country it was in those days. Great part of the people were slaves, bought and sold like cattle, with the fields which they tilled. The land was full of violence. Bands of fierce robbers defied law. Murder was common; and no wonder, for the murderer had only to lift with his red hand the latch of the nearest church, enter, and be safe. Such was the power of superstition!

The people were steeped in ignorance. Scarce one could read a word, or write his own name. A whole parish would have been filled with dread if, for a single day or night, the church bells had failed to ring to drive away evil spirits. The priests would give the people some trash to kiss, calling it a bit of Christ's cross, or a thorn of his crown, or, perhaps, a piece of the Virgin Mary's veil, or of the tail of Peter's coat. The poor abused people paid for leave to kiss the relic—to draw virtue from it: for the healing of their souls.

In all their troubles they cried to the saints. If fever raged, they prayed to St. Roche. When lightning darted out of the thunder-cloud they prayed to St. Barbara. The farmer prayed to St. Anthony to take care of his cattle and swine. The soldier prayed to St. Sebastian to make the English arrows miss him in battle. People took long journeys to beg favours of particular saints. Insane persons were brought from all parts to be tied to St. Mungo's cross at Glasgow. When the poor madman, bound to the cross, had yelled and struggled a while, his friends took him to his right mind. Persons dying of consumption dragged themselves to the East Nook of Fife, to get health by kissing the "old cross of Creil."

The land swarmed with priests and monks, a debauched and vicious crew. There goes one, a stout, tall fellow, wrapped from head to heel in a long, flowing black gown, with sleeves as wide as a sack's mouth. His cowl, thrown back, shows his head all shaven, except a ring of hair above the ears. There goes another, with gown of grey, vast tippet, knotted rope round his middle, and wooden soles strapped to his bare and dirty feet. And there goes one of a third order, yellow-gowned, white-mantled, broad-hatted. But to tell all the varieties of the monkish tribe would need a summer day. Their abodes were vast buildings like palaces, where they dwelt, fifty, a hundred, two or three hundred together, living in idleness on the fat of the land. Look at that stately person who rides along on his pacing mule, the silver bells at his bridle softly tinkling as he goes. People drop on their knees on the dirty street, and remain kneeling till he is past. It is the proud lord of one of these monk-palaces, with its broad lands, tributaries, dues, and offerings.

Let us visit your cottage on the moor. It is the home of one who laboured on a little patch of land for his family's bread. But some fatal disease has struck him down, and you see at a glance that he lies on the bed from which he will never rise. The sun is setting behind the hills and time is setting with him. The death damps already gather on his brow. A priest enters. He mutters some words in an unknown tongue, brings out a little box, and takes from it a morsel of bread, which he places in the mouth of the dying man, and then leaves him to go his dark road into eternity. Poor, ignorant, fearfully deceived soul, taught to worship a wafer and eat his god!

On the morrow the priest returns. The sufferer of yesterday is done with all his earthly toils. The children that play beside the cottage door are orphans now, and the widow presses her infant to her bosom as she weeps beside her dead husband. What brings the priest back to day? The greedy priest has come to look after his dues. He must have his "corpse present." The best cow that belonged to the dead man now belongs to the priest, together with the covering of his bed, or the uppermost of his body-clothes. The widow brings out the coat which was wont to wrap her husband's many form, and weeps anew as she hands it to the priest. The cow is driven away, the wondering orphan looking on. This was what the priests, in their filthy greed, used to do whenever a man died.

If we think of these things we may have some idea what Scotland was, and what look it bore when it was a Popish country.

More than a hundred years before the Reformation, there came to the north an Englishman who had fled for his life from the priests in his own country. This Englishman, John Resby by name, went about teaching the Scottish people the truth as it is in Jesus. Many heard and some believed. But the priests seized this good soldier of Jesus, and burned him alive at Perth, the first of our martyrs. Far away in the city of Prague, in Bohemia, the people of God heard what had been done to the preacher of the cross in dark, fierce Scotland. They found a man who was willing to come here and risk his life to tell perishing souls of a Saviour. The name of this noble, generous man was Paul CRAWER. He was a doctor of medicine, and while he healed the diseases of the body, he told the patients of Him who alone can heal the soul. The good which this blessed stranger did among our benighted fathers the last day will reveal. But the priests got hold of him also. They kindled his death

fire at St. Andrews, and there they burned him to ashes. They forced a ball of brass into his mouth, lest he should speak to the people who gathered to see him die; and thus, among cruel strangers, far from his fatherland, he endured his great dumb agony. Such was Scotland's welcome to the messenger of peace.

From the time of John Resby, there never ceased to be a little hidden flock of Christians in Scotland. They met in great secrecy, to encourage one another in the faith and hope of the gospel. The fear of discovery forced them to use many strange concealments. For example, one M. Jacob Nesbit, an Ayrshire man, had a written copy of the New Testament. He dug a vault below his house, and there, by the light of a burning splinter of bogfir, he was wont to read his precious book, a few trusty friends who were in the secret creeping into the murky den to hear.

As printing came into use, copies of the English Bible were secretly brought into the country and eagerly read by hundreds of little clubs like that which met in John Nesbit's hole. In this way the Word of God grew mightily and prevailed. The priests raged against it with all cruelty and blood. One most meek and gentle preacher of the truth, Patrick Hamilton, was the king's own kinsman born. Not the less for that was he burned at the stake. The fierce priests burned the bones of God's people to lime. But they could not stop, they only hastened God's work by that. The smoke of the burning martyrs infected all on whom it blew. When one blessed voice was silenced amid the roaring flames, God sent another messenger to declare his truth. The ashes of Patrick Hamilton might be trampled by the feet of his murderers; but Wishart came and spoke as one who sees heaven open. Wishart, too, was burned. Fire, fire was the argument of the priests. But Knox was ready to lift up his mighty voice. He preached, and the hearts of his countrymen were moved as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind.

Slowly and long had God been preparing his own way. At last the power which had wrought in secret burst out like a flood. Scotland rose up to cast away its fetters, and put an end forever to the tyranny of Rome. THE REFORMATION had come—the hour of the good-will of Him who dwelt in the bush. The Popish Church was stripped of its enormous wealth, heaped up by ages of imposture and merchandise of the souls of men. The swarms of lazy, vicious monks, who ate up the nation's wealth, were scattered. The Word of God was made free. Over all the land the gospel was preached, and thousands of thirty souls drank the water of life. As fast as ever it could be got done, ministers were planted in all parishes, schools opened, and schoolmasters set to teach. This was the work of John Knox and the Reformers. It is three hundred years to-day since they first met in General Assembly to consult about the doing of it.

What, under God, made Scotland what Scotland is? What was it that came upon our country like Spring after winter, like life from the dead? The Reformation. Then it was that morning dawned on the hills and glens of Scotland, and chased away the ancient night of ignorance and superstition. Without the Reformation ours would have been just such a poor, half savage country as Spain is, or as the Popish parts of Ireland are to this day. Of all the precious blessings which our land enjoys, where is there one that had not its source in the Reformation? Our freedom? It was born at the Reformation, and its cradle was rocked in the storm that swept Popish tyranny away. Education? It is the rich inheritance which the Reformers bequeathed. Civilization? It came on the wheels of light which the Reformation lent it. The Word of God? The Reformation brought it and laid it at every cottage door. All the best blessings of the life that now is, as well as the blessings of the life to come, entered Scotland by the same door, and became ours by the same glorious event—the REFORMATION.

This day, the 20th of December 1860, the three hundredth anniversary of the first meeting of the General Assembly after our country was freed from spiritual bondage, is a memorable day for Scotland. Let us hope that, while in all the churches throughout the kingdom ministers tell the story of our great deliverance and give thanks to the Most High for his mercy to our land, the people will resolve, in His strength, to harden to latest generations the blessings so dearly won.

A NEW CREATURE.—A Scotch girl was converted after the preaching of Whitfield. When asked if her heart was changed, her true and beautiful answer was—"Something I know is changed; it may be the world; it may be my heart; there is a great change somewhere, I'm sure; for everything is different from what it once was."

A very apt commentary on that passage (2 Cor. v. 17): "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new."

"How wonderfully," says an ancient writer, "does the new-born soul differ from his former self? He liveth a new life, he walketh in a new way. His principle is new; his practices are new; his projects are new; it is new. He reveals all he had woken before, and employeth himself wholly about another work."—Observer.

## PROCESS OF CLEANSING.

"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." Mal. 3: 3.

A few ladies in Dublin were accustomed to meet together to read the Scriptures and converse upon them. When reading the third chapter of Malachi, one of the ladies gave it as her opinion that the fuller's soap and the refiner of silver were only the same image, intended to convey the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ. "No," said another, "they are not just the same image; there is something remarkable in the expression in the third verse, 'He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.' They all said that possibly it might be so. This lady was to call on a silversmith, and promised to report to them what he said on the subject. She went, without telling him the object of her errand, and begged to know the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her: "But do you sit, sir," said she, "while you are refining?" "O yes, madam, I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, since if the silver remain too long it is sure to be injured." "And how long do you know when it is sufficiently refined, sir?" "Whenever I can see my own image reflected in it, I know the process is completed." She at once saw the beauty and the comfort too of the expression, "he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." Christ sees it needful to put his children into the furnace, but he is seated by the side of it. His eye is steadily intent on the work of purifying, and his wisdom and love are engaged to all in the best manner for them. Their trials do not come at random; the very hairs of their head are all numbered.

LIBERALLY REWARDED.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove to me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Mal. 3: 10.

"Some years ago," says one, "I recollect reading a striking sermon by the late Mr. Simpson, of Macleodfield; the subject, I think, was Christian liberality; but what most forcibly struck my mind, was a passage quoted from Malachi: 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, &c.' I cannot describe how my mind was impressed with the manner in which Jehovah here condescended to challenge his people, when he says, 'And prove me now herewith,' &c. Suffice it to say, that the subject made such an impression, I found it my duty to do more for the cause of God than I ever had done. I did so, and on closing that year's account, I found that I had gained more than in any two years preceding it. Sometime afterwards, I thought the Redeemer's cause had an additional claim, as the place in which we worshipped him wanted some repairs. The sum I then gave was £20; and in a very little time afterwards I received £40, which I had long given up as lost."

PUTTING OFF REPENTANCE.

A hermit was conducted by an angel into a wood, where he saw an old man cutting down boughs to make up a burden. When it was large, he tied it up and attempted to lift it on his shoulders and carry it away, but finding it very heavy; he laid it down again, cut more wood and heaped it on, and then tried again to carry it off. This he repeated several times, always adding something to the load, after trying in vain, to raise it from the ground. In the meantime the hermit, astonished at the old man's folly, desired the angel to explain what this meant. "You behold," said he, "in this foolish old man, an exact representation of those who, being made sensible of the burden of their sins, resolve to repent, but soon grow weary, and instead of lessening their burden, increase it every day. At each trial they find the task heavier than it was before, and so put it off a little longer, in vain hope that they will by-and-by be more able to accomplish it: Thus they go on adding to their burden, till it grows too heavy to be borne, and then, in despair of God's mercy, and with their sins unrepent of they lie down and die. Turn again, my son, and behold the end of the old man whom thou sawest heaping up a load of boughs." The hermit looked, and saw him in vain attempting to remove the pile, which was now accumulated far beyond his strength to raise. His feeble limbs tottered over their burden; the poor remains of his strength were fast ebbing away; the darkness of death was gathering around him; and after a convulsive and impotent attempt to lift the pile, he fell down and expired.

NOW IS THE TIME.—"Not yet," said a little boy, as he was busy with his top and ball; "when I grow older I will think about my soul."

The little boy grew to be a young man. "Not yet," said the young man; "I am now about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now."

Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the man of business; "my children must have my care; when they are settled in life, I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a grey-headed old man. "Not yet," still he cried: "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray."

And soon he died; he put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God and he died without hope.—Observer.

## CRISES OF LIFE.

The following extract from the Life of Rev. Dr. Taylor, of New Haven, should be read and pondered by all who are conscious of the strivings of the Spirit of God. That Spirit may be grieved. Because most gentle and loving, He is easily wounded. When His repeated warnings are despised, He often takes His flight never to return. We have known of crises in the spiritual destiny of companions and friends as decisive as that of the great theologian and his classmate. The biographer says:—

One incident during His early religious interest, which the writer has heard him relate, is worthy of permanent record for its instructive and monitory character. There was a classmate and particular friend of his, who at the same time by the working of the Divine Spirit, was concerned for his eternal interests. The two friends communicated their feelings to each other. And one day, while walking together, they raised the question whether they should call on President Dwight, who had invited all persons thoughtful upon religion to call and converse with him. At length, while still talking and doubting on that question, they came to Dr. Dwight's gate. There they stopped and hesitated. Soon Taylor said "Well, I shall go in." "Well," rejoined his companion, "I think I will not, to-day." Taylor did go in. And the result of his conversation with that eminent Christian guide was that he gave himself to Christ, in a covenant never to be broken, and became "a burning and a shining light in his kingdom. His friend from that time thoughtless and less on the subject; and though he lived for many years afterwards, a respectable man, he died without giving any evidence of saving interest in Christ. Such are the turning points in eternal destiny! Thus it is that companions travel together till they come to where they see plainly the open path to Christ. They consider; they decide; the one taking the way to everlasting life and the other pursuing the way to everlasting death! How important that in these crises of eternal destiny, men act aright! that they then regard the divine warning and entreaty—"Quench not the Spirit!"

PRAYER FOR OTHERS.

There lives in England a godly father, and also a godly mother, who had been careful to bring up the son of their love in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, seeking to impress his youth with the principles of Christianity. At the age of eighteen, he embarked to seek his fortune in this far-off land. His parents, in packing his trunk, placed at the bottom a letter of urgent entreaty that he should become a Christian, without his knowledge of its being there. On his voyage, he accidentally found this letter; he opened it, and read it; was affected by its tender appeal, reiterating counsels that had often fallen upon his ears, the memory of whose absent source clothed them with peculiar pungency: and from that moment his heart was possessed with an ardent desire to be a Christian.

He began to pray on the bosom of the stormy deep; and ere many days had elapsed, he found the Saviour to be precious to his soul. As soon as he landed in this city, he wrote back to his parents, telling them what great things the Lord had done for him through the medium of their kind and affectionate letter. To himself, what a happy accident was the finding of that letter! To his parents, what a glorious reward of prayerful fidelity to God connected with writing it! And this is the way in which intercessory prayer and spiritual effort are combined in the salvation of sinners.

On a certain occasion, the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, of London, preached with great power and acceptance to the children in Glasgow. Dr. Chalmers heard him, and invited him to breakfast the following morning. After breakfast and family worship, Dr. Chalmers said to him:

"Sir, it was not an invitation founded on mere compliment, that I gave you last evening, to meet me this morning; nor was it to enjoy your conversation: I have a daughter who appears to have no lot or part with the people of God. If there be any instrumentality, under God, which can impress her mind, I believe it must be wielded by yourself. I will call her in; and while you are speaking to her, an agonized father will be speaking to his God."

The result was her hopeful conversion. Here was effort. Here was intercessory prayer. God heard the one, and gave power to the other, and brought salvation to that house.

PRAYER—KNOWLEDGE.—In the divine life, we learn nothing effectually, until it is interpreted by prayer. When Morrison offered his private devotions to God in broken Chinese, to facilitate his acquisition of the language in which he longed to "declare the unsearchable riches of Christ," he made himself a type of every true student of the counsels of redemption. None of the great doctrines, which in their spiritual utterance constitute "the language of the celestial Canaan," can become knowledge to us, until it has been embodied in the closet. Consciously, or unconsciously, we must frame every Christian truth into prayer, in order to learn it aright,—and that which is not learned aright, is not learned.—Religious Telescope.

"I WISH TO BE A CHRISTIAN."—Many rest contented with merely saying, "I wish I were a Christian." That may be true. And yet you are not a Christian. Ten thousand things which