

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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THE INTELLIGENCER.

MEETNESS FOR THE SAINTS INHERITANCE.

BY DR. CUTTIS.

I knew a man who had amassed great wealth, but had no children to inherit it. He lost the opportunity, which one would think good men would more frequently embrace, of leaving Christ his heir, and bequeathing to the cause of religion what he could not carry away. Smitten, however, with the vain and strange propensity to found a house, or make a family, as it is called, he left his riches to a distant relative. His successor found himself suddenly raised from poverty to affluence, and thrown into a position which he had not been trained to fill. He was cast into the society of those to whose tastes, and habits, and accomplishments he was an utter and an awkward stranger. Did many envy this child of fortune? They might have spared their envy. Left in his original obscurity he had been a happy peasant, whistling his way home from the plough to a thatched-roof cottage, or on winter nights, and around the blazing faggots, laughing loud and merry among unpolished bores. Child of misfortune! he buried his happiness in the grave of his benefactor. Neither qualified by nature, nor fitted by education, for his position, he was separated from his old, only to be despised by his new, associates. And how bitterly was he disappointed to find that, in exchanging poverty for opulence, daily toil for luxurious indolence, humble friends for more distinguished companions, a hard bed for one of down, this turn in his fortunes had flung him on a couch, not of roses, but of thorns! In his case, the hopes of the living and the intentions of the dead were alike frustrated. The price had proved a blank; a necessary result of this fatal oversight, that the heir had not been made meet for the inheritance.

Is such training needful for an earthly estate? How much more for the inheritance of the saints in light! "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." No change to a condition however lofty—no elevation from the lowest obscurity to the highest honor, from abject poverty to the greatest affluence, adequate represents the difference between the state of sin in which grace finds us, and the state of glory to which it raises us. The most ignorant and debased of our city outcasts the most wretched and loathsome wanderer of those streets, is not so unfit to be received into the holy bosom of a Christian family, as you are, by nature, to be received into the kingdom of heaven. A sinner there were more out of place than a ragged beggar in a royal palace, where, all gazing at his appearance with astonishment, and shrinking back from his defiling touch, he modestly thrusts himself within the brilliant circle. Compared with the difference between a man, as grace finds him, and heaven gets him, how feeble are all earthly distinctions! They sink into nothing. So unheavenly, in truth, is our nature, that unless we were made meet for the inheritance, we were no honour to it, nor were it any happiness to us.

What, for instance, were the most tempting banquet, to one without appetite, sick, loathing the very sight and smell of food? To a man stone-deaf, what the boldest blast of trumpet, the roll of drums, stirring the soldier's soul to deeds of daring valor, or the finest music to the ear on charmed ear, or the finest music to the ear on its waves of sound up to the gates of heaven? Or what, to one stone-blind, a scene to which beauty has lent its charms, and sublimity its grandeur—the valley clad in a many-colored robe of flowers, the gleaming lake, the flashing cascade, the foaming torrent, the dark-climbing forest, the brave trees that cling to the frowning crags, the rocky pinnacles, and high over all, hoary winter looking down on summer from her throne on the Alps' untrodden snows? Just what heaven would be to man with his ruined nature, his low passions, and his dark guilty conscience. Incapable of appreciating its holy beauties, of enjoying its holy happiness, he would find nothing there to delight his senses. How he would wonder in what its pleasures lay; and, supposing him once there, were there a place of safety out of it, how he would long to be away, and keep his eye on the gate to watch its opening, and escape as from a doleful prison! Such an inheritance were to such a man like the gift of a noble library to a plumed, painted savage. As ignorant of letters, he stalked from hall to hall amid the wisdom of bygone ages, and rolled his restless eyes over the unappreciated treasures, how he would sigh to be back to his native forests, where he might sit among his tribe at the council-fire, or raise his war-whoop, or hunt down the deer! People talk strangely of going to heaven when they die; but what gratification could it possibly afford a man whose enjoyments are of a sensual or sensual nature—whose only pleasure lies in the acquisition of worldly objects, or the gratification of brutal appetites? You hope to go to heaven! I hope you will. But unless your heart is sanctified and renewed, what heaven to you? an abhorrent vacuum. The day that took you there would end all enjoyment, and throw you, a castaway, upon a solitude more lonely than a desert island. Neither angels nor saints would seek your company, nor would you seek theirs. Unable to join in their hallowed enjoyments, you sympathize with, and even to understand their holy joys, you would feel more desolate in heaven than we have done in the heart of a great city, without one friend, jostled by crowds, but crowds who spoke a language we did not understand, and were alien as in dress and manners, in language, blood, and faith.

It is the curse of vice, that, where its desires outlive the power of gratification, or are denied the opportunity of indulgence, they become a punishment and a torment. Denied all opportunity of indulgence, what would a drunkard do in heaven? Or a glutton? Or a voluptuary? One whose soul lies buried in a heap of gold? Or a slave, whose neglecting quite as much the noble purposes of his being, life through, a painted butterfly, from flower to flower of pleasure, and wastes the day of grace in the idolatry and adoration of a form which death shall change into utter loathsomeness, and the grave into a heap of dust? Those would bear no sounds of ecstasy, would see no brightness, would smell no perfumes, in paradise. But, weeping and wringing their hands, they would wander up and down the golden streets to bewail their death, crying—"The days have come in which we have no pleasure in

them." On that eternal Sabbath—from which no fields, nor news, nor business would afford escape—what would they do, who hear no music in church bells, and say of holy services, "When will they be over?" Oh, the slow, weary march of the hours of never-ending Sabbath devotions! Oh, the painful glare of a never-setting Sabbath sun! Than go down to hell, than perish in the coming storm, they would turn their backs to heaven; but only as the last refuge of a sinking bark—a safe, it may be, but yet a friendless shore. Unlike the happy swallows which David envied, thy altar, O God, is the very last spot where many would choose to build their nests!

Such is by nature the disposition of all of us. "The heart is desperately wicked." "The carnal mind" has an aversion to spiritual duties, and an utter distaste for spiritual enjoyments. Nor is it all in the truth. However it may be concealed, like a worm in the bud, "the carnal mind is enmity against God." Illustrating the familiar adage, "out of sight, out of mind," this feeling is dominant so long as our enemy is unseen. But, let him appear, and his presence opens every old wound afresh, and fans the smoldering enmity into flame. Therefore, the heaven that purifies the saint would but exasperate the hatred of the sinner; and the more God's holiness and glory were revealed, the more would this enmity be developed—just as the thicker the dew falls on decaying timber, the faster the timber rots; and the more full the sunshine on a noxious plant, the more pestilential its juices grow. It is not in polar regions, where the day is night, and the showers are snow, and the rivers are moving ice, and slanting sunbeams fall faint and feeble, but in the climes where flowers are fairest, and fruits are sweetest, and fullest sunshine warms the air and lights a cloudless sky, that nature prepares her deadliest poisons. There the snake sounds his ominous rattle, and the venomous cobra lifts her hood. Even so sin, could it strike root in heaven, would grow more rankly, more hateful and more hateful than on earth, and man would cast on God an eye of deeper and intenser enmity.

Hence the need of being made, by a change of heart, new creatures in Jesus Christ. Hence, also, the need, which by reason of indwelling and remaining corruption, even God's people daily feel, of getting, with a title to the heavenly inheritance, a greater meetness for it. In other words, you must be sanctified as well as saved. This work, so necessary, as we have seen, in the very nature of things, has been assigned to the Holy Spirit. It was the office of the Son to purchase heaven for the heirs. And it is the office of the Spirit to prepare the heirs for heaven. Thus renewed, purified, and at length wholly sanctified, we shall carry a holy nature to a holy place, and be presented "faultless, before the presence of his glory, with exceeding joy."

MISSIONARY INCIDENT.

FROM THE BRITISH MESSENGER.
BY MRS. M. B. INGLETS.

I had often observed an old shed on the bank of the Irrawadi river, and had asked my boatman concerning it, but he could not satisfy my curiosity, so I determined to go and see for myself. The morning was foggy, as it often is in Burmah, and as I was about to reach the shed, I heard a rustling sound, and, looking up, I saw a man in a haggard, attenuated old man protruded his head out of the door, but seeing a stranger face, he disappeared at once, and though I called, and told him I was a friend, he would not come out. At last I became weary, and, as the rising sunbeams danced upon the waters, I went down and sat by the river side, and looked upon the morning's gladness. My companion had gone another way; and after I had drank in the beauties of the scene before me, I took one of our trunks and began to read, but soon hearing a stir in the shed, I returned there again.

The man sat in his door, and inquired of me, as I came up, what I wanted. I told him of our God, and the freeness of the gospel, but he said he did not care anything about our God. He had worshipped Gaudama and his idols for many years, and did not wish to lose all of his merit. As I could not reach his heart in this way, I asked him if he could not tell me his history, but he hesitated until I told him a little of mine. When I reached the part where I left land and kindred, he stopped me, and said, "Ah! you have made a sacrifice; our hearts are alike." Seeing his coldness changing, I pleaded with him to tell me of his past life. He hesitated again, then pressing his hand upon his forehead, as if to call back the memories of bygone years, he said, "When I was a young man my parents died, and left me with a handsome sum of gold. I was very proud. You look at me with surprise; but my bare head was once covered with long tresses, the envy of many. I was handsome, and dressed in rich garments; and in a few years I married a beautiful girl—one whose hand had been sought by the governor's secretary. After this I gave sumptuous feasts, and thought I was very happy; but one night I dreamed that the King of Death called me, and I went to a place where I became a snake. This dream very much troubled me; and not long after I went and consulted with an astrologer, who marked on his board, and then went into an awful epasm. I begged him to read me my fate, but he refused, saying it made him very ill. I even looked upon it. I gave him more money, but he would only tell me that my future was an awful one, and directed me to the priests to procure a way of escape. I had not often been to the priests, but they greeted me, and I told them my trouble. The old priest was very much affected when he heard of my dream, and sent me away, saying he would go to the astrologer, who might tell him what he saw. The next day I went to the priest, who said it was a fearful fate, but I could be released therefrom. The way was open; that if I would make my idols, give away my riches and fine dress, together with all my comforts, I might escape the dreaded fate. At first I thought I could not do all this; but my dream haunted me so that I could not sleep. I became ill, and at last I made the sacrifice. I have performed long pilgrimages, counted many beads and strictly kept all of the gods' rules, and I hope that fate will be averted."

"But are you happy here?" I inquired. "Oh, yes," returned the old man, "I have flying forth with some beauty. I have dreams of a fairy country where I shall be young again, and have my beautiful wife and great riches."

"But tell me what became of your wife?" "Oh!" said the old man, as his bosom heaved a sigh, "she died in a few months after my dream; but she gave costly presents to the priests, and they said she would be a beautiful nat up in one of the regions above."

I noticed the old devotee had told most of his history in a very cold, unaffected manner, but I observed a great softening in his voice when he spoke of his wife, so I continued, "What if you should not meet your wife in the fairy country?" "Dare you tell me this might be so," said he, "white lady? During these thirty long, dreary rains, this thought has cheered me. I have often abstained several days from food, I have not even allowed the birds to sing before my shed. Underneath these trees once grew fragrant flowers, but in order to adhere strictly to my rules, I dug up their roots, that their beauty might not bloom near my home. You look with disgust upon my dreary place," he continued, "but it was made so in order to obtain a reward. When I first chose this life, I used to linger by the homes of the people, for there I lived over again my domestic happiness; but this was a source of joy to me, so I turned from these homes, and receive my food only when the people bring it to me."

As the sun was getting high in the heavens, I asked the old man if I might go into his shed. He looked about a little, and said very gently, "It is not a fit place for you to sit down, but perhaps you wish to obtain merit, so come in. You will get merit, and I shall be receiving you." He moved away a bundle of rags, and I sat down in his doorway, and while he was lighting his cigar I examined his room. On one side hung some dried snake-skins, a string of beads, and a bunch of feathers, which he said were his trappings when he went on a pilgrimage to the pagodas. His furniture consisted of two broken dishes. He did not have to make a change of clothing, and as he seated himself I mentioned it, but he replied, "Certainly not, I must abstain from all these comforts." The air was very much confined—indeed, became so offensive to me, that I was obliged to go out. As I did so, the old man asked with much softness of tone if I could not remain a little longer, so I spread out my handkerchief, raised my umbrella, and sat down.

The old Burman seated himself at a respectful distance, and then told him that their doctrines and customs were very bad, and that it was clear to my mind that the astrologers and priests had deceived him in order to get his property. I told him that this was not the way to obtain bliss, and if he continued in this course he would not go to the happy land, but where there would be an eternal weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The old man looked sad, and said, "I should not like to be cheated in this way." The heat was becoming intense, so I arose to go, fully intending to visit him again, for I had only opened a way for my teachings, but the devotee did not ask me to come again. During the day I thought often of him, and in the evening I called some Christians and repeated my visit. He was cooking his rice, and when we approached he would not speak. The Christians saw this, and went to the river side. The Burman was glad, or seemed rather pleased, when he saw that I had only a little girl with me, and said he had thought much about my remarks; and if one could not obtain merit by these sacrifices, how did I expect to escape misery? I told him that I was glad he had been thinking, and that I had come to tell him this blessed way. My people returned, and then we told him that our race was once holy, but that we had sinned and broken the law of our great King; that the King, who was holy, could not look on sin with any degree of allowance, and that eternal misery was pronounced upon us; that the only Son of this Great One provided to come to our world and himself to suffer the punishment of our sins, and if we trusted in him there would be mercy for us; that he left his Father's court, came down to this world and suffered in our stead, and after conquering death and the grave, returned again to his Father's court, to plead our cause; and that the Father promised to accept us, if we would trust in his beloved Son, yes, he had told us that we should be his sons and daughters.

The old devotee's countenance brightened, and then we told him that the heavenly city was made of Jasper and gold, with precious stones; that the King was so resplendent with glory, that the dwellers needed not the light of the sun nor moon; that there was no poverty, no hunger, pain, nor death; that the people were all washed and made holy before they entered the new Jerusalem—all was bliss, no old age, sorrow, nor trouble, no longings for another state.

"And when do you go there?" inquired the old man with great interest.

I told him "sooner or later."

"Ah!" said he, "I like the description you give of this King and that Son. I was so good. Oh, that I could see him; I wish I were white, I should like to live there."

We assured him that this King had invited people of all climes and of all tribes to come, rich or poor, "without money and without price," and that before the Son returned to his Father, he commanded his disciples to go to the ends of the world, and proclaim these invitations; and that was why I had come to Burmah.

"If I were young," said the old man, "I would certainly go to that country, but must soon die." When we saw how much interest he manifested, we told him that this was no hindrance, it was the spirit which could go, and that the body was only the dwelling. We told him that he would live if this old shed were burned up. "Oh, yes, I see, I understand, go on, please." We told him that this King was God the Creator, and the Son Jesus Christ, and that blessed land, heaven.

The old man seemed somewhat confused and we heard him muttering as he marked on the ground, "This is all very strange, but it is good; and if my forefathers had heard of this, they would never have worshipped Gaudama."

We continued our blessed story, but the old listener was silent. We held out all the precious promises of our Saviour, and when the dew began to fall we told him that we must go, but we would give him a book, which would tell him more about the way, and that we would come again. He took the book rather unwillingly, and we bade him adieu.

Early the next day we left, and as we passed by the bend of the stream, we spoke of the old devotee, and just then, as the fog cleared away, we discerned the form of a man. We looked again, and as the beams of the rising sun fell

upon the spot, we recognized him. He had not thanked us for the book, but rather unwillingly received it; yet now he had it out, pointed up to heaven, and then clasped it to his breast. Our words could not reach his ear then, so we all bowed in our humble case, and prayed that the Holy Spirit might teach him to trust in Christ. Not long after this, one of our Christians went to the place, and we commissioned him to visit the old devotee and bring him to us, if he wished to come; but when they returned, the tidings were brought that the people near him did not see him for several days, and when they went to his house they found his corpse. Underneath his hand they found a bamboo, and in the hollow of it there was a book—the book that we had given him. We are ignorant of his last days. He was old and feeble; but the remembrance of his form on the bank of the river pointing up to heaven, and his care of the book inspired us with hope, and he had turned to Christ as his refuge. If we are permitted, through the mercy of Christ Jesus our Lord, to enter those golden gates, would it be strange if we should be welcomed by this one, now redeemed, no longer ragged and filthy, but clothed in the white robes of paradise?

MARTIN LUTHER.

Martin Luther, the great reformer of Germany, was born at Eisleben, in Saxony, November 10th, 1483. His father was a miner and woodcutter, so poor that it cost him and his good wife no little trouble to bring up their eight children, of whom Martin was the eldest. However, as he prospered a little in his study, he managed to give to his son Martin a good education. When about fourteen years of age, the lad was sent to learn Latin at Magdeburg; but, as money was still rather scarce at home, the boy was often obliged to go from door to door singing, and asking for a little bread. This was the custom of those days. Sometimes the people were kind, praised his music and gave him food, but at other times the tired singer went back wet and hungry to his lonely bed. But God, who was guiding his steps, led him to the door of a kind woman called Ursula. There he found a happy home for she was so touched by his soft, sad voice, that she took Martin into her house and treated him as her own son. Here he grew rapidly in mind and body, never forgetting to improve himself in music, which was as dear to him now that he was happy, as it used to be when he sang his sweet tunes from street to street.

After a short time Martin went to the university of Erfurt, and the next five years were spent in very hard study. Every morning's work began with prayer, for he used to say, "To pray well, is more than to study hard." As he was looking in a monastery, over some old books, he found a treasure that had been years upon years hidden from the world. It was a Latin Bible—the first whole Bible he had ever seen. Luther was poor no longer; this dusty volume was now his, and he was looking at it with a new interest. He was so touched by its soft, sad voice, that she took Martin into her house and treated him as her own son. Here he grew rapidly in mind and body, never forgetting to improve himself in music, which was as dear to him now that he was happy, as it used to be when he sang his sweet tunes from street to street.

After three years residence at the convent of Erfurt, he left it to become a Professor at Wittenberg. But he brought away two precious things: the peace of God in his heart, and the Word of God in his hand. Every day at one o'clock, Luther lectured on the Bible to the young men of his class; and his solemn manner, fine face, and clear, sweet voice, but still more the truths he taught, delighted his hearers. This little sentence, "The just shall live by faith," had like a sharp sword cut away the fetters that bound his own soul, and ever after he used the same heavenly weapon to let the oppressed go.

In 1510, Luther paid a visit to Rome, and returned greatly shocked by many foolish and wicked things he saw done there. About seven years afterwards, the Pope that was then reigning at Rome, Leo X., wanted a great deal of money for various purposes, and took a fancy to become a Cardinal. He sent monks into different countries, and told them to hold fairs where the people might buy pardon of sin. There was one old man who travelled through Germany, carrying a great red cross, and pretending to sell forgiveness. Luther saw him, and he thought, "What a shame! God alone, however, could forgive sins, and it was easier to pay money than to repent, and so long as the crafty old monk felt his cash-box getting heavier and heavier each day, he little cared what became of the souls of those poor people whom he was leading."

It was the morning of October 31st, 1517, that Martin Luther walked to the church of Wittenberg, where crowds of pilgrims were going, and fastened to the door ninety-five reasons why persons should not buy Tetzel's pardons, or as they were called, "indulgences." Before fifteen days, all Germany was ringing with the news. A short time more, and Luther's ninety-five reasons were printed in all the languages of Europe; for the printing press had just begun to lend its help to the spread of knowledge. Luther himself sent a copy of what he had written to the Pope, who was very angry, and obliged him to appear before his legate, or ambassador, Cardinal Cajetan, at a great meeting to be held in the city of Augsburg, there to answer before a large assembly for his noble love of truth.

Three times he appeared before the legate, refusing to retract one word he had written until they could prove to him from the Bible that he was mistaken. At length the legate, thoroughly vexed and frightened, commanded Luther to be silent, and drove him from his presence. But Martin Luther was not the man to conceal what he believed to be true, and in spite of all opposition preached, and wrote, and argued; for, "Since it is now the gospel, and not myself they attack," said he, "silence is no longer lawful." He was now at open war with Rome. The Pope burned Luther's books, and ordered Luther to burn the Pope's orders, saying that henceforth he would obey the Bible and the Bible alone.

Sometimes Luther travelled through the country, preaching the Gospel; and where the churches were too small to contain the people who crowded to hear him, he would stand under the spreading boughs of the linden trees, while young and old, rich and poor, heard the words of truth as they flowed from his lips.

Four years of this struggle had passed, when the youthful Charles V. ascended the throne of Germany. He was resolved to see this busy monk of whom

every one talked, and Luther was summoned before him at town called Worms. With simple trust in God, although the danger was extreme, Luther obeyed, and stood in the presence of an Emperor, surrounded by princes, dukes, and bishops. He was asked to retract what he had written, the substance of which was, that the Pope could not forgive sin, that sinners could be saved only by faith in Jesus Christ, and that the Bible was the true treasure of the Church. At his own request, a day was granted for consideration. He passed the night in prayer, and next evening the brave reformer appeared again before the meeting. "Here I stand," he said, "I cannot do otherwise," he exclaimed. "May God help me." Amen.

Luther's enemies urged the Emperor to kill him, but Charles had promised him protection for a certain length of time, and would not break his word. On his homeward journey, a strange resting-place opened for him. The Elector of Saxony, knowing Luther's danger, sent five armed horsemen to arrest him on a lonely part of the road, and carry him off like a prisoner to the castle of Wartburg. His friends went to Wartburg, where he was received with honor. Both were mistaken. Luther was alive, though hidden, and employed his leisure in preparing for his countrymen the noblest gift they ever got, the book which taught them to read, believe, and love—the Bible in their own language. After ten months he returned to Wittenberg, where he was received with shouts of joy; and now, with unsparing hands, he attacked the errors of the Church of Rome, contrasting its teaching with that of the Word of God. Nor did he forget his old taste for music; the good news of a Saviour's love overflowed from his heart in beautiful song, and he spoke to the German heart in its second language—music. I cannot tell you of half the things that occupied the remainder of his busy life; but by-and-by you shall read them for yourselves, and you will not love him less when you know him better. You will, perhaps, get a peep into his house, and see that this great man, whose words woke up a sleeping world, was like a child among his children, working in the garden and playing with them, telling them wonderful stories, and writing such beautiful letters that you could read them over and over again. Sickness and pain warned Luther that he was soon to serve God in another world; and when he died, weeping crowds felt that they had lost a father and a friend.

Luther was dead, but his work could not die; he had given to his countrymen the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever, and, by bringing them back to the pure teaching of the Bible, left Germany—Protestant!

RELIGION IN A STORM.

One night, shortly after the passengers had gone on board a steamer plying between two Atlantic cities, the stewardess of which was a pious maid, the wind suddenly changed, and clouds obscured the rising moon, and at length there was every appearance of a terrible gale. The ladies, who were retiring, became alarmed and timid; amid all other calls for help, the stewardess was constantly obliged to go to the door of the cabin, in order to convey messages from the anxious husbands and fathers without.

"Stewardess," called one, "how are the ladies in birth thirty-two? Tell them the captain says there is no real danger; this is a mere squall of wind; it will be over in an hour or two."

"Oh, stewardess! I hope you'll take good care of my wife," said another; "she's apt to be awful sick." I suppose it is against our rules for me to go into the cabin, but I'll stay close to the door till the wind goes down."

"I do the best I can, sir," said the woman, turning hastily in answer to an imperative cry for assistance.

"Stewardess," murmured a tall gentleman, touching her shoulder as she was hastening back, "My daughter is in berth eleven; I fear she is alarmed; will you give her this?" presenting her a small piece of paper; and tell her our Heavenly Father is watching over us here as well as on land."

"Aye, aye, sir that I will," and the stewardess, notwithstanding her haste, cast a glance of pleasure on the noble form before her.

The lady in berth eleven was pressing both her hands to her head. Her face and lips were white as marble, but she uttered not one complaining word.

Stewardess said at once that she was suffering keenly, and said, in a soothing tone, "Can I get you anything, miss? Here, I have brought you a note from your father."

"Will you be pleased to read it?" said the girl, feebly. "My head aches so I'm almost blind."

"Yes, dear." She turns so that the light will fall on the paper, and reads: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

"That's a precious text, miss; it's comforted me many a time."

"Thank you, nurse, so it is. Oh, I wish father could come in and pray with me! Where is he now?"

"Help, stewardess, quick!" shrieked a young girl, oh, I know I shall die!"

The woman turned reluctantly from the lady, and assisted the other to remove her rich travelling dress, so that she could lie down in her berth. "I'm sure we shall all be drowned!" exclaimed the girl, beginning to cry as soon as she was a little relieved. "Oh, dear, I can't die yet; I'm not prepared."

At this moment the vessel lurched and rocked so that the woman was almost thrown off her feet. Every timber creaked and groaned, while the sound of many feet and the shouting of the captain, proved that the gale was at its height. The noise and confusion in the cabin was terrible. Several ladies sprang from their berths and commenced dressing themselves. Others cried aloud, and others, too sick to arise, shrieked and loudly lamented their fate, doomed, as they thought, to a watery grave.

Running here and there, as her attention was required, the stewardess saw that the young lady in berth eleven had arisen from her berth, and was kneeling by a chair, in the most retired place she could find. Pausing one moment near her, she found she had attracted her attention, and then said:

"If you would read a few verses aloud, miss, I think you might do a power of good."

Without a word, the young lady arose, and approaching a table, opened the Bible, and in a low, faltering voice, began the one hundred and seventh psalm.

The noise within the cabin was so great, that at first the reading could not be heard; but with the help of the stewardess, who passed from one berth to another, with a whisper, "Hush, the young lady is reading," the passengers ceased their crying and began to listen. "These are the words of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and riseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the

depths, their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

"Thank you, thank you, miss," was echoed from one part of the cabin to another, when the Psalm was concluded.

"Will you please tell me, dear," called out one old lady, "whereabouts that chapter is?" "I never see such a book, apostrophized the stewardess; it calmed them all down like lambs. I'm sure I thank you a thousand times, miss, for obliging me. They all seem amazingly comforted by it."

In an hour or two the gale had subsided, and the ladies having received the assurance that all danger was past, retired once more to their berths, where many of them soon fell asleep. The occupant of berth eleven, however, was an exception. She still sat near the table, the Bible open before her, and her whole attention apparently absorbed in its sacred contents.

At length, when all was quiet, the stewardess drew near, and said, in a respectful tone, "I am glad to see you read that good book, miss."

"Oh, it is precious!" exclaimed the young lady, enthusiastically. "I never felt its power so much as to-night. I am not very strong," she added, with a heightened color, "and must confess when you first came to me I was terribly alarmed. But those few words you read calmed me at once. How kind in father to think of me. I wish he could know how quiet I feel."

"I'll see if I can find him," said the stewardess, rising cheerfully.

"Oh, I thank you! Tell him I found the gracious promise fulfilled, and now I beg of him to go to sleep."

After she had delivered her message, the stewardess returned, and finding the young lady did not intend to retire gladly availed herself of the invitation to resume her seat.

"This is my time for reading," she said, drawing a worn Bible from her pocket.

"You love the good book, too, I see," remarked the lady, with a smile.

"It's home and family to me, miss. It's company to me night and day. If the wind's blowing a gale, as it did to-night, I feel safe, because I know who holds the waters in his fist. I know, if he wills it, he can speak the waves into a calm. My heart warmed at once to your father, miss, when he sent you that verse to think of. It always does warm to those who read the good book."

"You have a great opportunity to study character here, nurse."

"Yes, miss, and always find those who fear to offend the Lord in a calm, love and confide in him the worst when they are in danger."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, before the passengers have been on board twelve hours, I can generally tell who are Christians and who belong to the world. I don't mean professors, I mean genuine heart Christians. A chance word or expression, miss, tells a good deal, and I've often thought how much good Christians may do, if they bear it in mind. But, as I was saying, those who love Christ, run right to him, as you did, when they're in trouble, while others shrink and scream, and don't know where to go for help."

"The young lady looked very thoughtful, and at length said: 'I never considered it in that light before; but I'm afraid I have been too timid in speaking of religion. Such subjects always seem so sacred to me.'"

The next morning dawned clear and bright. Within the cabin there was scarcely a trace of the confusion and fright caused by the tempest. Indeed few remembered it except to joke each other at giving way to alarm.

"I don't suppose there was any real danger," said one.

"Your screams at that time would lead one to think you did," answered her companion.

"We ought to be thankful to our Heavenly Father that we are alive this pleasant morning," remarked the stewardess, who happened to be passing.

"Yes, we ought!" exclaimed a sickly looking lady; "and to the young miss whose reading reminded us where to put our trust."

The second night several of the passengers approached the table in the cabin, and read a few verses from the Bible before they entered their berths.

The stewardess watched her opportunity, and when all was quiet, begged her young friend to read again for the benefit of the whole. Quite a number of voices echoed the wish, when, in a sweet, distinct tone, she read the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. Not a sound was heard as she then in an unostentatious manner knelt by her chair, while she silently commended her soul to God, and asked his protection for the night.

"Oh, miss!" exclaimed the stewardess, coming forward eagerly to help her undress; "I am glad you are not ashamed to own Christ. I wish all Christians would be as bold as worldly people are, in proclaiming themselves."—The Pious Stewardess.

ONLY A CUP OF WATER.—A young English woman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed on the walls. When a soldier is on guard he must not leave his post until he is relieved—that is, until another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be a kindness as his life was worth to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them, all but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water, and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived, on the night of the massacre, to save this young Englishwoman, while all the other inhabitants of the house in which she dwelt were killed.