

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.]

Vol. IX.—No. 46.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1862.

Whole No. 462.

THE INTELLIGENCER.

"JESUS ONLY."

BY REV. JOHN GRAY.

And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only. —MAT. 17: 8.

What a mine is here! In these two words that wonders upon wonders rise. How great, how grand the announcement, "JESUS ONLY!" And whether shall we look, and not see it inscribed when by "Jesus only" were the worlds made.

On rock, and hill, and vale, on river, sea, and ocean, on firmament, with its population of stars, and moons, and stars, this sentence is inscribed, "Jesus only."

And what stamps such value on the Bible, what makes it above all other books, what glorifies it over all God's great name as displayed in the works of nature and of providence? Because "Jesus only" is its theme. From Genesis to Revelation, "Jesus only" is its text. In its doctrines and sacrifices, its types and ordinances, its predictions and promises, "Jesus only" is held up to view as all our hope, all our help, all our salvation.

In the experience of the Christian, also, it is "Jesus only." "Is he quickened, but it is 'Jesus only' who did it." "You hath he quickened," etc. Is he pardoned, but it is by "Jesus only," in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Is he justified, but it is freely by the grace of "Jesus only." Is he adopted, but he is brought nigh by the blood of "Jesus only." Is he glorified, but it is by "Jesus only," who comes again and receives him to himself, etc.

Thus it is "Jesus only" "who of God is made into him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

In all the Christian's acts of worship and devotion, it is "Jesus only" who we enjoy. It is "Jesus only" in the closet. "Jesus only" at the family altar. "Jesus only" in the Sacred Scriptures. "Jesus only" in the sanctuary. And "Jesus only" at the communion-table he would meet, behold in his glory, and rejoice in his salvation.

In all of these the outpouring language of his heart is, "Sir, I would see Jesus." "What makes heaven so desirable to the Christian? What is to him his chief attraction? "Jesus only." Take him away, and with all its crowns, and harps, and robes, angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim, to the ransomed soul what would it be without him? "A place of weeping."

"Jesus only" is likewise the subject of all gospel preaching. The preaching, wherein Jesus is not the Alpha and Omega, is no gospel preaching. It is "Jesus only" which constitutes the gospel: "Jesus only," who brings "glad tidings of great joy to man." Away from Jesus, the accredited minister of the cross cannot, dares not, nor can he be guilty, there being "no other name under heaven among men by which we can be saved." Under no temptation, therefore, at the solicitation of no one, must he turn aside from Jesus, to meet some question or novelty of the day. He may be told of its vast importance, of its great influence on the mind of the public; but compared with the gospel of Christ, all such things are really nothing but bubbles of an hour.

The theme of the ambassador of Christ is not a discretionary one, but one put into his mouth by his Great Master, to which he must stick, and by which he must abide. Nor is it made up of odds and ends, of this, and that, and that, and the other. It is *one—only one*. It is "Jesus only." But though one, it is an infinite one. It is something less than the "Word of Christ." What height and depth, and length and breadth is that "Word of Christ?" Who has ever explored it? Who has ever exhausted it by preaching? Ah! the half of it has never yet been preached. "Jesus only" is a theme for eternity. There thought can never feel hampered—reiteration can never weary inquiry—at no point can it rest. It is a large place, a mine of wealth, a firmament of power; whither would the ambassador of Christ go from it? It is the unwinding of all great principles, the expansion of all glorious thought, the capacity of all blessed emotion.

O Calvary! O Lamb of God: there made the "sin-offering" for guilty man! we turn to thee—to thee only. "Where can we go but unto thee; thou only hast the words of eternal life."

By sin, our nature is a mere wreck, a chaos thou only canst adjust. As sinners, we have an aching void which only thou canst fill. As immortals, we have passions, and desires, and longings, which only thou canst satisfy. Be thou, O Jesus, the strength and the charm of our inward life! Be thou our inspiration, impulsion, divinity and joy! Our tears, O Jesus! never relieved us, until thou bade us rejoice in thy salvation! We found no way of peace until we found our way to thee! Hope was banished from us, until its dove flew downward from thee upon our hearts! All was dormant until thou didst stir. All was death, and dead, until thou saidst to us, Live! Our eyes are still lifted up to thee as to the hills whence cometh our help—Jesus only.

"None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good."

"DON'T FEEL LIKE IT."

How often is this considered a sufficient reason for neglecting religious duty. The Bible commands, conscience dictates, the "app-entment" of the Christian faith, and yet the Christian fails to offer a word for Christ, neglects to plead with dying men, or is silent in the place of prayer, and all because his "feelings" are not just what he thinks they should be in order to engage in such duties. He says to himself, "If my heart was warm, if my mind was all aglow with love to Christ and compassion for souls, then I could do something; but in my cold state I should be likely to do more hurt than good, and so I had better keep still."

And we have often heard Christians exhort one another to the same effect, and we have heard ministers, instructing their people, imply the same thing, by an over-statement of the special preparation necessary to do good. We must go into our closets, it is said, and there we must ponder the fearful and glorious things revealed in the Holy Scriptures, until our minds are all on fire with them; we must meditate on the perils of souls, on the terrors of the judgment, on the glories of heaven, and on the torments of the lost, until our hearts yearn and long for the conversion of men to Christ.

But what shall a man do if his heart is not

waters, and his eyes are not fountain of tears? Has he no duties? Is he excused from all? Suppose his devotions were languid in the morning—perhaps he was not more than half rested after the over-fatigue of making money of the preceding day—and he has gone forth to his daily avocation spiritless and joyless, but before noon he finds himself sitting next to an impenitent friend, with whom he is on terms of intimacy, and for whose eternal welfare his heart has often yearned, to whom he has often wished he might speak of the great interests of eternity. Now to all appearance, he has a most favorable opportunity. They are alone together, with no danger of sudden interruption. When will he have a better opportunity? But he does not "feel" like it! He did not come forth from his closet this morning, after bitter repentings, and heart-broken pleadings; he did not come forth with streaming eyes like Jeremiah, or radiant face like Moses from the secret pavilion of Jehovah of hosts, and therefore he cannot do nothing! He knows that a word fitly spoken will save a soul from death; and yet he is silent. He knows that his friends expect him to be faithful to his high calling; and yet he has no word to offer! He knows that to-morrow's dawn that immortal spirit, with which his own is now in friendly communion, may have passed for ever beyond his reach and beyond the pale of mercy; and yet he lifts no finger to pull it out of the fire! Perhaps he even hears, as it were, the sweet voice of an angel whispering at the very instant in his ear, "Speak to that young man; and yet he says nothing! And so thousands of those, who profess to be followers of Him "who went about doing good," are constantly living, tongue-tied, hand-bound, and comparatively useless in the Lord's vineyard. They set no plants; they prune and trim no vines; and yet they expect at least to eat the fruit of the vine clusters.

But why stand we all the day idle? We cannot say, because no man hath hired us. Christ has hired us. And he is paying us our wages, full, ample, glorious. But thousands are idle simply because they make their feelings, rather than principle, the rule of action. How different the divine rule, we need hardly say: "As therefore we have opportunity, let us do good." Is there an "opportunity"? If there is, "do good." Or, take another passage, "Go work to-day in my vineyard"—every day. We know, indeed, that it is written, "He that goeth forth and weepeth;" but it does not say that he must in every case weep before he goes. He may shed his tears as he goes; or while he casts the precious seed into the ground; or he may weep after he returns, and while he prays that God would cause the seed to spring up, and grow and yield its precious fruit.

The remedy for this unnatural (and ungracious) state of things, is to be found in acting from principle, rather than from feeling. Indeed, it does not require a high state of excitement to do most good; but rather quietness, thoughtfulness, with firmness of purpose and steadiness of aim. It is those who evidently act from settled principle and fixed habits, rather than those who are impelled by some sudden impulse to act in a manner new and strange even to themselves, who act most wisely and most efficiently. It is those who are in the habit of improving every opportunity, who are prepared to embrace every opportunity. They alone in fact, have really learned to do good, who act from principle, and who act daily. They acquire experience, skill, ease and grace. "To him that hath shall be given."

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

The question has sometimes occurred to my mind whether the Church has not, in a great measure lost the distinctive characteristic idea of the Lord's Supper. What this idea is, appears in the very name of the ordinance. It is a supper; a feast not a fast. The Lord's Supper, as the name naturally connected with the designation are those of festive re-union, as of children in their father's house, when all that is beautiful and costly in the paternal treasures is brought forth to grace their welcome, and all that is asked in return is to take freely and to be happy. But do our seasons of communion resemble such a meeting? Are they not rather times of sadness and depression, if not absolute gloom? How often, in any church we are acquainted with, is a stranger, casually entering on one of these occasions, infer from the countenances of the participants, and from the general tone of the services, that he was present at a feast? Would he not rather suppose it to be a funeral?

Among my childish reminiscences, none stands out in a stronger relief than the sombre gathering of the church with which I was earliest acquainted, to celebrate the monthly communion. The ministers, stern and godly men, wore an aspect of yet sterner solemnity than usual, as he discoursed to his flock of the duty of self examination, and warned them of the soul destroying sin of partaking unworthily. His prayers, the hymns he read, the tunes they were sung in, would have been perfectly in place at a burial, or on a day of humiliation for some great calamity. His selections of Scripture for the occasion were invariably those which describe the Saviour's agonies, and his remarks upon them from month to month, as I now recall them, left on my young mind only this distinct impression:—"It is our sins that killed the Lord." Of the triumphant resurrection, the ascension to the right hand of power, the reign of immortal light and glory, the living, joyful, victorious King of saints, all-loving all-forgiving, ever-present, as the source of light and joy in these gatherings of his people, I remember not a word. No doubt these themes were touched on; but it was in so subordinate a way as to make no impression. A mysterious, dreary awe hung over the scene; and the sacramental symbols were not so much tokens of love and grace as bitter memorials of the sin of sins.

This picture is too darkly colored for the present day but the general features remain the same, and the Lord's Supper is still, in most evangelical churches, distinctively a season of humiliation and sadness, not of joy. That it often proves a means of grace to such administered, that consciences are melted into repentant tenderness, that it becomes the medium of sweet communion with him who gave his life for us, is not denied. But the question still remains: Is the true idea of the Lord's Supper thus actualized? Did the Lord himself so mean it? Is the benefit which we derive from the ordinance the special benefit which he intended we should receive through it? If not, we sustain a spiritual loss; we have dropped the clue which leads to a certain chamber of precious

gifts in his great treasure-house; and these wanting, our casket of spiritual jewels cannot be complete. Joy is one of the essential elements of health. The body cannot perform its functions rightly unless there is joy in the spirit. The child condemned by poverty and cruel usage to perpetual sadness, is a sickly and unwholesome child. The soul, in its secular and earthly relations, does nothing rightly, if under the shadow of a constant melancholy. And this is just as true of our spiritual life; if we are not joyous Christians, we are not wholesome, efficient, growing Christians. What trait of the spiritual man is more commended in the Scriptures than this joyfulness? Its possession is not something to be left to chance. Its cultivation is an imperative duty, no more to be evaded than that of cultivating truthfulness, purity, honesty, or any other of the Christian graces. With what emphasis does the apostle Paul lay down this law in the code of Christian liberty: "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice!" And that this grace might bloom gloriously, and shed its crowning glow over the whole Church, the Saviour gave us, as his parting gift, this ever-recurring feast, this perpetual rehearsal of that final marriage-supper of the Lamb, when his bride, having attired herself in the white bridal garments of joy, shall go to dwell forever with her Lord. Shall she rehearse this triumphant consummation in the garments of widowhood and mourning? The solemn and pathetic memories which cluster around the rite, and which touch the deepest source of tears, are not to be forgotten, but to be transformed into thoughts of tender joy, as it is a power nourished with the tears and blood of our dearest Friend, and therefore we must weep over it; but since he is not dead, but lives and reigns in unending bliss, joy should smile like a rainbow through our tears.—*Examiner.*

THE POWER OF THE MINISTRY FROM GOD.

"Amidst all our studies and preparations," says John Newton, "we should never forget that preaching is a gift." Isaiah was doubtless naturally endowed with great and splendid genius; all his writings show that he was profoundly acquainted with Hebrew history and law. But he was not fit to bear God's message to Israel till the Lord said, "I will be with thee, and thou shalt be my prophet." And Paul said, it is God "who hath also made us able ministers of the new testament." (2 Cor. iii.)

The ministry, in all its forms and offices, is Christ's gift to his church (Eph. iv.). Learning and skill in the application of truth may and ought to be sought by study, observation, and thought. But life and power must come from God, and can only be gained by prayer. Luther did not mean to undervalue learning—in which he was himself a great master—but to show the supreme importance of prayer, when he said, "He who has prayed well has studied well." All other ministerial preparation culminates in this. After the altar had been built and the offering arranged, it was at the prayer of Elijah (1 Kings xviii.) that "the fire of God fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice; and all the people fell on their faces and said, The Lord, he is God."

THE WATERS AND THE SHADOW.

Victor Hugo thus describes the condition of one who, by crime, has cast himself out of the pale of society. We would answer the inquiry at the close in the words of St. Paul: "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

A man overboard! What matters it! the ship does not stop. The wind is blowing—that dark ship must keep on her destined course. She passes away. The man disappears, she reappears; he plunges and rises again to the surface, he calls, he stretches out his hands, they hear him not; the ship, staggering under the gale, is straining every rope, the sailors and passengers see the drowning man no longer; his miserable head is but a point in the vastness of the billows.

He hurls cries of despair into the depths. What a spectacle is that disappearing sail! He looks upon it, with frenzy. It moves away; it grows dim; it diminishes. He was there but just now, he was one of the crew, he went and came upon the deck with the rest, he had his share of the air and of the sunlight, he was a living man. Now, what has become of him? He slipped, he fell, and it is finished.

He is in the monstrous deep. He has nothing under his feet but the yielding, fleeing element. The waves, torn and scattered by the wind, close round him hideously; the rolling of the abyss bears him along; shreds of water are flying about his head; a populace of waves spit upon him; confused openings half swallow him; when he sinks he catches glimpses of yawning precipices full of darkness; fearful unknown vegetations seize upon him, bind his feet, and draw him to themselves; he feels that he is becoming the great deep; he makes part of the foam; the billows toss him from one to the other; he tastes the bitterness; the greedy ocean is eager to devour him; the monster plays with his agony. It seems as if all this were liquid hate.

But yet he struggles. He tries to sustain himself; he struggles; he swims. He—that poor strength that fails so soon—he combats the sea-falling.

Where now is the ship? Far away yonder. Hardly visible in the pallid gloom of the horizon. The wind blows in gusts; the billows overwhelm him. He raises his eyes, but sees only the livid clouds. He, in his dying agony, makes part of this immense insanity of the sea. He is tortured to his death by its immeasurable madness. He hears sounds which are strange to man, sounds which seem to come not from earth, but from some frightful realm beyond.

There are birds in the clouds, even as there are angels above human distresses, but what can they do for him? They fly, sing, and float, while he is gasping.

He feels that he is buried at once by two infinities, the ocean and the sky; the one is a tomb, the other a pall.

Night descends; he has been swimming for hours, his strength is almost exhausted; that ship, that far off thing, where there was men, is gone; he is alone in the terrible gloom of the abyss; he sinks, he strains, he struggles, he feels beneath him the shadowy monsters of the unseen, he shouts.

Men are no more. Where is God? He shouts. Help! help! He shouts incessantly.

Nothing in the horizon. Nothing in the sky.

He implores the blue vault, the waves, the rocks; all are deaf. He applies the tempest; the imperturbable tempest obeys only the Infinite. Around him are darkness, storm, solitude, wild and unconscious tumult, the ceaseless tumbling of the fierce waters; within him, horror and exhaustion; beneath him, the engulfing abyss. No resting-place. He thinks of the shadowy adventures of his lifeless body in the limitless gloom. The biting cold paralyzes him. His hands clutch spasmodically, and grasp at nothing. Winds, clouds, whirlwinds, blasts, stars—all useless! What shall he do?

He yields to despair; worn out, he seeks death; he no longer resists; he rolls himself up; he abandons the contest, and he is rolled away into the death depths of the abyss forever.

O implacable march of human society! Destruction of men and of souls marking its path! Ocean, where fall all that the law lets fall! Ominous disappearance of aid! O mortal death!

The sea is the inexorable night into which the penal law casts its victims. The sea is the measureless misery.

The soul drifting in that sea may become a corpse. Who shall restore it to life?

TRUTH.

The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and the power of truth, is from the pen of S. H. Hammond, formerly editor of the *Albany State Register*. He was an eye-witness of the scene in one of the high courts:

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in his father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel addressing the Court, "is anything farther necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let me see," said the judge, "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind manner and tone of the judge, the child stepped forward to him, looking confidently up in his face with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

The little child stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered:

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake; "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I was never in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked to you about your being a witness in court against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up here with mother, she kissed me and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued—"Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charges against me, I would pray God for such witness as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to the heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falseness and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, till he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him sham defence. But before her testimony falseness was scattered like chaff.

The little child for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning device of nature villany to pieces like the potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible I mean to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

THE SOUL'S CONFLICT WITH US.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decided can try us.
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

"The flesh lusteth again the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other." If the flesh will lust against the spirit, the spirit must all the more earnestly contend against the flesh. The fact of this contention going on in the heart, is not a mark of the want of piety, but is an evidence of the existence of a holy disposition. If we were entirely dead in sin, there would be no such struggle. The grating proves the existence of life. Sin cherished becomes a crime; sin resisted is an act of virtue, and an evidence of the possession of a virtuous disposition. In some persons the natural passions are very weak, and easily controlled, and the natural temperament is uncommonly mild and gentle. For these persons to be virtuous, is comparatively easy, and it requires no severe effort on their part to resist the indulgence of the natural passions. On the other hand, many persons have very strong natural appetites and passions, and a severe and constant effort is demanded to control and subdue them. When divine grace effects a change in such hearts, a severe conflict is at once inaugurated, which must be kept up during life. Every step in the progress of holiness is won by a struggle against besetting sin. Every conquest is gained in the face of an enemy, and after a contest with him. The piety of such a person is less comfortable, it is true, but not less real, or less deserving of commendation than that of the other class of persons. On the contrary, it is much more so, because it costs much more effort and strength of character to acquire and maintain it. More than this. Even when, in the view of men, there are many failures and much less piety than in others, there may still in reality be more strength of religious principle, because the highest measures of self-control in others may have cost far less effort on their part, than a very small measure on his. The flesh in them contends feebly with the spirit, and therefore the spirit easily conquers the flesh. But in him the flesh is strong and natural passions are powerful, and consequently it is hard for the same measure of the spirit to subdue the flesh and preserve a pure and holy character. In the sight of God, however, who knows the strength that we have to contend with as well as the strength which we are to exert, and who sees not only our failings, but also what we have had to resist and the degree of resistance we have offered, there may be more to be commended in some who after a severe struggle fail, than in others who win because little or no struggle was required to succeed.

Let not Christians, therefore, be discouraged because they are not all they wish to be. If they cannot do all things that they would, let them do well the things that they can, and strive daily to do better. Let them be thankful for the measure of grace which they have already made, and contend earnestly to attain more. True piety does not consist in having no sins to contend with but in earnestly and faithfully contending against the sins that beset us. Let this be well understood. We are engaged in a warfare and it will last all our lives. It would be pleasant, indeed, to have no enemy within or without, but as enemies both within and without, will be likely always to beset us, let the evidence of our piety consist in this, that we faithfully, and perseveringly, resist them, and in the name of the Lord we will finally overcome them.—*Lutheran and Missionary.*

THE WEDDING GARMENT.

At the royal marriage of Sultan Mahmoud, a few years ago, every guest invited to the wedding had made expressly for him, at the expense of the Sultan, a wedding garment. No one, however dignified his station, was permitted to enter into the presence-chamber of that sovereign without a change of raiment. This was formerly the universal custom in the East. But inasmuch as these garments were very costly, and some of the guests invited might plead poverty, and thus appear unadorned in the guest chamber of the king, the cost was defrayed at the Sultan Mahmoud's expense. To each guest was presented a suit of wedding robes of absolute sovereignty without the wedding garment. Had any, therefore, appeared before the Sultan, who would have deemed his dignity insulted, and his magnificent gifts despised. The question, then, "Friend, how comest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment?" (Mat. 22: 12) explains the speechless condition of the man. The wedding robe was ready, not at the expense of the invited one, but at the cost of the king. He had simply to obey the requirements of Eastern state—put on the garment, appear before the king, and do homage to him for his rich habit. His refusal to comply with this reasonable custom, and presuming, notwithstanding, to thrust himself into the presence of royalty, was an avowal that he denied his authority to rule over him, and despised his power. Hence he was bound hand and foot and cast out.

ONE PRIZE WON AND ANOTHER LOST.—

The son of pious parents graduated with honor at his university. He had been nursed in the lap of prayer, and consecrated in his parents' purposes to the ministry of Jesus. But he abhorred piety, and set his heart on winning political distinction.

Reluctantly his parents consented to let him study law. In time he was admitted to the bar. He married an excellent lady, and began to practice with prospects of eminent success. Still abhorring religion, he sought political distinction as the grand object of life. Then the hand of God was laid upon him. His wife died. His only child was buried. He was assailed by a disease which bore him to the brink of the grave, and left him a mere wreck of his former self. Still he repelled the persuasions of the Holy Spirit, and craved above all things the honours of political life.

Restored to partial health, he resumed his legal pursuits, and fed his desire for political distinction by unceasing efforts to win it. At length a government office was vacated. He sent in his application strongly supported with influential names. While the question of his success was pending, he was seized with typhoid fever, and was laid once more on the steps of the grand portal of eternity. While lying thus his commission arrived. He had

won the prize. The paper was placed in his feeble hands. He perceived its import, shuddered, fell into a stupor, and—*died!*

Yes, *died!*—died without one sigh of penitence, one prayer of faith, or one ray of gospel hope to cheer him on his journey to the bar of God. He died in the office he had so eagerly sought; died the possessor of the distinction for which he had sacrificed everything else; died at the goal he had sought; died crowned with the laurels he had coveted on his pale brow; died to find he had lost his soul! O terrible success! What did the honor profit him when he entered eternity? Was it not the millstone, think you, which sunk him to the deep depths of damnation? Was he profited by gaining political distinction while losing heaven? Would he not have been a thousand times wiser if he had "sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness?" If you think so, and I know you do, act up to your convictions, and seek that "kingdom" yourself. Make sure of heaven, and then, whether you die a millionaire or a beggar, you will die possessed of life's true, highest, only real prize.—*Good News.*

Do you PRAY with your CHILD?—There is no greater happiness than to pray with those we love. It is the perfection of the intercourse of affectionate hearts. Soul blends with soul most perfectly when both are melted down under the influence of the Holy Spirit at the feet of Jesus. But these precious emotions assume peculiar tenderness when those thus brought under the presence of our blessed Lord are the dearest objects of the parent's heart, their children. Such intercourse draws the parent more closely and tenderly to the child. It softens the parent's soul and mingle more deeply and inseparably with that of the child. There the sacred influence, the Holy Spirit, comes down as when the melting fire burneth and fuses soul with soul in a union deeper, stronger, closer than anything of earth. As religion is necessary for the perfection of the human character, prayer is necessary for the perfection of human friendship and earthly affection. No parent loves his child so tenderly as he who prays faithfully and feelingly with that child. If without prayer, you love your child well, you will, by praying with him, love him still better.

Moreover, this solitary prayer with your child makes an impression that can never be forgotten. It gives an emphasis deep and abiding to all you say to him about religion. This precious influence fixes indelibly in that sensitive soul the delicate colors of child love more devotedly and tenderly. It twines his affections, like sensitive tendrils, around your heart with a closeness and strength nothing can dissolve. It makes him grow up with a stronger love for you; it gives him a deeper reverence for all connected with religion. This prayer with your child leads God "with favor to compass him as with a shield." Do not forego this very great luxury of praying with one you love so well. Will you not henceforth pray with your child?—*Pacific Expositor.*

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND THE SPANISH PERSECUTIONS.

At the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, in London, on the 15th ult., the chairman, Sir Culling Eardley, said, with reference to the persecutions of Protestants in Spain, that their brethren, Matamoros and Alhama, were in prison under a final sentence, and the only question for the Alliance was—What can be done? Matamoros recently wrote to a friend in England that the Queen of Spain was expected at Granada, in the course of a tour she was making to the chief cities of Spain. Her Majesty was to arrive at Granada that day week; and it was understood that Sir John Crampton, British Ambassador, was to have an interview with her there, and that the trial and Government was that the Queen should announce the pardon of Matamoros and Alhama. Instead of their pardon, intelligence had been received of their final condemnation. For some days it was considered that the two things might be compatible, and that the Government had so arranged that the trial and the final appeal should take place just before the visit of her Majesty, that she might have the honor of pardoning the prisoners; but all hope of that was now relinquished. The telegram which announced the final sentence also stated that her Majesty had been at Granada, and had been received with demonstrations of loyalty and patriotism. Their brethren had been tried for the crime of Protestantism, and nothing else. Efforts to bring other charges against them had been made, and had entirely failed, and admittedly and avowedly they were to be punished for their religion. They were to be sent to a convict establishment in Africa, and there, in striped clothes, they were to toil on gun-balls or on degrading work. The Spanish Government was not proof against the power of concentrated public opinion. He suggested that in this country there should be extensively signed a declaration, very respectful in its terms, to the Spanish Government and the Queen, appealing to the generosity and the justice of the Spaniards had, and referring particularly to what Protestants had done for Catholics in other countries, that the endorsement of our Government should be obtained, and that this declaration should be taken to Madrid by an influential deputation. The Foreign Office was not cold on such matters, as some supposed; it was a delicate thing for a minister to take the initiative; but it was much less difficult to endorse the action of the Church. Such an example would be followed in Protestant countries; and he believed France and America would readily join them. If such a demonstration as he had indicated were carried to the gates of the palace of the Queen, he believed that the whole Spanish nation would respond, and would refuse to remain the only persecutors, with the exception of the Pope, on the continent of Europe. (Hear.) He had no doubt that the Prime Minister of Austria, Count Schmerling, would endorse such a proceeding. When Gen. Alexander went to Madrid, he had the support of the Ambassador of Russia, and he was also the bearer of a letter from M. Thouvenel to the French Minister at the Spanish court, speaking in the noblest and most generous terms in favor of universal religious freedom. Marshall O'Donnell, the Spanish Minister, was in favor of religious liberty, but he had to contend with backstairs influence in the palace, and against all the power of the priesthood. If all Europe united in this appeal, the Spanish Prime Minister would feel strengthened to do what was a churchman and a gentleman he was bound to do, viz., to liberate the sufferers, and to reciprocate towards Protestants the generosity they had manifested towards his co-religionists. (Hear hear, and applause.) The Rev. Dr. Massey moved a resolution expressing regret at the sentences and the non-exercise of the royal prerogative, and remitting it to the council to take such steps as they might deem advisable under the circumstances. It also thanked Major Gen. Alexander for the services he had rendered by making a visit to Madrid with the object of obtaining the liberation of the prisoners. The resolution was briefly seconded by the Hon. and Rev. Rowland Noel, and unanimously agreed to.