

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. 49.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1862.

Whole No. 465.

THE INTELLIGENCER.

A MODEL MINISTER OF CHRIST.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

At the dinner table of the celebrated Dr. Hamilton of London, a few weeks since, we were shown a dozen autograph letters of Robert McChesney. The handwriting was beautiful; but the spirit was heavenly. No autographs that we saw of Luther, Cromwell, and Milton, possessed such moral fragrance to us as those neat, round, fair, spiritual love notes signed, "Ever yours till glory, R. Murray McChesney."

For, to our mind, this young apostle of Dundee was the model minister of our generation. Since the hour when the beloved apostle went up to lay his head on the bosom of his Lord, the church has beheld no lovelier spirit. We know not where such another "living epistle" can be found as the record of this young saint's shining pilgrimage. Where we rich enough to the Presbyterian Board of Publication, for they have both republished it—to place a copy of it on the study table of every candidate for the ministry in the land. Next to John Bunyan's immortal allegory, it is the best thought volume in our little library.

McChesney's life is a perpetual inspiration. Brainerd's biography saddens us by its pervading tone of melancholy. Henry Martyn's and Sumner's are all too brief—glorious sanitariums over the eastern hills, to be snatched beneath the death cloud forever. To spend an hour with Payson is almost like sitting with Paul in the "hired house" at Rome; but his graphic piety was mournfully tinged by his morbid temperament. To McChesney was vouchsafed his heavenly spirit without their trials to shade its lightness. McChesney's piety was eminently healthy and cheerful. He dwelt, during the nine years of his earthly ministry, far away from the damps that arise about Doubling Castle, and hard by the Beulah where the sunlight ever falls. His biography has a rare power to sober us when tempted to levity, and to cheer us when tempted to despondency.

Robert Murray McChesney—as many of my readers already know—was a young preacher of the Scottish National Church, who was called away to his crown just before the memorable Disruption in 1842. He entered the vineyard at twenty-one. After nine years of unceasing, earnest, happy labor, he was laid, amid weeping thousands, in a "new tomb" opened for him under the shadow of his own church—venerable St. Peter's, of Dundee. In that church he had watched and prayed over three thousand souls. Among them he had sowed the precious seed, and every returning communion season witnessed some prayers brought in with the joys of harvest. To pray and to search the Word of God—to carry the hidden life from house to house—to plead with the beaten oil from the sanctuary—to plead with the dying men and to allure to brighter worlds by the joyous tread of the angelic host—these formed the varied but yet unchanging employment of his fervid spirit.

Love of Jesus was his master passion. His Saviour's work was his work; he was continually about it. "This one thing" he did. He never wearied and never rested. Every day he gave to Christ. Dr. Hamilton told us that he used to let his letters with a sun going down behind the mountains, and the motto over it, *The night cometh*. For souls he watched as the sentinel a wife trims her lamp in the window and watches for the storm tossed and the Calvary; and like our hoisted the light, "scheme of prayer"—and marked the names of the converts and by name! His Bible he read with the eager avidity of one who is delving in a gold mine with the shining ore laid bare at every stroke of the mallet. "When you write," said to a friend, "tell me the meaning of Scripture. One gem from that ocean is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams." Would that his life might go into every young pastor's study and heart; for the lack of more than one popular pulpit is the lamentable lack of Bible!

In prayer he was a mighty and prevailing warrior. Instead of a penance, it was a delight. He gave himself to prayer; and the secret of that blooming, vigorous piety, whose leaf never withered, is to be found in the perpetual baptisms which his soul received at the mercy seat. He prayed before he sat down to his studies—before he went out to visit the sick—before he entered his pulpit. He rose from his bed to pray; and he prayed for the missionaries on the map, that marked the names of the converts and by name! His Bible he read with the eager avidity of one who is delving in a gold mine with the shining ore laid bare at every stroke of the mallet. "When you write," said to a friend, "tell me the meaning of Scripture. One gem from that ocean is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams." Would that his life might go into every young pastor's study and heart; for the lack of more than one popular pulpit is the lamentable lack of Bible!

When talking with some of his parishioners, we were not surprised to find that the striking peculiarity of his preaching was persuasive tenderness. His sermons were artless "spillings of the heart." He overflowed in his discourses. Once, when a brother minister told him that he had been preaching from that fearful passage, "The wicked shall be turned into hell," he inquired with some emotion, "Were you able to preach it with tenderness?" His few printed sermons are models of affectionate entreaty. To those young students who fry the unclean out of their first sermons by long labour over the lamp, we can recommend no happier specimens of simple, winning, earnest preaching.

It is now nineteen years since McChesney fell asleep in Jesus. His fatal sickness was brought on by visiting the victims of a prevailing epidemic. He lingered for many days, and the closing hours of his life were overshadowed by the delirium of the fever. In his rational moments he listened to the reading of the Word; and even the wanderings of his mind were broken by occasional ejaculations of prayer for his flock—"Oh, God! my people! my people! this whole place!" On the morning of the 25th of March, 1843, he sank gently into a sleep which deepened and deepened until his spirit passed without a groan to the presence of his Saviour.

The tidings of his death fell cold on many a heart, and nearly every eye in his parish was red with weeping. The road was thronged by the thousands who gathered to his burial. They laid him in his narrow bed amid sobs and gushing tears, and even to this day his smitten flock often speak his name with moistened eye, and lips trembling with emotion. Although he died a few weeks before her exodus from the Old Establishment, the Free Church of Scotland numbers him among her dearest sons, and writes his

name on the same lofty scroll of her founders with the names of Chalmers and Cunningham and Hugh Miller.

"Oh star unstinted set!
Why should we weep for thee?
Thy bright and dewy coronet
Shall rise o'er the sea."

—N. Y. Independent.

THE BIBLE AND THE WORLD.

The Rev. Mr. Archdall, lately assistant to the present Bishop of Cork, Dr. Gregg, at a meeting of the Bible Society in Downpatrick, made the following interesting statements regarding the Bible in relation to the human race in general and the people of this country in particular.

In the course of his remarks, he mentioned that within the last 28 years 72,000,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures had been circulated throughout the world. This seemed a vast number, but it should be remembered that the population of the world was one thousand millions, and that of Great Britain alone and her dependencies absorbed 26 millions of copies of the Scriptures. The rest of Europe had taken twenty-five millions copies, and then there remained but five millions copies, which was all that Christianity had done for the Jew, the Turk, the heathen, the pagan, the Mahomedan, and the nations that were lying in darkness. They had not, therefore, risen up to the exigency of the responsibility God had put on them as a great nation raised up by the Providence of God. At the commencement of the century, there were 40 translations of the Holy Scriptures, which left the Bible accessible to one-fifth of the human race or 258,000,000 of people; but now if they had the means and appliances for circulating it, it was accessible to three-fifths or 600,000,000 of the human race, as it was now printed in 196 different languages, 146 of which were translations or versions of languages which never had a written existence before these translations were made. The ability to read had increased the disposition to read the Bible.

Ireland was the land to which the Hibernian Bible Society mainly directed its efforts. They had, during this year, circulated in Ireland 82,000 copies of the Scriptures, and their income for the year had exceeded \$5,000 being at least \$158 more than in the past year; and when they reflected that the population of Ireland had diminished to 534 millions, and with the mass of the Protestant population so well supplied, they must consider it a marvellous fact that they could put into circulation so many as 82,000 copies of the Scriptures. Ireland was the most backward country in Europe in a point of view. There were in Ireland 74 towns with a minimum population of 2,500 persons, in which there was not a single bookseller's shop, nor the possibility of obtaining any book except "the Christian Doctrine," or "the Bible," published under the sanction of Dr. Cullen called "Furness Catechism," which teaches a man how to avoid obeying every one of the Ten Commandments without breaking them—teaching a servant girl that she might steal from her master if she did not think she got enough of wages. There were six counties in Ireland which could not boast of even one single bookseller or a circulating library, so that while our people were learning to read, there was not the facility for obtaining reading.

He therefore thought that they would agree with him on the wisdom of the plan of having colporters. It was of the last importance to have these Bible hawkers or pedlars to go through the country, and give the Bible to those who will take it; and they had evidence that the people would take it. The Hibernian Society gave the Bible to our workhouses, to our prisons, our convict depots, and our day schools, and freighted the emigrant ships with them. They had 26 of these colporters or hawkers, and two Bible women in Dublin going through the poorer parts of the city, gathering small contributions for the purchase of Bibles, reading the Scriptures for the poor, and as in the case of the Bible woman of London, searching for "the Missing Link." In all the ports of the country, they had agents employed in going on board the vessels, and offering the Scriptures to foreigners in the tongue they could understand. In the great port of Queenstown, into which 3,556 home and foreign-bound vessels had entered in one year, they had a clergyman whose sole duty was to visit the vessels. He has sold the Scriptures to Italians, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, French, Spaniards, Poles, Portuguese, and others, and he returned £10 14s. 10d. in foreign money, as his sales to foreign vessels in one month. It was so in Belfast, Bury, and Newry, and young men went along the quay in Dublin to circulate the Scriptures. There were upwards of 200,000 copies of the Scriptures yearly put into circulation by different societies.—*Dublin Cor. to N. Y. Observer.*

WAITING TOO LONG.

It was very early in the married life of Jane Harrison, that she became, as she trusted, a child of God. There was, at that time, no special religious interest in the neighborhood where she resided; and Mrs. Harrison had no religious society among those of her own age and particular intimacy. But the pastor of the church where she resided attended meeting, visited her from time to time, and gave her Christian counsel. After satisfying himself as to the genuineness of her religious experience, he proposed to her a public profession of her faith. Much to his surprise, Mrs. Harrison decidedly objected to this. She did not think it best to take such a step at present. She hoped her husband would become a Christian before long, and it would be so pleasant to join the church together. If she made a profession now, it would seem like leaving him out in the world alone, and she feared that would prejudice him against religion. She must wait for her husband.

Such were the objections which she constantly urged, when admonished of her duty to declare herself a follower of Jesus. At length her pastor dismissed the subject with this significant warning—"You have decided to defer a clear and acknowledged duty, while waiting for your husband's conversion. Take care, Mrs. Harrison, that you do not wait too long."

It was surely strange that Jane had no misgivings with regard to her decision. But Satan blinds those whom he would lead astray. He knows that it would be in vain to spread his net in the sight of any bird. So he persuaded this young wife that any objection of her religion before her husband, would disgust him with it, and

harden him against its claims. "To join the church," said the tempter, "would be to boast of your goodness—to declare yourself different from, and better than, your husband. How will he bear it, when he knows, and you know, that he is a clearer-minded and better-tempered than you are? No—wait until he sees the quiet beauty of goodness, and is led, by your example, to walk by your side. For the Scriptures says, 'thou, oh wife, shalt save thy husband,' and it bids us stand still and see the salvation of our God."

Ah! why did not some good angel whisper in Jane's ear, that these plausible suggestions to postpone a present duty, could only come from "the father of lies," and that Satan can be both cunning and misquoting Scriptures to cloak his mischievous purposes?

And was this deceived wife happy in her course. Did she have peace in her heart, and light in her path? No—she reaped as she had sown. At the time of her own conversion, her husband seemed serious and thoughtful. But after a while he grew careless again; and manifested, year by year, less reverence for the things of religion. This troubled Jane; and so did her own constant backslidings, and the difficulty she found in walking the narrow path alone. Had she connected herself with other Christians, their sympathy and help would have aided her greatly. And had she openly honored the Master, whom she was striving to love and serve in secret, he who has commanded "do this in remembrance of me," would have refreshed her with the bread of heaven and the water of life.

But at length a sudden accident brought her face to face with death. Her husband bent over her tenderly, and asked "if she could bear to die?"

"If I could only leave you a Christian, I could go willingly," was the answer.

"Do you hope that you are one? I was afraid you did not," he replied, with some hesitation. Jane looked at him inquiringly.

"You have never joined the church; and I know Christians think that to be one of their first duties," he said, by way of explanation.

"Oh, husband, I was waiting for you—I have waited all these years," was her sorrowful answer.

"You have waited too long, Jane. When you first became serious, I, too, was almost persuaded to be a Christian. I wanted only a word of entreaty from you—only the influence of an active piety on your part. An invitation from you to seek the Lord—or even the sight of you standing before the altar, would have bowed me like a reed. But now I am far enough from God and heaven."

"I see—I see my error—husband forgive me, and do not let my delay prove your eternal ruin. I can trust in Jesus to pardon me—but oh, he will not let me live to repay my wrongs to you, or to fulfill my neglected duty. It is just—all just—I waited too long!"

THE GREAT COMING.

"Behold, He cometh!" Yes, He has received His commission from the Father for the glorifying of His people and the judgment of the world. He is, by His Spirit, His angels, and His ministers on earth, preparing that world for the reception of His presence. He hath mounted the chariot of final redemption. Its wheels are moving round. The faint and feeble sound of them may be heard afar. Enlarge your vision, and gaze with the intensity of heavenly wisdom into the mysteries of futurity—"Behold, He cometh."

It is added, "with clouds." Clouds, in the Bible, are often employed as an appropriate symbol of glorious majesty. And in glorious majesty the Lord Jesus will appear when he comes. Probably the symbol alludes to the manner in which the Redeemer descended on Mount Sinai at the giving of the law. There, "clouds and darkness were round about him," and He appeared in terrible majesty, so that even Moses, his chosen one, trembled at the sight.

The same "God of glory" is coming again—coming with clouds—coming to vindicate his law, by the infliction of his tremendous penalty on all the inhabitants of the earth who refuse his offer of mercy—an offer given in virtue of the atonement, which He himself hath made. And even now, and ever since His apostle wrote, the clouds of His majesty—the brightness of His vengeance and displeasure with those who scorn His Gospel, have been advancing and accumulating over the world; and in due time the muzzling storm will burst forth in awful splendor, and the immediate presence of our exalted Redeemer will be fully realized. "Where is the promise of His coming?" for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were? "Is the cry of a Christian, or Christ-hating world. The cry is false, but let us take it as it is. Ah! who knows not, that often, when the night of heaven is about to be revealed in the sky, for a time before the bursting of the thunder every element is still? The wind is a breath. The rustling of the leaves is heard no more, and the rippling of the waves is changed into a calm. But is this stillness a pledge of continued repose? Nay, rather, while it lasts, do we not feel as if the attention of Him by whom all things are upheld were absorbed in the muttering of the gathering storm? In like manner, O ye scorers of the coming Redeemer, the present quiescence of the highest heaven is no indication of abiding repose. An era is drawing nigh when the divine stillness which prevails will give place to wrath, proportioned to the greatness and length of the deepening gloom. Oh, already the Christian sees the clouds of the advent covering the sky, and anon the world shall be lighted up with the glory of the Lord. Say not, 'Where is the promise of His coming?'—Behold He cometh with clouds."

"Every eye shall see Him." The nature of the advent here referred to, necessarily determines the character of this vision. Hence the plain import of this announcement is, that men shall recognise the footsteps of the Saviour's mediatory providence in the leading events of the world's history; and ever as these events roll onward, more evident to all will be the doings of the Redeemer, till at last, when the consummation comes, and that Redeemer is openly seen interposing His omnipotent arm in the climax of the world's career, the conviction will force itself upon every mind, that all along the same omnipotent arm has been swaying the destinies of mankind. Thus, "every eye shall see Him."

Meanwhile, the providence of the world is rolling rapidly on. The men of the world recognise no mediatory sway, and the smile of an impious infidelity sits upon their countenance, as they hear us declare

on the authority of God, that our Redeemer is "at the right hand of power," and that all the astonishing vicissitudes of the earth are only indications that He is more speedily than heretofore converging the interests of the world to its predicted crisis. "Do not look to the world," they cannot look beyond material things. They cannot see with the eye of faith, as we do, the Divine Redeemer "making bare His holy arm in the sight of all nations." Pity they cannot! But, there is a time coming when they will find it impossible to resist the overwhelming evidence of the Redeemer's providential sway.—A time coming when not merely His omnipotent arm, but His whole mediatory glory, shall stand disclosed before a trembling world. And then literally "every eye shall see Him."

It is further said, "and they also who pierced Him." And who has not pierced the Redeemer? Every one of us—every individual upon the face of the wide earth, has pierced Him. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." Yes, the guilt of the Redeemer's crucifixion may, with propriety, be charged home upon the conscience of every sinner.

But the inhabitants of Jerusalem are expressly mentioned in the prophecies of Zechariah as having "pierced" the Redeemer. And the same crime was charged upon them and their fellow countrymen by the apostles of our Lord: "Him ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." "Ye killed the Prince of Life." These, and expressions such as these, are used in reference to the Jews collectively. And to that guilty nation as pertaining, in all probability, the highest application of the phrase: "Long have the Jews, as a nation, resisted the evidence of the Messiah's advent in the fullness of the time. They have poured the contempt of ages upon the glorious doctrines that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah promised to the fathers; that His sufferings and death were an atonement for sin; that, having arisen from the dead, He is now at the right hand of God, and there sways the sceptre of mediatory King. But there is an epoch with an era coming, when the 'Jews shall be brought in with the fullness of the Gentiles.' Yes, there is a time drawing nigh when these venerable apostates will lay aside their hatred to the Redeemer, will see in those 'doings of Jerusalem that have for ages made them outcasts and vagabonds upon the earth, plain indications of their ancient criminality, and will recognise, in the peculiar lot awaiting them, the magnificent guidance of Him who said to them of old, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest.' Delightful thought! Sooner or later the long-cherished enemies of Christ, looking back, will acknowledge that for nearly two thousand years the Redeemer, whom they crucified, was ever present at the helm of the world's destiny; and, 'lifting up their eyes,' like the ancient king of Babylon when his reason returned, they will shout: 'Now we praise, and extol, and honour the King of heaven!—O Hosanna to the Son of God! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!'"

"And all kindreds of the earth shall wall because of Him." Even so, Amen! In apostolic times little was known of what we now call the heathen world. And hence "the nations of the earth," was an expression employed to indicate the Roman empire. It is thus chiefly, that the reference is to be understood in the passage before us. All the "kindreds," tribes or nations, occupying the earth, or sphere of the ancient Roman empire, nations which, at the present day, are for the most part subject to the sway of Antichrist, or the Church of Rome,—these kindreds of the earth shall wall at the approach of the Redeemer.

Dreadful will be "the wrath of the Lamb" when He ariseth to judge. Then life will be seen, beyond the possibility of a doubt, coming in His terrible array—"coming in the clouds of heaven" to "smite every foe," and emphatically to inflict the predicted doom upon "the mystery of iniquity," "the man of sin," "whom (we are told) He shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming." Ah! then, if not before, "all kindreds shall wall because of Him."

(From the New York Observer.)

HOSPITAL SCENES.

In one of the hospitals I found a very young man, a mere stripling of a youth, who seemed emaciated and worn out with suffering. I had asked the nurse, before approaching his bedside near enough to be overheard, if he was getting better.

"Oh! no," said she; "he is gradually sinking, and cannot last long."

"Does he know his condition?" said I.

"I think so. At any rate, he ought to know, and you had better tell him that he cannot recover, and that he may not have long to stay."

So she answered, and I thought that I should do my duty, and tell him that he was in a dangerous condition.

"Is he sick, or wounded?" I asked.

"Wounded. Shot through the hips, and that is what makes his case so dangerous. He is constantly sinking."

I approached the pale boy, and took a seat near the cot on which he lay. His face was almost as white as the sheets of his hospital, though sweet and comfortable, bed, I said to him, "you are not?"

"Oh! yes, I am feeling; yet I am no worse, than I know of, than I have been for some days. I am very comfortable."

"Do you suffer much pain?"

"Not so much as I have. This ball through my hips has occasioned me a great deal of severe pain."

"In what battle were you wounded?"

"In one of the battles of Virginia beyond the Potomac."

"To what regiment did you belong?"

"To the 1st regiment, Pennsylvania."

"When did you become a Christian?"

"Oh! three years and a half ago—in the time of the great revival."

"Where was it? In the Sunday school or in the prayer meeting, or where?"

"It was at my mother's knee, and my head bowed in her lap in prayer, that I gave myself up to Jesus Christ, and entered into a holy covenant with him to be his forever."

"How old were you?"

"A little past fourteen."

"Are your parents living?"

"My mother is. I cannot remember my father. He died when I was very young. I am my mother's only child."

"How could she let you go to the war?"

"It was very hard, sir; but she said other mothers were giving up their sons, just as dear to them as I am to her, and she believed she ought to be willing to make the sacrifice."

"How was it with you in the regiment?"

"I was always—always! I let everybody know that I was on the Lord's side."

"Why? I have been one of the happiest creatures you ever saw. I was happy everywhere and every day. I have not had a dark hour in the army; only I have felt very anxious about the men, and very much hurt at their sweating, and gambling, and drinking, and wickedness of every kind. That has made me unhappy sometimes."

"Had you many pains?"

"A good many."

"Had you prayer meetings?"

"Almost every night, when we were not on the march."

"Had you a good chaplain?"

"One of the best."

"Any conversions?"

"Oh! yes, a good many. We had some blessed times in the regiment."

When speaking of what the Lord had done for souls he became exceedingly animated, and I found and feared he would become exhausted, and closed the conversation without speaking to him of his immediate danger. He took my hand when I was about leaving, and seemed unwilling that I should go, and pressed me to come and see him the next day, which I promised I would do.

The next morning I called at an early hour at the hospital, and as soon as I got into the ward where lay the young man, a most excellent Christian lady, and begged me to go at once to the bedside of the young man, as he had expressed a desire to see me.

As I approached his bed I saw at once that he was not long for this world. He sat bolted up with pillows. He had faded very much, and death was coming on apace. The nurse stood beside me. We stood a moment regarding him, when he said, in a feeble, quiet voice—

"I think I have not long to stay, and I have a few things I want to say to my mother. This will be a terrible blow to my dear, dear mother. Tell her to write to her and sustain her. Tell her that for days and days I have been on the tops of the Deflectable Mountains, and have been looking over to the gates of the Celestial City, and now my feet are in the water floods, and I shall soon be over the cold river and on the bright shore beyond. Tell her that when she comes I will be first on the bank to meet her as she crosses, and I will lead her through the gates into the city. Oh! tell my dear mother—my dear, dear mother—that I loved her to the very last. And, if I am permitted, I will be a ministering spirit to her and will be often with her."

He paused for breath. The nurse stood weeping like a child. After a moment he said, "Send all my little things to my mother," and in a little while the spirit took its upward flight.

All a mother's fond earthly hopes connected with her boy had gone to ashes. Yet there was to be afterwards a mother's mending joy that her child had been gathered home into the garner of the Lord.

A few hours afterward I went in. The bed was empty. But in a little room stood two stained black walnut coffins. I raised a lid and there lay the youth of the 1st regiment Pennsylvania, and a member of one of the churches of Philadelphia, who had left the church militant to join the church triumphant.

I thought of the church in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia—of the prayer meeting—of the Sunday school—of the family of the holy place at his mother's knee, where this boy had entered into covenant with Jesus—the camp—the regimental prayer meetings—the standing up for Christ—the battle—the wound—the hospital—all instrumentalities to bring the soul to glory.

"DON'T CURSE."

Twelve years ago a young couple, both of whom were worldly and pleasure-loving, united their fortunes in marriage. The parents of the young woman were members of the Methodist Church; and though their daughter was herself far from godliness, they mourned bitterly that the companion she had chosen was still more openly irreverent.

The only stipulation which the young man had required of his intended before their marriage was, that she should "give up the Methodist meeting." This she willingly promised, and her attendance had only been occasional, and then merely in deference to her parents' wishes.

hands too full of labors and duties to permit her former assiduous devotion to gay amusements, the husband wearied of those social festivities to which she could not accompany him, and began to seek enjoyment in more questionable ways. It was long before James Pangborn's wife knew the downward career which he was rapidly treading. He began with gaming; and when at length he had lost all that he had, he turned to the wine-cup for consolation. It was then that poor Ruth awoke to the knowledge of her situation—the wife of a gambler and a drunkard. Her parents were dead; she had no near relatives, and nothing but beggary before herself and her five children.

Her pleadings and remonstrances availed not to check her husband in his guilty and ruinous course. A suffering wife and helpless children could not afford the demon of the card-table and the bar-room. James sank rapidly from bad to worse, until the end was reached—the bitter end of shame and beggary. His wife was homeless, his children worse than fatherless.

But one result of his wicked and mad course of folly astonished even himself. His poor wife sought, and found true and abiding consolation. When her sorrows were keenest, and her troubles darkest, Ruth remembered the God of her parents, and turned in penitence and prayer to Him who will not "break the bruised reed," or "quench the smoking flax." The Saviour whom she had in the days of her youth and thoughtlessness she had then renounced and despised, became now her support and refuge.

James was greatly enraged that his wife had become a Methodist; but the warm-hearted brethren and sisters whom she had joined would not suffer him to abuse or persecute her, except indeed by the wrathful words which they could not restrain. It seemed now as if he was an expert in what one has called, "the science of cursing." So far did he carry his hatred to religion, that he would not willingly accept a favor, even in his poverty and destitution, from the Christians whom he so disliked and scorned.

When at length all other resource was gone, and the miserable man was obliged to accept shelter for his homeless family at the hands of Mr. Johnson, a pious Methodist, he saved worse than ever. But his anger reached its most fearful height when his wife informed him of an offer which a good brother had made to employ him, if he would renounce his cups, in driving a weekly express to the neighboring city. With savage looks and gestures he declared "he had rather starve than serve one of her saints!" and at length, with a terrible imprecation, he called upon the Almighty to "strike him dead, if ever he got on to Johnson's express."

Ruth stood before him with a wild look of fright and entreaty. "James, James, don't curse so. I feel as if the Lord would, sometimes take you at your word." Her pale lips started him for once into silence, and he left the room.

Early next morning Mr. Johnson talked with him kindly, and persuaded him to accept the proposal of which his wife had informed him. After breakfast, James mounted the wagon, and drove away; saying to his wife as he left the house:—"I suppose you don't ever expect to see me come home again; but I'll be back to-night safe and sound, if only to spite you and the Methodists."

Alas, God took the curse at his word. Having fallen from his wagon while reaching for the whip which he had dropped, he was instantly killed, and brought home a corpse.—*American Messenger.*

CIVILIZATION IN CHINA.

It is time that the great nations inhabiting the east of Asia should receive a larger share of our attention; for movements of the very highest importance are going on among them. Modern civilization, in close alliance with the Christian missionary, is rapidly pulling down the wall of separation which until now has isolated about one half of the entire human race from any contact with the Christian world. Light is shining into darkness, and the germs of a new religious, political, and social life, are everywhere becoming visible.

How great a change would a regeneration of these Asiatic empires produce in the aspect of the world's history! China alone has a population by far exceeding that of all Europe, and more than six times as large as that of all America! Suppose China could, for fifty years, advance as rapidly in point of civilization as the United States have done, would she not soon be the most powerful nation on the globe? What other country can hope, within a century from now, to equal her in population? What an immense army and navy could she raise! What an immense trade might she develop! And what a powerful empire might she occupy in the annals of literature and art!

Many of our readers may regard the political regeneration of the Chinese Empire as something highly improbable, if not impossible. But are not Spain, which is now rapidly recovering from the profound lethargy into which she had fallen since the sixteenth century, and Italy, which for the first time in her history has achieved the establishment of an Italian Empire, striking proofs of the regenerating power of the nineteenth century? Why should we expect less for China, if her borders were unreservedly thrown open to the preaching of the missionary, if railroads, telegraphs, and steamboats should traverse the empire in all directions; if the introduction of all our modern apparatus of machinery should revolutionize the system of labor; if schools, colleges, and universities should educate the best men of the nation; if able statesmen and generals should infuse a new vigor into all the departments of political life?

There are strong indications that soon experiments in introducing radical reforms will be made on the largest scale. A few years ago, such a reformatory policy was expected from the Taipings, the Chinese rebels. They were represented as having adopted, though in a depraved form, many of the chief doctrines of Christianity, as abolishing idolatry wherever they advanced, as being friendly to the Christian missionary, to commerce with Christian nations, and to a reformatory policy. It was anticipated that on establishing their rule over all China, they would speedily bring in a new era. These hopes have not been realized. The missionaries, as well as the governments of England and France, report the Taipings as having recently shown themselves the worst of barbarians, and the latter have transferred their entire sympathy to the Imperial Government.

The Imperial Government seems to be anxious to secure the preponderance of the good opinion and of the patronage of the Christian powers by far