

# The Religious Intelligencer.

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"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." E. Peter.

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## THE INTELLIGENCER.

### THE YOUTH AND THE CUP-BEARER.

It was a dry and thirsty land; the grass there of withered, and the flowers faded. The roses that bloomed there soon grew pale, and the pleasant plants lost their sweet odor. Blight had fallen upon the ground; and yielded laboriously its scanty fruit, too often cankered at the core. The vines languished, and when men looked that they should bring forth grapes, too often they brought forth thorns and thistles. Thorns and thistles sprang up abundantly, and the stones of emptiness lay heaped in the valleys. The dew rested not upon the mountains, for the air was parched, and heat consumed the moisture of it. And the travellers in that land of drought were ever seeking for fountains of pleasant waters, that they might quench their burning thirst. There were wells without water, and broken cisterns that could hold no water; and there were turbid streams, and corrupt springs. There were also waters that were sweet to the lips, yet inwardly they were full of bitterness and deadly poison. And many hearts were vexed heavy, for disappointment welled upon their wanderings, and they fainted by the way. They were but pilgrims and sojourners, and declared plainly that they sought a country—a better country.

And some dwelt within the land as if their heritage were to be forever; and the harp, and viol, and wine, were in their feasts. They crowned themselves with the fading roses, and burnt incense upon hallowed shrines, and sang wild songs in the house of their pilgrimage. They gathered them silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of the provinces; and whatsoever their eyes desired, they kept not from them, nor did they withhold their hearts from any joy.

Then the Lord of that land was exceeding sorrowful, and he sent forth his messengers through the length and breadth of it, saying, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people." And the messengers lifted up their voices, and cried, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." But the people were almost wholly given to idolatry, and some heard, but did not understand; and others believed not the report, and turned again to the polluted streams.

Meanwhile a fountain had burst forth in the midst of the valleys, and springs glittered in the desert. Pure water welled from the clefts in the great rock that overshadowed the weary land, and the murmur thereof reached even to the cities of the plain. And the kind lord's cup-bearers stood over against the beautiful fountain, and offered its cup of blessing unto all, without money and without price; for it was sent to the poor and needy, as well as to the rich. And they called unto the people passing heedlessly, but they would not answer; and they spake earnestly unto them, but they would not hear. A few—a scattered remnant, small and feeble—forgot the impure waters, and did drink the cup, and were strengthened by the way.

And it came to pass, that a youth, beautiful in countenance and comely in form, passed, and one of the cup-bearers beholding him, loved him, and said unto him, "Come, ere the barthen and heat oppress thee, and refresh thyself for thy pilgrimage. Drink of this water, and thou shalt never thirst, and I shall be unto thee a well of water ever flowing, and yet ever full." But the young man was void of understanding, and said, "Go to now; I will prove me with wine, and enjoy pleasure; and I will give myself unto wine, and will lay hold on folly, that I may see what is that good for the sons of men which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life. And I will make me great works; and I will build me houses; I will plant vineyards, and I will make me gardens and orchards, and I will plant trees in them of all kinds of fruits. I will eat and drink, and make my soul enjoy good in my labor. And I will rejoice in my youth; and let my heart cheer me in the days of my youth; and I will walk in the ways of my heart, and in the sight of mine eyes." The cup-bearer sighed heavily, and said unto him, "What wilt thou do when the evil days come, and the years draw nigh when thou shalt be weary? What wilt thou do when thy tongue shall cleave to the roof of thy mouth for thirst, and the golden bowl shall be broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern?"

"I pray thee, stay me not," for the voice of pleasure has called to me, and I am hasting to partake of her banquet, and to revel in her smiles. She dwells in gilded halls, and her cup is a cup of delights. The sound of mirth, and the song of joy are ever in her festal chambers. Let me go for the day's weareth."

Impatiently the youth turned his back upon the fountain. "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" replied the cup-bearer; but the call was unheeded, and with a thoughtless heart, and bounding step, the reckless one proceeded on his way. Ever and anon, borne upon the wings of the passing wind, those tones came gently to his ear. "Turn ye, why will ye die?" Swift of foot, and eager in chase, he sped on, and the notes of warning were lost in the distance.

He soon reached the haunts where the fantastic queen held her court. Welcomed by a gay throng, bewildered by the glittering scene, and entranced amid the enjoyments offered to the senses, he surrendered himself heart and soul to the bewitching bondage. He drank deep of intoxicating draughts, which did not quench, but seemed to stimulate the thirst which was consuming him. He burnt incense upon the shrine of beauty, but his offering smouldered into ashes, and left him faint and ill odors. He helped to weave garlands, and sang light lays to the music of lute and viol. The enchantments of the hour forbade the entrance of wise and holy thought; and if it ever occurred to him that he was spending his strength for what was unprofitable and unworthy, he resisted the unwelcome admonition, and clung to the chain which habit and desire had clasped around him. Time passed on, and these ignoble delights began to pall upon his senses. Thirst, thirst unquenchable, burnt within his soul, and he knew that here he had not found the satisfying draught for which he yearned. He gazed upon the treasures which he hoarded during the years he had served pleasure, and what were they? A broken lute, some gilded toys, and a few withered wreaths. He regretted he was busy at his heart, and he spurned the "miserable" gains impatiently away. "It was madness and folly," he exclaimed, "to waste my youth in the pursuit of pleasure. I have tried it, and found it vanity. I will go out

into the busy world, and gain me riches; and men shall bow down to the greatness of my wealth, and I shall find joy in my labor." And he arose up to depart from the gilded halls; and as his eye rested upon the faded draperies, and lined ornaments, he wondered how he would have been so infatuated and so blind!

Into the broad highway of earth he travelled. The seal of youth was no longer upon his brow, but its disappointment was ushered in a manhood of unrest and discontent. As the gate that bounded the domains of pleasure shut behind him, a faint whisper was borne from afar upon the wind. He knew not whence it came, but like a still, small voice, it murmured, "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?" He passed, the memories of the scene—the hour when these words first met his ear, nestled on him, and something seemed to overpower him, for fear stood in his eyes, and he hesitated which way to go. Visions of wealth and growing power loomed in the distance; and anon, swift of foot, and eager in the chase, he sped on, and the notes of warning were disregarded.

As he came in sight of the temple where mammon holds her reign, he was ravished with a view of her golden halls and gathered stores. "Here," he thought, "is something substantial. In one corner of this temple I will make my dwelling, and amass wealth which will bring me enjoyments of all kinds, and procure me power among my fellow-men." With all the characteristic enthusiasm of his restless temperament, he toiled more anxiously, more fervently than any who surrounded him. He rose up early, and sat up late; he gave not sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids. He was rewarded for the labor of his hand, and piled up treasure in his store-house gold and silver in abundance, and the precious things which he had pined to obtain. But thieves broke in, and stole away his hard-earned profits, moths ate into his costly garments, and rust corrupted the lustre of his gold. He toiled and fretted, and found that labor was sorrow,—for he had spent himself for that which did not satisfy him. Still his heart thirsted for the draught of happiness yet unobtained. Still he longed for joy, but it was far from him. He gazed upon the cankered metals, and they seemed to reproach the folly of his manhood. Years had passed since he first bowed himself a worshipper in the house of mammon; and now, heart-sick and disappointed, he spurned the perishable wealth for which he had bartered time and emergencies, which could not be recalled. "It was madness and folly," he exclaimed, "to waste so many precious years in the pursuit of wealth, I have tried it, and found it vanity. Profiting by experience, I will make a name by great deeds, and in the councils of my country I will win fame; and then I shall find the joy that I covet."

He strode from the busy mart of gain; and as his feet pressed the open highway once more a whisper, almost imperceptible, was borne again upon the wind. "It was the same sweet tune," "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?" Fairly it sounded so faintly that it just met his ear, and passed away—alas! forever.

Prematurely care-worn and heart-weary, the man who had spent his life in the pursuit of pleasure, and in the acquisition of wealth, now bent his energies which were still vigorous, to the all-engrossing duties of the cabinet and the council. With a mind restless in its ambition, and warped by false estimates of good, he was ever building up chimerical projects, and advocating schemes of policy which betrayed the hollowiness of the system which he upheld. It required not a longer career to prove that he was morally unequal to his position; and he learned, when too late to profit by it, that a well spent youth and a useful manhood are the only sure guaranty for a wise old age. Only a few years had passed since the wild hope of being a benefactor to his country had dawned within his breast; and now he had himself received by his competitors, and by those whom he had striven to serve, and scoffed at by the rabble.

Shattered in health, and sick at heart, the wretched man looked back with disgust upon the pathway he had trodden. All, all had been vanity and vexation of spirit. He remembered the joyous aspirations of his youth and the hour when he had set forth with buoyant hopes upon his pilgrimage. Again he seemed to stand beside that fountain of living water, and the words of the kind cup-bearer sounded within his soul.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "had I listened then to the voice of wisdom, my grey hairs would not have gone down with sorrow to the grave. Pleasure, wealth, honor—I have enriched them all, and found them lighter than the small dust of the balance. Madman that I have been! Could I but hear the voice that I have called to me in my wild career!"

"Why did his cheek turn pale, and his speech falter? Why did his limbs tremble as the aspen leaf and his breath grow quick and short? Paralyzed he sank to the ground and felt the strong grasp of man's last enemy tightening upon him. Suddenly had the summons come; and O, with what remorse, with what horror did he struggle to rid himself of the foe. "Not now! not now!" he implored; "give me but time to drink of that living water. It is not yet too late!"

"Too late!" echoed the gentle voice that had warned him in other days.

"Too late!" gasped the dying man. A few brief struggles, and the shuddering spirit fled—whither?—Protestant Churchman.

THE LAW OF BENEVOLENCE.—In enjoining benevolence, Christ did not intend to impose a burden, but to confer a privilege. And he has shaped the requirement, because unwilling to exclude the poor from a needful means of grace. He who was appointed to preach the gospel to the poor, would not so frame his system as to cut off the poor from the channels through which he conveys the riches of his grace, and most impressive is the assurance which He has given us of this, in the value which He stamped on the widow's farthing. While sitting in the temple, and watching the people casting their gifts into the treasury, and after some had made princely donations, he saw a poor woman come and drop in two mites which make a farthing. That went to His heart; and with a solemn emphasis in the use of that "Verily," or Amen which only He ever used in such a way, He asserted that the value of the widow's gift exceeded the sum total of all the rest; and why? Because there was more of sacrifice made, more of benevolent heart expended, and so a deeper and richer participation of sanctifying experience had, which is the ultimate end of all the gifts.

### THE NAME.

"And he called his name Jesus."—Matt. i. 25.

"What is there in a name?" is often asked, where it might as easily be answered—for in the world the power of a name is frequently tremendous; the value set upon a name is sometimes capable of very costly proof; the influence or the dread of names is a power in continual operation, with sometimes a wholesome, often a dangerous efficacy.

There may be, and often has been comprehended in a name all that we love or fear, or desire, or pursue, or live for, or would die for if we might. It is told of our English Queen Mary, of no tender-hearted memory, that she was used to say, when she died the name of "Calais" would be found written on her heart. On many a heart, on many a conscience, and on many a brain, names are thus written, though they be not found; visible as the daylight; burnt in with a sunbeam; indelible as the iron-graven rock, so long as life and sense remain—and who knows how much longer? where love and grief, unkindness, injury, terror, and remorse, need nothing for all, but the memory of a single word.

What is there in a name? There is one word in Holy Scripture, which, if we understood its meaning fully, in itself contains the Gospel; and I have sometimes thought that after we have known its meaning, in all its power, and all its preciousness, if every vestige of the Bible could be withdrawn, and verbally forgotten, faith would have enough to live on in this one word—Jesus. How beautifully has it sometimes sounded in my ear, uttered by childhood, ignorance, or imbecility, compared with the cold eloquence of the oratorical discourse, where the unction of the Gospel was not. "I cannot pray now," said an aged Christian once to me, while passing through a season of great spiritual darkness and depression, on the bed of sickness, "I can only just say, 'Jesus!'" She knew it was enough, and so did I; we may all know times when we can say no more, and feel no more, and they will not be our worst times. Let us meditate a little, then, upon this Name.

Our gracious Master has many others, and all of deepest moment to ourselves, of which faith eagerly lays hold in its abundant need, and we feel how meritorily the multiplication of them, to meet our different necessities at different times; the Prophet of our ignorance—the Priest of our insufficiency—the King of our defencelessness—the Immanuel of our earthliness—the Redeemer of our ruined state—we might go through all the names by which we designate the Son of God, and find there is not one that we should like to spare.

If we still feel we love the name of Jesus best, it strikes it because it is his human name—and so brings him nearest our love's embrace. In the manhood of Christ we love his deity, no doubt; but there is a doubt if we could love his deity apart from his humanity; perhaps in Immanuel is the only exhibition of deity, a fallen, outcast creature could have been taught to love. His name was not Jesus till he came on earth. Prophets called him Messiah—Herod enquired for Christ—the inspired father and devoted mother, knew the holy babe of Bethlehem's name was Jesus. Throughout his life on earth we scarcely ever find him called by any other; it was indeed his manhood's only name, as viewed from his deity apart; and none but the few to whom his Father in heaven revealed it, learned at that time the other appellations so familiar to us now. It was his name of oblation and reproach: "One Jesus, whom his disciples say," &c. It was his name of hatred and persecution: "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." It was his name of suffering and death: "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." It was his name of pity, of mercy, of tenderness, and endurance; of sympathy with every sorrow and suffering around him, and patient forgiveness of every injury he received. It was Jesus wept—Jesus was grieved—Jesus had compassion, went about doing good, healed all that came to him of whatsoever diseases they had. It is not Jesus, "this same Jesus" in his risen manhood, as it was taken up to heaven, that every loving and believing heart now throbs to see again, and the cloud received him out of their sight? We are sure it is the name of triumph and of glory, of exaltation above every name, under which the Son of God and Son of Man shall hereafter reign over all things. "That at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things on the earth, and things under the earth."

But there is another reason for our preference—perhaps the more important in effect—it is the meaning of the Name: "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." The sentence comprises all we want in time and for eternity. Sin is misery, death, destruction; holiness is happiness, life, and immortality. It is not merely said: He shall save us from the consequences of our sins—from the punishment of our sins—from all the guilt and forfeiture of sin: such as that might seem, it would avail us little. It is not merely meant that he will not deal with us according to our sins, or reward us according to our iniquities; and will heap benefits and blessings on us, as he does, all guilty as we are, which he has merited, not we; and he, not we, has paid for it. It does not comprehend redemption only, so far as that might mean the buying off of every claim upon us, of forfeiture, of bondage, or of debt; giving us, as it were, to ourselves again to be our own, and live in freedom as we list. If all this had been, or could have been alone, it would not do: sin would remain, and though destruction followed not, it would not signify; sin itself is misery enough; let it only alone, to the unalleviated torment of itself. But to be saved from our sins, in its utmost sense; released from all that sin is, as well as does, and has done, and can ever do against us—Oh! we know we should be happy anywhere! For what is a state of holiness but a state of likeness to God, of participation in his perfectness, his loveliness, his peace, his blessedness. Every corrupt affection gone, within us and around us, we feel we should be happy even now; without taking measure of those added or increased delights, prepared for the gratification of every righteous affection in the world to come. "He is to us righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." This is the comprehensiveness of that sufficient name "Jesus," for he shall save his people from their sins.

Are there cold hearts that give no response, hear

it without emotion, and speak it without love? Have heard and spoken it twenty times to-day, without a single thought, or care, or feeling? We know there are: they do so every Sabbath day, if they be present in the house of God, however they omit it all the week besides. How can it be so? There are several reasons—men do not feel their sins; or do not wish to part with them; or do not believe that Jesus is the Saviour; at least, not the only one. This unconcernedness, unwillingness, or unbelief, admits of degrees, and so does their indifference. Some bow when they hear it—who do not love the sound: I suppose they feel reverence, but reverence is not love. Some think it is but a tale to use that name—the strangest thought of all—so loved! so precious! talk of God, if you please, but do not mention Jesus. Some love it, of course: mean it, of course: trust in it, of course: they do not say so, or feel so, or teach so—but it is implied, of course. Oh! that shivering, cold, of course—how it strikes to the heart's core of those that love the Name of Jesus! Possibly, some listen to it with a timid awe. No, no—I do not think they can. It is the only name of deity that has no terror in it.

To them that believe it is precious indeed; and perhaps there is no surer gauge by which to measure our own faith, or the faith of others, as far as we can know it. Blessed are they whose lips grow tremulous with feeling as it passes, on whose ears it reverberates its own sweet song of peace, in whose hearts the repetition of it never fails to awaken the eager throbs of anticipating joy.

### MORNING-CLOUD RELIGION.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

I have stood in a Swiss valley at the time of sunrise, and seen the mountain peak above me crowned with a beautiful white coronal. As the first sunlight strikes it, the cloud of morning incense is tipped with rose fire. One moment it is fleecy white. Then it is glowing pink—then burnished gold like the robe of the seraphim. Then—gone for ever! Before we could call our companions to behold the beautiful spectacle, the glory cloud was dissolved into empty air. And the icy mountain top stood out sharp and bare against the eastern sky.

Turning from the rocky peaks of jasper toward the valley about us, lo! the grass is a floor of diamonds. The lowlands are all jewels. On the heathen hang the necklaces of pearl—over the fields are sown the living sapphires. We go, reluctantly to our morning meal; we come on again, and where is the jewelry? Gone for ever in the hot rays of the conquering sun. The mountain top is bare: the earth is dry. The "morning cloud and the early dew" are both among the things that were. Opening our Bible, and turning to the book of Hosea, we find there very words employed to describe a certain sort of showy but short-lived religion.

As nearly every church may contain more or less members whose religion is more real and abiding than the vapor on the mountain top, it is worth while to inquire the causes, and the cure of transient piety. May we not find in one or all of the three following reasons the answer to this inquiry.

I. The convicted soul, in its first awakening was not brought to a genuine loathing and abhorrence of known sin. In other words, there was no Bible repentance. The impressions of man's awakened persons are merely terror. They feel the danger of sin, but not its abominable filthiness. They quake at the sight of God as a punisher, but do not quake at their own guiltiness. They see that there is a hell that follows after their sins, but do not see that there is a hell too in their sins. Of course such persons do not abandon sin thoroughly or seek after a radical change of heart. And without "grief and hatred of sin" there can be no Bible repentance. A religion that began in mere passive terror is likely to end as it began. For a man who has not abandoned his favorite sins, his petted and his profitable sin cannot claim to be a genuine enduring Christian.

II. The awakened soul when troubled by legal terrors did not betake itself to Christ. Sensible, diseased, it compounded quick remedies for itself—Christ was not sought after—believed on—heartily embraced. There was no love of Jesus awakened as a master passion with the man. His soul reached Christ, it was safe. For there are few apostacies from Calvary. Believers hold to the cross, because the cross holds them.

III. A third cause of morning cloud religion is the attempt to live on promises instead of performances. The man trusts in resolutions, and never reaches actual downright doing of duty. He means to be—promises to be—promises to be actively obedient to Christ—but never does but deed or makes one sacrifice for him. On the day when the covenant of church membership is made, the novice is fluent in promises for his future life. He will serve God to morrow. The morrow comes, and goes, and sees not one stroke of thorough service done, not one sin crucified, not a single labor of charity undertaken. Before a week has rolled by, the man's religion has begun to evaporate, and in a year there is nothing left of him but name on the church register.

How many a brilliant beginning have we seen that so soon ended in nothingness! For a brief time the "cloud" was beautiful. As it hung in prominence before our eyes, the rays of hope pointed it with a ruddy glow. Christian friends hailed it as a cloud of promise. Praying souls who have longed for just such appearances of piety in the man—grateful that their prayers were service doing a fulfillment.

But presently it grew thinner. It began to scatter into looseness; then into emptiness. I was not a shower cloud of spiritual blessings like the life of an Oberlin, a Baileys, a Halland, a Whitfield, or a Harlan Page. But only vapor: beautiful vapor for a little time, and then vanish away!

In every church there may be just such professors. They are not backsliders, for they never had any genuine grace to lapse from. Are the hypocrites? Perhaps not; for that is a hard word, and implies cold-blooded deception and falsehood. These unhappy persons never intended to deceive others; they were simply deceived in themselves. They entered the church from an entirely mistaken view of their own condition. Perhaps they were the subjects—or rather the victims—of a spurious religious excitement. Or, under the foolish persuasion of injudicious friends, were hurried into church engagements.

Their vows are no longer regarded. Their professions no longer deceive. A galling yoke of bondage is their church membership now, when it ought to be the symbol and the seal of a happy wedded union to Jesus Christ.

What is the duty of such persons? To leave the church at once? I do not think so. Shall they abandon the table of the Lord? I think not. Let them rather seek anew the Lord of the table. Let them come back to Christ with genuine contrition for their sin, and honest acknowledgment of their sad mistake. Let them repent and do their first works. Wiser from the bitter experience of their own failures, let them begin afresh and begin aright. We never knew a false professor saved by leaving the church. But we have known of scores who were saved in it by timely repentance and faith in Christ. Candid reader! if you have a false hope, throw it away and seek a better. So shall your "goodness" be not merely a morning vapor, but a cloud of blessings through life's long useful day, and at sunset it shall burn with the golden glories reflected from the better world.

### CHRIST AMONG THE POOR.

Suppose that the Saviour were to visit our country and signs and demonstrations of his glory, that none could mistake or resist, what think you would be the reception which he would meet with? There is not, perhaps, a palace or mansion in these realms to which he would not be invited. Warm and earnest requests for his presence would pour in from every quarter. Even worldly men, who are never reluctant to give entertainment to goodness when it has acquired renown would vie with Christians in their endeavors to welcome the Lord of Glory. The swift steeds would be for him—the most gorgeous chariots would be for him—the softest couch would be for him—the richest viands would be for him—wealth would unlock her treasures, and lay them at his feet. The honor he would confer would be felt to bear proportion to the degree in which he laid men under obligations to serve him. He would be urged and entreated to demand more, and yet more. Many a fountain of liberality, hitherto sealed would burst forth and flow as with an exhaustless fulness. Even avarice herself would be betrayed into a momentary generosity, and poverty would strip herself more bare, and forego even her scanty meal, that she might pay her homage to the King of kings—who then would be found complaining that the Saviour's needs imposed an oppressive tax upon his people! And yet, dear brethren, is not the Saviour here? Do we require the carnal and sensual manifestation of his person to convince us of his presence? Are we forgetful or careless of the blessedness pronounced on those who have "not seen, and yet have believed"? Is he not with his church "always, even to the end of the world"? Is he not sick in every poor, famished, oppressed, persecuted disciple? Could he see us with a clearer and more searching eye? Could he speak to us with tenderer words? Could he support us with a stronger arm, were he, as heretofore, "manifest in the flesh"? Verily, the Lord is here! The Lord is here! If he is not seen by fleshly eye, he is seen by the eye of faith. I have here! Do we require the generous and important hospitality which would welcome the visible advent of the Saviour to our land, I must now say that in all this demonstration there might be no more of true affection than is even now displayed. Would that fact that worldly men opened to him their houses, prove that they had opened to him their hearts? Or would the increased benevolence, even of Christian men, indicate an intenser love for him? The influence of a carnal consideration would account for both the one and the other; and the holiness of our motives, and the reality of our affection for the Saviour, are more conclusively tested now that he is unseen, than they would be were he to become a denizen of our world. Would you feed him if he were hungry? He is hungry in his disciples. Would you clothe him if he were naked? He is naked in his disciples. Would you entertain him as a guest were he to come as a stranger? He is a stranger in his disciples. Would you give him the best you have, and as much as a burning affection could spare? He demands it now, and demands it of behalf of every agency by which his kingdom is being spread through the world.—Rev. E. Mellor, London.

DOING GOOD BY LEGACIES.—In looking over the last Annual Report of the American Bible Society, I notice that it received during the past year from legacies, the large sum of one hundred and thirteen thousand and sixty-eight dollars and ten cents.

Doubtless it is better for every one to be his own executor as he goes along in life, giving systematically, liberally, continually, to every good object, "as the Lord has prospered him." This is the divinely appointed method; the only way so to use wealth, or even competence, as to make it a means of grace to ourselves. When otherwise "the root" of it may become "the root of all evil" to the soul. But as some, even of those who are conscientious, do not give as habitually and liberally as they ought, from day to day, while life lasts, one of the next best things is to do good by legacies—to leave by will what may be applied to the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world, when we shall have gone to our rest.

The richest gift of Christ, the gift of himself as a sacrifice of atonement for our sins, he made while himself on earth. But the gifts of the Holy Spirit, without which the first gift would have been in vain, was a legacy. And so that blessed gift, the gift of his own peace, was also a legacy; for his language is, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you." And as we are safe in, like him, doing all the good that we can while living; so we are safe in, like him, leaving that which may do good, and comfort and cheer and bless, when we shall have gone to join him in the skies. We are sacredly bound to leave to the world, after we have gone from it, the legacy of a holy example, and of a life spent in the service of Christ; and thus we may do good, still be doing good, long after we shall have passed to eternity.

And may not the same rule apply to pecuniary legacies, to money left by will, to bless the world when we are no longer in it?

Will not the thousands of readers of the Messenger seriously ponder this thought, so that the result shall be seen in a large increase, from year to year, of the income of the treasury of the Lord? Do not test, by daily gifts, while living; but see if you cannot do more by legacies.—American Messenger.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE GOSPEL

In order to labor successfully in the vineyard of Christ, his servants must be like him, meek and lowly in heart. The strife is not to be, who of us shall be the greatest, occupy the highest stations, and receive the most applause of men; but how shall we serve Christ in any capacity he appoints, and do cheerfully, gratefully, any work he assigns us. Alas, that so many become exalted in their own esteem, so as almost to despise the blessed Gospel work. They come to feel so much their own importance as to look with contempt upon their companions in labour, and to feel that they are almost the pillars of the temple of God.

This self-conceit is ruinous to the possessor, and to the cause, so far as its influence extends. How different the spirit and example of our divine Lord, who went about doing good, seeking to bless the poorest and vilest. Happy those who repel all the solicitations of pride and cleave to the service of the cross. This subject is well illustrated in the reminiscences of an eminent and successful minister. He is describing the first revival in his church. He says:

I sounded the trumpet, and told them that I would preach every night during the week in the lecture room. I preached Monday night, and it rained, and the attendance was small; but I said, "I do not care, I will preach again." I preached Tuesday, and the room was not half full; but still a few came, and I said, "I do not care, I will preach every night this week." I preached Wednesday night again, and the attendance was larger, and I thought I would give an opportunity for inquirers, and I asked if there were any present that wanted to stop and make their wants known; but none stopped; and I said, "I do not care, I will keep preaching; I am not going to be discouraged. And I preached Thursday night, and called for inquirers again, and two, I think remain ed. When the congregation had gone, with the exception of the elders, who stopped, I went down to see who these inquirers were, and I found that they were two coarse, Hoozier servant girls; and I felt a little disappointed. I said to myself, I have preached four nights, and here are the fish that I have caught!" It was but just a devil's temptation of a moment. In one minute more my eyes were bathed with tears, I had such an ineffable sense of the privilege of working for my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I said in my thoughts, "Yes, yes, yes, Lord, I will work for no better pay than this, just as long as I have breath in my body." It seemed like a privilege that I had not deserved, to be permitted to be instrumental in the conversion of these two persons; and I said, "It is enough; I am paid and overpaid, for all that I have done, or can do." But out of that spirit grew a great deal more; for some hundred and fifty united with the church, I think, in the midst of that revival. But if I had been proud and arrogant, I do not think it would have been so.

We are too apt to extol men, and thus get them inflated. Good men even, under the influence of flattery, are liable to get above their work, and bring reproach upon their flatterers. The more we can all feel that of ourselves we are nothing, and that the excellency of the power is of God, the better for all concerned. When I am weak, then am I strong, and before honor is humility.

We are also liable to be unduly occupied with non-essentials, the mere machinery of the work. The chief and essential thing is, to honor God in the salvation of souls. As to what is said of us, or thought of us, or done with us—what is the position of the appliances, is of itself a matter of trifling moment, soon to be all past and forgotten. While those under whatever circumstances, really, faithfully serve Christ, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.—Morning Star.

### ECHOES FROM THE VALLEY.

"Faults are thick where love is thin."—Walter Pater.

Perhaps that is the chief reason why we see so many faults in other—so few in ourselves. We do not throw over our neighbor that thick mantle which covereth a "multitude of sins," so often as we cast it over ourselves. And so we look to our own eyes fairer than to any others.

"Faults are thick where love is thin." Eyes that are not blinded by love are sharp and prying. Even the hidden fault is espied, and then dragged forth into the light of day. But where love is strong, and deep, and earnest, where there are the faults of its dear ones? Wonderful is it, how the mother, whose heart is wrapped up in her child, sees not half the misdoings which are so prominent to strangers! She makes excuses, she sets every thing down to the best possible motive. She will not believe in the sinfulness of which he is accused. And so with all our favorites: how superior do we fancy they are! how vastly different from every one beside! Truly love's spectacles are of rose colour, which makes everything appear beautiful.

But "where love is thin?" Alas! alas! we are uncharitable then. If from any reason we dislike a person, it is so easy to persuade ourselves that we have good cause to do so. What an awful array of failings we perceive in them immediately—what shortcomings! How easy it is then to find constantly some reproach which we think is deserved!

"Faults are thick where love is thin." But as fault-finding is such an ungracious occupation, let us not indulge in it. And the only safe way to keep out of that bad habit is to cultivate love for all. Let us strive to "love one another, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Let us seek to repress all wrong feelings, and seek both in our thoughts and our words to do to others as we would that they should do to us.

Marianne Farmington.

COMFORTABLE HOUSES OF WORSHIP.—We are not advocates of very expensive houses of worship. We have always believed that they should correspond, in a good degree, to their cost and general style of fitting up, to the style of the dwellings of the people who are to worship in them. That style of a house of worship which at some stage of the progress of a town or neighborhood would be eminently becoming, at another stage of its progress would be disgraceful to the worshippers.