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REV. E. McLEOD.]

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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USE OF PRESENT TRIALS.

"Now for a swifter race" was the resolve of one over whose path sorrow was beginning to darken heavily. "Now for a busier and more useful life" was the utterance of another, as he rose from his knees, after pouring out the bitterness of his grief into the ear of God.

In these cases affliction was the starting-point of a new career. It had gone down to the most sacred depths of the renewed heart, and was calling up buried feelings of devotedness that had remained dormant, but not extinct, under a mass of worldliness. It smote our selfishness, our narrow-mindedness, our sloth, our flesh-pleasing, and reminded us that we had no time to loiter or to sleep. Tearing off the veil which prosperous days had flung over our eyes, it pointed to the vanity of things "seen and temporal," till the vastness of the unseen and the eternal grew upon us, that we rose up and went forth, resolving on a swifter race and a busier life on earth.

Still there was a hindrance. The very trial that stirred us up also weighed us down, unknitting our strength, and causing us well nigh to faint. The pressure stayed our swiftness, and the deep wound still bleeding, enfeebled us. We sought to run, but were often held back; and when we would have gone forth to do the work of God, we were constrained to turn aside and go alone, that in weeping and pleading, we might relieve our heavy hearts. We may at times seem to escape from the sorrow, and, in the fire of zeal, almost forget its bitterness; yet it returns to us in full strength, and we feel as if a chain were on our limbs. There is not indeed the bondage arising from uncertainty as to the relationship in which we stand towards God. These fetters fell from us when we received God's record of forgiving love, and knew that it is to be freely pardoned. These fetters no amount of trial can re-impose on us, if "we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." Nay, it is often in a day of grief that we realize most blessedly how completely grace has set us free. But though there is no re-attachment of our chains, and no bitterness of bondage again tasted, still chastisement is "not joyous but grievous," and "being grievous," it sometimes discolors and disables us, so that we cannot do the same amount of service, or undergo the same degree of toil for God, as otherwise we might have done. At the first lighting down of the stroke this is always felt, for we are men in the flesh, and the flesh gives way. "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." And for a considerable time this continues to be experienced; shorter or longer, according to our natural characters, or according to the specialities of the trial.

Hence it is that affliction is often more a season of preparation for service than a time of actual service, save only as *patience* is service, for "they also serve who only stand and wait." Let us not fret, then, nor be cast down, because we feel disabled for zealous service for a time. Let it suffice us, if we know that we are *preparing* for this. And when the load is lifted off or becomes lighter, then we run with speedier foot, then we labor with fuller strength and freer heart. We cannot expect to be wholly free from sorrow here, for some amount of trial is always needed to keep us from forgetting that this is not our rest,—that this is the night and not the day; but still these intervals of calm and sunshine are precious times,—times of blessing; times of service; times for the swift race and the busy life.

These mornings here, coming after the nights that thicken over us, are most profitable. They not only relieve the "o'er-fraught heart," but are seasons in which we find leisure to learn lessons of wisdom and holiness, which in the time of the sorrow we had overlooked or put from us. The returning elasticity of spirit enables us to rise from our depression, now that the weight has in some measure been lifted off. Too continuous a pressure of grief is apt to make us moody, selfish, desponding, slothful. It narrows the circle of vision and of sympathy, and dries up the springs of our nature. But when peace returns after a season of trouble, we seem doubly fitted and well served for duty. The trial has sobered and mollified us. It has taught us to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. It has rubbed off exuberances. It has taught us to look round with sympathy upon a suffering world and a weeping church. It was as if we had been taken aside for a season into some quiet nook or dark cave, from which, while alone and undisturbed, we could look out unobscured upon the multitudes that passed and repassed. And having been thus brought to form truer, ripper judgments, we are led forth again to act—more unselfishly, more zealously, yet more steadily and soberly.

Our life, after a night of trial has passed over us, should be a life of truer aims, of steeper walk, of higher level, of keener, purer vision. If not, we have suffered in vain.

During the night touch was of necessity hidden from us. But the morning discloses what the night had hidden. It shows us how desperate the struggle was between us and our God, of which at the time we were hardly aware. It shows the amount of patience, love, and faithfulness, that have been expended on us by God. It shows the extent of the evil in us which had drawn down the chastening. It puts us in a position for bringing into practice the knowledge of the world's vanity and the wretchedness which sorrow had taught us. Thus the mornings carry us out of the night, and give us opportunity for exorcising the evil. And thus the alternation of trial and rest which makes up our lot on earth, is in truth but a succession of lessons, and of opportunities for practising them. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night uttereth knowledge."—Psa. 19: 2.

Thus trial prepares for service. It nerves us, it braces us for toil. It shows us what alone is living life for, so that when the force of it is in some measure abated, we find ourselves ready to start anew for the race, ready to wield the weapons of our warfare with a firmer and more skillful hand.

These intervals of brightness, then, are the true seasons for labor. These earnestness of the morning should be prized as opportunities especially afforded us by God for strenuous labor. If this laid out, how blessed will they be found! They are brief, for tribulation is our lot on earth, not ease; but this should only arouse to new vigor; for if they be thus brief, we have no moments to idle away.

But it is here that so many stumble. In trial they call upon the Lord and vow their life to him. Through evil report and good they will

follow him; on the rough way or the smooth they will walk with him; by labor, by sacrifice, by watchfulness, by costly gifts; they will prove their love, and zeal, and constancy! Good words and sincerely spoken! But so were the words of the disciple, "If I should die with thee I will not deny thee in any wise." He spoke what he truly felt, but when the hour came, the resolution was not to be found. So with us. Trial calls forth many a high thought and prompts to noble purposes. Yet how seldom do these thoughts ripen; how often do these purposes die! Peace returns, sunshine brightens over us, our broken strength knits again, and we sink back into sloth! The calm hour for which we longed, that we might do something for God, has come, but it finds us nearly as heedless and selfish as before we entered into the storm.

This must not be. Why were we smitten, but just that we might be stirred up? And why were we delivered, but just that we might work more strenuously, more efficiently? How sad, then, that both the trial and the enlargement should fail of their purpose!

These times of enlargement are times of light and gladness. In these mornings joy has come to us. It is not the mere reaction from sorrow; it is not mere familiarity with suffering, it is not oblivion of the past; it is not the calm of overpast feeling. It is joy from the Lord. And the "joy of the Lord is our strength." He who gave us the night has given us also the morning. He who called upon the storm has brought back the calm. So that it is his joy in which we rejoice; and this joy is our strength. Let not this strength lie idle. The calm will not last; the clouds will soon return; and it concerns us to lay out well the brief hour of light. "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

BEGINNING THE DAY WITH GOD.

BY REV. T. L. CUTLER.

A man of average duration of life (thirty years) sees about ten thousand mornings in the course of his existence. He begins ten thousand days; and, as the after-issues and conduct of the day depend so much upon the beginning, we wish to say a few practical words on beginning every day with God. Morning piety has much to do with household piety and with the whole current of one's everyday religion.

1. Every morning gives us (in a limited sense, of course) a new birth and commencement of life afresh. Sleep is the twin-sister of death. We lie for hours motionless, and irresponsible. The outward world is a blank; the mind is virtually a silent chamber, through which incoherent dreams sometimes flit to and fro; life is suspended as to thought, action, and moral agency.

After a few hours of deep slumber—practically as devoid of activity as a sleep in the grave would be—the rosy fingers of the morning touches us, as the divine Restorer touched the motionless form of the dead maiden in Jairus' house, and says, *Arise!* In an instant life acts its vicissitudes again in motion. We leap up from that temporary tomb, our bed. We awake refreshed, restored, made anew for a fresh start on the life-journey. Was yesterday a sick day? Sleep, like a good doctor, has made us well. We left our aches and pains in the vale of dreams. Was yesterday a sad day? Sleep has blunted the edge of our grief and soothed the agitated nerves. Was it (like too many of our predecessors) a lost day? Then our merciful Father puts on a new probation, and gives us a chance to *save* this newborn day for Him and for the holy purposes of our existence.

Do we lose the morning, either by long sleep, indolence, or aimlessness? Then we commonly lose the day. One hour of the morning is worth two of the sun-setting. The best hours for study, for invention, for plans, and for labor, are the first hours which the mind and the body have after their resurrection from the couch of slumber. Napoleon—who, above all generals, knew the value of time—seized the early dawn. Walter Scott wrote nearly all his Waverley romances before breakfast, and achieved a literary immortality while his guests were sleeping. The numerous and erudite commentaries of Albert Barnes are monuments to early rising; they will ever attest how much a man can accomplish who gets at his work by "four o'clock in the morning." To the student, to the artist, to the merchant, to the day-laborer, the most useful hours are reached before the sun climbs to the meridian. I am well aware that a vast deal of traditional stuff has come down to us about the "midnight lamp." But I have generally found that those who use most the "midnight lamp," either for study or dissipation, burn their own lamp of life out the soonest. While good men are most active in the morning, the "children of darkness," knaves, rouses, and debauchees, are most busy at the midnight. Make it a rule, then, that he who would begin the day aright must seize and save his earliest hours. How often we see some poor, aimless, dilly-dolly fellow rushing in blundering haste through the whole day, to a vain chase after the hour he lost in the morning!

2. Every day should be commenced with God and upon the knees. "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up; said that man who was 'after God's own heart.' He begins the day unwisely who leaves his chamber without a secret conference with Christ, his best friend. The true Christian goes into his closet for his armour: before night he will need the whole panoply. He goes to his closet for his spiritual 'rations' for the day's march. As the eastern traveller acts out for the sultry journey over torrid sands by loading up his camel under the palm-tree's shade, and by filling his water-flasks from the cool fountain that sparkles at the foot of the mountain, so doth God's wayfarer draw his morning supplies from the unexhausted spring. Morning is the golden hour for devotion. The mind is fresh. The mercies of the night provoke to thankfulness. The buoyant heart, that is in love with God, makes its earliest flight, like the hawk, toward the gates of heaven. Gratitude, dependence, love, faith, all prompt to early intercession with Him who, never sleeping and never slumbering himself, waits on his throne for our morning orisons. We all remember Bunyan's beautiful description of the pilgrim who 'awoke and sang' in the *Chamber of Peace*, which looked toward the sun-rising. *Isaiah* Egyptian *Menon* made music when the first rays of the light kindled on his flinty brow, a living Christian heart should not be mute when God causes the outgoings of his mornings to rejoice.

3. Closet devotions are the precursor to family

worship. Family religion underlies the commonwealth and the church of Christ. No Christian government—no healthy public conscience—no Bible-philanthropies—no godly church-life, can exist without their roots beneath Christian hearthstones and family altars. The *'tutamen dei'* [the defence and adornment] of dear old Scotland [found in those scenes of fireside worship which Burns has so sweetly pictured:

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grander springs,
That makes her loved, her loved, her loved, her loved."

No prelude to the day is so fitting, so impressive, so powerful in its sacred influence, as the union of household hearts around the throne of grace. When a cheerful morning hymn is sung, even the "wee bairnies" can join their carol; and what might be tortured into a penance is transformed into a delight. Morning worship at the family altar is a "strong seam" well stitched on the border of the day, to keep it from ravelling out into irreligion, indolence, contention, and sin. Wise is that Christian parent who hems every morning with the Word of God and fervent prayer!

4. When the early devotions of the day are over, and a distinct plan of useful labor laid out, then let us shoulder up the day's load cheerfully. God will make the light if we ask him. And the happiness and serenity of the whole day depend much upon a cheerful start. The man who leaves his home with a scowl on his brow, with a snap at his children, and a tart speech to his wife, is not likely to be a very pleasant companion for any one through the day, or to return home at night less acid than a vinegar-cruet. But more than cheerfulness is needed for some days, when advancing hours come loaded with unexpected sorrows. For such days let us make ready every morning by putting ourselves under the wing of a Saviour's loving care. We know not how soon the last sunrise may light us on our way, nor how soon we shall hear on earth the last "good morning."

THE RESURRECTION.

"A seed found in the hand of a mummy two thousand years old, when planted, bloomed into a beautiful flower."

Two thousand years ago, a flower bloomed brightly in a far-off land; Two thousand years ago, its seed was placed within a dead man's hand.

Before the Saviour came to earth, That man had lived, and loved, and died; And even in that far-off time, The flower had spread its perfume wide.

Suns rose and set, years came and went, The dead man kept his treasure well; Nations were born and turned to dust, While life was hidden in that shell.

The shrouded hand was robbed at last, The seed was buried in the earth; When lo, the life long hidden there Into a glorious flower bursts forth.

Just such a plant as that which grew From such a seed when buried low; Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed And died two thousand years ago.

And will not He who watched the seed And kept the life within the shell, When those He loves are laid to rest, Watch o'er their buried dust as well?

And will He not from 'neath the sod Cause something glorious to arise? Aye, though it sleep two thousand years, Yet all that buried dust shall rise.

Just such a face as greets you now, Just such a form as here we wear, Only more glorious far, will rise To meet the Saviour in the air.

Then will I lay me down in peace, When called to leave this vale of tears, For "in my flesh shall I see God," Even though I sleep two thousand years.

BIBLE NOTE.

"For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with overflowing kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer" (Isa. lv. 7, 8).

The precious thought of this verse is the "exceeding riches of God's grace," the contrast between his judgments and his kindnesses. The forsaking is "for a small moment," the gathering is "with great mercies." The hidden face is "but for a moment," and "in a little wrath" the "mercy" is accompanied "with overflowing kindness." Judgment is his strange work. Strong to smite, he is stronger still to save.

What an encouragement to every backslider to return! that he will be met, not with coldness—rebuke—reserve—distance; but with a forgiving welcome. That gospel picture of the father receiving the lost prodigal may be regarded as the representation of the Lord's thoughts embodied in acts. He gives the kiss, the robe, the ring, the feast. There is not a frown on that Father's brow, all the erring past is buried in everlasting oblivion.

"This is not the manner of men, O Lord God!" Man's love, how easily cooled—easily diverted; like the ray of light, refracted and broken, or dimmed and obscured by the passing cloud. But "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." He knows no obliquity—he is without shadow of turning. It is in spiritual as in natural things. As we ourselves cast our own shadows, intercepting the beams of the sun; so, it is not God, but our own sin, which projects the shadow in the pathway of the spiritual life. Moreover, the forsaking on his part is only apparent. The sun shines brightly as ever behind these temporary intervening clouds. The stone or impeding rock obstructs the flow of the great river "for a moment." But it is only "for a moment," and it rolls on deep and still as before, in its full volume of "everlasting kindness."

Be it mine, if the flow be arrested, to search out and remove the obstruction; if God's face be hidden, to discover the intervening clouds; if the spiritual life be languishing, to trace out the secret of the sorrowful delusion; whether it be neglected privilege, or omitted duty, or secret sin, or temperamental temptation, or engrossing worldliness. "I will say unto God my Rock, why hast thou forgotten me; why do I mourn because of the oppression of the enemy?" Oh, how little it takes to soil the windows of the soul, and to dim and blur the spiritual landscape! How small the worm needed to wither and blight the ground of our spiritual joys! How little it takes

to rust the key of prayer, clip the wings of faith, chill the warmth of faith, and shut us out from the loving ear of God. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

As it is, "the Lord the Redeemer," who speaks in our motto-verse, to him I must look for grace and strength—restoration and revival. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. "Will thou not revive us, O Lord?" So will not we go back from thee: quicken us, and we will call upon thy name."—J. A. Macduff, D.D.

WORK OF GRACE AMONG THE CHILDREN, IN AUBURN, N. Y.

The labours of the Rev. Mr. Hammond and others in Rochester and Utica, N. Y., it is well known, have been greatly blessed. Many children and adults have been brought to the Saviour through the special means of grace that these communities have enjoyed. At Auburn, also, where Mr. Hammond is now labouring, a greater interest is beginning to be seen in religious matters. Of course these places have more or less the influence of the Revivals in neighbouring places, and they seem thus to be in a degree prepared for the special evangelical labours of one whom God has certainly honoured with much fruit in his kingdom. A warm Christian welcome is extended to him, and with unaffected simplicity of heart and speech, and with a seeming single desire to promote God's glory, he begins his labours. Usually a union meeting is first called of the children of the Sabbath-schools; but services are held and sustained for all classes. Having, however, secured the interest and deep concern of the lambs, it becomes an easy thing to arrest the attention of the sheep. A union meeting was held at Auburn last night, which was crowded in every part. After the solemn preaching services an inquiry meeting was held, which was attended by great numbers of inquirers, anxious Christians as well as scoffers.

A CHILD'S ANXIETY FOR HER FATHER.

It was at this meeting that a little girl about nine years old was observed addressing an earnest lay labourer who was in conversation with an inquirer. She could not wait until he had finished, but grasping his hand, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. L., I've sinned, I've done it." "What have you done, my little girl?" "Why, I've given my heart to the blessed Saviour just as you told me to do; and, oh, I'm so happy! But, oh, I feel so for my poor dear papa. He's so wicked. He's so wicked! When I first found my Saviour, two weeks ago, he was very angry with me. He swore terribly and knocked things around and used awful language. Oh, he's so wicked. Last night I tried to get papa to go to meeting with mamma and me, and he was so angry, and I threw my arms around his neck, and he pushed me off, and he swore, and I cried, and mamma and I went alone. But there (pointing to him) he sits, and you must go and talk and pray with him."

That wicked man was constrained to go afterward alone, and remain to the inquiry meeting.

Illustrations of this kind have been frequent in these labours among the young. They show that children can be converted and become most powerful means of bringing others to Christ; that they do certainly bind many strong cords about parents' hearts; and that when they are filled with love to Jesus, they pull and tug at those cords with an ardour and pertinacity that God is often pleased to honour with signal rewards.

LITTLE EDDIE AND BLACK JOE.

The following peculiarly interesting case is taken from a letter written by a lady in Rochester, who, after giving an account of the hopeful conversion of a little boy of six years, at the children's meeting in her city, adds—

"We are boarding at a large hotel, and it is affecting to hear little Eddie ask the servants if they love Jesus, and 'Won't you go to-night to hear Mr. Hammond?' One touching fact I must relate to you. We have here a coloured man forty-five years old, who is one of the carvers for the tables. He is almost an infidel, and Eddie had been asking him to go and hear Mr. Hammond preach, but he always put it off. I asked him to go, and he refused. At the first open-air meeting which was held here, Eddie went after him to his little diary room and asked him to go with him. He went, and when he met Mr. W. and me there he apologized for going, saying, 'Eddie teased me so.' etc. When we sing I watched the effect. He was sober and serious. Eddie said—

"Joe, why don't you sing?" and he answered—

"Why, Eddie, the Spirit don't move me."

"When the meeting was over Eddie took his hand and trotted on before with Joe, and I saw him talking in his innocent way to him, and overheard Eddie ask him—

"Why don't you love Jesus, Joe?"

At the next open-air meeting 'Black Joe' came down a letter eagerly and early, and I saw him with tears in his eyes saying with that sweet multitude. I saw him last night in the rain, at the meeting, and to-day when I spoke to him he filled up at once, and said—

"Mrs. W., if I am converted you may thank Eddie for it. He has converted me when no minister could do it."

A last incident which I will mention came under my own notice. I asked a little 'contraband,' about ten years old, if he had found Jesus. "I have," said he. "How do you know?" "There's something in here," pointing to his breast, "and I don't know what it is, and I can't tell you what it is; but it feels so good."

He said further, "I love to read my Bible and pray, and tell people of Jesus." I noticed a Testament in his pocket, which, on inquiry, I found he used as his only argument. He had several passages marked, and when he spoke with any one he always took out his Bible and read to them. Seeing him made the sport of some scoffers during service, I asked how he felt. "Oh," said he, "I don't mind them, and when they see I don't they will stop. But there's something I do care about. There's an old coloured man lives right back of me, and he does nothing but swear from morning till night, and he swears at just nothing at all. I pray for him, and I want you to pray for him."

God bless that little despised coloured boy, and make him a standing rebuke to those who 'swear at just nothing at all.' And may this good work among the lambs go on until many more are gathered into the field of the Good Shepherd.—*Philadelphia Sunday School Times.*

GROWTH IN RELIGION.

It is impossible for a professor of religion who is not growing in grace to be certain that he possesses any. The Bible represents all true believers as making advancement in the divine life.—It declares that "they go from strength to strength," and that their "path shineth more and more." Besides, religion, as we have seen in a previous article, is a *living* thing, and it is an essential property of things which live to *grow*. The state in the hedge and the picture on the wall continue just as they were when placed there; but the plant vegetates. How, then, can the professor of faith know that his life is within him, if this necessary evidence and manifestation of it be wanting? How can he know that he has ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, unless he be pressing onward and upward, exclaiming as he goes, "Evermore give me this bread?"

Unless there be growth in grace, there must be declension. Every living object in the world is either growing or decaying. Not a rose upon the bush, nor a leaf upon the tree, nor a child in the nursery, which is not at every moment either increasing or declining in a vital energy. Thus it is with Christians. Like a man in a boat upon a stream they cannot be stationary. The mechanic who desists from his work for a season may return to it again and find it precisely as he left it; but not so with the people of God in working out their salvation. The mind is of too subtle and active a quality to admit of this. If they proceed not, they must go back. And who does not recoil from the thought of retreating from the bright eminence he has reached, to the dark region from which he has emerged?

Growth in grace is essentially connected with usefulness. God expects his people to be active in efforts to benefit a sinful, suffering and dying world. He requires them to do good and communicate; for with such sacrifices He is well pleased. But no one can be extensively and permanently useful except so far as he has become transformed into the Divine image by the power of the Holy Ghost. He must be an "epistle of righteousness," attesting the reality and enforcing the claims of the gospel by his example. "Pure zeal," says an eminent living divine, "is the emanation of true godliness, and in proportion to the strength of the latter will be the fervor of the former. It is the love of Christ constraining us that will keep us steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Excitement from other causes, impulse from other sources will subside. It is this, this only that can supply a constant spring of activity and liberality. This will give permanency and regularity to our efforts, and will be likely to give success, also, by bringing down, through the instrumentality of fervent prayers, the blessing of God on all we do."

Progress in piety is accompanied with happiness. The exercises of life are always agreeable. We have but to look around us to see this truth illustrated in all the departments of animated nature, from the tiny insect that loves to float in the beams of the sun which gave it birth and will witness its death, to the huge monster which sports itself in the mighty deep. Every creature too, is happy in its appropriate element—the bird in the air and the fish in the water. Now, as the Christian's obedience is but the forth-putting of his new nature, but his conformity to the original law of his being, must there not be pleasure for him in divine things?

Spiritual progress stands related to felicity in the eternal world. There must certainly be an intimate connection between our present and our future state; for, otherwise, there would be chaos and abrupt transitions in the progressive course of the divine government, as are quite opposed to all that has appeared in any of the works of heaven. Circumstances will, no doubt, be changed, new sources of enjoyment will be opened, and the relations connected with this imperfect world will give place to others of a nobler kind; but the essential elements of happiness shall remain forever. If, then, the essential principles and felicity of the redeemed must be the same in heaven as on earth, the difference consisting only in the degree of their perfection, it follows that the exercise of Christian principles, here, is a preparation for the exercise of them in more perfect relations in the heavenly country.

And then, again, think of the glory of God. The gardener is exalted if his enclosure teems with abundance and beauty. The architect is admired, as the building whose erection he has planned and superintended attracts, by its symmetry and elegance, the eye of every passer-by. The sun is glorified, as through the fields and the forests, with their rich foliage and crops, it shows its power to fructify and adorn. So may God be honored by his people, as through them his perfections shine. Herein is my father glorified *that ye bear much fruit*, so shall ye be my disciples.

How to Die Happy.—Glorious words these, to which I heard a dying woman respond, not long ago, with a sudden burst of praise: "Is he not a precious Saviour, so great and good, and willing to save us poor sinners?" She was lying on a hard bed, in the dreary infirmary ward of a work-house; and the power of faith and love to create a happiness independent of circumstances, came out with thrilling force in answer to the inquiry, "You know Him, then, and love Him?" "Yes, I do know Him. His presence makes a heaven of this room." "If you heaped up my bed with gold and silver," she added; "if you could give me the Queen's carriage and horses, and her palace and her garden, and all her beautiful flowers, and health and strength to enjoy it all, I would not take them, if they would hinder me from going home to my Saviour. They talk of the pains of dying; what will they be to me? They will but hurry me to heaven and to Jesus."—*Author of English Hearts, &c.*

THE LORD'S DRAFT.—When men are drafted for the war, they must either go themselves or provide substitutes. The great Head of the Church has made a draft upon his people, to "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" and those who for any reason are prevented from going in person, are expected to procure substitutes, and contribute their reasonable toll to meet it. The command is binding upon them to come up to the help of the truth against error; to "come up to the help of the Lord—the help of the Lord against the mighty."

I have gained the victory, and Christ is holding out both hands to embrace me.

THE TRINITY OF LIGHT.

In light we have a most remarkable illustration of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which is an article of faith with many, of doubt with some, of disbelief with others; but if we can prove by ocular demonstration that their existence in nature a trinity in unity and a unity in trinity quite as marvellous, it ought to confirm the faithful, combat the doubtful, and overthrow the sophistry of the unbeliever. As an investigation into the laws and properties of light will enable us to do, so—Light is easily separated into its component colors, by transmitting it through a glass prism, where it is resolved into red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, which constitute, when combined, white or ordinary light. This band of colors is called the spectrum. Now it will be perceived that red, yellow, and blue are its primary or essential colors, the others being merely produced by the admixture or over-lapping of two adjoining primary colors; thus, orange is found between the red and yellow, green between the yellow and blue; so that, in fact, we have only the three primary colors to deal with, each of which has its peculiar properties and attributes distinct from the others; thus, the red is the calorific or heating principle; the yellow, the luminous or light-giving principle; while it is in the blue ray that the power of actinism, or chemical action, is found. Now it is this trinity of red, yellow, and blue, which constitutes, when combined, the unity of ordinary or white light. When separated, this unity of light is divided into the trinity of colors. Although one and the same neither can exist without the other. The three are one, the one is three. Thus we have a unity in trinity, exemplified in light itself; and "God is light." Plants will live and grow luxuriantly under the red and yellow rays; but ever promising the appearance, the blossom dies, and no fruit can be produced without the enveloping power of the blue rays. When this invisible action is wanting, the trinity in unity is incomplete.—Life is unproductive until the three, united in one, bring all things to perfection. Thus each member of the trinity in unity of light has its special duty to perform, and is in constant operation, visibly or invisibly, although only one power. Even far beyond the visible violet ray of the prismatic spectrum the spirit of actinism prevails. Its chemical influence can be proved to extend beyond the limits of our vision. Thus there is in light an invisible agency always in action; and the more the subject is investigated, the more striking is the illustration between the Holy Spirit of God made manifest, and the wonderful properties of light which have been gradually unfolded by the researches of man.—*Temple Bar Magaz.*

VANITY OF THE WORLD.—The Earl of Chesterfield was a nobleman for whom nature had done much, and birth and education more. He was in his day universally allowed to be the most elegant and accomplished man in Europe; and he was no less conspicuous in the political than in the fashionable world. No man ever possessed greater advantages for the attainment and enjoyment of pleasures; and no man ever drank deeper of the sweet but poisonous draught. Let us hear him at a time when disease and age hung heavy upon him, and rendered him incapable of further enjoyment. "I have seen," says he, "the silly round of business and of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas those that have not experienced advance overtake them. They only see the gay outside, and are dazzled at the glare. But I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulls and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machines; and have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminated the whole decoration, to the astonishment of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurly of bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that moribund constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it. I bear it, because I must bear it, whether I will or no! I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can, now that he has become my enemy. It may resolution to sleep in the carriage during the remainder of my journey."

God loves and treasures even our poor thoughts of him. "A book of remembrance was written for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." (Mal. 3: 16.) O, how should we cherish and garner His thoughts toward us!—take them to solve our doubts, to soothe our sorrows, hush our misgivings, to smooth our sick-pilows or our death-pilows. These, like tremulous music in some hallowed, time-honored sanctuary, floating on the entranced ear, have fallen with their heavenly vibrations on many a downcast, mourning, troubled pensive spirit, and woke it up to hope and confidence, peace and joy. This has been the experience of believers in every age. "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts [thy comforting thoughts] delight my soul."

BE PREPARED.—No man knows what a day may bring forth; what miseries, what good or what evil, what afflictions, what temptations, what liberty, what bonds, what good success, or what bad success, a day may bring forth; and, therefore, a man need not be every day in the closet with God, that he may be prepared and fitted to entertain and improve all the occurrences, successes and emergencies which may attend him in the course of his life.—*Thomas Brooks.*

WORSHIP GOOD.—Of all that have tried the selfish experiment, let one come forth and say he has succeeded. He that has made gold his idol, has it satisfied him? He that has tolled in the fields of ambition, has he been repaid? He that has ransacked every theatre of sensual enjoyment, is he content? Can any answer in the affirmative? Not one. And when his conscience shall ask him—*as ask him it will*—Where are the hungry whom you gave meat? the thirsty whom you gave drink? the stranger whom you sheltered? the naked whom you clothed? the prisoner whom you visited? the sick whom you ministered unto? how will he feel when he must answer, "I thought only for myself! I have done none of these things."