

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. X.—No. 20.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1863.

Whole No. 488.

The Intelligencer.

STORY OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND THEIR MISSIONS.

"The Isles shall wait for his law" (Isa. xlii. 4).

(Continued.)

Before the death of Kamehameha, there had been a growing scepticism amongst the people as to their gods. Interference with foreigners had shaken their faith; they saw them despised by them with impunity. The better light left by Vancouver had not been entirely trodden out; it was working as a leaven on the mass. The arbitrary and tyrannical institution of the tabu, from the restraint it imposed both on themselves and their intercourse with strangers, and from the exactions of which it was made the convenient instrument, was becoming increasingly irritating. The superstitious dread of it had passed into hatred, and it required but a bold and firm hand to cast the first stone against it. This singular institution was one of the great means by which both the kings and priests of the islands maintained their power and their revenue. It was a time for some exclusive purpose; and it was enforced with sanguinary penalties. There were permanent tabus, as of the king's fish-pools and bathing-places—a tabu for a year, a week, or a single day. Sometimes a whole district or an entire island was placed under tabu. It was a sentence of excommunication of the most terrible description; during its continuance no canoe or person was allowed to approach the island; all avocations, all amusements were suspended. On that wave, which the people young and old, of both sexes loved so much, no canoe might be launched, and in it none might bathe; no white cloth lasted could even be seen out of doors; and as its purpose would have been frustrated by any sound emitted by animal or bird, the mouths of dog and pig were tied up, and the poor garrulous fowls, after having their eyes bandaged, were put under a calabash, and their quills made in double darkness. Nothing that the Church of Rome in her palmy days accomplished by her severest ban approached the completeness of the living death of the tabu. The sacred chiefs alone, and those who claimed origin from the gods—the king and the priests—were allowed locomotion. Before these the common people prostrated themselves with their faces in the dust; but neither priest nor king might touch anything themselves, and food during the tabu was put into their mouths by other hands than their own.

Against this dreadful institution a strong feeling had arisen, the outbreak of which had only been repressed by the powerful arms of Kamehameha. On his death, the dowager queen advised the young King Kihilihi to break the tabu. It was especially grievous to the women, as it branded as pollution and as high offence against the gods the act of any man eating at the same table even with the females of his own family—with a mother, or a sister, or a wife. The king staggered for a time in his purpose. His younger brother, more bold, took the initiative, by eating with his mother. At length the young king, discovering that the high priest was not unwilling that the tabu should be broken, committed himself to the dreaded step, and led the movement that terminated in the complete overthrow of idolatry in the islands. A feast was arranged after the custom of the country—with separate tables for the sexes; when the king, after all was seated, rising, walked to the place reserved for the women, and seating himself amongst them, to the horror of the adherents of the old faith, partook of the prepared viands. No more was needed. The joyful shouts arose, "The tabu is broken! the tabu is broken!" The train that had been long laid was fired. Similar feasts were everywhere repeated, in which both sexes ate together. A simultaneous cry arose for the destruction of the *Keiwaes* (the temples) and their idols. Temples, images, sacred property, and the relics of ages were consumed in the flames. The high priest, having thrown up his office, was the first to apply the torch; and the smoke of heathen sanctuaries from Hawaii to Kauai rose at the time to "have been destroyed—some consumed in the fires that were everywhere kindled; others hurried from their places, were left contemptuously to rot in the open fields.

A last struggle in behalf of the expiring idolatry was made by a nephew of the late king, instigated by ambition and the influence of the priests who still clung to the old faith. An appeal was made to arms to recover for the idols their lost throne. But the attempt was unsuccessful, the leader perishing in the battle of Kananu—a battle memorable for the cause in which it was fought, and as the last occasion in which blood was shed in war in Hawaiian history. Mr. Ellis, who visited the site of this memorable battle, describes a tumulus having been erected in memory of the chief who perished in the vain attempt to restore the gods of his country. Beside him is laid his faithful wife, who fought by his side, and who fell almost at the same moment with her husband, falling on his lifeless body, struck by a ball on her forehead. In token of all angry feelings having died away, the tomb, when visited by Mr. Ellis, was encircled with flowering bushes, which had been carefully planted, and which threw over it the covering of their rich foliage and blossoms.

It was about twelve months after the abolition of idolatry had been effected, that the first Christian missionaries landed at Hawaii. Some young States to be educated, had awakened the interest of the American Board of Missions on behalf of the country. A mission to Hawaii was resolved upon, and three missionaries were sent out along with a physician, a farmer, a printer, a mechanic, and several lay associates, who were accompanied by their wives and families. They arrived at Hawaii on February 4, 1820, and by a singular coincidence, landed at the very scene of the last battle of idolatry. But the victory of the last had been successfully fought. Every idol had been abolished—idolatry openly renounced—the priest, as a body, dissolved; and the nation, freed from the degrading and oppressive tabu and the fallow ground, was awaiting, like husbandry, to receive the seed of a new field so prepared for their work. The indifference of nature to spiritual truth, and the obstacles

that ever present themselves to the reception of gospel faith, alone remained to be overcome; avowed resistance there was none. From another quarter than from the natives proceeded the only direct opposition the missionaries encountered. The depraved foreigners—Americans and Europeans—incensed by the efforts to curtail their capricious and libidinous, combined, but unsuccessfully, to resist their influence.

From the hour of their landing the missionaries commenced their labours, and bravely laboured on, mastering the peculiar difficulties of the Hawaiian tongue, and establishing themselves in the respect and confidence of the natives. Nor were they long without visible fruits of their labours. The Regent Kaahumanu became one of their earliest converts. In the days of her heathenism she had been the haughtiest, the most imperious and cruel of her sex. Her angry glance carried terror to her trembling subjects. No one, however high his station, dared face her frown, whilst her purposes for good or evil were carried out by her with an impassioned energy. After she had seen as a disciple at the feet of Jesus, her strong character underwent an entire change. Her naturally warm affections burst through the cold and scornful habit with which she had overlaid them. She walked with meekness and consistency in her new course; became the kind and gentle friend of her people, and showed a warm attachment through life to those who had been the means of her renovation. The name by which, after her conversion, she became known was—

"The wife of a distinguished chief, Kapiolani, who also was among the early converts, proved to her people, who still lingered after the old superstitions, the reality of her faith, by a daring exploit characteristic of the heroism of her nature. In the vast and wild mountain region of Hawaii, amidst peaks shooting to the height of 14,000 feet, lies the great volcano of Kilauea, with its active crater about 4000 feet above the base of the mountain, the crater presenting an orifice variously stated to be six and nine miles, with a depth of from 400 to 1000 feet. In that mountain solitude, amidst the dark masses of its awful precipices and fiery natural phenomena, a gloomy mythology had long reigned the terrible goddess Pele, the most dreaded divinity in the Hawaiian Pantheon. Her dwelling-place was in the burning gulf of the extended crater, where, with her attendant demons, she was wont to sport in the sulphurous wave. Amidst the wildest caverns of the mountain her priests lived in almost inaccessible seclusion. There, after superstitious had been driven from the cheerful plains, it was nursed by groanings and utterances from the tormented volcano, rocked by the fierce wild winds and storms, spectral clouds and mists, lighted by sudden spectral sounds, as if terrified by the rolling, rumbling sounds of the subterranean fires.

Into this last refuge of the superstition of her people, the heroic Kapiolani resolved to penetrate, and if possible break its charm. In the strength of her Christian faith she dared the anger of the dreadful Pele, and against the threats and vaticinations of the assembled priests, and against traditions which till then formed a part of her nature, descended alone into the crater, and, as an open act of desertion, ate of the sacred berries of the goddess, and from her hands daringly cast some into the seething lava. When priests and people looked on her, they were amazed and awed by the courage she should have been swallowed up in the fire, her voice was heard in a song of praise to God, glorifying him amidst the surrounding stupendous manifestations of his power. On her ascent the charm of Pele was dissolved, her amazed worshippers reproved, and urged to submit to the teachers of the better faith.

In ten years from their landing, the American missionaries had established in the islands 900 schools taught by native teachers, and containing 44,895 pupils. On the spot in Hawaii where the last battle for superstition was fought, a church was erected and thronged on Sabbath with its 900 worshippers. If the advance was often forced, a submission to circumstances, and the moral change more in appearance than reality, still the features of heathenism had disappeared, the missionaries, as they pointed to the people, decently clothed gathering in churches, thronging to schools, applying themselves to laborious trades, using Christian prayers, and singing Christian hymns, could with grateful triumph exclaim—"what hath God wrought!"

Much remains to be done to give depth and truth to the Christian profession of these islands, of idolatry. The dark, deeply engrained stain of immorality. Yet no one can read the summary of what has been already done, as presented by the well-known writer, H. H. Dana, without giving God thanks for the translation of these islands of the sea from darkness to light, and recognizing in the work one of the noblest fruits of the modern missionary enterprise. Thus he writes during a recent visit to the Sandwich Islands, and whilst still sojourning there:—

"It is no small thing to say of the missionaries of the American Board, that in less than forty years they have taught this whole people to read and to write, to cipher and to sew. They have given them an alphabet, grammar, and dictionary; they have translated the Bible into their own language, and translated from it the Bible, and have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that now the proportion of inhabitants who can read and write is greater than in New England. And whereas they found these islands a nation of half-naked savages, living on the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannized over by feudal chiefs, and abandoned to sensuality, they now see them decently clothed, recognizing the law of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship with more regularity than the people do at home, and the more elevated of them taking part in conducting the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench, and in the legislative chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies."

Faith.—When Charles Y. imperiously required the Confession of Augsburg to be abandoned, and the cause of the Reformation to be thoughtless, Luther exclaimed: "I saw a sign in the heavens, held up in a vault above me; the hosts of heaven, no pillars on which the Master had made it to rest. But I had no fear of it would fall. Some men looked above for the pillars, and would faint when they saw them; but I, as if afraid the sky would fall. Poor souls! Is not God always there?"

SHOWING OUR COLOURS.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

The name of Captain Hedy Vickers—the Christian hero of the Crimean war—is familiar to most of our readers. On the morning after his conversion he bought a large Bible, and placed it upon the table of his room; he was determined that an open Bible for the future should be his colours. "It was to speak for me," he said, "before I was strong enough to speak for myself." His military comrades came in, and laughed at him—nicknamed him the *Methodist*—hinted to him that he had better not turn "hypocrite;" but in spite of a perpetual gorilla warfare of sneers and scoffs, he nobly stood by his colours. Having "clean hands, he waxed stronger and stronger." In time he became a spiritual power in his regiment, simply by a steadfast, hold, decided witnessing for Christ.

To his early disciples Jesus Christ said, "Whoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." Solemn injunction, solemnly heard; heard as such already on their wrists, and the load carried of the scourge echoing through prison corridors. But Christ did not mean this command only for his original apostles. It was intended for all times, and for every man who wishes to be saved. It is intended especially for a timid compromising class—unhappily a large class—who have about the debatable ground between Satan's rebel provinces and Christ's loyal realm. They are the people who are not on Christ's side in eternity, but are not exactly willing to be on his side in this Christ-deceiving world. Before this vacillating, half-fearing class, Christ lays down sharp, clear lines. He says, "He that is not for me is against me. And no man is for him who does not confess him."

Confession is a broad, far-reaching word, as the Saviour employed it. It refers first to the heart; then to the lips; then to the life. Whoever would be saved must embrace Christ in the heart; this was conversion. Next, he acknowledged him with the tongue; this was confession, or what we style a "profession of faith." Chiefest of all, he was to honour Christ by his daily living; and this was vital Christianity.

Jesus did not refer to the first point when he gave the command to "confess me before men." He presupposed the secret interior work of conversion; he presupposed the root; what he demanded was the fruiting of the root, and the fruit-bearing of the tree. He demanded a bold, resolute, outspoken, love-inspired acknowledgment of him as his Saviour and his King, from every man who expected to be acknowledged in turn before the Father and the holy angels. This confession was to be open, spontaneous, and sincere. Has the reader of this paragraph never made such an acknowledgment of Christ? Then, my friend, you must not be astonished if Christ refuses to recognize you in the last decisive hour of judgment. It will then be too late to take the oath of loyalty. He who does not confess Christ in this world will be lost in the world to come.

I. In nearly every congregation there are a few halting, timid, irresolute persons, who have a trembling faith in Christ, but who do not come out decisively and confess him. They may be Christians, but the world is not allowed to know they carry dark lanterns. "Shining lights" they certainly are not. No one is the better for their secret, clandestine attempts to steal along quietly toward heaven without letting any one overhear their footsteps. Now this is a miserable state of affairs. We are almost ready to say a contemptible mode of living—this concealment of the colours when danger threatens, this following along after the crowd, with a vague hope of being counted in among God's people when heaven's prizes are distributed to the faithful. We do not say that no one can be saved who does not openly join some Christian church. But we do say that the person who expects Christ to acknowledge him in heaven, and yet refuses to acknowledge him on earth, is a self-convicted coward, and while obeying his Master's orders has no right to expect his Master's blessing. After fifteen years of pastoral observation, we have come to the conclusion that every day spent by the genuine convert outside of the church of Christ is almost a day lost; he loses the sense of responsibility that he needs to feel; he loses the opportunities of doing good; he loses in self-respect, in the respect of others; he loses the approbation of Him who has so many promises said, "Whoever is ashamed of me before men, I will be ashamed of him when I shall come in my own glory." When God gives conversion he demands confession. To be effective and useful, this must be prompt, open, hearty, and decided.

2. But confession does not end with the public acknowledgment of Christ before the church. It only begins there. This is one decisive step, to be followed by a thousand other steps in the same direction. We do know, however, of many a church member whose single solitary act of loyalty to Christ was his standing up to respond to a church covenant before the pulpit; from that moment onward all that the church had of them was their idle name on the roll. Like too many of the boasted recruits in new regiments, they enlisted, drew their "bounty," and then "straightway they were heard of no more." In the campaign for Christ and the truth, they were never seen again. The roll-call of duty is a very certain thing; their names will be called when the victorious banner announces the rewards to his faithful followers, "on the sea of glass like unto pure gold."

A true Christian will rejoice to confess Christ everywhere and before everybody. He will aim to make his daily life lustrous and legible; he will glorify his Master by everyday acts of loyalty and love. He will live Christ. And when duty bids him open his lips, he is ready to speak for Christ. At such a time silence would be treason. The Christian who will sit with sealed lips when his Master is assailed, when religion is attacked, when wickedness is broached and defended, when truth is denounced, is a denier of his Lord, as guilty as Simon Peter in Peter's hall.

It is pitiful to observe what cowardly shifts some professed Christians resort to in order to avoid an acknowledgment of their loyalty. We are all guilty of too much time-serving—too much concealment of truth—too much compromise with Christ's enemies. The holiest are not bold enough and the cowards are as much despoiled by themselves as foisted by their Master in heaven. When will we learn that the only course for a Christian is to "stand up for Jesus?" Men expect it of us; they are true despots as for our Methodists.

shamefacedness, and doubt the sincerity of our professions.

We began this brief article with an incident from military life. We close it with another. "Last night," said a Christian soldier to his chaplain, "in my barracks, before going to bed, I knelt down and prayed, when suddenly my comrades raised a loud laugh, and began to throw boots and clothes at me." "Well," replied the chaplain, "suppose you defer your prayers till after you retire, and then silently lift up your heart to God."

Meeting him soon after, the chaplain said, "You took my advice, I suppose; how did it answer?" "Sir," replied the soldier, "I did take your advice for two or three evenings, but I began to think it looked like denying my Saviour; so I once more knelt down and prayed as at first." "What followed?" "Why, sir, not one of them laughs now. The whole fellow now kneel down too, and I pray with them!"

"I felt ashamed of myself for my cowardly advice," said the chaplain, when relating the incident; "that young soldier was bolder and wiser than myself." Yes; and he might have added that the sermon which the godly private preached to his fellow-soldiers by that simple act, was a more impressive one than any discourse they were likely to hear from such a chaplain. Vicer's motto was the true one, *God's Word shall be my colours.*

DON'T CURSE.

Twelve years ago a young couple, both of whom were worthy 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 irreligious.

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, as her attendance had only been occasional, and then merely in deference to her parents' wishes.

The reason for James P.'s special spite against the Methodist was, that his only sister, who had once been as gay as himself, and whose companionship in the merry round of pleasure had been essential to his enjoyment, became suddenly serious after her attendance upon a revival-meeting, and forsook the ball and theatre for the prayer-meeting and the sanctuary. Notwithstanding his ridicule and his remonstrance, she persevered in seeking the Lord; and at length, cast in her lot with those who had been instrumental in awakening her to see the folly and guilt of choosing this world as her portion. When she joined the Methodists, her brother renounced her society, and hence he was careful to withdraw his promised wife from their association or influence.

So James P. and his Ruth commenced their married life by excluding God and religion from their heart and home. For a short time they glided smoothly along, living only for this world; and in the expressive assertion of the young husband, "leaving the next world, if there is any, to take care of itself." But as children were multiplied to them, and the young mother found her hands too full of labours and duties to permit her former assiduous devotion to gay amusements, the husband, weary of those social festivities to which she could not accompany him, began to seek enjoyment in more questionable scenes.

It was long before James P.'s wife knew the downward career which he was rapidly treading. He began with gaming; and when at length repeated losses had seriously impaired his means, he flew to the vine-clip for consolation. It was then that poor Ruth awoke to the knowledge of her situation. Her father, a gambler and a drunkard, and her parents were dead; she had no near relatives, and nothing but beggary before herself and her five children.

Her pleadings and remonstrance availed not to check her husband in his guilty and ruinous course. A suffering wife and helpless babes will not frighten 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 were then fatherless.

Her present result of his wicked and mad course of folly astonished even himself. His poor wife sought and found true and abiding consolation. Darker, than remembrance of the God of her parents, and turned in penitence and prayer to Him who will not "break the bruised reed," nor "quench the smoking flax." The Saviour whom she had rejected, the faith which 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 in the way of the faithful 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 favour, 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 raved worse than ever. But his anger reached its most fearful height, when his wife informed him of an offer which the good brother had made to employ him, as a labourer on the neighbouring city. With savage looks and gestures he declared, "he would rather starve than serve one of her servants," and at length with a terrible imprecation, he called upon the Almighty to "strike him dead, if he ever got on to Johnson's wagon."

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 some time take you at your word!" Her pale lips started him for once into abstinence, and he left the room.

Early the 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 home again; but I'll be back to-night safe and sound, if only to spite you and the Methodists!"

Alas, God took the curser 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.*

DEACON OSGOOD'S COW, "BET."

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

There was no more honest, plain and sincere man in the whole valley than Dea. Osgood. He lived in a small, remote place named Morley. Its inhabitants were few and sparse. They had a small, shut-up meeting-house in which they occasionally had a religious service, when any wandering son of Levi happened along, and was willing to give them a sermon. But they had no minister, and the house grew shabby, and the school was run down, and the people indifferent to religious-stalk, poor, and dry and discouraged! There was no public spirit, and he discouraged! To be fast becoming drift-wood, and the place seemed to be the fresh tree of a fresh forest. Dea. Osgood mourned and sighed alone. At last the genius of goodness seemed to whisper in his ear, "Dea. Osgood, are you going to let things go to ruin—the whole of Morley—body and soul?"

"What can I do?" "Act."

"Yes, but I can't act alone, and the people won't stir. They are all dead. What can I do?"

"Make up your mind what is best for them, and what they ought to do—and then—make them do it!"

Dea. Osgood sat up that night alone very late. What he thought has never been known. He is not a talker. But early the next morning he had old Kate harnessed, and before night, was thirty miles from home. And late he sat up in talking with his friend, the Rev. Jonas Faithful. I don't know what he said, but Mr. Faithful told his wife the next day, that he never heard eloquence before!

Esquire Turnpenny was "the most influential" (as was said) and the richest man in the town. He loved money, and he loved land, and he loved cattle, and he loved anything that was property. Sabbath. He professed to be an unbeliever, and yet he had quite a respect for Dea. Osgood. "The Deacon," he used to say, "is narrow-minded and superstitious, but he's consistent!"

The Deacon went to see Esq. Turnpenny. A small part of their conversation only was heard. "Now Deacon that's all moonshine. You know I don't believe in these things, and I consider ministers a kind of moth upon society—worse than useless! I don't believe it, and I would not give that for it all!"—and he snapped his fingers snarlingly.

"But, Esquire, the place is all running down!" "I know it, and if you will bring in something productive—a real Producer of property, I'll do something handsome!"

"Well, Esquire, if you will agree to pay twenty dollars a year for five years?" "And that's a round hundred!"

"I know it, sir. But if you will agree to pay twenty dollars yearly for the five years, and then if I cannot show that the place is richer in property than all we have paid the minister, I pledge myself to refund your hundred dollars!"

"Yes, but who shall be the judge?" "You shall!"

"Well, Deacon, if you are not a saint you have you to the court, what you engaged to prove." "Very well." But before I begin, I want you to acknowledge that our minister has been true to his profession, and has not let worldly affairs divert him or injure his usefulness."

"I allow that."

"I want you to allow that instead of trying to make money, he is not worth a dollar more than he was when he came."

"I allow that. But remember that we have paid him \$2,500, in the five years?" "Be it so. Now for our figures. You will be careful. How many apple-trees are now growing in the place, more than there were five years ago?"

"I made an estimate yesterday. I think all of two thousand!"

"And how much more than their cost are they now worth?"

"I would not sell mine for a dollar each. But we will say fifty cents each."

"Well, Mr. Faithful as everybody allows, was the means of introducing these. Put that item down at \$1,000."

"That's fair."

"What say you to Joe and Sam Hardup? They were drunkards, they were just on the edge of ruin. The minister labored with them and got them to sign the pledge, and they are now sober, having joined the church. But how much more is each of their farms worth now than five years ago?"

"At least a thousand dollars."

"I should say more. But you are judge. Put it down at that, and there are \$2,000. Then he persuaded Ned Conklin to go to the Shakers and

take on shares, two swarms of bees. And now how many swarms do you suppose there are in town? They did not cost a cent in money."

"I suppose there are one hundred—"

"And that number at \$3, the swarm, is—"

"Five hundred dollars."

"And he taught and urged Tim Sweetser to make maple sugar, and he has sold \$100 worth every year, which is—"

"Five hundred dollars more."

"He showed Arthur Spring how to flow his meadow and to raise cranberries—and he has sold \$100 worth. And now, Esquire, how much more are your Yorkshire cattle worth to you, than was stock before Mr. Faithful called your attention to this breed?"

"Perhaps \$500."

"I'll stop here. How much do you make the gain to the town by this reckoning?"

"Four thousand and six hundred dollars! Who would have thought it?"

"Now Esquire, I say nothing about the spiritual good resulting—such as the conversion of your son James, now fitting for college, with three more from this place—all hoping to be ministers! You know it all. Shall I pay you back the hundred dollars?"

The Esquire rose hastily. His chin quivered. He only said "I am satisfied," and left the room, and the Deacon went on his way.

The next morning the Esquire's best cow, "Bet," was found in the Deacon's yard, and another in the minister's yard, each with a kind note tied to her horn—a token of respect from her late owner.

The people all wondered how it was that the Deacon and the minister could get the two best cows the Esquire had, when nobody else could get one for love or money! But the Deacon kept his own counsel.

DIVINE INSTRUCTION.

I will instruct thee.—Psalm xxxii. 8.

At best we know but little, and we are slow to learn; but "the Lord has promised to instruct us, we may expect to be made wise unto salvation." The Lord's teaching always produces humility, self-loathing, confidence in God, zeal for His glory, and devotes the heart to His praise. It brings us to the feet of Jesus, and delivers us from the present evil world. Under Divine instruction we learn the true nature of sin, the vanity of the world, the emptiness of creatures, and the fulness and preciousness of Christ. Is God willing to instruct us? Then let us be early and often at His throne, praying as the Psalmist did, "Lead me in thy truth and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day." Then shall we exclaim as Elihu did, "Behold, God exalteth by His power, who teacheth like him!" The Lord will teach us to profit, and sanctify us through the truth He imparts. Christ is our great lesson, and to know Him rightly is life, peace, and joy. Let us as thy teacher! Then sit at His feet, treasure up His words, and show forth his praise. He says, "Learn of me." Learn to know Him, love Him, and obey Him.

Eternal life Thy words impart;
On these thy faithful spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than the whole world can give.

—The Late Jane Smith.

THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST.

What hast Thou done, most innocent and meek, that Thou shouldst thus be judged? What hast Thou done to be so harshly dealt with? What is Thy crime, Thy guilt? What the cause of Thy death, and ground of Thy condemnation? I, I am the stroke Thou sufferest from; I am the blame of Thy death; I am the cause of Thy we, the guilt Thou art punished for! I the bitterness of Thy passion, the travail of Thine agony. Oh, wonderful distribution of curse! infinitely mysterious plan! The unjust sin, the just is punished; the guilty wrongs, the innocent is stricken; the unholiness of the guilty is condemned. What the wicked deserves, the good suffers; what the servant contracts, the Lord pays; what man commits, God endures. Whether, O Son of God, to what depth has Thy humility descended! to what height has Thy love blazed! to what length has Thy goodness gone forth! to what extent has Thy mercy ranged! Whether has Thy love reached! whether has Thy compassion come!

For I have committed iniquity, Thou payest the penalty; I have done the wickedness, Thou sufferest the vengeance; I have given birth to the crime, by its death Thou art slain; I have been proud, Thou art humbled; I have magnified myself, Thou art distressed in pressing straits; I have lived in disobedience, by Thine obedience unto death Thou atonest for my guilt; I have yielded myself to appetite, Thou art pained with want; to all unlawful desire the tree of Eden has driven me; to the tree of Calvary Thou art led by perfect love; I have put forth my hand to take forbidden, Thou willingly endurest torture; I am delighted with the fruit, Thou art broken with torment; I enjoy delicacies, Thou art torn with nails; I taste the sweetness of the apple, Thou the bitterness of gall; me the smiling Eve congratulates, Thee the weeping Mary bewails. Behold the King of glory! Behold, my unholiness and Thy holiness are revealed. Lo, Thy righteousness and my unrighteousness stand manifest together. —St. Augustine's Manual of Devotion.

How KNOX PRAYED.—During the troublous times of Scotland, when the p-pit-clot and aristocracy were arming themselves to suppress the Reformation in that land, and the cause of Protestant Christianity was in imminent peril, late on a certain night, John Knox was seen to leave his study, and to pass from the house down into an enclosure to the rear of it. He was followed by a friend; when after a few moments of silence, his voice was heard as if in prayer. In another moment the accents deepened into intelligible words, and the earnest petition went up from his struggling soul to heaven, "O Lord give me Scotland, or I die!" Then a pause of hushed stillness, when again the petition broke forth, "O Lord, give me Scotland or I die!" Once more all was voiceless and noiseless, when with a yet more intense pathos, the thrice-repeated intonation struggled forth, "O Lord give me Scotland or I die!" And God gave him Scotland, in spite of Mary and her Cardinal Beaton; a land and a Church of noble Christian loyalty to Christ and his crown. How could it be otherwise!—*Family Treasury.*