

# The Religious Intelligencer.

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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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### DESPISE NOT SMALL THINGS.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?" Nor God. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those that fear Him." The feeble Jews thought their work small. The old men among them *wept* as they compared the latter with the former temple! God takes them to His side; He dries their tears; He promises that the glory of their latter house shall be greater than that of the former (Zech. iv). The least effort made by the Lord's children is pleasing to Him. He will not break a bruised reed; He will not quench a smoking flax; He will not tread out the spark of a Christian desire; He will not forget a cup of cold water; He will keep carefully the record of two mites contributed to the temple treasury by a poor widow. He who inhabiteth eternity, does not despise the day—the little, short-lived day—of small things. To Him the little day is as a thousand years, and the small things are all unnumbered and not less as such. Yes, much more than what are called great things by the world. The world would say the achievements of Julius Cæsar were great, but the Lord might call them small. The world would think nothing of a man resolving in the strength of the Spirit of God to live to Christ, but the Lord would class that resolution among "the great things." How small is a grain of mustard seed; but faith, as a grain of mustard seed, shall remove mountains! Who art thou, O great mountain of perplexity! Before the believer, thou shalt become a plain. O ye children of God, ye Zerubbabels, remember what Christ has promised even to a *little* faith. The least ear on account of sin, and the faintest sigh after good things, are noted by Him. When Ezekiel had the vision of holy waters, he did not first see the deep, broad, rich, and fertilizing river. Look at the 47th chapter of his prophecy. First we have the trickling rill running feebly under the door of the temple. There was no more water than runs down a street in a shower of rain. Then was he taken to the gate that looked eastward, and there the waters go deeper. That no mistake could be made, his guide had a line in his hand, and measured. Deeper and deeper still—deeper still—deeper and deeper. To the ankles, to the knees, to the loins deeper far. But for God's covenant with Noah, the prophet might have feared that these were the waters of another dreadful deluge. But, no—they were the waters of grace, and not of judgment. They came from the temple of God, they issued from the door—and Christ is the Door. These were living waters for Christ's living Church—waters in which lambs could wade, waters in which elephants could swim—waters for the infant Church, waters for the universal Church—waters which might represent the progress of religion in the soul of the believer—waters which might represent the spread of Christ's kingdom in the world. "Who hath despised the day of small things?" Look at the infant in the manger of Bethlehem! Look at the King of kings surrounded by millions of saints and angels in heaven! The manager was as truly a golden link in the chain of man's salvation as the empty tomb in the garden of Joseph the councillor. Christ's day of small things—His humiliation, His gentle walk, His meek manner—were strange, were strange, were marvellous to the angels; but all this was as the water beginning to issue from under the temple; these were some of the first gurglings of the spring of life. Reader, have you followed rivers to their sources? Go, look back, see living waters springing up from the Rock, Christ. O wondrous waters! No grand torrent swells into a magnificent river; no mighty cataract leaping, the result of melted snows suddenly rushing by—a formidable flow of waters, at which you cry, with Paul, "O the depth!"

The babe in the manger—the little circumcised child of eight days old—the infant of twelve years old—the carpenter's child at Nazareth—the carpenter in the shop of Joseph—what likeness here to the King Eternal! Ask a painter to pencil for you the manger scene in the 2nd of Luke, and the throne scene in the 7th of the Revelations. You are struck with the difference, and well you may be. The one is the beginning of the dawn of "the day of small things"; the other is the noon—the eternal, the glorious noon. The one is the rise of the river in Mount Zion; the other is the flood of glory which knows no ebb. Christ, the despised Rock in the desert, was smitten, that the thirsty might drink; and now, whosoever drinketh of this water; shall find it a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Look at Christ alone, see Him with the twelve, then with the seventy more, then a hundred and twenty, then three thousand, then five thousand, then thousands more and thousands more, till the very winds would waft His story, and the waters roll, till, like a sea of glory, they spread from pole to pole.

And, dear Christian reader, there is nothing so minute in your career that God will not notice it. He who feeds the sparrow, counts the hair of your head, and numbers your steps. Look at Job xxxi. 4: "Dost not He count all my steps? Your movements may be as the fittings of a bird; but unto Psalm lvi. 8, "Thou tellest my wanderings." Again, there may be times when you leave your family, as Joseph did, and enter your chamber to weep. It is written, "Put Thine eyes in Thy bottle; they are in Thy book." God numbers the hairs of the head in the steps of the feet, the tears of the eyes, the sighs of the heart; the fittings, the wanderings, the highroad and byroad ways, the up-hill and downhill, the crooked paths, the rough paths, the thorny paths, are all noted by God. He despiseth not small things. "Thou art about my bed," said David; and Jacob owned this when his pillow was rough stones. God was about his bed; and softer than the curtains his mother Rebecca perceived about his bed in childhood, were the fronted with God. For the time being they are in the midst of the realities of eternity. Each unconverted hearer is searched by the truth, in the secret chambers of the soul, and many are led to enquire, with deepest concern, "What shall we do to be saved?" Christ is most conspicuous, walking among the golden candlesticks. His voice, full of sweetest encouragement, is heard saying to the believing, "Peace be unto you," and to the fearful, "It is I, be not afraid." In tones of mercy, it falls upon the ear of the repenting sinner, saying, thy sins are all forgiven thee." The skeptical and proud are startled into fear or rage by the awful words, "except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish."—*Star*.

### A CHRISTIAN'S RIGHT PLACE.

BY REV. T. L. CULVER.

In a well-organized army every man has his place. The mathematical head goes to the engineer corps. The medical skill and steady hand is assigned to the surgical department. The sharp-eyed man shall handle the Enfield rifle, and the well-taught graduate of West Point, and of a half-dozen hard-fought fields, receives the sword of the brigadier. He who has the most of Napoleon in him soon fights his way to the supreme command. A Scott or a Halleck would not be more out of place in the ranks than would a Paul or an Apollon be in spending their precious time in teaching the children of a mission school to read the Alphabet. Every man in his place, is as much the motto of the church as it is of the camp; the wrong place is well-nigh as fatal as no place at all.

Now what is a Christian's right place? Manifestly it is the place that his Creator made him for and trained him for. To mistake it is a misfortune; to desert it is a disgrace and a crime. The Bible answer to our question is given in these words: "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness." The principle here laid down is that every true Christian, after a candid, honest inspection of his own physical and mental and moral qualifications, should take the post of duty or the line of labor for which his gifts best fit him. But no man—not one, is to "neglect the gift that is in him."

Some men were manifestly created for the pulpit. God gave them clear heads, warm hearts, and strong lungs, a love of Jesus, and a love of saving souls. To possess these is to have a divine call for the ministry; for such to stay out of the pulpit (if strong inclination draw them thither)—as is grievous a mistake as it has been for hundreds of others to enter the pulpit.

But because a man is not called to preach Jesus in the sacred desk, must he preach nowhere else? Is all the earnestness, and all the persuasive power, and all the hunger for souls, which a pious lawyer or a pious mechanic may possess, to turn to waste? No! Let him tell his neighbour of the great salvation wherever he can find him—whether in the public meeting for conference, in the prayer-circle, by the wayside or the fireside, in the sick-room, or in whatever place God brings a soul within his reach. And how successfully may he be done, let such men as Harlan Page, and Robert Hall, and Cranfield, and the good Methodist Carver, answer. Let the powerful lay exhortations heard of Fuller, street answer. God is opening a wide door for lay exhortation in our time. Brownlow North, in Great Britain, is proving what can be achieved by a practical man throwing himself upon practical men without any professional technicalities, and pouring gospel truth into their hearts in the every-day language of life. This corps in Christ's army will bear enlargement. They are uniformed sharpshooters, stealing singly or in squads upon the enemy wherever a point is left exposed, or a straggler can be sighted.

What our churches sorely need is the development of the *suburbans*. Too much is thrown upon the ministry. The church becomes Dr. Tug's church, or Mr. Beecher's church, or Mr. Barnes' church, instead of the people's church, with those gifted men as its ministers. A pastor is expected to make three studied expositions of Bible truth, every week, to conduct the public devotions of his flock, to labor at the fireside, in the sick-room, and the house of death. During our early ministry we were called to do all these, and to superintend a Sunday-school and teach a Bible-class besides. Now we love to work better than any thing else, unless it be to see other people work. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." It is to turn over his spiritual labors on men that he has to hand his market-basket, or to ask me to eat and digest his dinner for him. He needs to do his own work as much as the cause of Christ needs to have it done. And when, in seasons of revival, the latent lay power of the church is brought out we see how much may be done by the Priscillas and Aquilas, by Onesiphorus, and by Lydia, and by the "faithful Persia" who labors in the Lord. The church then is a hive without a drone, and the air is musical with returning bees bringing in their blessed spoil.

A Christian who is keen for work will soon find his right place. If he is "apt to teach," if he has the knack of breaking the truth up into small morsels for children's mouths, then he will soon scent his way into the Sabbath-school. Another one has leisure and love of souls; to such a one tract distribution is a welcome work. It requires little health enough to walk, and Christian courtesy enough to talk acceptably to the family visited with the Bible or the tract. It is not too much to say that Harlan Page, with his gospel under his arm, is equal to many a learned divine, with his ponderous columbians aimed forty degrees above the heads of the people.

Here again is another whose "gift" is a melodious voice that "most excellent thing in woman," and hardly less so in a man. A homely woman becomes beautiful while she is singing; and a melodious voice will outlive a plump form or a rosy complexion. Whoever can sing, belongs to God's great multitudinous choir. Whoever can sing, and will not sing, does not deserve a seat in church or the feast of a good sermon. They will be ashamed to sing in heaven if they were too indolent or too fastidious to sing in the earthly temple of God's praise.

Not are these the only gifts. We can now recall a member of our first flock who possessed no qualifications to exhort, or to teach in the Sabbath-school; he had no gold to give, and no musical skill to sing the praise of his Redeemer. But he did possess a rare earnestness and Bible-richness and soul-ferver in prayer. That good old man's single prayer saved more than one evening meeting from vtroum and dreariness. A blessed gift was that veteran's power of pleading at the mercy-seat; and a fountain of blessings did it prove to the church for which he besought the heavenly baptism.

Reader! have you found your place? Then stick to it. Work there even though it be in the humblest corner of the most out-of-the-way vineyard. An idler man in the church is a monster. And you can not give a cup of gospel-water to a beggar's child without receiving Christ's smile in return for it. Wherefore "neglect not the gift that is in thee," and whatever thou doest for the Lord, "do it heartily."—*Independent*.

### BIBLE NOTE.

For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. (2 Peter. 1.)

Some good Christians are too humble, or to speak more correctly, do they not cultivate a superlative humility, altogether different from that which the Scriptures inculcate? I do not speak of those who are too indolent to care for anything but being just saved at last. I speak of those sincere but mistaken ones who say, "Oh! if I can only find a little corner in heaven, out of sight of every one, it will be enough for me," or, as I heard one such observe in his quiet way, "If I can but get behind the door in heaven, I shall be content." Paul sanctions no such diffidence or half-heartedness. He holds out the inducement of an abundant entrance to nerve us for diligence and conflict. He sets before us the example of the Roman victor, and encourages us to contend for more than a Roman triumph.

Let us take a three-fold illustration of these different states and results. A few years since, three ships left Liverpool about the same time. One was a large and costly vessel, possessing much of public confidence. She went out amply fitted and provisioned, with colours flying and music playing, with a joyous crew and a large number of passengers, a rich freightage, and a favouring breeze. She went, but she returned no more. She never entered her destined harbour, and not one of those light-hearted passengers ever came back to tell the many weary watchers on shore what had become of the *President*. She was a type of those who set sail apparently for the haven of heavenly rest, but betrayed by false security, or waylaid by some fatal snare, are lost on their passage, and never obtain an entrance.

A second ship set sail. She too was gallantly equipped and well provisioned for the voyage. She too had a fine cargo, and a goodly number of passengers. The ship was not lost. She reached her port in safety, but, oh! how changed in appearance. She had encountered the storm, had done battle with the winds and waves, had been among the rocks, had narrowly escaped shipwreck. Who would recognize in the almost dismantled hull, the torn sail, the broken masts the confused rigging, that this was the gallant ship which set sail so full of hope and promise? She was a type of those who are "scarcely saved," who creep into heaven unrecognized, with none waiting to welcome them, with no "well done" to greet their ears. Through infinite mercy they obtain an entrance, but that is all, but that is all.

A third vessel, freighted in like manner with goods and passengers, set sail from the same port, and in due time accomplished her voyage. She arrived unharmed, with every hope more than realized. Her fair white sails were spread her colours flying, her crew singing. Her happy passengers thronged the deck, and looked out with smiling faces and with beating hearts for the relatives who waited to greet them. And as she crowded all sail, and swept into the glorious harbour, amidst the acclamations of welcoming friends and of admiring spectators, she illustrated the expression of the apostle, "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

### FOOLISH TALKING AND JESTING.

There are some Christians who seem to forget that God in His word has spoken of such things, and not with commendation.—They seem not aware that God gives any attention to their foolish talking and jesting, even so much as to notice and know it.

It is for such heedless Christians that we have placed the words "foolish talking and jesting," at the head of this article, and offer a few suggestions upon the habit.

Those who form and indulge this habit are wont to think and say of it, "What's the harm? Fun is the zest of life; what would life be if we must live it all through with long faces?"

To all which we reply.

1. Life is too grave a matter to be wasted and spent in fun. It has too many solemn issues—too many momentous relations and bearings. Too much hangs upon the destiny of souls. We always have too much close and direct influence upon the souls of men, that we can never cease to be God's laid upon us as all too many, and too great responsibilities to admit of levity of mind and frivolity of speech.

2. If it were not that persons, given to foolish talking, would abuse the small latitude which the remark might seem to allow them, we would say that pleasantries, such as is not "foolish," and a timely unbending of the mind after long and great tension, are sometimes admissible—good for health, and not bad for piety. But these indulgences should not be the warp and woof of one's life. They should be only occasional, and always under control. As there is no reason why comeliness should always condemn them, so and much more is there no reason why they should not be subject strictly to the law of conscience.

3. Returning now to our reply to the question—What's the harm in foolish talking and jesting? We say—ask your ungodly friends what they think of such things in Christian people. Take pains to ascertain how it strikes them. See if in their view these foolish-talking Christians adorn the gospel of Christ. See if it does not strike them as incongruous, that out of the same mouth should come jests and folly one hour, and solemn prayer and praise the next. Take note whether these utterances of levity in Christians, seem to give force to their exhortations to their friends to come to Christ. Does such talk increase the confidence of the ungodly in their piety and in their prayers?

Now these remarks of ours do not imply that the judgment of ungodly men upon their Christian neighbors is infallible; yet none of us are too wise to learn something from the impression our life and speech naturally make on our neighbors. The Scriptures hint to us more than once, that our "speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt—(i. e. wisdom)—that it be sound speech that cannot be condemned," and that we "be without offence," "unblamable," "in the midst of the world" to any good purpose, we must gain the confidence of men, so that they shall adventure themselves to walk by our light, having confidence

that our leading is unto life and not unto death.

4. We reply again: Let us hear the word of the Lord in this matter. It is certainly a very significant fact that God has spoken to this point, and so distinctly as to give us his views beyond mistake. Thus, through Paul to the Christians at Ephesus, he says to us, "Be ye followers of God as dear children, and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us;" but fornication, and all uncleanness or covetousness, let it not even be named among you, as becometh saints; neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient; but rather (let there be) giving of thanks."

We have quoted more of this passage than belonged immediately to our subject, that you might see in what company Paul locates "foolish talking and jesting." They stand in the same cluster with "filthiness," fornication, and all uncleanness," as if they belonged to the same class. Paul had chosen them in close company. Heathenism shows them associated in fact, as the outworkings of a mind low, sensual, and alien to the life of God in the soul, they are but too much in sympathy with each other, and are altogether unbecomingly to whatsoever things are pure and holy.

But note again: The sacred word saith, "Let these things not once be named among you, for so it becometh saints."

Here some reader, ready to justify a large range in the use of the tongue, may interpose that Paul only says of foolish talking and jesting that they are "not convenient;" where as for themselves, they find it so convenient that such talk flows from their tongue almost despite of themselves.

To such persons, let us say—We must take the word "convenient," when found in the Bible, in its old sense, and not in its new, as used by our translators two hundred years ago, and not in the very different sense put upon it in modern times. The old sense is suitable, proper, becoming; not—what which comes easy to us. Paul meant that foolish talking and jesting do not correspond with our profession and our responsibilities as Christians—do not go well together (non conveniens, the Latin would have it, which is precisely the old sense of "not convenient.")

Next also what things Paul, in Rom. 1: 28, 29, enumerates as "not convenient." God gave them over to a reprobate mind to do those things which are not convenient, being filled with all unrighteousness, covetousness, wickedness, enviousness, maliciousness, &c., a most emphatic comment on the significance of "not convenient."

And finally, as if specially to warn and rebuke those who boldly say, "our lips are our own; who is Lord over us?" who has the right to control our words; he gives us solemn intimations that he shall take note of them all in the final day.

Just at that moment, he saw another poor traveller coming along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself; for he, too, could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and he appeared to be just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveller, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up, and he crawled—for he was scarcely able to walk—to his dying fellow-sufferer.

He took his hands into his own, and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spoke cheering words into his ear, and tried to comfort him.

As he did this, the dying man began to revive, his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off, he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two travellers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating one another on their escape.

The snow-storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their home in safety.

If you feel your heart cold towards God, and your soul almost ready to perish, try to do something which may help another soul to life, and make his heart glad; and you will often find it the best way to warm, and restore, and gladden your own.—*American Christian Advocate*.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SINNERS.—Wherefore, sinner, be ruled by me in this matter; feign not thyself another man, if thou hast been a vile sinner. Go in thy own colours to Jesus Christ; put thyself among the most vile, and let Him alone to put thee among the children. Thou art, as it were, called by name to come in for mercy. Thou man of Jerusalem, hearken to thy call! Men in courts of judicature do so, and shout out through the crowd, saying, "Why give way, I am called into the court." Why, then, standest thou still? "Begin at Jerusalem," is thy call and authority to come. Wherefore up, man, and shoulder it! Say, "Stand aside, devil; Christ calls me." Say, "Stand away, unbeliever; Christ calls me." "Stand away all my discouraging apprehensions, for my Saviour calls me to Him to receive mercy." Men will do this in courts below. Why not thus approach the courts above? Christ, as he sits on the throne of grace, pouseth over the heads of thousands, directly to such a man, and says, "Come." Wherefore, since He says come, let the angels make a lane, and all men make room, that the Jerusalem sinner may come to Christ for mercy.—*Bunyan*.

### "READY TO GO."

Richard Collins was a poor man, uneducated, and with no great natural power of mind. His desires never seemed to rise above the level of the condition of life in which he was born. Yet he became, by virtue of his religious character, a man of influence and usefulness in the body of Christians to which he belonged; and when he died, all who knew him felt that a good man had passed away to his rest.

I did not become acquainted with him till quite the latter part of his life, and after he had suffered from a severe attack of illness, which had rendered him very infirm. Life seemed, indeed, little more than a slow but certain decay; yet he never regretted this decline of strength, though well knowing its end. For more than three years before his death, he seldom answered a question as to the state of his health without adding "Waiting, ready to go." Death had no terrors for him, though all this while it seemed ever hovering near him. The natural shrinking from death, which is rarely entirely overcome, was with him, if he experienced it, but a momentary feeling. In fact, he not only now and then, but constantly, desired "to depart and be with Christ." To use another expression of his, he wished to be "swallowed up in Christ;" and so, with regard to him, death was swallowed up in victory.

"Ready to go." How few can say so much as that, even of those who are rapidly going down the hill of life! How few can use these words as expressing the habitual state of their minds! Yet nothing less than this should be the spirit of our lives. We know not what a day may bring forth, and the message of our Lord should be continually remembered: "Therefore, be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." (Matt. xxiv. 44.)

"Ready to go." What does it mean? What is it to be ready? What made Richard Collins ready to go? "Oh!" some will say, "he was old, and feeble, and weary of life, and did not care to live." Not so; his readiness to go meant a good deal more than this. It is true, he was sometimes disposed to say—

"Pain would I quit this weary load,  
And sleep in death—"

but then (and this makes all the difference) he could add, "to rest with God." And besides, there were two things which, so far as I knew him, were never separated in his mind from this readiness to go. One thing was his simple, unwavering trust in Christ. He knew no other hope, nor ever dreamed that there could be any other, nor ever doubted the perfect sufficiency of this Christ, his Redeemer and Saviour, whose atoning sacrifice is the only ground of a sinner's acceptance with God; Christ, in whose love he had ever abounded, was his only hope.

GOING TO DWELL WITH DEVILS.—"Do think more of your soul, my dear, and less of dancing and other worldly follies," said a Christian mother one day to her daughter who was dressing herself for a ball.

"O, I'm young you know, mamma," replied the girl, tossing back her curls and laughing gaily. "Time enough yet for me to attend to religion."

Well, it did seem as if so young and healthy a miss had time enough to serve the devil a few years before she began to think of serving God, though it strikes me that such a deliberate purpose to spend life's morning in offending God is almost diabolically wicked, and is not likely to be followed by penitence, faith, and piety. But appearances are deceitful in this girl's case. Only two weeks afterwards she was standing before a glass dressing her hair and saying:

"I intend to go to school all this winter."

Scarcely had these words passed her lips before she was seized with sudden sickness. Thirty six hours later she was dead! Just before she expired she exclaimed:

"O that all young people were present that I might warn them not to do as I have done! O tell them for me, when I am dead, not to live in sin as I have. I am going to receive my everlasting fate! I am going to dwell with devils!"

"Reader, whether are you going? Remember, a life of sin and unbelief is the way to the abode of devils and lost souls. A life of faith and holiness is the way to heaven. Whither, then, are you going? To a peaceful or a dreadful death? To dwell with devils or with saints? To a life of boundless happiness or to endless misery? To heaven or to hell, which?—*Good News*.

THE CLOSER.—No Christian can be comfortable or prosperous without retirement. Popular ministers may preach, converse, or pray in public, to the edifying of others, and yet decline in their own souls for want of examination, humiliation, and secret prayer, suited immediately to their own case. Nay, the most able ministers will generally cease to be very useful if their religion is neglected or hurried over in a formal manner. This the fervent Christian knows. He will, therefore, redeem time for retirement at the expense of many inconveniences; and the friends of popular ministers should remember this, and not too much intrude upon the regular needful hours for retirement of those persons in whose company they most delight. In prosecuting the work of God, our own inclinations must be thwarted, we must not "spend our time" with them when duty calls us another way, or when a prospect is before us of doing essential good.

OH, BLESSED GOD.—A few mornings since, as we passed the police station in Court square, the prison cart, a close, dark green omnibus, with a few flats on the side through which the air comes in, stood before the door. In another moment, a group of candidates for the House of correction, a ragged, wretched company of men and women, were hurried into the cart. A poor girl of perhaps fifteen years stood gazing upon the scene in sad bewilderment, noticing nothing else, when suddenly she exclaimed pathetically, "Oh, blessed God!" We looked upon her sorrowful face, and she saw only the coil of wheels with its inmates, and again, with more subdued tones, repeated the words, "Oh, blessed God!" Thus, amidst the rains and woes of sin, there is in all hearts a vindication of God's character in the conscious guilt and demerit of the creature. "Oh, blessed God!" will tune every harp in heaven, and its echo in our conscience will be the keenest torture of hell.

It was a most sweet and divine saying of Bernard, "O saint, knowest thou not," saith he, "that thy husband, Christ, is bashful, and will not be familiar in company; retire thyself, therefore, by prayer and meditation into thy closet, or the fields, and there thou shalt have Christ's presence.—*Books*.