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. 17. SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1863. Whole No. 185.

The Intelligencer.

(From Good Words.)

THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

Luke xv. 11-32.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D.

Years ago, a traveller found himself in a fishing town, where he intended to pass the night. The sun had gone down on a sea of glass; but, as the night fell, the wind began to moan, and ere long a glaring flash and rattling peal announced the storm that broke out over sea and land with tremendous fury. By and bye, the voices of men and women were heard in the streets—mingling with the roar of the tempest. There was none to answer his call; and surprised to find himself the only tenant of the inn, he sallied forth to join the crowd, which, seized with a terrible alarm, and consisting chiefly of old men, women, mothers, and little children, was hurrying to the shore. Their fathers, children, husbands, brothers, had gone off to the fishing; and must now be running for the haven through that black night and roaring sea. There, drenched with rain and the salt spray, clinging to the wall, rock and each other, a crowd was gathered, over which, as they stood, some looking seaward, and some in silent prayer to heaven, a blazing-fire, kindled at the pier-end, threw fitful and ruddy gleams. Another light, gleaming like a star over the waves, with which it rose and sank, shone from a life-boat that gallant hands had rowed out to the tail of a reef, between which and the pier the boats must run to make the harbour's mouth. Could they live in such a sea? If they did, could they, guided by these lights, dash through between the shore on this side and the reef on that? Some hoping, some despairing, but all straining their eyes to pierce the gloom, two hours of terrible suspense drag on; at length a faint cheer is raised, as dimly seen, the headmost boat is descried running for the harbour. They hold their breath—prayers are on their lips, and lives are in that helmsman's hand. Lying on the rudder, he steers her aright. She clears the point of danger; and as the forms of the boat's crew flash by in the gleam of the pine-wood fire, there is a scream—a voice cries, "It is he! it is he! he's safe!"—and a woman, who had caught sight of her husband in the boat, fell fainting, for very joy, into an old man's arms.

No wonder the stranger, careless of the tempest, mingled with that eager crowd; for, where such a scene was transacting, and men's lives were in the greatest jeopardy, and human bosoms were agitated by as great a tumult as roared above in the stormy skies, and in the waves of that foaming sea, who could sit to enjoy the comforts of a bright fireside and curtained room? Where men's lives, their souls, or great interests are in danger, nothing is so exciting as to watch the uncertain issue; or more gratifying than to see life saved—the dead alive, the lost found. To such stirring sights men and women crowd; to such tales old age, as well as childhood, turns with ear intent.

To this, in part, the parable of the Prodigal, with its strong lights and shadows, with the wickedness of the son, and the father's kindness, forgiveness, and touching joy over one who had been lost and was found, owes the universal interest with which it is read; and the garland with which men have agreed to crown it as, both for the beauty of its story, and the importance of its truths, the finest of all the parables.

THE OCCASION OF THE PARABLE.

The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come—so said the dying Jacob. In accordance with that old prophecy, the Jewish State, at Christ's advent, merged into the Roman Empire; and was, in consequence, taxed to maintain a foreign, and what was particularly offensive to the Jews, a heathen government. The parties employed in raising this public revenue, and who were therefore called publicans, were obnoxious to every pious and patriotic Jew. Some were heathens; and such as were not being regarded as traitors, were held in double abhorrence—the very beggars refused their charity. With few exceptions, no man of character would accept the office. Excluded from the ranks of respectable society, the publicans acquired the habits of the dregs amongst which they sank; and associated in fact, as well as in common speech, with fallen women, they became notorious for their vices.

Orpheus is said to have drawn savage beasts around him by the charms of music; but our Lord so charmed the world by his preaching, that he drew to him, in publicans and sinners, multitudes more brutal than the beasts. Finding in him a Jew who did not hate but love them, despise but pity them, trample them beneath his feet but stooped to raise them, as if each was a diamond sparkling in the mud, they gathered in crowds to hear him, and listen to one who offered mercy, and held out the flag of hope even to publicans and sinners. The Pharisee, as he swept in full sail to the Temple to thank God that he was not as these, dreading their touch, said, Stand aside; I am holier than thou! Not so Jesus Christ—abhorrent to his holy nature as was their impiety and impurity! Passing like a sunbeam through the foulest atmosphere without pollution, touching pitch and not defiled, breathing infected air but proof against contagion, he rather sought than shunned the company of publicans and sinners. Where should he be found, who came to save, but in the thick of the lost? The selfish, bigoted, narrow-minded Jew, who would have none saved but himself, took offence at this: This man, they said, "receiveth sinners and eateth with them;" and, by way of reproach, they called him "a friend of publicans and sinners."

We accept the picture. Each time heaven's gate is thrown open, he receiveth a sinner; and what keeps our hopes alive, and in the solemn prospect of death or judgment inspires us with any degree of fortitude, but that we shall fall into the hands of him who is "the friend of sinners?" These Pharisees did not understand Jesus Christ any more than vice understands virtue, or blindness colours. Ignorant of his mission, they could not comprehend how one who was holy should rather seek than avoid the lost and reprobate. And it was to reveal the riches of gospel grace, God's purpose of mercy, and the delight he has in converting and saving the greatest sinners, that, with the other parables of this chapter, Jesus told the story of the prodigal.

Regarding the son here as a type of man, and the father as a type of God, as he is seen in his Son and set forth in the gospel, let us now study these, the two prominent figures in this beautiful parable—beginning with the Prodigal.

HIS CONDUCT.

In the case of entailed estates, and in every case where a man in our country dies without leaving a will, the heritable property, according to what is called feudal law, belongs to the eldest son. By the feudal law, as in Norway, the whole estate is divided equally among the members of the family. The Jewish law, as appears by the book of Deuteronomy, held a middle course between these two. If a man had two sons, as was the case here, his goods were divided into three parts—two of them falling to the eldest; but to his effects as thus divided, the children did not succeed till the father died.

Tired waiting in his father's death for an event which some sons have hastened, and impatient to possess the means of indulging vices into which we have seen others leave a father's grave to plunge, carelessly scattering what he had too carefully gathered, this youth requests, or rather demands, such share of the property as would by law fall to him at the father's death. Fancy this father's case yours; your feelings at such unnatural and insolent conduct! What a shock to find that in his son's heart all home affections were dead, and that he himself was no longer regarded with love, or his grey hairs with respect! The father's presence, and the virtuous habits of a pious home, have become an irksome restraint. This youth would be his own master rid of his father's strict, pious, and old-fashioned ways of keeping God's law and day; and so, type of man whose heart sin has enstranged from God, so soon as his request is granted, he turns his back on home, and takes his departure to a far country.

The father did not compel his son to remain; nor does God us, or indeed any of his creatures. In Eden he left our first parents to the freedom of their own will. There man sought to be independent of God; and here, in the condition of the prodigal, we have a picture of the misery into which sin, having estranged us from our heavenly Father, plunged its wretched votaries. Devoured by harlots, the portion was soon spent. Want followed on the heels of waste. Driven by hard necessity to become a swineherd, he accepted the meanest, and to a Jew the most degrading employment. A stranger in a strange land; cast away as an orange when men have sucked it; turned off, as I have seen a poor, ragged wretch, from the drinking-shop where he had wasted his means; neglected by old associates; laughed at as a fool by many, and pitied by none, he is reduced to the direst extremity. None offering him better fare, he tries to satisfy his hunger with swine-husks. Type of the sinner who departs from God, and a beacon to such as feel irksome under the restraints of a pious home, he seeks happiness to find only misery—ambitious of an unhallowed liberty, he sinks into the condition of the basest slave.

(To be Continued.)

THE WHOLE HEART IN IT.

It is said of Xavier, that when he was preparing to go upon his mission through the east, while lying upon his couch in the hospital at Rome, his friend, R., who shared his apartment, was frequently interrupted by the earnest exclamations of the sleeping man. He was tossing restlessly on his bed and exclaiming, "Yet more, O, my God, yet more!"

As he afterward related, the dark and terrible future of his career was spread out before him. There were whole nations and mighty empires for him to win to his faith. Around them swept the storms of poverty, famine and death. In his way mountains of difficulties laid, towered their opposing heads to prevent him from flying to their rescue. He shrunk not, but in his dreamy imagination surmounted those difficulties and delivered the sufferers. Unsatisfied to quit his mission of mercy, and impelled by an undying thirst for wider fields for labor, his untiring spirit exclaimed, "Yet more, O my God, yet more!" What a missionary! "His whole heart was in it."

Said Ignatius Loyola, "At the command of the pope, I would embark a mission for any shore, in a vessel without rudder, sails, mast, or stores." Wonderful disciple! He was wholly given up to the service of the pope. "His heart was in it," and it will be the business of eternity to reveal the consequences effected by his influence as exerted in the world. His zeal was worthy of a purer faith than that which he possessed and preached.

Show me a Christian whose influence is felt and acknowledged in society, and I, too, will show one in return whose heart is wholly united to Christ in love, and one who is earnestly incited about the things of godliness. In his bosom burns the sacred fire of love, which was kindled there by the "Holy Spirit" at the time of conversion. He is careful to ever keep the *flame* alive, and to do so, he secures his fuel in time. To him there are a thousand ways in which he can do good. He has a will to do, and, as a matter of course, he is ever vigilant in doing. The chiming of the Sabbath bells always bring delight to his soul, and he is off, at a proper time, to the house of God. Every word that falls from the lips of the "*man of God*" is earnestly listened to, and he becomes a better and a wiser man by it. He is not disposed, neither can he afford to suffer his soul to be robbed of its food by giving way to a "*sleeping devil*," as half-hearted Christians do. His religion thrives well in the closet, and it is his delight to hold secret converse with God. The prayer and class meetings must not be neglected, or his religion will become lean and sickly. As for the "law of the Lord," that is his delight, and in which he loves to meditate. In a word, to effect a full discharge of every duty, constitutes the burden of his soul, and a knowledge of their full discharge his heaven on earth.

It is to be lamented that the entire church is not whole-hearted in the world's redemption. Many of her votaries—or such as claim to be—have become "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." On account of this "many have been weak and sickly," and the "waste-places of Zion are not built up." The church needs a whole hearted laity as well as a whole-hearted ministry;—she needs both, and without them, notwithstanding colleges and seminaries may be multiplied, "the salvation of souls will not come out of Zion."—*Religious Telescope.*

AN AFFECTING NARATIVE.

The following affecting narrative we copy from "Abbott's Young Christian," an excellent volume for christians of all ages. Mr. Abbott says he obtained it of the clergyman who wrote it, and "the reader may rely upon the strict truth and faithfulness of the description." He adds: "It is only a plain common instance, such as are ocurring all around us by tens of thousands, of the consequences of being only *almost persuaded* to be a Christian."—[Ed. Int.]

STORY OF LOUISA.

"Shortly after my settlement in the ministry, I observed in the congregation a young lady whose blooming countenance and cheerful air showed perfect health and high elation of spirits. Her appearance satisfied me at once that she was amiable and thoughtless. There was no one of my charge whose prospects for long life were more promising than her own, and perhaps no one who looked forward to the future with more pleasing hopes of enjoyment. To her eye the world seemed bright. She often said she wished to enjoy more of it before she became a Christian.

"Louisa—for by that name I shall call her—manifested no particular hostility to religion, but wished to live a gay and merry life till just before her death, and then to become pious and die happy. She was constant in her attendance at church, and while others seemed moved by the exhibition of the Saviour's love, she seemed entirely unaffected. Upon whatever subject I preached, her countenance retained the same marks of indifference and unconcern. The same easy smile played upon her features, whether sin or death, or heaven or hell, was the themes of discourse. One evening I invited a few of the young ladies of my society to meet at my house. She came with her companions. I had sought the interview with them, that I might more directly urge upon them the importance of religion. All in the room were affected—and she, though evidently moved, endeavored to conceal her feelings.

"The interest in this great subject manifested by those present was such, that I informed them that I would meet, in a week from that time, any who wished for personal conversation. The appointed evening arrived, and I was delighted in seeing, with two or three others, Louisa enter my house.

"I conversed with each one individually. They generally, with much frankness, expressed their state of feeling. Most of them manifested much solicitude respecting their eternal interests. Louisa appeared different from all the rest. She was anxious and unable to conceal her anxiety, and yet ashamed to have it known. She had come to converse with me upon the subject of religion, and yet was making an evident effort to appear indifferent. I had long felt interested in Louisa, and was glad of this opportunity to converse with her.

"'Louisa,' said I, 'I am happy to see you here this evening, and particularly so, as you have come interested in the subject of religion.'

"She made no reply.

"'Have you been long thinking upon this subject, Louisa?'

"'I always thought the subject important, sir, but have not attended to it as I suppose I ought.'

"'Do you now feel the subject to be more important than you have previously?'

"'I don't know, sir; I think I want to be a Christian.'

"'Do you feel that you are a sinner, Louisa?'

"'I *know* that I am a sinner, for the Bible says so; but I suppose that I do not feel it enough.'

"'Can you expect that God will receive you into his favor while you are in such a state of mind? He has made you, and he is now taking care of you, giving you every blessing and every enjoyment you have, and yet you have lived many years without any gratitude to him, and continually breaking his commandments, and now do not *feel* that you are a sinner. What would you think of a child whose kind and affectionate parents had done every thing in their power to make her happy, and who should not yet feel that she had done any thing wrong, though she had been every day disobeying her parents, and had never expressed any gratitude for their kindness? You, Louisa, would abhor such a child. And yet this is the way you have been treating your heavenly Father. And he has heard you say this evening, that you do not feel that you have done wrong, and he sees your heart and knows how unfeeling it is. Now, Louisa, you must be lost, unless you repent of your sins and ask humbly and earnestly for forgiveness. And why will you not? You know that Christ has died to atone for sin, and that God will forgive you for his Son's sake, if you are penitent.'

"To this Louisa made no reply. She did not seem displeased, neither did her feelings appear subdued.

"After addressing a few general remarks to my young friends, we kneeled in prayer, and the interview closed. Another meeting was appointed on the same evening of the succeeding week. Louisa again made her appearance with the same young ladies and a few others. She appeared much more deeply impressed. Her coldness and reserve had given place to a frank expression of interest and exhibition of feeling.

"'Well, Louisa,' said I, as in turn I commenced conversing with her, 'I was almost afraid I should not see you here this evening.'

"'I feel, sir,' said she, 'that it is time for me to attend to my immortal soul. I have neglected it too long.'

"'Do you *feel* that you are a sinner, Louisa?'

"'Yes, sir, I do.'

"'Do you think, Louisa, you have any claim upon God to forgive you?'

"'No, sir. It would be just in God to leave me to perish. I think I want to repent, but I cannot. I want to love God, but do not know how I can.'

"'Do you remember, Louisa, that Christ has said, 'Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, Louisa, now count the cost; are you ready to give up all for Christ? Are you ready to turn from your gay companions, and lay aside your frivolous pleasures, and acknowledge the Saviour publicly, and be derided, as perhaps you will be, by your former friends, and live a life of prayer and of effort to glorify God?'

"She hesitated for a moment, and then replied, 'I am afraid not.'

"'Well, Louisa, the terms of acceptance with God are plain, and there is no altering them. You cannot serve God and mammon. If you would be a Christian, you must renounce all sin, and with a broken heart surrender yourself entirely to the Saviour.'

"The evening's interview closed as before, and a similiar appointment was made for the next week. Some of the young ladies present, I had reason to believe, had accepted the offer of salvation. The next week about the same number were present, but Louisa was not with them; a slight cold had detained her. But the week after she again appeared. To my great disappointment I found her interest diminishing. Though not exhibiting that cold reserve which she at first manifested, she seemed far less anxious than at our last interview: the Spirit was grieved away. This was the last time she called to see me; but alas, I was called to see her under circumstances which at that time were but little anticipated. These social meetings continued for some time, and many of Louisa's associates, I have cause to hope, became the disciples of Jesus.

(Conclusion next week.)

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

"May I pray for the conversion of my child, or any other person, with the assurance that my request will be granted?"

This inquiry, which has so often awakened the intense solicitude of pious hearts, is thus answered by Dr. Hubbard Winslow, in his new book on "The Hidden Life:"

God has promised his Spirit, in answer to prayer, for the conversion of the world. He will pour out his Spirit upon all flesh. It is the gift he most of all delights to bestow, and for which he has taught us to pray. Its proffered blessing is precisely commensurate with that of the atonement. The sufferings and death of Christ are lost upon all those to whom the Spirit is not also given. But, if bestowed at all, it must be upon individuals and communities. Now, if Christians maintain the life that is hid with Christ in God, they have the Spirit to guide them. If then their thoughts and desires are turned earnestly upon the conversion of certain individuals, or the revival of God's work in a certain community; if for this they "offer up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears;" and if for this they *continue* "praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication," there is then evidence of a *coincidence* or oneness of will with them and Christ. Their prayer becomes the prayer of faith for the specific object in view. It is not merely for the conversion of mankind in general, but for certain persons in particular,—not merely for the revival of God's work in general, but in a particular community. They do not then ask for one thing and get another; they get the very thing they ask for. They are so under the guidance of the Spirit that they do not "ask amiss." They ask for just the right thing,—just what it is in the mind of God to bestow. They can only say,—"*Lord, thou wilt do it; we know thou wilt!*" They often feel the assurance that their prayer is granted, some time before they see the outward sign.

Nor is there in all this any delusion. Men are sometimes deluded, and rashly think they offer the prayer of faith, when they "tempt God" and depart from the laws of his kingdom; but careful examination will show that the principle here asserted is strictly scriptural, and, in fact, that a large part of the prayers on sacred record, for both temporal and spiritual blessings, *have specific objects and specific answers.* Witness the prayers of Abraham, Jacob, Daniel, Moses, Elijah; of the publican, of Bartimeus, of Paul, of the disciples on the day of the Pentecost; of numerous others; and, finally, of Christ himself. Why could Christ say, in his availing prayer at the grave of Lazarus, "I know that thou hearest me always," but because he was conscious of being "filled with the Spirit"? The more Christians are filled with the same Spirit, the farther are they removed from all fanatical delusions, and the more are they enabled to take hold of the promised power of God. The specific prayer of faith, with its specific answers, was not restricted to the early ages. It is as prevalent now, especially as related to spiritual blessings, as it ever was.

"OF PURER EYES THAN TO BEHOLD INIQUITY."

I have a girl in my kitchen whom I have been vainly endeavoring to train into a good servant, for many months past. This week I dismiss her as a hopeless subject. Her chief disqualification is, that she is not in the least offended or disgusted by any amount or any kind of dirt. She is not simply dirty because she does not know how to keep clean, but dirt is not disagreeable to her. Let all good housekeepers testify, and I think they will agree, that a person who feels no repugnance to untidiness can never be made to be thoroughly clean and tidy.

Discouraged and out of patience and cast down by my vain endeavors, I have been drawn to think of the wonderful long suffering and forbearance of God toward a world of sinners. Evermore teaching us; patiently correcting us; encouraging our feeblest attempts; never weary; never discouraged; never giving us up; never ceasing to love and pity, notwithstanding the hatred he has to sin,—it is wonderful! only God could do it. And we are like this hopeless servant. *Sin does not offend us.*

Often am I obliged to leave my kitchen in disgust at what my eyes see. Hands all black from handling coal, the next moment leaving their marks on doors, or drawers, or whatever may be nearest. Innumerable like doings that cannot be mentioned. But the girl is not only not disturbed herself, she looks at me in utter wonder at my dislike of her dirty ways; she cannot comprehend me; she has not the faintest idea how far she falls in my estimation.

So we. Sin does not offend us, and we can by no means comprehend how offensive it is to God.

"How much easier, how much better, how much more hopeful," I often say, "it is to be clean and tidy." But she does not find it so, and I can not change her; so I give her up.

Happily for us, the Lord can do what man cannot. *He can change us.* He can cause us to see sin in its true light, and bring us to be offended by it and to aspire after something better. Then holiness becomes desirable; something to be longed for, and attained, at all hazards and costs. And when we have in some measure attained, then we begin to understand how offensive in its very nature sin must be to a holy soul.

Not many years since, I watched by the dying bed of a precious sister. All who saw that last scene were ready to exclaim, "Let my last end be like to hers." Great was her faith, and wonderful her patience and child-like submission. And marvelous indeed it was to see her part from husband and children in whom her very life had seemed bound up, without a tear, committing them with a smile off ineffable love and trust to her Saviour; and beautiful were her anticipations of her heaven with Him whom she adored. But all these did not, to my mind, so surely indicate her fitness for that heaven, as did her invariable and instant shrinking from all sin. An impatient word, a fretful expression, the least appearance of selfishness, or repining at the good will of the Lord, seemed to jar on her spirit like a rude discord on a finely attuned ear. The very thought of sin was painful to her. The holy nature had replaced the unholy, and its very instincts started back from evil. She was prepared to dwell among the sanctified; she was already clothed with the fine linen, clean and white. Earth was no longer a fit abode for her, and I wished her joy with all my heart when she entered in through the gates into the city wherein nothing that defileth can be found. Who can conceive of bliss so perfect and complete as to be one's self holy, and to dwell for ever among the holy?

Come, Lord Jesus; by thy Spirit convince us all of sin, and cleanse us from it. Clothe us also in spotless robes, and take us away from all sight, sound, and sense of evil for evermore.—*Tract Journal.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

"I have long felt that until the fathers and mothers are better men and better women, our schools can accomplish comparatively little. I believe that any improvement that could be brought to bear on the MOTHERS, more especially, would effect a greater amount of good than anything that has yet been done."—EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

It is the *earliest* of all human influence. No one can tell when the influence of a mother begins. It is coeval almost with our birth, certainly with the first and faintest dawn of intellectual consciousness. Long before the days of fatherly correction, or of scholastic discipline, or of pastoral care, a silent, gentle, but powerful influence is already passing from the face and the voice of the mother, to the heart of her child. From the first it looks up into that face with instinctive trust and love, and what we trust and love we naturally copy.

What an advantage does this give the mother, above all those other influences and agencies which may afterwards affect the future career of her child! *She has, as it were the first word*; she has the early spring of the soul all to herself, to sow the precious seed. Long before the deceiver and betrayer can approach with their flattering lies, she may be, through the grace of God, laying the foundations of holy principle deep within the heart. The earliest lessons are the deepest; the earliest memories are the most abiding.

The mother's influence is, of all others, the *most constant.* From day to day, for several years of life together, it goes on incessantly. No other agency can, in this point of view, be brought into comparison with it. The father takes the little one on his knee for an hour on the Saturday or the Sabbath evening; the minister steps in now and then on his domiciliary rounds, gently to pat his head, and ask him about his Creator, his Redeemer, and his Sanctifier; by-and-by, the schoolmaster comes, with his wholesome discipline and iron laws, and claims a part of each day for serious work; but the influence of the mother is unceasing. It surrounds the little ones like an atmosphere.

Finally, a mother's influence is the most *lasting.* The life and the joy of home, its gentle sway does not terminate on our leaving the parental roof. Like a guardian angel, it still follows us through all the future scenes of life. A poor slave boy in the United States was separated from his mother while yet but a child, and settled under a hard master, on a plantation thirty miles away. Though thus at no great distance, they were scarcely ever permitted to meet one another. But the heart of the child was still in the home of his mother; her smile cheered him in his toils, and her image visited him in his dreams.

"My mother," he says, "occasionally found an opportunity to send me some token of remembrance and affection—a sugar plum or an apple; *but I scarcely ever ate them; they were laid up, and handled, and wept over, till they wasted away in my hands.*" Touching, sacred words! So there too, and among those hapless children of oppression, the sanctity of home is felt; nor can long and weary absence, nor all the power of a tyrant law, rend asunder those hearts whom God, by His own blessed bond, has united together.

Nor is it the youth alone that feels this influence. Even in after-years, and when his own children have grown up around him, his musing thoughts will sometimes recur to the days and the scenes that are blended with the thoughts of his mother. That dear sacred image still lives within him, and will still rise up before him in his daily or his nightly dreams. Yes, there she is, living, lifelike, just as you saw her thirty or forty years ago, sitting by the cradle-side, rocking and singing her little one to rest; or in her own arm-chair by the winter fireside, with her happy group around her. Other friends may be forgotten, and all other names may lose their charms, but the name and the memory of his mother are still precious as ever, and wield over his heart the power of a sacred spell, that terminates only with the grave!

How mighty, then, in every view in which we can regard it, is a mother's influence! How solemn the responsibility of her with whom this power is entrusted! What a mighty instrument does she wield, either for evil or for good! How terrible the guilt of her who either buries this talent in the earth, or abuses it to the ruin, instead of improving it to the salvation, of her children! We fear there are vast multitudes, even in this Christian land, and amongst the membership of our Christian Churches, who must be ranked under one or other of these classes—some on the one hand, who, by early neglect, have lost all influence over their children; others who still retain that influence, but in whose hands it is simply bad and mischievous—all on the side of vanity, and worldliness, and forgetfulness of God. What a fearful reckoning must such render in the great day! Oh! how shall they then answer the Judge of all, when He asks an account of the precious charge committed to their hands? Shall they dare then to look their injured offspring in the face, and give the Cain-like reply, Was I my children's keeper?

Mother! to thy heart are given
Rich and precious gifts from heaven,
Not to be thine own forever,
Not to save thee hard endeavour;—
Souls for thee to guide and cherish;
Teach, that so they may not perish.

TWO WOMEN PRAYING.

In the county of A. there lived, remote from a village, two pious females, who had recently united with husbands opposed to the Gospel of Christ. These young women beheld with the keenest sensation, the dear partners of their lives pursuing a path which must soon end in everlasting death. Each had often carried her troubles and sorrows to the throne of grace, and laid them before One who knew the anxiety of her heart, and each had often shed tears in secret. As a great intimacy had existed between those young females, they jointly agreed to spend one hour daily in praying for their husbands, and continued this prayer for seven years without any visible effect. At length, with hearts full of anguish, they met to mingle together their sorrows; their inquiry was—Shall we no longer pray for our dear partners—must they, oh! must they be for ever miserable? They concluded that although their prayers had not been answered, yet they would persevere, even unto the end of life, in the course they had adopted; and if their husbands would go down to destruction, they should go leaded with their prayers. They moreover resolved to renew their strength, and to pray more earnestly than ever; thus they continued for three years longer. About this time one of them was awakened in the night by the mental distress of her husband. Sleep had departed from his eyes, distress and anguish had seized his soul, for the prayer of these females had come up in remembrance before the throne of God; and the man who could once ridicule the tender anxieties of a distressed wife, was now upon his knees in the greatest agony. Now he, with earnestness, entreated her to pray for him; "For," said he, "the day of grace is almost over, and the door of mercy is ready to be closed against me for ever." His distress, and the hope of the wife, continued to increase. As soon as the day dawned she went with an overflowing heart to tell her praying companion, that God was about to answer their petitions; but great was her astonishment to meet her friend coming on the same errand, to tell her what God was doing for her husband.

Thus after ten years' perseverance in calling mightily upon God, these Christian females had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing both their husbands brought on the same day to realize their undone condition, and about the same time to receive and it is hoped, the assurance of mercy.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE BIBLE.—A very pleasing incident, strongly indicative of the reverence entertained by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for the Holy Scriptures, took place on the day of his wedding, and we may say at the very moment he was leaving the Castle with his Royal Bride. Among those present at the marriage celebration in St. George's Chapel, and afterwards at the *dejeuner* in St. George's hall, were the Rev. H. M. Birch and the Rev. C. F. Tarver, both of whom had been engaged in the instruction of the Prince in his early days, and, as this incident will show, had not been forgotten by him. After the *dejeuner*, they were informed that, on retiring to a certain room in the castle, they would find a memorial from the Prince, of which he desired their acceptance; and this proved to be a copy of the Word of God, handsomely bound, and inscribed by his Royal Highness, as a memento of his wedding-day. The gift has proved, we need hardly say, a most gratifying one to both the rev. gentlemen, and, in these critical times, cannot but be regarded as a testimony that his Royal Highness honours the Word of God, and accepts it as the sole standard of truth, and the basis of all sound and substantial teaching.—*Christian World.*

The WESLEYANS of England have recently raised nearly £20,000 for chapel building in London. One donor, not a London man, contributed £3000. The appropriations are on a scale of great liberality. We give a few examples:—

Millbuay Park,—outlay £5,450, to seat 1,000 persons, grant £1,000. Studley-road,—outlay £4,000, to seat 700 persons, and when galleries are completed 1,000 persons, grant £1,000. Plaistow Marsh,—Twelfth London Circuit,—outlay £500, exclusive of land, to seat 400 persons, grant £850. Bow,—school chapel, to precede a large one, outlay £750 to seat 400 persons, grant £800. *Chapels now in progress.* Kentish Town,—outlay, £4,200, to seat 1,060 persons, £750 grant, and £500 loan. Pimlico,—outlay, £4,000, to seat 1,000 persons, grant £750, and loan £500. Sydenham,—outlay, £4,200, to seat 1,000 persons, grant £750, loan £500. Kensington,—outlay £4,500, to seat 1,050 persons, grant £1,000. Blackheath,—outlay £5,000, to seat 1,000 persons, grant £1,000, and loan £500. Plumstead Common,—outlay £3,800, to seat 1,000 persons, grant £500, and loan £500. *Sites secured by aid of the Fund.* Foot of Highgate Hill, Eighth London Circuit,—grant £300. Upper Clapton, Ninth London Circuit, grant £500. Bow-road, Twelfth London Circuit,—grant £793.

"I WANT TO LIVE TWO OR THREE WEEKS MORE FOR JESUS."—So said a dying saint, a few days ago, in the hearing of the writer. The eye of that woman was already opened on heavenly glories. Said she, "Oh that you could see what I now see!" She saw manifestly in the light of God. But with her the time of work was past.

Reader, have you two or three weeks to work for Jesus? See then that you walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time. Walk warily in wisdom, for the days are few and evil; ye are not as the brutes that perish; though mortal, thou art yet immortal! The pulse beat at thy wrist is but the tapping of thy soul at the gateway to an endless life in glory or gloom. Capacities mental and moral are thine. A responsible agent, thou art moving on, and must for ever. The past is with thy God, and so is the future. Only the present is thine. Go back, thou canst not. Eternity past has engulfed thy way behind thee. The morrow is beyond thy control. In penitence commend the past to him who keepeth Israel with sleepless eye; do service for the Master in the passing present, and trust the future to the God of grace and glory.

A majority of the Council of the University of Oxford, headed by Dr. Pusey, has refused to adopt an address congratulating the Prince of Wales on having married a "Protestant" princess. The objection taken by Dr. Pusey was that Denmark is imbued with rationalism, and the Princess Alexandra, being a Dane, could not be properly called a Protestant.