

The Religious Intelligencer.

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REV. E. McLEOD.

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

Peter.

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THE INTELLIGENCER.

RECEIVING THE GRACE OF GOD IN VAIN.

BY REV. S. COOLY.

WHEN MAY WE BE SAID TO RECEIVE THE GRACE OF GOD IN VAIN?

When this Gospel message comes to a man, and he does not believe it, he receives it in vain. Suppose, now, that during the time of that Indian revolt, I had been sent by Her Majesty the Queen, with a commission—say to the Nova-Scotia, or to any one of the leaders of that revolt—and I had been told by Her Majesty to proclaim to him, that if he rebels would come to lay down their weapons and their rebellion, and yield themselves up entirely to her mercy and royal clemency, she would entirely forgive them—freely forgive them—altogether forgive them. Now suppose that I had come to that great, fierce ringleader of revolt, and told him that the Queen herself had sent me with that message, and he had said to me, "Ah, if they can only just get hold of me, I know what mercy they will give me; I know that already the gallows is waiting for me, and the noose is formed; I know if they get hold of me what they will do to me; but I know it is too far gone for that, and if they get me they will put me to death." Well now, a term has been set; he has to surrender in three months, or the law is to take its course. The time passes, and the man is captured, and he is brought to the gallows. Now, suppose that I had said to him, "You see he received the Queen's grace in vain. A message of mercy was sent him, but he would not believe it. Now, it is like that when I come and tell you of God's readiness to pardon, and you will not believe it. If a man will not believe the Gospel how can he be saved by it? You might as well expect a man to be fed by bread that he will not eat, as expect a man to be saved by a Gospel that he will not believe. If you will not believe the Gospel you cannot be saved by it. You receive the grace of God in vain if you do not believe it."

Well, but there is another way of receiving it in vain. A man receives the grace of God in vain who despises it. Now, yonder in Lancashire there are a number of suffering poor, and of course there are, elsewhere, there are some men of very independent spirit. Now suppose that I have the distribution of relief, and I go to some poor cottage, and there is a pale, haggard man, who I can see needs relief, and I say to him, "Well now, here is a ticket for you for relief; if you will apply at yonder office where the Central Committee are distributing their bounty and offer them this ticket you will get the relief you need;" and the man says, "Sir, what right have you to talk to me as if I were a pauper? What right have you to suppose I want any man's charity? What right have you to enter my house, and speak to me as if I were a pauper? I am a free man, and I am proud to take help, and he shuts his door in my face, telling me to be gone; and to-morrow that poor wretch is dead on his cottage floor for want of food. Now whose fault is that? Don't you see he despises the grace that was offered? He would not take it, but if he had a sovereign in his hand he would have gone and bought the bread. If he could have bought it, and stood on equal terms with the shopkeeper, he would have got the food he wanted; but because he must go and receive it as a gift and not pay a penny for it—because he must go there just as a poor man to get the charity, he would not have it, and so he perishes because he would not receive it. That is just how it is with many sinners. They will not have God's salvation because they cannot buy it. If they could take their tear-drops and buy it with their little petty, paltry doings, and buy it with them they would do it. If they could take their deeds, they would have it. If they could go and purchase it, they would have it; but because they must have it as a gift, because they must go and say—

"In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to receive—
Because they must be saved in that way, they would not have the salvation that God has provided. Now, may God save you from that pride, that you may not in that way receive the grace of God in vain!"

There is another way of receiving the grace of God in vain—if you neglect it. Now, suppose that there had been during the time of the great fire at Moscow, when that city was burnt down, some miserly wretch up at the top story of some tall house; and that that miser is looking over his lodgers. There is great trouble in the town, but all he cares about is his lodgers and his gold bags that he has got about him. It is a miserable looking room up there, but there is a good deal of gold in it for all that. He has got his gold bags and his wealth about him, and his precious goods are stored in all sorts of crannies in that room. While that old man is up there with his gold bags and his lodgers an alarm has begun to resound through the streets—"Fire! fire! fire!" and the alarm bells are ringing in all directions, and everybody is trying to escape; but that old man never listens to the alarm bells—he is too busy calculating his profit; he is too busy with his books and his bags, and he never listens to the alarm. Everybody is running but that old man, and there is a cash fire takes hold of the very staircase of his house, and it is creeping up the stairs from chamber to chamber till at last it is burning the very joints of the floor on which he stands, and by-and-by crash goes the very floor, and in he sinks to a burning, fiery tomb. You see he neglected the alarm. Ah! that is very like the wording. We go and tell him of danger, and we tell him of salvation. You know if you go and stand by a blacksmith's smithy and you talk to him, he is so busy with the sound of his hammers that he can't hear what you can say, and he keeps on hammering in spite of all your remarks, and does not hear a word. So it is with the busy worldling. He is so hard at work with the tools of life, and his heart is so set on the things of the world, that say what you will he never listens to you, and it is as if he never heard you. Why, there are many men that have been surrounded by Gospel teaching for I can't tell how many years, and they are as blind as the don of old, and they never heard it. Busy with the din of their worldliness about them they never seemed to hear the message. They neglected the great salvation. They did not deny it; they did not say that there was no salvation; they did not say they would not be saved; but they just left the matter alone—they neglected it. Now if you neglect this great salvation you will perish.

Now we beseech you—and we may well do it—we "as workers together with God beseech you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." Every sermon you hear ought to make you more serious. Does it? Every sermon you hear ought to bring you to Jesus. Does it? Every sermon you hear ought to lead you to a deeper holiness. Does it? If it does not you know that to that extent you are receiving the grace of God in vain. You see the peril it is overhanging every one of us. Do not ever receive the grace of God in vain. Let not the ministry of reconciliation be a vain thing to you. Let not the offer of mercy pass unheeded by you; but while you hear, O receive it! and may God help you and bless you!

HOME RELIGION.

Two Christians met at a crossing on a Monday morning. Both were parents. As was natural, the conversation turned upon the services of the preceding day. The first speaker opened by saying, "We had a sermon from our minister last night on the religious instruction of children. Why didn't you come and hear it?" "Because," said the other, "I was at home doing it!" This reply contains a volume of meaning. There are two types of religion presented to view in our day, which might with some propriety be designated as the in-door and the out-door Christianity. Not that true religion can be found exclusively on either side of the front door, but it too often seems to lack its proper universality of scope and application. In too many cases out-door religion becomes stereotyped as constituting the whole scope of duty. Churches have been formed to represent aggressive Christianity, as it has been called. These churches have been constituted with the idea that success depends entirely upon keeping up an interest and excitement which shall be manifest to all. The quietness of home—the blessedness of rest in the bosom of one's family, and especially of that most heavenly rest, a Sabbath evening at the fire-side—the sowing of good seed within the enclosure of domestic love—the conning over and digesting of the public instructions of the day—in short, all the influence and power which are covered by the term, *home religion*, have been in a measure lost sight of. Church-going has, in some places, become almost a necessity of religion. The Sabbath has been crowded from sunrise till bed-time with such a succession of engagements, that the idea of rest has been utterly sacrificed. Religion has seemed to lose much of its calmness, its permanence, its dignity, and its power as a holy habit.

We need more of home religion. Possibly we could even dispense with some of our "drawing" discourses, and leave parents at home to indulge the rare privilege of thinking, and of holding rational and religious intercourse with their children. It is vastly easier to go to church and hear a popular sermon, than it is to stay at home and pass an hour in the closet. It is far less a trial of one's fidelity as a Christian parent to go to church and to hold how to do his duty, than to stay at home and do it.

This more difficult type of piety we should greatly encourage, believing it the pre-eminent want of the church at the present day. We would greatly increase the number of those Christians who, instead of going abroad to hear about the religious training of their children, prefer to be at home doing it.

THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

BY REV. DR. HUMPHREY.

There is hardly any condition in human life so dependent, and appealing so directly to our sympathies, as that of a widow. We think of what she was in the days of her prosperity, when her husband was her provider and protector; when, by his industry and good management, all her wants were supplied, and she was looking forward to the bright future. But now how changed her countenance, how altered her circumstances! The prop on which she leaned has fallen; her fondest hopes are crushed; her heart is even more desolate than her house. She has friends, perhaps, and they feel for her; but they have families of their own to care for, and there are those around who are ready to take advantage of her dependent condition, instead of helping her. Unused to managing her little property, if any be left her, and to making necessary family purchases, she is easily overreached and cheated, and in such ways that she can get no redress. This is extremely trying, if she has herself alone to provide for.

How much more when, as is not seldom the case, she is left with a family of young children, with very scanty means, or without any property at all. When she thinks of her destitute and almost friendless condition, and dwells upon this alone, it is no wonder that she sinks into despair; and we, when we bury her husband, who was her stay and support, don't see what is to become of her and her children. How are they to be fed, and clothed, and warmed by the labour of her hands? To the eye of sense, there appears to be no refuge short of the poor-house. Such, at least, are not rare cases in the bereavements and struggles of widowhood.

But there is an eye that looks with tender care upon such widows as cast all their cares and burdens upon Him who careth for them. As soon as the husband dies, the bereaved and weeping wife gets a new promise, and her children get a new promise made, and, coming as it does from Him who has all power to protect and provide for them, is worth more than the largest estate, or the most bounteous human patronage.

And what are those great and precious promises to the widows and the orphans, which are more than thousands of gold and silver? Let them listen, let them believe, and then they will have a new song put into their mouths. When ready to faint, let them turn to the Lord. What saith he? "Leave thy fatherless children with me; I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." "Sing unto God, sing praises to his name: that rideth upon the heavens by the name of JAH, and rejoice before him. A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation." Surely here is warrant enough for the highest confidence. "Hath God said, and will he not do it? Hath he spoken, and will he not make it good?"

It is not necessary that the widow, while smarting under the anguish of bereavement, should be able to see how she and her helpless orphans are to be provided for. God has all the resources in

the universe at his command. He will not work miracles to feed and clothe them; but he will remember his covenant, and there are a thousand ways in which he can supply all their needs. Let widows in necessitous circumstances "walk by faith, not by sight." God delights in surprising them with help from unexpected quarters, and with gifts which they had not dared to ask for. In looking back "upon all the way" in which God had led her and her children, many a pious widow can testify that "the barrel of meal was not wasted, nor the cruse of oil failed."

There are no such commentaries upon the promises of God as their fulfillment before our eyes. I wish somebody would collect the facts, and show us how God has dealt with widows and their families. It would require a somewhat extended correspondence with persons of observation who are advanced in life; but I have no doubt the result would surprise almost every body. "I have been young, and now I am old." My sphere of observation has not been very wide, but my attention has been more or less directed to this subject for many years; and as the psalmist testifies that "he had not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his children begging bread," so I can testify that God has wonderfully provided for widows and their families; and I believe that, as a class, no children have been more respectable, and succeeded better in the world than they. You will find them in all the professions, in all the lucrative branches of business, among the most pious and useful members of the churches, and taking the best care of their mothers in the decline of life. I do not say that this holds true in all cases; there are, doubtless, exceptions; but I have no hesitation in saying, that the children of widows who are "in promise indeed," who fear God and trust in his promises, are more likely to shun the temptations of youth, and walk with the wise, and prosper in life, and leave behind them, when they die, that "good name which is better than precious ointment," than the children of the rich. Let the poor, desolate widow, then, lean upon the arm that can never fail, commit her orphans to the care of their heavenly Father, and "train them up in the way they should go," and neither she nor they "shall want any good thing."

RICH POOR, AND POOR RICH.

There was recently published in the "Monitor," a remarkable discourse on the words, "I was envious of the foolish when I saw the prosperity of the wicked." The writer lays down this position, "the condition of the godly poor, even in this world, is far superior to that of the ungodly rich."

THE DOCTRINE UNPOPULAR.

Public sentiment, the writer says, is aware of the doctrine; hence the universal struggle to be rich, and the power and honour that are on all hands ceded to the wealthy. Hence, too, the popular disregard of goodness as goodness, and the almost contempt for it if found in connection with poverty. "Hence, too," he adds, "the current idea of one's fidelity as a Christian parent to go to church and to hold how to do his duty, than to stay at home and do it."

TWO CASES FOR COMPARISON.

One shall be an average rich ungodly man, the other an average poor pious man. The former in this life has everything that heart can wish. He has no need to toil for his livelihood, for he has "much goods laid up for many years." He has no need of anxiety about his family, for they are so well provided for that he can see that his own fortune will raise even his children's to an independent position. Wherever he goes outward respect is shown to him. The best commodities in the market, the chief seat in the church, are for him. The rich court his society, and the poor express themselves honoured by his recognition. But there are no great truths within him, no great spirit lifts him upwards to the unseen, no great hopes beam upon his imagination; "he is without God and without hope in the world;" "of the earth, earthy." The other man, who is godly, is in needy circumstances. He has no store laid up for the future; by the sweat of his brow himself and his family must live. From the dawn of morning till evening's shade he must work or else must starve. As he retires to rest after the exhausting fatigue of the day, he knows that the food, required for himself and his dependents on the morrow, must come from his morrow's toil, or else not come at all. He feels that upon that exhausted strength and those wearied limbs of his hangs the subsistence of those whom nature has twisted around his heart. But he is a godly man. His spirit has been enriched with "the unsearchable riches of Christ." "The Lord is his portion." He is full of "joy and peace in believing." His fare, much though it be, awakens within him an overflow of holy gratitude. He casts all his care upon God, who feels the ravens when they cry. In his toil he has opportunity to show his generous sympathies for the world. Though he owns no inch of land his soul revels in the beauties of the landscape and delights in the God that created all.

No envy, jealousy, pride, or such passions find a place within his peaceful breast. His heart is free as the winds. Now, who will say that this poor godly man has not the best portion in this life, that even on the assumption that there is no futurity, his lot is not to be preferred to that of the ungodly rich man?

DIFFERENT SORTS OF WEALTH.

The writer proceeds to point out the reason of the difference described, namely, that the wealth of the one is in his hand, and that of the other in his heart. All that the supposed rich man has is without him; it has no vital connection with his being. The wealth of the other is that of holy principles, elevating hopes, generous sympathies, lofty aims, and endeared friendships. The one is of contingent value, the other is of absolute worth. All earthly property is but *life laid up*, and all life-laid-up property decreases in value with every passing day. But spiritual wealth has an *absolute* value. In all worlds and in all times it is of equal worth. If anything, it becomes more valuable to the individual man as time rolls on, and eternity approaches. The one is essentially a blessing, the other often a curse. The one is alienable, the other not. How uncertain is worldly wealth! Often it "takes to itself wings and flies away." Fires, storms, revolutions, a legal blunder, may reduce the richest man to a pauper. At death all goes. Not a fraction is carried into eternity. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we shall carry nothing out." On all hands

around us are the mansions where rich men once lived, the lands they called their own; but they are gone. It is not so, my brother, with spiritual wealth. Man carries his principles with him through all circumstances, even into another world. Character is part of himself. "When the brief brawling day of life with its noisy phantasms, paper-crowns, unsungilt is gone; and Divine everlasting night, with her star-diamonds, and with her silences and her verities is come," there will be no wealth in the universe, but the wealth of a God-like character. "Bonds and banks, dailies and dynasties, will have vanished as a whiff of smoke." It is further pointed out that the greatness of the one is in his circumstances, while that of the other is in his soul; and that the happiness of the one is from without, while that of the other is from within.

A GLIMPSE AT THE FUTURE.

Having completed the argument with which he set out, which had reference only to this life, the writer adverts to the future, and concerning the two cases under notice he remarks:—(1) *That the one has no interest in the future, the other has.* The rich sinner feels that the distant future is a terrible and inevitable calamity, and so far from having any interest in it, he banishes all thoughts of it from his mind as unwelcome, distracting intruders. But the pious poor man looks away from the wails of earth to the plenty of heaven, from the level of earth to his home in the skies. He anticipates the hour when the mortal shall be swallowed up in a blessed immortality. (2) *The one has no friend in the future, the other has.* In all the trials of earth, friends are hailed to sympathize and cheer, but in perdition the remorseful sinner will join with Dives in praying that his brothers may not come to him. The pious poor man anticipates the future as the scene of the holiest, the most ennobling, and the tenderest friendships. Saints, angels, Christ, these will mingle with, in uninterrupted, perfect communion. (3) *The one has no joys in the future, the other has.* When the possessions, the wealth, the sensual gratifications, that alone could yield him happiness are gone, of course the sinner will be doomed to a joyless existence. But with the Christian it is otherwise. His capabilities for happiness will increase, his resources will multiply, when he dwells "in the presence of God where there is fulness of joy, and at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—He then closes with the following excellent "lessons for several classes."

A WORD TO GOOD MEN WITH PROPERTY.

Sirs, your situation is one of great mercy and great trust; you have the means of conferring on others innumerable benefits. You have opportunities for improving your own mind that a poor man has not; you ought to be intelligent. You have opportunities for disciplining your heart that a poor man has not; you ought to be models of holy living, of generous bountifulness. You have opportunities for doing good that a poor man has not; you ought to be pre-eminently useful. O that men who have property and profess religion, would render their means subservient to the promotion of truth and righteousness! The wealth of the Church is immense; let it be more usefully laid on her altar, and what a change would soon be manifested in the moral condition of the race.

A WORD TO MEN WHO HAVE PROPERTY, BUT NO RELIGION.

However much you may boast of your wealth, thinking men regard you as poor. However much you may be conscious of your own greatness, there is not a man who can cherish true respect for you, unless you develop some noble trait of character. Many of the best regard you as among the base and degraded. Remember that soon you will be stripped of all the trappings of wealth, all the joys that flow from riches, and you will pass a disembodied spirit, into the great eternity. "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

SELF-DECEPTION.—"The heart is deceitful above all things." Why? Deceptions usually are aimed to impose upon others; but without any purpose or volition of our own, a man's heart imposes on ourselves its possessor. I suppose every observant man has had ample evidence of this.

Many years ago, I was intimate with an individual who, with many admirable qualities, was one who had little of that ruling of one's own spirit, of which the wise man said, that "he was greater than he who taketh a city." After a worldly career for years, he united with the Methodist Church. As I saw little change in his character on the point I have named, I felt it my duty to call his attention to this defect, as one likely to mar his Christian attainments and enjoyments. He contended that I was mistaken, and that his whole feelings were thoroughly changed; that there was no living being that it would not gratify him, as he might have opportunity, to do a favour. "There," added he, "is Dr. P. P. P. I know how I have felt and what I have said about him. He is the greatest enemy I have in the world, and if I could now do him a kindness, nothing would give me greater pleasure. Does that satisfy you?" "No," I replied; "a man of your temperament might feel that he was asserting a superiority over a man he disliked, by doing him a kindness and laying him under obligation. But let us change the case. Would you receive a favour at his hands?" He changed colour, and with an emotion which shook his whole form, answered, "Never—I would die first!" Are there not many of us who need continually to have our spiritual state probed to the quick?—*Geneva Evangelist.*

BUSINESS A DISCIPLINE.—The life of a man of business gives his character a hard trial. Not only does it exercise his sagacity and prudence, but it puts his integrity to the severest test. He is surrounded by the selfishness of trade, he sees men profit by cunning and fraud, and he is tempted to try his skill in artifice and deception. Every day his honesty is tried in some way. He is thrown back upon his inward principles, and if his heart is hollow and deceitful, he will be sure to show it. And that man has reason to thank God, who has gone through a long course of business, through times of wild speculation and general bankruptcy, and goes down to the grave with the never-shaken confidence of being an honest man. He who can see, after making money by false representations, and never stop to those tricks of trade, is fitting his mind for a world in which he will be more at home.

A HOME QUESTION TO THE NON-PROFESSOR.

Spurgeon is certainly one of the most remarkable preachers of the present day. While the influence which he exerts over the vast audiences that attend his preaching, and his success in winning souls to Christ, may be partly attributed to a sweetness and power of voice, and a grace of manner, seldom seen in the pulpit, still his sermons are no ordinary productions. They so successfully combine the doctrinal and practical, are so simple and yet so forcible in expression, and so direct and personal in their appeals, that it is not wonderful that they touch the hearts of the masses, and are widely read and greatly profitable to Christians of every name. There is one feature in them especially, which we have often noticed and admired, namely the skill with which the preacher dissects human nature, and applies the sharp, two-edged sword of scripture truth to the different classes and characters which make up his large congregations. Of this quality we think our readers will discover a striking illustration in the following extract. It is taken from a sermon in the latest series of his discourses, just published by Sheldon of New York, entitled "A Home Question."—The text is that very solemn inquiry which was addressed by the prophet Obed to the Israelites when they proposed to keep in bondage their brethren of Judah and Jerusalem whom they had captured in a successful battle, namely: "Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God?" (2 Chron. xxviii. 10). Under the first head of this discourse, well called in the introduction to it "one of the most pungent and practical" of them all, Spurgeon searchingly applies this "question" to "the moralist, the non-professor, the religiousist, and the non-religiousist." We give, as an example of his peculiarly direct manner, his address to the latter.

"There is a man here who says, 'Well, sir, I make no profession of religion—do not think of doing such a thing. I hate hypocrisy of all things in the world. It is true, sir, I commit a great many faults, and am often very loose, but see my character at once. I never cheat anybody. I would not be a cant, to go up to a place of worship and then go on as some people do afterwards; I would not be taking the sacrament one day and then be grinding the poor on the morrow. No, sir, I am as honest as possible, and I have no doubt that when I stand before Almighty God I shall have as good a time of it as some of these professing Christians.' Well, my friend, I like honesty; but do you know I am inclined to think that there is a little hypocrisy about you. I think you are not quite as honest as you seem to be; for if I were to put some very pointed questions to you, I should not be surprised if you were to get very angry. Have you not heard of the monk who said what a miserable sinner he was, and some one replied, 'Ah, that you are, there is no mistake about it.' Then the monk grew wrathful, and demanded in a passion, 'What do you know against me? I will not be insulted by you.' And probably if I were to take you at your word, and as bid to follow you as you can be, you would say, 'I will not be insulted, even by a minister; go along with you, sir, what do you know about me?' Your honesty is merely worn as a mask. Your conscience is uneasy, and this is a not on the back for it, a sort of lullaby to send it to sleep."

"But suppose you are honest, let me ask you what there is to boast of in your honesty? A man hounds into the prisoners' box before the Court, and says, 'My Lord Mayor here I am as honest a man as can be; I am no hypocrite; I do not plead 'Not guilty'; for I am in the habit of stealing, and committing larceny, felony, highway robbery, and burglary.' Now, is he not an honest man? Yes, with this little exception that by his own confession he is a rogue. So is it with you sir; you say you are honest, and yet on your own confession that very honesty which you plead is but a confession of your own abominable wickedness. And you imagine that when you stand before God if you tell him, 'Lord, I never pretended to love thee, I never pretended to serve thee; God will accept your impudence as honesty—that he will look upon your presumption as sincerity! Why sir, you cannot mean what you say; you must have deceived yourself terribly if you do. Your honesty in avowing yourself to be a slave of Satan! Your effrontery in declaring that you are steeped up to the very throat in sin, is this to be an apology for your sin? Oh man, be wiser. But I put now this question to you. You say that you are no hypocrite, and that you hate hypocrisy. Then I ask, 'Are there not with you, sins against the Lord God? What if you are no hypocrite; yet you are profane, and you curse God to his face; what if you are not a deceiver, yet you are untruthful; what if you are not a deceiver, yet you are a drunkard, and a companion of adulterers? You are there, are you not, in your heart, and loathsome ones, too; your hardened acknowledgment that you are a sinner is of no value; that honesty of which you talk is of no value whatever. Get rid, I beseech you, of any confidence that you may place in it."

"Are there not with you, even with you, sins against the Lord your God? Answer it not for others, but for yourself, my hearer; give a reply, from the depth of thine own consciousness, and sitting in this hall, remember thine own sin, and make the silent confession of sin before God. And O, may he fulfil that promise—'He that confesseth his sin and forsaketh it shall find mercy.'—*Banner of the Covenant.*

A BOW AT A VENTURE.

Nearly two centuries ago two young men were strolling on a Lord's day through the streets of London. One of them, named Henry Barrow, was a barrister of fine talents and good education, but given to reckless dissipation, and by his jovial humor and rare social gifts enticing others into vice. His companion, named Sutton, gave evidence that he had spent the previous night in debauchery, and had not yet recovered from its influence. As they were walking, Barrow, who was suffering keenly from the effects of vice, was practicing about reform. Barrow, whose strong constitution was unimpaired by indulgence, could not resist an inclination to banter his morally comrade. He made sport of his serious words of reproof, asked him if he had turned preacher and taken orders; threatened to complain of him to the church authorities and have him apprehended for heresy; and finally advised him, like Falstaff, to take another bottle of sack, as a potent medicine. While thus using his sharp wit to the great discomfort of the unhappy Sutton, they passed an

open church, from which rang out the voice of an earnest preacher. Barrow stopped to listen. "Let us go in," he said. "What for?" said Sutton; "to hear a man rant?"

"Yes," was the reply, "this man is worth hearing, for he is evidently in earnest. I don't care for the priests who repeat their lessons parrot-like—but a live man is always worth listening to." Sutton would not be persuaded, but went in search of more sack, muttering something about "mad freaks," but Barrow kept to his purpose of hearing the earnest preacher. He heard to some purpose, for this minister was a man of fervid zeal, and by the sharpness of his rebukes against sin, and pungent warnings of the judgment to come, startled Barrow, slumbering conscience. The man of pleasure was sobered, and went from the church to his rooms to think of his ways. The arrow of truth had reached its mark. The prodigal was tortured by the agony of shame and remorse. His days were full of gloomy unrest—his nights were sleepless. At length he could not bear the burden alone, but sought for Christian counsel—went often to the house of God—read diligently the Bible he had scorned, and, like the pardoned prodigal, found in the blood of atonement. The gay, worldling, from that casual attendance on an earnest preacher, became one of the most earnest and useful preachers of his age; an able leader of the Nonconformists, and sealed his testimony by an exultant martyr-death.

LAST WORDS.

Judging by the various recorded utterances of our great men when they lay a-dying, the subjects which occupied their last thoughts were as diverse as those which occupied their lives. Oftentimes the last broken exclamations recorded of our great men contain dim foreshadowings of things to come; as often, however, they are merely expressive of happiness or resignation, or of despair and weariness of life. In other cases, again, we see "the ruling passion strong in death." We find warriors thanking God with their last breath, that they had done their duty; and martyrs, whilst ascending the scaffold, resigning their souls to Heaven, feeling assured that their deeds would live after them, and would be their truest monument to all future time. Occasionally, too, we have men poking jokes at the grimy King of Terrors himself, and passing behind the dark curtain with a jest upon their lips!

Surely, there is something pathetic in those last words of Dr. Adam of Edinburgh, the High School head master:—"It grows dark, boys; you may go." As the shades of death were fast closing around him, the master's thoughts were still with his work; and thus regarding the shades of death as but the waning twilight of the earthly day, he gave the signal of dismissal to his imaginary scholars, and was himself at the same instant "dismissed" from work to his eternal rest! Every one knows that the few last words which General Washington's last words were truly memorable:—"Draw back the curtains," said he, "and let in more light."

General Washington's last words were firm, cool, and reliant as himself. "I am about to die," said he, "and I am not afraid to die." Noble words these! There is something in them which reminds us of Addison's celebrated remark to those around him: "to mark how a Christian could die." Poor Oliver Goldsmith's farewell words are also very plaintive. "Is your mind at ease?" asked his doctor. "No, it is not," was poor Goldsmith's melancholy reply. This was the last sentence he ever uttered, and it is sorrowful, like his life. One of Keats's last utterances is full of a singular pathos and beauty. "I feel," he said on his death-bed—"I feel the flowers growing over my grave." Tasso's last words—"In manus tuas Domine." (Into thy hands, O Lord, do I commit my spirit) are eminently religious. They were uttered by him with extreme difficulty, and immediately afterwards he expired.

That great man and incorrigible joker, Sir Thomas More, perished, it will be recollected, upon the scaffold. Observing as he was ascending the scaffold, that it appeared very weakly, he turned to the lieutenant, and said to him merrily: "I pray you, Mr. Lieutenant, that you see me up; and as for my coming down let me shift for myself." Thus speaking, passed away one of the best and bravest spirits of that age. Surely it was men like him that first won for our land the title of "Merry England." Zwingle, the great German reformer, was killed in battle in the year 1531. His last words were cool and brave. Gazing calmly, and with undaunted courage, at the blood trickling from his death-wounds, he calmly exclaimed:—"What matters this misfortune! They may indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul!"—*English paper.*

DYING RICH.—What an awful thing it is for a Christian to die rich. Imagine the Master auditing the accounts of a servant who left behind him a million! If that poor wretch who had but one talent was cast into outer darkness because he hid it up, instead of using those who, with their half million and millions (while giving, it may be, a few thousands for doleful sake), have, year after year, hoarded up countless treasures which they could never use! Think of the poor saints pinched with cold and hunger! Think of the Redeemer's house languishing for want of that fifty leuca which they held with close-fisted selfishness! Yet listen to their talk! "I am but a steward." "I am not my own." "What a believer in Jesus is my brother or sister." "Every man will condemn me!" The above remarks are equally applicable, in principle, to persons who do not possess such gigantic fortunes.—*Idem.*

COMFORT TO MINISTERS.—Thomas Scott, the commentator, says in a letter to his youngest son, April 23, 1819:—"I would not have you to yield to depression about your public labors. If discouragement leads you to more fervent prayer, and to devise, if you can, more decided means of coming at the heart and conscience; if you take heed of yourself and doctrine, and continue in them, your labour will not be in vain. You may toil all night and take nothing, but after a time you shall have better success. Uniformly, as far as I can see, my usefulness as a preacher has been greatest where my congregations have been small and discouraging, and great depression about my work has preceded success. Wait and pray, and hope."