

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.]

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THE INTELLIGENCER.

HEAVEN.

BY THE REV. JONATHAN WATSON, EDINBURGH.

We make the following beautiful extract from a series of Chapters in the current numbers of the Baptist Magazine. (London.) [Ed. Int.]

I. Heaven is a place, a region, somewhere in God's vast empire, where he displays his glory—the centre of the universe where he issues out the high mandates of his sovereign will and pleasure. It must be so, for the glorified body of our Lord is there; Enoch, Elias, and the saints who arose at Jerusalem after his resurrection, are all around his throne in their glorified bodies. It is revealed to us as *paradise*, which we take to be, after the typical garden, a region where all the faculties of the immortal guests are met with amplitude of enjoyment suited to their nature. It is a city, which gives the idea of populousness, government, order, business; the idea also of loving, improving intercourse among the citizens. It is a temple, which gathers its worshippers out of all nations for the presentation of spiritual, refined, harmonious devotion. God is seen without a veil, and is worshipped without the intervention of mediation, without weariness, and time without end, for ever even for ever. It is a church, composed of the perfectly holy and good, their heads, Jesus Christ the Lord; and, although numerous as the stars of the firmament, they have one heart and one way; their joy is ecstatic, their love unbounded. Prayer is turned into praise, hope into fruition, periodical feast days into an eternal banquet of inexhaustible pleasure. One minister, Christ; one song, "Worthy the Lamb;" one fixed, determined, unalterable purpose of all hearts to "crowd him Lord of all." It is a river and a tree of life, which suggests the idea of perpetuity of bliss—the tree is ever in fruit, the river ever flows. It is a Father's house, which has many mansions, and can never be overfilled, giving the thought of diverse positions of lesser and greater magnificence; the home of the society whence no one departs, the final rest of all the weaned children of grace returned from their toils and their dispersions. It is a kingdom, where the Lord God "reigns before his ancient glory."

Now, keeping in our eye these epithets applied by Divine revelation itself, be it remembered, that if we draw out an illustration of terms which, in the very nature of things, must afford a true representation of matters in that happy land—Heaven is a paradise—the paradise of God. We are right in concluding that the earthly paradise have been the seat of exquisite enjoyment. We are told, "The Lord God out of the East, to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; and a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and there was all the diversified fruits of beauty in plants, flowers, and trees, which have since then disclosed themselves in every portion of the globe in their virgin purity, unblasted and unwithered by the curse which had not yet fallen to blight their original loveliness. The vegetable world then afforded all that could gratify the uncorrupted senses of human nature; the choicest entertainment was prepared by a bountiful God for all the innocent appetites which he had given to our race. Now, this paradise, which has been the seat of the heavenly, must not be the type of the expectations which its type has awakened? True, indeed, we do not know what is the nature of the faculties and appetites of the spiritual bodies we shall inhabit; but this we do know, that analogous to the pleasure we have in natural scenery now, will be the delight we shall have in celestial scenery then; that every taste and every desire will be met by corresponding objects of gratification, and that as the senses of the body were charmed with the scenery of Eden, even so will the faculties of the soul luxuriate in spiritual delights within the paradise of God. Again, heaven is a city. Its foundations of sapphire, its gates of pearl, and its streets of gold, oblige us to conceive of a thought that the future residence of the saved will display the richest munificence of the eternal God, throwing into the shade and out of mind the tinsel glory of earth's most magnificent scenes. There will be populousness beyond all calculation, and plenty room for the formation of blest associations, and abundance of time for maturing and carrying up to the highest degree of improvement all the splendid endowments bestowed upon them. Friendship among the citizens will be pure, and true, and permanent. No coldness, no collisions; no estrangement can ever creep in among those who are perfect in love, perfect in holiness. Idleness, the bane of happiness, cannot be there; therefore, will their exalted natures be ever occupied in pursuits congenial with their spiritual tastes. We dare not particularize; but this we are able to affirm, that scope will be found for the employment of the countless multitudes that congregate there—employment without weariness to their powers, consequently without relaxation. "There shall be no night there."

Heaven is a temple; and again, "I saw a temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty is the temple of it." How do we reconcile these two avowments? Thus, as in earthly structures (as the Temple of Jerusalem) the eye would be filled with admiration of those lofty columns which adorned the place, and reflected honour on the architect, so, in the presence of the throne, will the saved appear, monuments of mere mercy and grace, beautified and ornamented by the divine skill of Jehovah, worshipping in the beauties of holiness, and proclaiming to principalities and powers in the heavenly places the unmatchable and love which could transform creatures broken and ruined by sin into beings shining with the sons of light in moral excellence and worth.

Heaven is a church—the church of the first-born, written in heaven. The attributes proper to such a body here, are carried up to the highest perfection there. Sinless perfection is there. The virgins and obsequies of character which disgraced them in a vale of tears are all expunged; the virtues which lacked strength and consistency below are all brought out above in full-blown radiance and grace. Sorrows, lowly things there to each other, it is as the element in which they live and breathe. Their unity, a quality which was long coveted and long prayed for in this world, and which was attempted to be effected by many an honest effort, but without success, is perfect at last. But the glory of the Church is her glorious

Head, and there he is ever among them; not as now, by invisible influences shed on their hearts, but among them visibly, never veiled, never withdrawn. "They shall see his face, his name shall be in their foreheads." The Lamb in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them to living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." There is a Church triumphant, as we speak; triumphant over all her enemies, victor over sin, death, and hell, beyond the reach of all possible evil and every possible change for ever, even for ever and ever.

Heaven is a Father's house of many mansions. A father's house is the rendezvous and natural abode of all his children. They may go forth over the world, and be scattered to the farthest distances from each other, still they look back from their dispersions with weeping, longing eyes. The bygone days of their youthful happiness there are yet remembered; they are the things which memory most of all delights to treasure up and record, and they flatter themselves with the hope of one day meeting again under the parental roof, to record the events of their separate history, and once more to gladden the hearts of venerable age with details of marvellous successes or marvellous escapes. The expression has become a household word, "no place like home." Of all the figures by which heaven is held up to our view in the Scriptures this is the most engaging and probably it comes nearest to the idea of the antitype of any that is employed. Here, in the heavenly home, assemble the redeemed family of all ages, and from all parts of the wide world. What recognition must be there, what congratulations; friendships broken off by death renewed in bands of everlasting unity and love; what revelations of Divine wisdom there; what clearing up of profound mysteries which hung over their clearest history in the present world; what disclosures of the heart of God the Father, the love of the Spirit, and of the Son, in all the misfortunes that overtook, in all the successes which crowned their weary pilgrimage; and, oh! what revelations of the Universal Father will surprise and delight the hearts of the vast family, as through eternal ages deeper and broader views will be afforded of his love in the past, and his purposes with them in the interminable future!

"Many mansions" may indicate the diversity of talent and position; for, undoubtedly the same mental differences that exist here will exist for ever. The idea of uniformity of capacity and enjoyment is absurd, "for as one star differeth from another" in the nocturnal sky in magnitude and brilliance, even so it will be in the highest heaven. Mansions larger and smaller distinguish most families, so it is above; but, whatever their capacities may be, all will be full alike of God and happiness.

Heaven is a kingdom, which presents us with ideas of regal grandeur—in palace, attendants, extended domains, judicial administration; settled, peaceful, and enduring empire. The "palace of the great King" has never been seen with eyes of flesh. How, then, shall mortal pens delineate his august abode? Thus much we may, conclude, that the Maker of all this natural magnificence of worlds on worlds, that nightly hang out their glories to our wondering sight, whose number, and magnitude, and distances, and regularity of motion and unvarying brightness, strike the beholder with profound awe, that He, we say, must have erected for himself, and for the sensible manifestation of his own personal presence, "mansions" (we had best employ our Lord's own word) mansions, corresponding in glory and beauty to his own peerless majesty. What, then, must be the magnificence of those courts where Jehovah of Hosts and the Lamb, whose resources are boundless as infinitude, display the glories of the indivisible unity of the eternal Godhead!

Ten thousand thousands stand before him, and ten thousand times ten thousand minister unto him. The bright orders of cherubim, and seraphim, of angels and burning in the flames of love, clothed in light, and burning in the flames of love, wait around that lofty throne, "high and lifted up," all inspired with the same burning desire of worship and obedience, and ever ready to be set on lightning wing, with the behests of their high and mighty Lord, to all parts of his boundless dominions. There the governmental affairs of the universe are transacted; there, amid the blaze of glorious beings—well designated "gods," for their strength, their capacities, their knowledge, and their holiness; no counsel is held with the finite, how illustrious soever they be, that is in the persons of angels and seraphim; all around, below, or above, are but the servants of our Lord, the administrators of commands originated in Divine wisdom, and to be executed in love, for the well-being of all the creatures and things which he has made for his own glory and praise.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

The Rev. John Newton says in a letter to a brother clergyman: "I look upon prayer meetings as the most profitable exercises—excepting the public preaching, in which Christians can engage; they have a direct tendency to kill worldly trifling spirit, to draw down a divine blessing upon all our concerns, compose differences, exultation—at least to maintain—the flame of divine love among brethren. But I need not tell you the advantages; you know them; I only would exhort, that the principal cause of my own weakness and unfruitfulness is owing to an unaccountable backwardness to pray. I can write, or read, or converse, or hear with a ready will; but prayer is more inward and spiritual than any of these; and the more spiritual any duty is, the more my carnal heart is apt to start from it."

REPROVE NOT WITH ANGER.—Be ever gentle with the children God has given to you; watch them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "He that is bitter against them." Yes, they are a bitter people; but I can tell you, "I have not to them pretty much, but I do not like to beat my children; the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthy and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness fade, a cold world frown on them; but, and, all let memory call them back to a home where a law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving was moistened with a tear, and the father's "more in sorrow than in anger."

NEW TESTAMENT PICTURE BOOK.

PICTURE FIRST.—MATT. II.

The canvass unrolls, and displays a beautiful landscape—a deep valley, bounded by a long chain of grey hills, on the ridge of which lies a pretty straggling village, extending from east to west.

On the road leading from the valley up to the village, are some travellers. 'Tis to them we must turn our attention. There are seven of them, dressed in the flowing robe and bright colours of the East. They seem conversing earnestly; and the eyes of the whole party are fixed on some object in the sky. 'Tis evening; the sun has set, and already the stars are studiously, like bright sparkling gems, the deep, clear blue sky; but it is on yonder dazzling star that the eyes of the travellers seem riveted. It is shining right above a lowly dwelling, in the village towards which they seem bending their steps. Who are they? and what is there remarkable about the star that fixes their attention?

They are the wise men from the East, of whom we read in the second chapter of St. Matthew. In their own country (whether Persia or Arabia) they have heard the report of the birth of a Child, who was to be King of the Jews; and, seeing a marvellous meteor in the skies, which, it was revealed to them, would guide them to the place where the young child lay, they had followed it to Jerusalem, where Herod, who was then king, hearing with what purpose they had come, was exceeding wrath, and gathering all the priests and scribes together, demanded of them where the Christ should be born; and learning that, according to the prophet Micah, He was to be born in the little village of Bethlehem, he told the wise men to go there, and be sure to return and tell him where the child was to be found, purposing to send and destroy Him. The wise men saw; and, to their great joy, the star once more moved on, until, as we see in the picture, it stood over the place where the young child lay.

When the travellers entered the lowly dwelling, they perceived it was a manger; and there, with cattle around Him, calmly pilloved on His mother's breast, lay the God-child Jesus! God, and yet man.

Little children, stop and think for what He had left the glory which He possessed as the Son of God, before whom angels and archangels covered their faces with their wings, and fell down, saying, "Holy, holy!" It was to come into this world, taking upon Him our nature, suffer pain and sorrow, and, in our stead, die upon the cross, "that we through Him might have life." Oh, was it not wonderful love? Can you turn a deaf ear to His entreaty, "Look unto Me, and be saved?" Ah! no! go to Him, and pray Him to save you, to make you one of His children, and teach you to live to His glory.

The wise men, when they saw the child, fell down before Him, and worshipped Him, and presented unto Him gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh; but when they had retired from the manger, and had sought repose, they were told by God in a dream not to return to Herod, but to depart into their own country by another way. When Herod saw that the wise men did not return to him as he had commanded, his anger was unbounded; and he gave the wicked order, that all the little children in Bethlehem and the coasts thereof should be put to death, in hopes that, by so doing, the Messiah—who, he imagined, was to be made King of the Jews—would be killed amongst them.

Wicked Herod! many an innocent babe did he cause to be put to death; and many a mother did he cause to weep, as only a mother can weep, o'er a little one torn from her bosom and put to a cruel death! But he touched not the Holy One of God. No; such was not the death Christ had come into the world to suffer; and ere Herod's cruel order had gone forth, the angel of the Lord had appeared unto Joseph, the husband of Mary, desiring him to take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and remain there till he brought him word. Joseph instantly obeyed; and taking Mary and the young child, fled to Egypt, and remained there until the death of Herod, when the angel of the Lord again appeared to him, and desired him to return to the land of Israel.

So, once more taking the young child and His mother, he returned to the land of Israel; but hearing that Archelaus, the son of Herod, was made King of Judaea, which is the part of Palestine in which Bethlehem is situated, Joseph resolved not to return to that town, but to go to the more northern part of Galilee, where he thought the young child would be more secure; and there, in the beautiful retired village of Nazareth, encompassed by high hills, covered with woods, long dense grass, and the most beautiful coloured flowers, far removed from the noise and turmoil of the busy world, did the child Jesus pass the years of His childish life.

Little children, is it not a pleasant thing to think that Jesus was once a child on the earth? True, He was without sin; but still He felt a child's sorrows and experienced a child's joys; and now, at God's right hand, seated on a throne of glory, He remembers those things, and invites you to come to Him as your Friend, to whom you may tell all your sorrows, yes, and all your joys too. I heard lately of a little girl, who had been brought to love Jesus herself, urging her companions to come to Him in words such as these: "Oh! seek Jesus," she said, "for Jesus is seeking you. He is waiting for you to come to Him; go, and you will be welcome! You will find Him, if you only seek. I have found Him, or rather, He has found me. Oh! how sweet it is to have Him for a friend! Oh! go to Him; don't be afraid; for He has said, 'He that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

And that is just the lesson I would like this picture to teach you. You surely cannot be afraid to go to Him who lay as a little babe in His mother's arms! May the Holy Spirit teach you to know Him both as your Friend and your Saviour!

GOING HOME.

Yes, we are going home. If heaven is home, we are going there. If hell is home, we shall reach it soon. Friends have gone; every year, every month, every week, they bid us adieu, and pass the way-marks rapidly; we have passed many already; signs of our forward march, the end multiplying; pains, weakness, hurried checks, gray hairs, hectic fever, myriad signs of mortality, all whisper, "The end is near." We fade as a leaf; all flesh is

grass; as the flower of the field we droop; life passes like the weaver's shuttle; home is just before us.

But where is our home? Have we settled that question? Have we earnestly investigated, sought to know whither we go? Many care little for this. Trifles fill the mind; they seldom think of the future; and when they do, they quickly turn from it. Sometimes they are startled by the fact, that they are being pushed along to eternity, that they must go somewhere, but they relapse again to carelessness. Are they not insane? Has not some strange delusion seized their souls? What fatal opiate has stupefied their powers? Bound to eternity, their endless weal at stake, bliss or woe their doom forever, and yet insensible! Was there ever delusion like this? Will it hold these souls fast under its fatal charm till all hope has fled, till the day of grace is gone, and redemption is impossible? They are asleep, and yet they are going home; they know not, and care not, where or what that home is, but to it they roll on in the rapid train of mortality. When they reach their home, how surprise, and fear and regret, and woe will overwhelm them! What they trifle with here, will then be found of infinite importance; what they made no effort to avoid, they will find to be utter disaster and wretchedness; what they might have secured, they will perceive to be worth more than continents of gold!

Have we a good home before us? Is it the home that Jesus has purchased and prepared for us? Then we may bid the wheels of time roll swiftly on, for our home is bliss. We are pilgrims here; no rest can here be found; sorrows, tears, pain, sin, are ever troublesome; but there no sin can come, no grief, no pain, no want unsupplied, no hope repelled, no hearts bereaved. A holy home, a happy home a home of love, and life, and bliss. If now in Christ, we shall soon be in this blessed home.

Do we regret then that we are going home? Would we live here always? Do we ask to linger upon these mortal shores? There are ties, attractive ties, when we have once seen and caught the spirit of the home above, worlds would tempt us to return. How soon we shall arrive at our destined home! A few more trials, a few more days of earthly care, and then we pass. Are we ready? Are our lamps trimmed and burning? Have we on the wedding garment? Would the voice of the Bridegroom be welcome to-day?

WHAT WILL YOU SAY?

"What will you say when he shall punish thee?" Jer. 3:21.

God has assured us in his own word that sin shall not go unpunished. Were it otherwise, law could not be vindicated, and heaven could not stand. And they who think differently have either too low a conception of the character of God, or no true conception of their own sinfulness. And now, this being the case, "what wilt thou say when he shall punish thee?"

1. Will you say you thought God too good to punish you? That would be simply to say that God is too good to be just. If he is not too good to punish in this world, what assurance have you to conclude that he is too good to look upon sin with any degree of allowance.

2. Will you say you were without conviction? That is to say you never felt it wrong to sin; that it was right to disregard the claims of God. If the best men have been convinced of sin, where are you to be found? And will you say you were never convinced that you were a sinner sufficient enough to feel the need of a Saviour?

3. Will you say you could not repent? That would be to tell God how well you loved sin, or that you were so wicked as to have no desire to be better. It would be to tell him how set is the heart against God.

4. Will you say you could not come to Jesus? How will this sound in the ear of him who all your lifetime has been saying, "Come unto me," and, "He that cometh to me, will in no wise cast out?"

5. Will you say you did not know the way?—and that, when the Bible and Christian experiences, and churches, and Sabbaths, have brought the kingdom of God nigh unto you, and all of your complaints will be resolved into this, "ye would not come unto me that ye might have life."

What will you say? If unrepentant and unforgiven you will say, "Rocks and mountains, fall on us, to hide us from the presence of the Lord." Let us inquire rather, What will you say to the mercy call? Say, "God, be merciful to a sinner!" and be reconciled to God through Jesus Christ, our adorable Mediator.—Tract Journal.

GOD'S STEWARDS.

How little joy the avaricious and miserly soul has over all his possessions. What constant anxiety lest the moth should corrupt, the fire destroy, or the thief break through and steal them. How different from the peaceful trust of the man who holds all his good things as the Lord's steward; who rejoices in even his smallest gifts, and delights to share them with his fellows; who is not over-anxious about their security, but, after proper care on his own part, leaves all in God's hands, feeling that he knows best what portion is good for him here.

When the Lord sweeps away by a stroke, as he often does, the hoarded treasures which have been withheld from every good work, which have all been idle coins—buying no food or clothing or shelter, feeding no starving souls with the bread of life, and rejoicing no sorrowing hearts with the word of comfort, anguish seizes the soul of the possessor! One who witnessed the agony of a miser, whose house was burning down with all it contained, described it as most terrible to look upon. He begged the by-standers to kill him, and made frantic efforts to rush into the midst of the flames to rescue his idols from the common ruin. How different from the composure of that generous-hearted man, who could look on his choice library, more valued than gold to him, as it mouldered to ashes, and exclaimed fervently to "Thank God it is not the dwelling of some poor man!"

If any one would fully enjoy what he possesses, he must first of all learn to regard it as God's property. He must give largely to promote his glory, and to do good to his poor, and large returns will flow into his bosom. Such insurance is safer than any company in the world can furnish. No title-deeds can secure your inheritance like those which God gives. It is the only way too, in which you can send on your

possessions before you to the country you are bound for. "Lay up your treasure in heaven," by expending it in bringing perishing souls there—and in acts of love to Christ, through "these little ones," so dear to him; and, where your treasure is, there will your soul dwell forever.

A SINGULAR CONTRAST.

The Episcopal Bishops of the Confederate States have issued a Pastoral Letter to the ministers of their communion. We subjoin two extracts from it. The first breathes the true Christian spirit of brotherly love and fellowship; the second shows how the spirit of Christianity may be perverted by our circumstances and prejudices:

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

"Christ has founded his Church upon love—for God is love. It is the highest of all Christian grace. 'And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity.' Charity! not mere almsgiving, which is only one of its manifestations, but love! Christian love! As Christ our Lord loved the world so divinely that he was satisfied to suffer all things for its redemption, so does he command us to love one another, and to be ready to do all things for each other's salvation. This was his new commandment: 'A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another.' And this is truly not only the new commandment, but the summary of all the commandments. The whole Gospel is redolent with it, with a broad, comprehensive, all-embracing love, appointed, like Aaron's rod, to swallow up all the other Christian graces, and to manifest the spiritual glory of God in Christ. A Church without love! What could you augur of a Church of God without faith, or a Church of Christ without hope? But love is a higher grace than either faith or hope, and its absence from a Church is just the absence of the very life-blood from the body.

"Our first duty, therefore, as the children of God, is to send forth from this Council our greetings of love to the Churches of God all the world over. We greet them in Christ, and rejoice that they are partakers with us of all the grace that is treasured up in him. We lay down to-day before the altar of the Crucified, all our burdens of sin, and offer our prayers for the Church militant upon earth. Whatever may be their aspect towards us politically, we cannot forget that they rejoice with us 'in the one Lord, the one faith, the one baptism, the one God and Father of all,' and we wish them God speed in all the sacred ministries of the Church. Nothing but love is consonant with the exhibition of Christ's love, which is manifested in his Church, and any note of man's bitterness, except against sin, would be a sound of discord mingling with the sweet harmonies of earth and heaven. We rejoice in this golden chord, which binds us together in Christ our Redeemer, and like the ladder which Jacob saw in vision, with angels of God ascending and descending upon it, may it ever be the channel along which shall flash the Christian greetings of the children of God."

"Now read what these same men say in this same pastoral letter, relative to the slave institution. What a sad perversion of Christian duty!

DUTY TO THE SLAVE.

"The time has come when the Church should press more urgently than she has hitherto done upon her laity, the solemn fact that the slaves of the South are not merely so much property, but are a sacred trust committed to us, as a people, to be prepared for their work which God may have for them to do in the future. While under this tutelage he freely gives to us his labor, but expects us to give back to him that religious and moral instruction which is to elevate them in the scale of being. And while inculcating this truth, the Church must offer more freely her ministrations for their benefit and improvement. Her laity must set the example of readiness to fulfil their duty towards these people, and her clergy must strip themselves of pride, and fastidiousness, and indolence, and rush with the zeal of martyrs to this labor of love. The teachings of the Church are those which best suit a people passing from ignorance to civilization; because, while it represses all fanaticism, it fastens upon the memory the great facts of our religion, and through its objective worship attracts and enchains them. So far from relaxing, in their case, the forms of the Church, good will be permanently done to them just in proportion as we teach them through their senses and their affections. If subjected to the teaching of a bald spiritualism, they will find food for their senses and their child-like fancies in superstitious observances of their own, leading too often to crime and licentiousness.

It is likewise the duty of the Church to press upon the masters of the country their obligations, as Christian men, so to arrange this institution as not to necessitate the violation of those sacred relations which God has created, and which man cannot consistently with Christian duty, annul. The systems of labor which prevail in Europe, and which are, in many respects, more severe than ours, are so arranged as to prevent all necessity for the separation of parents and children, and of husbands and wives; and a very little care upon our part would rid the system upon which we are about to plant our national life of these un-Christian features. It belongs especially to the Episcopal Church to urge a proper teaching upon this subject; for in her fold and in her congregations are found a very large proportion of the great slaveholders of the country. We rejoice to be enabled to say that public sentiment is rapidly becoming sound upon this subject, and that the Legislatures of several of the Confederate States have already taken steps towards this consummation. Hitherto have we been hindered by the pressure of abolitionism; now that we have thrown off from us that hateful and infidel pestilence, we should prove to the world that we are faithful to our trust, and the Church should lead the hosts of the Lord in this work of justice and of mercy."

THE MINISTRIES OF ROCKS.—Be thou, O Lord, within me, to strengthen me; without me, to watch me; over me, to cover me; under me, to hold me up; before me, to lead me; behind me, to bring me back; round about me, to keep off mine enemies on every side.—Bishop Anderson.

THE WANDERER.

The Rev Dr Tyng, in one of his letters gives the following sad instance of rejected grace:—

Among the many illustrations of a strange and needless wandering from God, one rises before me as I write. I knew him from his earliest childhood. Never was youth nursed and taught in purer or more lovely scenes of domestic piety. Dignity and beauty, personal and moral, were the ruling attributes of his parental home. Everything was there, in holiness, in happiness, in kindness, in provisions of active love, which can make an earthly home to recall man's Eden to his mind again. Sin, in its more painful manifestations, was unknown around him in this calm home from which he went.

But he went abroad from his father's home, unchanged in heart, and unimpaired for an active choice of virtue. He renounced his venerable father's faith, and became an infidel. He laughed at the anxiety of his mother's heart in the coldest ingratitude. He wandered off in a life of selfishness and hatred. His awakened conscience made him miserable. His unhappiness made him hostile to all.

Wearied of his native land, he rushed abroad. In one of the West India Islands he was secretly assassinated, and left for dead. He strangely recovered, and returned to his own land in a lingering consumption. Then, sure, I thought, a saving influence might be found and felt. But nothing ever appeared of encouragement or hopefulness in his mind. His whole feeling was bitterness and hostility. His early home awakened the saddest associations, as in solitude its scenes occurred to his mind. In vain I tried to use his memory as an instrument of blessing. He would hear nothing of the world to come; nothing of the Divine salvation for his soul; nothing of the religious teachings with which we were together familiar in his youth. Memory was misery; and he had no hope, save in the constant assertion that "he had never injured any one, and God could not be so unjust as to reject him."

Ah! what sad recollections does the story recall to me! Restless and uneasy, he would travel; for he could not be still. And when at last he was carried into a public conveyance for a journey which he would undertake, though perfectly unable, in that very conveyance he breathed his last, without a sign of penitence or peace. Ah, from what a home he wandered! What privileges he rejected! What sad responsibilities he assumed! And yet there was little peculiar in his case. Thousands probably could match it in every leading particular; thousands look back upon a similar starting point over a similar career. And the blessings of the father's house forsaken, add condemnation to their conscious guilt, and fearful self-reproach to their unnecessary rebellion.

A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

We insert in a prominent place the following just and able appeal from a Western religious journal, and commend it to the attention of our friends and patrons:—

A family without a religious newspaper, is a paradox in the religious world. The head of a household that fails, if he is able, to furnish his family with the religious press, has only to advance one degree in dereliction of duty, to be willing to banish from his house the word of God, or to forsake the sanctuary. There is no expenditure of money that will be more productive of good than that which secures a religious journal.

Our paper should be introduced into ten thousand families that take no religious paper. Its weekly visits would make them better citizens, better Christians, better parents, children, husbands, wives—better people in all their relations. These ten thousand families have all they need of food and raiment; they are well sheltered; they have the necessities, and, to a great extent, the luxuries of life. They are able to take a religious paper and pay for it.

It is generally conceded that a religious newspaper, next to the ministry, is the most important and efficient instrumentality that can be employed, in promoting knowledge and piety among the people. Such being the case, it is the duty of every minister to use diligent endeavors to introduce the religious press into every family of his charge.

The families who read such papers will be more punctual in attending public worship, and every lesson taught in the pulpit will be repeated in the press. The pastor and the editor are true yoke-fellows.

There are many who regret that they do so little good in the world. Permit us to make the suggestion, that whoever is the means of introducing a good religious newspaper into a family, has done more for the spiritual and eternal welfare of that family than can be easily estimated. He has secured the best weekly tract distribution to the members of the household, and the working of holy influences there, the magnitude of which eternity only can unfold.

May we not expect the Christian people of our Church to avail themselves of this method of usefulness?

POWER OF PRAYER.—If we know that an individual holds communion with God, that fact tends to give us confidence in him. Something within us tells us that the praying person is one who will not injure us, and one whom we may safely trust. It was upon this principle that a friend who was travelling, and who was overtaken by nightfall in a lonely and dangerous place, confessed that he was relieved of his fears of being assassinated when the owner of the cabin where he had taken shelter led the family in prayer before retiring to rest. The infidel slept soundly after such a manifestation of Christianity. A cabin roofed and walled by prayer could not be an unsafe place he thought. We have another incident illustrating the same point. In exercising hospitality to a clergyman who arrived at a dwelling late in the evening, the heads of the house sat up and waited for him. Their little daughter, three years of age, was asleep in the crib, and they concluded not to disturb her. Quite early in the morning she awoke, and looking toward the bed usually occupied by her parents saw a stranger there. "At first she was startled, and covered her head with the counterpane. Soon, however, she peeped out and said, 'Man, do you pray to God?' 'Yes,' was the answer; 'I love God, and pray to him every day.' This satisfied the little inquirer; she smiled, turned over, and dropped asleep.