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Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor]

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(Concluded.)

Read by Abbie McLeod

men will not stop their worldly business, travelling, and amusements, till they have been told that the Lord speaks to them from heaven, the cases of the world, the destituteness of riches, and the pride of life, will choke these means, and render them unfruitful. Such men do not avail themselves of the institution which God has appointed to give efficacy to moral instruction, and which he bestows by his Spirit for that purpose. On the other hand, men who keep the Sabbath feel its benign efficacy. Even the *external* observance of it, is, to a great extent, connected with external morality ; while its *internal*, as well as external observance will promote *purity of heart and life*.

"The stamps of death are coming fast,
My father, o'er my brow !
The past, with all its agonies has fled,
And I must turn me now
To that dim future which in vain
My eyes seek to descry ?
Tell me, my father, in this hour,
In whose belief to die,

"In thine ? I've watched the scornful smile,
And heard thy withering tone,
Whence'er the Christian's humble hope
Was placed above thine own ?
I've heard thee speak of coming death,
Without a shudder start,
And laugh at all the childish fears,
That cluster round the tomb,

"Or is it in my mother's faith ?
How fondly do I trace,
Through many a weary long year past
That calm and saintly face ?
How often do I call to mind
Now she's beneath the sod,
The place, the hour, in which she drew

Recited by Abbie McLeod.

A.—And jumped right up and down and saw him ever so many times. I guess he knew I was watching him.

E.—Well, for my part, I thought what

in loving Him, to turn away from our in-
joys. With a heart full of peace and love
will find all our pleasures increased a hundred
Let us love Him then, give our hearts to Him
we will find, even in this world, "that our
may be full."

They are not skilful. They seldom take pains

Taking me in her arms, she said, "Some call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to obey it, then it will speak clearer, and guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear to it, then it will fade out little by little and leave you in the dark, without a guide."

Said a dying Christian, "I don't know the way to get to heaven, the heaven of my belief."

was not, however, the language of unbelief. A dark cloud had cast its shadow over her mind, and the clear light was for a moment obscured. But the sun still shone as clearly as ever; and when the shadow had passed away, the sky was cloudless and serene, and in her bosom there was peace.

The Savior spoke to her, and his words were, "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" and it was enough, she needed no more. In early life she had chosen Jesus for her portion, and though not in the youth of womanhood, yet, by trial and suffering, her faith had been strengthened by renewed evidence that He whom she trusted would never forsake her. The voice of the Good Shepherd was heard; she knew it, for she was one of his sheep, and he called his own by name. Now her eyes are closed in death. Her body rests in the tomb, and her spirit, washed, purified, and sanctified, by the blood of Christ, is with the redeemed in glory.

There is a way to heaven. This way is made known in the gospel. Jesus is the way, the way, the way. By him we have access to the mercy of God. By him we are presented to the Father. By him the advocate, our cause is pleaded before the court of heaven. By him, as our surety, we are delivered from the condemnation of the law. By him, as our high priest and sacrifice, atonement is made for sin. And by him, as our Redeemer, we are made to sit in heavenly places, and obtain the title to the joys of heaven.

To *know* *Jesus* is to *know* the *way*. Though it might be dark, if he be not our guide, we cannot stray. Ever faithful and kind, he will supply our need. Let us, then, ever cling to him. The voyager upon the trackless sea may be ignorant of his position, and of the course which he is pursuing, but he fears not. **His** confidence in his navigator is his hope, and it saithfully. Thus in the voyage of life, let faith in the Saviour ever keep us calm, and as the shores recede from view, and we feel ourselves in the open sea, let us be "followers" of them who, through faith and patience, inherit promises, ever looking to Jesus the author

the finisher of our faith." *In his name, he is also the signifier of the self-satisfaction of the religious man, who is also someone given by us, and who is also the one who is not given by us, and who is not really "don't know the way."* They are good, but never find it, for they seek it not to be found. They find what they term "the light of reason, while they discard "the true light." When we are brought to the gates of death, they know the way, not on account of the weakness of our vision, but through the darkness of the natural mind, which understandeth not the things of Spirit of God. They grope their way, but they fall from God, and away from heaven. They are the "good men," who are "called to destruction."

The Saviour calls, "I am the way," and he is the voice, and those that good part which is never be taken from us.

A great scholar in Germany, who was anxious to find the right way to heaven, but for all learning could not succeed, went one day to church. On his way he met a poor old man whom he wished "Good morning." The poor man thanked him, but added, he did not exactly remember having a bad one.

"Well, then, I wish you much luck,"
"I thank you, sir; but to tell the truth, I
yet have had bad luck."
The scholar did not know what to make of
man, so he requested him to explain his mean-
"With pleasure," said the poor man. "I
never yet had a sorrowful morning; for I
hungry, I praise God; if I am cold, I praise
if it rain or snow, thunder or lightning—"

weather be what it may, I praise God; and always joyful. And I have never had a bad day. I resign myself to my dear Lord and Saviour, am sure he does nothing wrong. What he permits whether sweet or sour, joy or grief, I know is for the best, and accept it with thanks and 'All things work together for good to them who love God.'¹⁶

"Thrust me into hell? that he will never answer the poor man; but if he should, I two arms—the arm of *faith* and the arm of *love*—with them I would grasp him and hold him so that he must go with me; and where *my* and *my* God is, there is *my* heaven."—*Amie*

What is CONSCIENCE?—When a little
my father sent me from the field home. A sp
tortoise in shallow water caught my attention
I lifted my stick to strike it, when a voice w
me said "It is wrong." I stood with up
stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till the
toise vanished from my sight.

Taking me in her arms, she said, "Some call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to obey it, then it will speak clearer, and a guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear to it, then it will fade out little by little and leave you in the dark, without a guide."