

# 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. 3.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1863.

Whole No. 471.

## THE INTELLIGENCER.

### DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity carries its own evidence. "The works that I do," said Christ, "bear witness of Me that the Father hath sent Me." If you doubt the fragrance of the rose of Sharon, approach it. If you doubt the loveliness of the lily of the valley, examine it. Before rejecting Christianity as a myth, study the life and teaching of Christ. Before classing Christianity with human systems, cast your eye over Christendom and compare it with the rest of the world.

Christianity is to other systems what a crown of pure gold is to a wreath of thorns. The one is beautiful and fit for a queen, the other is so bad you would not offer it to a beggar. Christianity is like the sun, it gives everything its beams touch. Mark the beauty it gives to the character of those mentioned. See how these Christian loved one another. Churlish Nabal and the many of his creed would have said, "Who is David, &c.? Shall I take my bread and my water and my flesh that I have killed for my shepherds, and give it to men whom I know not whence they be?" 1 Sam. xxi. Foolish Nabal! Ten days from the time he made that selfish speech his soul was required of him. And the man who would not feed his needy fellow creatures because the food of worms.

A warm, loving Christian in this cold world is like a hot spring in Greenland's frozen land. It certainly does not borrow its heat from the surrounding atmosphere. You must go far down below the surface, if you would know the source of its warmth. When you return we expect you to say with Paul, "Oh! the depth." (Rom. xii. 3.)

THE CHURCHES OF MACEDONIA.  
It is noteworthy that these churches first gave themselves unto the Lord, then their money (2 Cor. viii. 1-5). Ananias and his wife laid their substance at Peter's feet, but neglected to cast themselves at the feet of Jesus. (Methinks they were like some persons now-a-days.)

When Dr. Doddridge entered the cell of a prisoner under sentence of death, telling the wretched man that he had brought him a reprieve, how great was his joy! He fell at his kind friend's feet, and said, "Oh, sir, every drop of blood in my body thanks you."

The churches of Macedonia beheld in Jesus one who had saved them from eternal death. It was their reasonable service to give themselves unto the Lord. Let us go and do likewise.

Another noteworthy fact concerning these churches is the large measure of grace they enjoyed. This is what congregations want to make them prosper—Heavenly Grace. May the Lord vouchsafe it to us and our dear reader!

Without this, preaching is as powerless in the renewal of a soul as in raising the dead.

"Grace all the work must crown,  
Through every day,  
It lays in heaven the richest stone,  
And well deserves the praise."

If you ask what made the churches of Macedonia such examples of liberality, self-denial, sympathy, love, we answer, soul-enriching grace.

"We do you to wit of the GRACE of God bestowed on the churches of Macedonia."

THE CHURCHES OF ACHIA.  
NOTE 1.—The first-fruits unto Christ in this region gave the apostle especial comfort. The first-fruits of the Gospel vineyard are always precious to the Lord's labourers. Paul appears to have looked on these first-fruits of Achaia as a sort of Reuben. "Reuben, thou art my first-born, my might, and the beginning of my strength, the excellency of dignity and the excellency of power." (Gen. xlix. 3.)

Whether it was he had wrestled with more fervour on their behalf, or since their conversion to God he had marked in them more than the usual resemblance to the second Adam we know not. But he speaks of no other first-fruits. "Saints my well beloved Epaphroditus, who is the first-fruits of Achaia unto Christ." (Rom. xvi. 5.) "I beseech you, brethren, you know the house of Stephanus that it is the first-fruit of Achaia." (1 Cor. xvi. 15.) The household of Stephanus were among the very few the apostle baptized. Christ sent him not to baptize but to preach the Gospel. Paul tells us that such as Stephanus refreshed his spirit. "We learn to be of comfort to God's saints; imitators of Paul's pattern of true Corinthian columns!"

NOTE 2.—"Their zeal for the Redeemer has provoked very many." (2 Cor. ix. 2). For a congregation to stir up a few to love is a great matter, but these provoked very many. May the Lord cause heavenly fire to burn within us that we may not only show our love to the needy, but provoke very many unto love and to good works!

Reader! Did you ever watch the child rub a needle on the loathsome, and so make a little magnet of the needle, which would draw another of the same size? Let us draw near to the Heavenly Magnet, asking to receive of Christ's fulness and grace for grace. "Draw us and we will run after Thee." Christian, we must not forget our high standing in Christ Jesus. Having tasted of the word of God and the powers of the world to come, like the churches of Achaia, let us do all we can to show those we are and whom we serve.

CHRISTIANITY.  
One Christian man in Macedonia could do very little for the starving multitude in Judea, but when the whole congregation joined together the help was not trifling. When congregation joined

with congregation, the help was considerable. And when the churches of Achaia joined hand in hand with the churches of Macedonia, the assistance rendered was probably sufficient. So it is hoped at this season of distress in Lancashire, the united efforts of congregation with congregation, diocese with diocese, Macedonia with Achaia (so to speak), Ireland and Scotland, may bring substantial comfort to many thousands. At such a season of trial, forgetting petty differences, we ought to remember the king of Syria's command to his thirty-two captains, "Fight neither with small nor great, save only with the king of Israel!" (1 Kings xvii.)

"WHAT GIVES YOU PLEASURE?"  
To the eternal disgrace of Judas is written, that he cared not for the poor. He held the bag, and kept that which was put therein. The poor are God's children. They shall not cease out of the land. They are found everywhere. Jesus says, "The poor ye have always with you, but Me ye have not always." There is no pulling off mercy's mantle for the Christian. When there is not one cry for mercy's tender aid there is another. If one does not say, "I was hungry, and mercy gave me drink," or, "I was a stranger, and mercy took me in," or, "I was naked, and mercy clothed me." Mark the expression, "it hath pleased them," &c. &c. Reader, what sort of things give you pleasure? Does it please you to make contributions for the poor and needy? It pleases many to receive, it pleases these to give.

Our Lord tells of publicans giving to publicans to receive as much again; but these gave to the destitute, looking for no return. Besides the usual ascription on their money, they read the words, "Oveny till I come." This gave every coin the mint-mark of heaven.

REASONS FOR GIVING WITH PLEASURE.  
1.—It was only by God's gracious providence, and not by their own merit, that they were better off than the poor saints of Jerusalem. Anything enabling them to acknowledge this gave them pleasure.

2.—It was pleasure to those who had received so largely from Christ's hand, to remember His words, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

3.—It was a pleasure to those who had been washed by Christ's blood, to show they were led by Christ's spirit.

4.—"It pleased them," because they were permitted to be the Lord's money-lenders. Angels could not enjoy this office. The redeemed in glory could not. Only the Christian on earth is so privileged. A glorious privilege it is—a wonderful privilege—that such notes in God's sunlight should be permitted to lend anything to Jehovah. "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord."

THE CRY FROM LANCASHIRE.  
Our verse tells us of the necessities of the poor saints in Jerusalem. By and by we find Macedonia in want. There stood a man of Macedonia and cried, "Come over unto Macedonia, and help us." Who can give his sympathy to others, secure he will never need sympathy himself? Some years ago, the cry of Ireland was to her sister England, "Come over and help us." The sister hastened on pinions of love, and with willing heart, sought to feed the hungry and support the weak.

In process of time the voice of joy was again heard in the land. Last year the death-cry of famine was brought from India, and Ireland and England hastened together hand in hand to succour the famished.

Now a part of England has a season of depression. Hundreds of thousands of her willing and industrious sons want the bare necessities of life. The cry "come and help," that went over the channel some years ago, is now echoed back. Strong men, who would rather work any day than beg, in anguish of spirit say, "Come and help us." Fond wives who tried to eke out their husbands' savings, finding all gone, say, "Come and help." Little children, unsuccessful in their appeal, "Mother, I am so hungry," turn from their weeping mothers to Ireland; "Come over and help."

There is another cry. It is from heaven. The voice of Jesus, "Give ye place to eat." "If any man see his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

When the two and a half tribes on the east of Jordan raised a witness which they called "Ed," it was that future generations might know they were one in religion with those on the other side of the river. Their "witness" was of stone.

Let the contributions in Ireland be "Ed," witness of one heart of spirit with those on the other side of the channel. Let us make the witness of gold.

CONCLUSION.  
"Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God." "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of God, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." Christ is the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat this bread he shall live for ever. "Let, therefore, give us this bread to eat." Amen.—Old Jonathan.

(From the New York Observer.)  
REMARKABLE PREMONITION.  
The facts contained in the following narrative came to my knowledge on the day after the evening on which the death occurred, and were immediately committed to writing. They were communicated to me by a young lady to whom the letter contained in the narrative was addressed, and who was then and is still a member of the same family with myself. She was a school-teacher and the most intimate companion of the one whose death is recorded. The letter I copied from the original, which was handed me at the time. I simply omit the last names and the residence of the persons.

Corinne H. was the daughter of French Protestant parents, residing at No. — street, in this city (New York), who have been but a few years in this country. She was a beautiful girl, of a very lively temperament, and most amiable in character and manners, and was a universal favorite in the school that she attended. A fact that is mentioned to me in showing how she was regarded by her companions. Owing to an absence of several days she lost her place in the class, when her companions all united in presenting a written petition to the principal, requesting that she might be restored to her former place in the class, which was granted.

She had been confined in the French Protestant Episcopal Church, and was a teacher in the Sabbath school. Her Pastor stated at the time of her death that he had rarely seen such evidences of piety in one so young. She was then in her eighteenth year. Although her general health was excellent, and her spirits were remarkably cheerful and buoyant, without even a shade of melancholy, an incident was mentioned to me which shows that her thoughts even in her early youth were turned heavenward. While at school one day she had a fall and was taken up insensible. Immediately upon the couch, she poured out her feelings in a fervent and audible prayer in the midst of her school companions.

In July last Corinne was invited, with the rest of her father's family, to attend the birthday party of one of her young friends, which was to be held in the evening of the 22d. On the morning of that day she arose in her usual good spirits. She spent two hours in the course of the morning in practicing at the piano, it being then vacation in her school. Upon her mother making some remark in regard to her going out in the evening, she said quite pleasantly, but very decidedly, "Mother, I am not going to the party." One being questioned as to the reason, she replied that she did not wish to go, and that she intended staying at home to write a letter to her friend, Nellie M. Her mother said nothing farther at the time, but thinking it was a mere transient feeling, towards evening she took out some article of dress which she supposed Corinne would wear, when she again declined as decidedly as before, and gave the same reason, that she wanted to write a letter to her friend Nellie, to ask her to go with her the next day to have her photograph taken, and added that she had something else that she wanted to tell her. Her mother asked if she could not tell Nellie next day all that she wanted to tell, but she still expressed her wish to remain at home. Her mother then decided to remain with Corinne, while some other members of the family went to the party.

After they had left, Corinne and her mother sat down together by the table, the daughter with her writing materials and the mother to finish some article of dress which Corinne was to wear the next day. While they were thus occupied, the mother heard Corinne draw a deep sigh, and looking up saw that she had a troubled expression of countenance. Upon her asking if anything was the matter, Corinne replied, "Mother, I am going to write Nellie a very different kind of letter from the one I intended," and without any further remark she wrote and folded, and superscribed the following:

"Nellie,—In my dying moment you are in my thoughts. Dear friend, I feel that there is a heavy hand on me now, and something says, 'Come you must go cross the dark river.' But why, dear Nellie, call it that? I feel that for me it is bright. I dreamed last night that you were married to —, you rolled in spotless white, he in black, I stood by you—the heavens opened and a voice from above said, 'Come, come away! Nellie, my Saviour calls me.' I must go, though not unwillingly. From your bright cloud I see a figure with golden wings beckoning to me. I am going fast, and ere this you are wiped I shall be at rest with my Redeemer. Next to my family you have been the dearest on earth to me. Be prepared to follow me."

The letter was then carefully folded and addressed as follows:—  
"To be given to Nellie M. — street, — after my death."  
"C. H."

The mother heard the hand of Corinne fall heavily on the table as she finished the direction of the letter, and looking up saw that her eyes were closed, as if she were thinking of what she had just been writing. She spoke to her but received no answer. Corinne was dead!

A physician was immediately summoned, but there was no remaining sign of life, and he could only form a conjecture as to the cause of her death, pronouncing it a disease of the heart.

I have never met with a more striking instance of the premonition of death, and yet it is one which admits of explanation, in part at least, on natural principles. It appears to me highly probable that the dream was suggested by some slight derangement in the action of the heart during her sleep, and it made such an impression upon her mind as to produce a disinclination to attend the party, but not enough to induce her to mention the subject to her mother or any of her own family. When she came to sit down to write to her friend upon a subject of so much solemnity, and which had taken such a hold upon her feelings, the impression became so deep that she determined to discuss all other thoughts and to write of this alone, and she remarked to her father in explanation of her troubled expression of countenance, that she was going to write a different kind of letter from the one that she first intended. As she put her pen to the paper and continued to express her thoughts, her feelings became more and more intense, and when she had closed and folded and directed her letter, the tension of her heart strings ceased, and the sudden relaxation was probably the cause of her instantaneous death.

But this is mere conjecture, and the remarkable part of the case is that every word of the letter seems to have been written in the perfect assurance, as if by an inspiration, that the moment it should be completed her spirit would take its departure. In the opening sentence she wrote, "In my dying moment, not momentary," and literally before her pen was dry her spirit was at rest with the Redeemer. It is worthy of remark, as further showing the extraordinary character of the letter, that although writing frequently to the

same friend she had never before written in English. Her letters, as well as all her compositions at school, were written in French, with which she was much more familiar than with English. — — — — —

GOD'S ESTIMATE OF TIME.  
"One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years are as one day." — 2 Peter iii. 8.

God's measure of time and man's are widely different; for His thoughts are not our thoughts, nor His ways our ways; but as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His thoughts higher than our thoughts, and His ways than our ways. That which man thinks long, God thinks short;—very short; a lifetime is but a moment; a thousand years are as a day. Each judges according to his own being; finite and infinite; the finite reckoning that very long which the infinite counts very short; for man cannot grasp an age in his hand, nor take in a lifetime, far less thousands of years.

It is good to take both estimates; to measure time and time's things by both standards, the divine and the human. We may learn great lessons from both. We may look at the things of life from both points of view, either from the depths of the valley or from the summit of the mountain. If you are standing by the margin of old Nile, you see much that is beautiful; still it is only a small section of it that the eye touches. But ascend one of these grey pyramids close by, and what an expanse presents itself,—miles of the fair river, north and south, come before you at once, and that on which, a little before, you were gazing with such wonder, seems now a speck in the interminable line of dazzling silver which stretches behind you and before. Look at time from man's low standing, and a day is a thousand years; look at it from God's heavenly height, and a thousand years are as a day.

Let us first take God's reckoning, and see what lessons are to be found. To Him a thousand years, or a thousand ages, are but a day. To Him the vast space over which creation spreads, and within which the stars roll, is but a hand-breadth. His measurements wholly enclose ours; His reckoning wholly encloses ours. The depths of the fathom, the less sea, the heights of the everlasting hills, the circumference of our mighty globe, the distance between star and star, are all as nothing to Him whose life is eternity, and whose the heaven of heavens cannot contain.

Does not this view help to correct our false judgments of things, our imperfect estimates of life and the things of life? Does it not check us in our over-valuation of some things, and our under-valuation of others? Does it not say, Be sober and moderate in your judgments; you are but children of a day, whose faculties are feeble at the best, and whose calculations are not to be depended on, even for things the nearest and most common? God only, who sees the end from the beginning, and measures with equal ease the past eternity and the future, is altogether unerring; and He only, whose judgments are far out of sight is the living word, and thoughts, and ways are perfectly to be depended on.

How lowly does it become us to be, in the presence of perfection such as this, and with the consciousness of nothing but imperfection within? How fitted to adore high thoughts, to subdue impatience, to check laziness and self-will! How fitted also to prevent us laying undue stress on little things; and, no less, to hinder us from trifling with what is great and momentous! How fitted also to produce and preserve confidence in the infinitely wise God, in the midst of a shifting world and a restless age. And specially if we are tempted at any time to wonder at the delay of Christ's arrival, to say either, "Where is the promise of His coming?" or "My Lord delayeth His coming,"—shall we not learn to fall back on this cheering truth, that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." Let us reckon the times and the seasons after His manner, not after ours; let us allow Him to calculate for us, and we are sure that then there will be no false dates, no premature fixing of periods, and no shock to our faith when things fall out not exactly as we had reckoned.

Al! how this great truth concerning God's infinity lifts us up out of the low and little, and out of the selfish and finite, out of the earthly and temporal, expanding and enlarging our hearts, and bringing us into the region of the vast and the divine! What a solemnity does it bring over life! What a dependence upon God does it tend to foster! What distrust of self and all our own judgments does it produce! And how deeply and blessedly does it embrace us in His love, in whom we live, and move, and have our being; carrying us beyond the thousand or the ten thousand years, into the long eternity which we are to spend with Him!

Having looked at God's reckoning, let us now look at man's. It is different from, yet not inconsistent with, God's. It is just the natural result of man's finite nature and position. The difference is a difference of aspect, arising out of the different point of view necessarily occupied by man. As that which a man reckons small is reckoned great by a little child, so is it in the present case. We are children, and we feel, and judge, and speak as children. Our estimate of time is a true estimate, so far as it goes; a real estimate, in so far as our finite nature can calculate; and though widely differing from God's, is still, in its own way, valuable, and fitted to teach many a lesson.

Making use of finite eyes in our survey of time, we shall be kept from undervaluing little portions of it, or, indeed, small fragments of anything. Looking at things through this microscope, we count days long, months longer, and years very long. And thus we get a better impression of the length and value of time, as well as of the length and value of eternity. This makes us more apt (redeem time), it makes us count more carefully our revolving years. It subdues us, and makes us more in earnest, less frivolous, less foolish, less light and vain.

If man looked at life with God's eyes, he might count it a mere atom, a grain of sand, hardly worth redeeming, or seriously attending to. But looking on it with his own finite eyes, he sees it stretching out before him and behind him, divided and subdivided into moments, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years; and these subdivisions all tending to magnify its importance and value. Yet, having thus

measured it and estimated it, when spread out before him at full length, he cannot help also feeling that, after all, it is but short; and that he himself is passing through that short space with appalling swiftness. His life is, at the longest, but a brief and little space. It will soon be done. Taken at any estimate, measured by whatever standard, human or divine, it will soon be done. The space will soon be traversed; the light will soon be fought; the race will soon be run. And then what will be the issue? Is it to be prize or no prize? Is it a small prize or a great one?

Take either estimate; we know that man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble; he cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also like a shadow, and continueth not. We know exactly the limit of his life, beyond which we cannot go; and we know also that it is a vain life, filled up with weariness, and sin, and pain; a dying life, a living death.

Take either estimate; we know that, as much of our life is already past, the time that remaineth is short. That which is gone is gone, whether it seemed to pass quickly or slowly; and the future part, whether it be a half, or a fourth, or a tenth of our life, will not take long to live. The night is far spent. For we are carried along with a flood; we spend our years as a tale that is told; and the sand-glass of time is quickly running out.

Take either estimate; we know that the day of the Lord cometh greatly, and that He Himself so cometh as a thief in the night. The grave lies before us; if our Lord delay His coming; if He arrive soon, we shall be caught up into the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, without tasting death's bitterness or seeing corruption. In either case the end is not far; and perhaps we may be nearer it than many think, for we know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.

Take either estimate; the call to be ready for the Lord is the same. For it is not merely the shortness of our time, or suddenness of our removal, that makes preparation so momentous; it is the mighty future—the long eternity which is to succeed. What is that eternity to be? Is it for ever with the Lord, or for ever with the devil and his angels?

The world passeth away, and the lusts thereof; but he that doth the will of God abideth for ever. He who has become a son, remains a son for ever, with no fear of fall, or sin, or death.

In this changing world, and amid these changing years, it is blessed to remember Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. His unchangeableness is our true consolation amid these revolutions of years. His blood changes not; His love changes not; His peace changes not. Years and ages make no difference to Him. Let us walk through life with Him as our Friend; let us enter eternity with Him as our Friend; and then all is well.

HOW TO BREAK A CHURCH DOWN.  
A skeleton text, Micah ii. 13:—"The breaker is come." To do this effectually you must—  
I. DISCOURAGE THE PASTOR.  
II. DISCOURAGE YOUR FELLOW-MEMBERS.  
III. DESTROY THE CONFIDENCE OF THE COMMUNITY.

1. To discourage the pastor—  
1. Absent yourself from one service every Sabbath, or miss at least one in three—if he is not very strong, once in four times may answer.  
2. Neglect the prayer meetings.  
3. Criticize your minister freely—pray for him little or none.

2. Give yourself no concern whether his stipend is paid or not.  
3. Never allow him to think that his comfort or that of his family is a matter of any importance in your eyes.

II. To discourage your fellow-members—  
1. Observe the directions given above.  
2. Complain about everything they do and don't do.  
3. Contrive to make yourself the head of a clique, and by their assistance and your own industry break the church in hot water generally.

4. While doing this, lose no opportunity to complain of the bad treatment you are receiving.  
5. Be as much like Diotrephes and as little like Paul as you can.

III. To destroy the confidence of the community.  
1. Observe the foregoing directions.  
2. Tell the people that you are in the church by force of circumstances, but have no respect for the way in which business is conducted.  
3. Publish the faults of your brethren, taking care to magnify them.

4. Publish it on all occasions that you have no confidence in the concern—predict that it must fall—go down—never can succeed—and then—move off.

By observing these directions faithfully, you may have the satisfaction, if the church is not unusually vigorous, of witnessing the fulfillment of your predictions.—Methodist Protestant.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE JEWS.  
The Jewish Record has a report of a discourse on the Maccabees, recently delivered by Mr. Jacob P. Solomon, a young man of New York at the Hebrew street Synagogue, of which the following is an extract:

"My brethren, it was indeed a dark day in the history of our nation when we sinned against God. It was indeed a day portentous of calamity and untold suffering. 'Let that day be darkness,' 'Let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it.' 'Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it! let a cloud dwell upon it! let the darkness of the day terrify it!'

"No step could have been more fatal, no folly more disastrous, no act as pregnant with misery and suffering as that of trespassing against the great and mighty God of Israel; and when God in His wrath averted His face from us, when the light of His gracious countenance no longer shined upon us, fearful indeed was our punishment. God alone knows the enormity of our offence; God alone can tell how selfish, how just, and how terrible has been His retribution. Long years of misery, anguish, and suffering have been ours; for ages we have lain, wretched upon the face of the earth, a by-word and a reproach among the

nations with whom our lot was cast. The iron heel of persecution has trampled us into the dust; the finger of scorn has pointed us out as the vilest of the vile; our homes have been desecrated, our cities pillaged, our synagogues desolated; the hell-hounds of bigotry and superstition have pursued us with unrelenting hate from place to place; the torture, the stake, and the scaffold have ever been before our eyes, the iron of bitter anguish has ever been entering our souls. Hated, scorned, despised; accounted as the vilest scum of the earth; incarcerated in filthy dungeons; starved, tortured, murdered, slain, until the pent-up agony of our souls, bursting from its censure-worn fetters, almost compelled us to exclaim, like Cain of old: 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.'

THE EXPELLED SUNDAY-SCHOLAR.  
A boy in Sunday-school at Bristol, behaved so ill that neither kindness nor severity appeared to have any effect upon him, and he was at last expelled. For years nothing was heard of him, and he was almost forgotten.

Some time ago, as a clergyman, who was once a teacher in the school, was sitting in his study in a distant country village, a sailor knocked at the door. On being admitted, he said to the clergyman, "I suppose you have forgotten me?" "Yes," said he, "I have, if I ever knew you." "Do you remember, sir, a wicked boy named James Saunders?" "Oh, yes," said he, "I have cause to remember him, he gave me so much trouble and anxiety; what do you know of him?" "I am the lad!" "You are grown so, and so altered, I could not have believed it! Well, James, what account can you give of yourself?" "A very sorry one, sir; when I was expelled from the school, I left the city, and wandered I scarcely know or care where; at length I found myself at the seaside, weary of living by lying and stealing, and after sailing in various parts of the world, I was shipwrecked in a hurricane in the Bay of Honduras. After swimming till my strength failed me, I gave myself up for lost. In the middle of a dark night, I came to my senses, and found myself on a rock half-covered with water; I looked around, and called out to my shipmates, and found that two of them were circumscribed like myself, every moment expecting a watery grave. For the first time since I left the school, you, sir, darted into my mind. I thought of your kindness—of my base ingratitude, and some of the sacred truths you took so much pains to fix in my memory, particularly that passage in Numbers xxii. 9, 'From the top of the rocks I see him.' In my extremity I looked to the Saviour of whom I had heard so much, but whom I had so long slighted and despised. I knelt down, up to my waist in water, and cried mightily, that God would be the rock of my strength and portion for ever. I found your words true, that praying breath was never spent in vain. At daybreak we discovered some pieces of wreck, on which we reached the shore. Then many of the precious truths you had taught me from the Bible, came fresh to my memory, though I had forgotten during my course of iniquity that there was such a book. I thought, sir, you would be glad to find that all your care and anxiety on my behalf was not lost; I therefore walked from my ship all this way to thank you in the best manner I can, for your former kindness to me." Knowing the former cunning of the lad, Mr. P. was half-inclined to discredit him; he inquired the name of the captain, to whom he wrote, and ascertained, that since this coming man had sailed with him, his conduct had been so correct and exemplary, that whenever he knew James Saunders was on deck, he made himself perfectly easy, knowing that the duties of the ship would be faithfully attended to. Many months after, Mr. P. received a letter from the captain, saying, that poor James Saunders, in a distant part of the world was seized with a fever; that during his progress he sent for the sailors to read to them, while he was able, out of the Bible; exhorted them to cleave to the Rock of Ages that never moves; to take example by him, though one of the vilest of sinners, who had found mercy and grace to help him in every time of need; and then, commending them all to Jesus, he fell asleep without a struggle, a monument of saving grace and redeeming love.

THE NEW AND OLD JERUSALEM.—A little girl began to attend our girls' school at Jerusalem. Her father was a poor Jew, who lived partly on alms which he received in common with the other poor Jews from the Rabbis. When he began to send his girl to the school, the Rabbis threatened to discontinue his alms unless he ceased to do so. He determined to lose the alms rather than withdraw his child. After a time his father completely failed. When I heard of his position, I endeavored to relieve him, but it proved to be too late. For some time previous to his death he was observed to shut himself up every day for an hour and more, with his little girl after she returned from school. It was not known at the time for what purpose this was done, but it afterwards turned out that on these occasions the child used to read to him the Scriptures. On his death-bed he called Rabbis and Christian men around him, and raising himself in bed by a last effort, he said, "I have called you, Jews and Christians, around me, to hear my last testimony that I die in the faith of Jesus of Nazareth." — Bishop Gobat.

Sympathy.—Sympathy is a powerful means of lessening sorrow and increasing happiness. A friend shares my sorrow, and makes it but a misery; but he wields my joy, and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up at the first levee of the Syrian sand; but two torches do not divide but increase the flame; and though my tears are the sooner dried up, when they run upon my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame bathes his, and his bathes mine, we unite the flames, and make them radiant like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by millions, and confederations of light and joy. It is a beautiful provision, that in ordinary cases, sympathy with sorrow is easily made intense than sympathy with joy. This joy can do with or without the sympathy, but the sorrow needs and demands the sympathy to alleviate the grief, or stir up action which may remove the cause of it.

A Christian should watch before prayer in prayer, and after prayer. Is it not certain that a Christian will be nearer the first than the second in God, and yet the end he will be dead as a stone?