

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. 25.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1863.

Whole No. 493.

The Intelligencer.

DEATH OF WHITFIELD—REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

A correspondent communicates to a New York paper, the following remarkable incident connected with the death of George Whitfield. [Ed. Int.]

Messrs. Editors: When I wrote for your columns the sketches suggested by a recent visit to the tomb of Whitfield, I had no thought of adding anything further. The other day, however, in an interview with the much respected pastor of the Free-will Baptist church in this city, —Portsmouth, N. H.,—in which I happened to be residing for the present, and where the great modern apostle spent the last week of his life and preached the last, but one of his sublimely powerful sermons, he related an incident which fairly startled me. It was new to me, and will probably be so to most of your readers, and therefore I will give it as related to me by the pastor and confirmed by several authorities, to which he referred me.

Having preached every day in Boston from the 17th to the 20th of September, 1770, on the 21st Whitfield came to Portsmouth, according to a previous arrangement, where he preached daily from the 23d to the 28th—in the meantime preaching once in each of the two neighboring towns of Kittery and York, on the opposite side of the Piscataqua River, in Maine. On Friday, the 28th,—only two days before his death,—he delivered his last sermon in Portsmouth, and the last, but one, he ever preached, from the passage: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature: he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." Here, as elsewhere, crowds flocked together to hear him; and, though both of the Congregational churches were very spacious,—one having two galleries, and the other called "the three-decker,"—they were unable to accommodate the throngs with seats, and when pews, aisles and galleries were filled, the rest were obliged to stand about the doors and windows, and erect stagings back of the pulpit windows, on which they stood or were seated. Ascending such a stage, Whitfield passed through the window into the pulpit the last time he preached in Portsmouth.

Here also, as elsewhere, his preaching was "accompanied by a Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." The crowds were not only attracted by his glowing eloquence, but awakened to religious thoughtfulness and sensibility, and, on the spot, converted to God by the great truths he expounded and enforced. On Saturday, the 29th, he went to Exeter, an old and respectable town about 15 miles distant from Portsmouth, where he preached in the afternoon for two hours in the open air,—after which he rode to Newburyport, Mass., about the same distance, where he had engaged to preach the next forenoon. A violent attack of asthma, however, induced by a cold taken in his open air preaching the previous day, terminated his life at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning, Sept. 30, 1770.

In the crowd which rushed to Portsmouth to listen to the great preacher was a young man, who had just reached his majority, of the name of Benjamin Randall, whose home was in New Castle, a small town on an island situated at the mouth of Piscataqua River, and three miles distant from Portsmouth. Day after day, attracted by a power he could not resist, he made his way to the church, though, as he afterwards stated, the power with which Whitfield spoke only served to exasperate and torment him. On Friday he heard him for the last time. Describing this last sermon he heard Whitfield preach he wrote: "O, how wonderfully he spoke! His soul inflamed with love, his heart melted with pity for sinners, his arms expanded, and tears rolling from his eyes, with what power he spoke!" But eloquence and tears were powerless to convert young Randall, the sailmaker.

The Sunday following, as his pastor was going to supply one of the pulpits in Portsmouth, Randall resolved to accompany him, anxious about his soul's salvation, though still stubborn and unsubmissive, and thus he expected to find something of the influence of Whitfield's spirit hovering about the place where his own heart had been so deeply impressed. About noon a stranger was seen riding slowly along the main street, halting at the different corners, and, in a clear but subdued tone, crying out:

"WHITFIELD IS DEAD! WHITFIELD IS DEAD! HE DIED IN NEWBURYPORT AT 6 O'CLOCK THIS MORNING!"

An announcement so unexpected startled the whole population, and, coming like an arrow to the heart of young Randall, it slew him. Describing the scene of the mounted messenger proclaiming the sad news as he proceeded through the streets, and his own emotions on the occasion, Randall afterwards wrote: "It was September 30,—that memorable day! that blessed day! that day when a voice sounded through my soul more loud and startling than ever thunder pealed upon my ears: 'Whitfield is dead!' Whitfield is now in heaven, but I am on the road to hell. He was a man of God; yet I reviled him and spoke reproachfully of him. He taught me the way to heaven, but I regarded it not. O, that I could hear his voice again! But, ah! never—no, never—shall I hear it again, till in the judgment of the great day he shall appear as a swift witness against me." After a season of distressing mental conflict, as he was one day musing on his unhappy condition, the passage came fresh to his memory: "But now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." At first, it made no impression; but, returning a second and a third time, it began to reflect upon the import of the clause, "By the sacrifice of himself," when the great doctrine of the Saviour's atonement burst upon his mind, and his soul was set at liberty,—his heart being deluged with love and joy when he learnt how God could be just, and yet justify him who believeth in Jesus.

Uniting with the Congregational church in New Castle, Randall remained in connection with it for several years, at the same time beginning to exhort and preach in small assemblies, till at length he withdrew from this church, and in the year 1780 established the first church of the Free-will Baptist denomination in the town of New Durham, about 30 miles north of Portsmouth, where he afterwards lived and labored as a pastor and evangelist, and where he died Oct. 22, 1808, aged 30 years. With little education, and no eloquence but that of a sincere and warm heart, his travels, labors, and revivals, a lifelong self-denial,

showed how much of the spirit of the great preacher he had caught, to whom he had listened. From nothing in 1780, the denomination he founded has grown till it numbers 1,277 churches, 1,049 ordained ministers, with two colleges, one theological institution, and several academies and seminaries, and a flourishing foreign mission in India. What insignificant causes are often connected with the grandest and noblest results! The eloquence and tears of Whitfield could not convert young Benjamin Randall, while he was unable to resist the voice of the strange horseman, as he proceeded through the streets, simply proclaiming: "Whitfield is dead! Whitfield is dead!" To these simple words, this uttered may be traced the origin of the Free-will Baptist denomination, with its 50,000 church members and its mission to the heathen in India. What could be more like miracle and not be miracle? At any rate, it was life from the dead.

As my friend, the pastor of the Free-will Baptist church, related these circumstances to me, the fine North church stood before us, occupying the site of the old "three-decker," in which Whitfield was accustomed to preach; further distant was the South church, now disused and in decay, in which he preached his last sermon but one, entering the pulpit by the window by reason of the crowd; we were standing on the side of the very street along which the horseman proceeded as he announced the news which made the people stop, muse in silence, and shed a tear, while the bells soon put in motion, gave utterance to the universal sorrow, and at the same time increased it. Nearly a century has passed away, but the scenes of that day in this town and on this street came up with a present reality, freshness, and power, which I failed to feel when my hand was laid upon the forehead of the entombed apostle. "Whitfield is dead! Whitfield is dead!" The echo burst upon my ears, and fairly startled me. H. W.

IMMANUEL'S LAND.

Samuel Rutherford was a Scotch divine, who suffered much during the religious persecution in Scotland, but maintained his strong integrity of character and deep-toned piety to the last. At death, his last words were, "Glory, glory dwell with in Immanuel's land." The lines following are made up mostly of expressions of his own.

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn—awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dawning is at hand;
And glory, glory dwell with
In Immanuel's land.

Oh! well it is for ever—
Oh! well for evermore!
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doomed shore;
Yea, let this vain world vanish,
As from the ship the strand,
While glory, glory dwell with
In Immanuel's land.

There the red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
And fills the air with perfume:
With ravishing perfume:
Oh! to behold it blossom,
While glory, glory dwell with
In Immanuel's land!

The King there, in his beauty,
Without a veil is seen;
"It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between."
The Lamb with his fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwell with
In Immanuel's land.

Oh, Christ—he is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwell with
In Immanuel's land.

Oh! in yon sea-beat prison,*
My Lord and I held tryst;
For Anworth was not heaven,
And preaching was not Christ,
And age my market storm-cloud
Was by a rainbow spanned,
Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

But that he built a heaven
Of his surpassing love—
A little new Jerusalem
Like to the one above—
"Lord, take me o'er the water,"
Had been my loud demand;
"Take me to love's own country,
Unto Immanuel's land!"

But flowers need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight and the dew;
So Christ, from one who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew,
And then for cause of absence
My troubled soul I scanned;
But glory, glory dwell with
In Immanuel's land.

The little birds of Anworth—
I used to count them blest;
Now beside happier nests:
I go to build my nest:
O'er these there broods no silence;
No graves around them stand;
For glory, glory dwell with
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anworth by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear;
E'en from the verge of heaven
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh! if one soul from Anworth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens,
In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward heaven,
Gained storm, and wind, and tide;
Now, like a weary traveler,
That lengthen on his guide,

Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now these lie all behind me:
Oh! for a well-tuned harp!
Oh! to join Hallelujah
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land!

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And awe the dew of sorrow
Were lustered with his love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When thronged where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

Soon shall the cup of glory
Wash down earth's bitterest woes;
Soon shall the desert brier
Break into Eden's rose:
The curse shall change to blessing,
The home on earth that's banned
Be given on the White Stone.
In Immanuel's land.

Oh! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved is mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his "house of wine."
I stand upon his merit;
I know no safer stand,
Not even where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Filled with his likeness rise,
To love and to adore him,
To see him with these eyes:
"Twas on and resurrection
But Paradise doth stand,
Then—then for glory, dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

The bride veils not her garment
But her dear Bridegroom's face:
I will not gaze at glory,
But at my King of grace;
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

I have borne scorn and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame,
Earth's proud ones have reproached me
For Christ's three blessed name.
Where God's seals set the fairest,
They've stamped the foulest brand;
But judgment shines like noonday
In Immanuel's land.

They've summoned me before them,
But there I may not come;
My Lord says, "Come up hither,"
My Lord says, "Welcome home."
My kingly King at his white throne
My presence doth command,
Where glory, glory dwell with
In Immanuel's land.

A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

Mrs. C. L. Balfour, in "The Wanderings of a Bible," thus portrays the following scene in a scriptural dithyramb:

"I, for one, vote that we burn the book, as a testimony against its opinions."
"Agreed," agreed," shouted the throng, and the plan would have been put in immediate execution, but Henry Wilson stepped forward with a flushed face, and, alas! an unsteady step; yet his mother's memory was not utterly obliterated. Taking up the book, he exclaimed, "You'll ask my leave first; the book is mine!"

"Why, Henry? you left the noble ranks of the 'Moral Reformers!'" shouted many voices.
"No, no, not I!" returned the youth. "You may burn your own Bibles, if you like; it's not because it is a Bible I save it, but for another reason, that I'm not bound to tell. The long and short of it, you don't burn my book without my leave, and I won't give it."

Hisses, groans, laughter, and gibes were freely uttered, and filled the room with discord; when the fiddlers, afraid that the party would break up in confusion, effected a successful change in the feelings of the assembly by striking up a tune to a popular song with such a company. Meanwhile, Henry effected a retreat from the place, and too much excited to heed the consequences, he boldly went up to the room where he thought he should find Alice. The rescued Bible was in his hands. As he drew near the open door of a room, where a light from within guided him, he saw the eldest son of the landlord, a boy of about five years old, kneeling down in his night-dress at the knee of Alice whose back was toward him, and repeating after her the Lord's Prayer. Spell-bound, he passed on the threshold; the soft accents thrilled through him; he trembled at the words like a true shaken by the wind. His infancy came vividly before him; in an instant, he seemed again a child at his mother's knee, her meek face bending over him, her gentle voice pleading with him. And how had he treated his mother's love? how honored that dear teacher's instructions? He stood transfixed by the keen arrow of remorse. Oh! ye who watch beside the cradle of infancy, who bear and forbear the waywardness of youth with a love that "hoped all things, believed all things, endured all things," be not cast down. If the good seed has been sown in faith and prayer, and perchance your mortal sight may never behold the produce, yet at the great day ye shall reap a joyful harvest.

Henry Wilson made a desperate effort, when the child's prayer was concluded, and knocked at the open door to announce his presence, when Alice turned and approached him. She was startled to perceive his pale face, and he was for an instant unable to speak.

"Why are you here? What do you want?" she inquired.
"To give you this," faltered the youth, presenting the Bible to the startled girl. She put it back gently, and was declining the present, when he said vehemently, "Don't refuse my request, Alice. Be a friend to me. I've wished for months to speak to you, and now I'm not able. Keep this

book for me, if you won't have it for yourself—it belonged to my poor mother. You'll use it properly and take care of it; I'm not worthy to have it."

EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM.

What has this to do with us? It has some thing to do with every one of us, from the oldest bald-head here down to that rosy child who is listening with eyes of wonder to the thought that Christ shall come, and every eye shall see him. There are many spectacles which only a few among the children of men can see, but every eye shall see Him. Many of us may be gone from this earth before the next great display shall be seen in London, but every eye shall see Him. There may be some grand sights which you feel no interest in; you would not see them if you might, but you shall see Him. You would not go to a place of worship to hear Him, but you shall see Him. Perhaps you went to the House of God sometimes, and when there, vowed you should never go again. Ah! but you will be there then, without a question as to your choice. And you will have to remain till the close too, till He pronounces either the benediction or the malediction upon your heads. For every eye shall see Him. There is not one of us that will be absent on the day of Christ's appearing; we have all then an interest in it.

Alas! it is a sorrowful thought that many will see Him to weep and to wail! Will you be among that number? Nay, do not look round upon your neighbor—will you be among that number? Alas for you! You will, if you never weep for sin on earth. If you do not weep for sin on earth you shall weep for Christ and trust in Him now, you will be obliged to fly from Him and be accused of Him then. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha," accused with a curse! Paul said that. In the name of the Church, by its most loving and tender apostle, the soul is cursed that loves not Christ. Heaven who on that day shall solemnly ratify the curse with an "Amen," and the day of judgment brings its thunder to roll in dreadful chorus the sound "Amen; let him be accused if he loves not Christ."

But there will be some there who, when Christ shall come, shall greatly rejoice to see Him. Will you be among that number? Will there be a crown for you? Will you share in that magnificent triumph? Will you make one of that royal court which shall delight to "see the King in his beauty?" "In the land that is very far off" Sister, will you be among the daughters of Jerusalem who shall go forth to meet King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals? Brother, will you be among those who shall go forth to meet the King when he cometh with, "Hosanna, blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord?" Humbly, feebly, but still earnestly, can you say, "Christ is my all: He is all I desire on earth; He is all I need for heaven." If so, long for His appearing, for you shall see Him, and shall be glorified in Him.—*Spurgeon.*

THE YOUNG SWEARER'S DEATH.

James G., whose melancholy death I am about to relate, was the son of an agricultural labourer, who lives with his uncle, Matthew A., a man whose wrinkled brow and hoary locks bespeak him more than seventy years of age, and who occupies a small farm in one of the agricultural villages of the county of York. The nephew is married, and James was the youngest but one of four children.

The whole family, young and old alike, lived, and notwithstanding the awful warning, still continue to live, in total neglect of religion, and the grossest impiety. The father is the habit of spending nearly all his earnings for liquor, about himself from home for days together; and when he returns to his family, it is only to abuse his wife, and set an example to his children of drunkenness and swearing, and every species of impiety. Nor is the old man, his uncle, much better than himself. Though he has reached the hoary age of fourscore years and ten, yet he lies, the oath, and the curse are ever on his impious lips. The children, as a matter of course, copy their example; they who ought to be their patterns in godliness are their patterns in profanity, and are leading and teaching themselves to the pit of destruction. The two eldest—young men of eighteen and twenty respectively—have already become addicted to drinking, nor is it unusual for any of them to curse their parents to their faces. In that dreadful home, drunkenness, cursing, swearing, lying, and every act of impiety, reign supreme. Prayer is never offered, the Word of God is never read, and the Sabbath, instead of being dedicated to God, becomes the chief day for family broils, because their rest from manual labour gives them more leisure, and brings them for a longer time together in the family hearth. The clergyman's admonitions are all in vain; they care nothing for religion; but, living without God in the world, are lost in impiety, profaneness, and the most heinous iniquity. Such was the home, and such the education of the subject of my narrative; and such were its effects on his youthful mind.

It happened one day, when James was about thirteen years old, that he was set to drive the horses which were working a thrashing-machine at old Matthew's farm. We shall not be surprised to find one who curses his parents invoking the like imprecations on the brute creation. James's curses were ever ready for any body or any thing that displeased him, and on that awful day those horses received no scanty number. Dinner-hour was over; the horses were again yoked for work, and James was told to oil the horse part of the machinery. While thus engaged, the horses were impatient to move on. He called to them with oaths and curses, but without effect (on them I mean). They moved on—the pole struck him; he fell with his head into the machinery, and was carried into the house a lifeless corpse!

Parents, what saith the Scripture? "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." (Prov. xiii. 24.) When thou givest him (the wicked) not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life: the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood shall I require at thine hand." (Ezek. i. 18.)

Children, what saith the Scripture? "Swear not at all." (Matt. v. 34.) "Every one that sweareth shall be cut off." (Zech. v. 4.) I add no comment. The narrative shall speak for itself.

for itself. May James's awful death be the means of bringing others to eternal life, through Christ the Saviour! Amen.

BIBLE NOTE.

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." (John v. 39.)

The owner of an estate who thinks to discover a precious mineral, is not content with a superficial survey. He first ascertains if the soil is such as is likely to furnish the metal for which he seeks. Then he examines the ground more carefully, and if he finds specimens, he is encouraged to sink his shaft until he discovers the ore. From that moment he applies himself to his task with additional ardour, and never ceases his pursuit till he has exhausted the vein. So it is with the Christian miner. The style, tone, aspect of divine truth, invite his search. He finds here and there a beautiful specimen, a precious gem, to confirm his confidence. He sinks his shaft; he finds inexhaustible treasures. The word our Lord uses conveys the idea of such search.

The nature of the Scriptures calls for search. The truths he scattered here and there, and require to be brought together, and arranged and compared. It was so designed, in order that we might be compelled to search.

The most diligent searching is insufficient without the Holy Spirit's aid. Here we have an advantage which no other study can supply. We may come to a splendid passage of Homer, in which we find some lingering obscurity, but we cannot ask him to make it clear to us. We are charmed with a page of Milton, and wish to know what suggested that burst of eloquence, but the hand which penned it is still, and the voice silent in the grave. We pore over a difficult problem in the "Principia" of Sir Isaac Newton, and long for the help of that master spirit to make it plain to us, but he is gone for ever, and the wish is vain. Not so with the Spirit of Eternal Truth, who is ever at hand to remove the difficulties, and to respond to the inquiries of the humblest believer. "When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all truth; he shall take of mine, and show it unto you." Under his teaching, unlettered Simon understood what Nicodemus, though member of the sanhedrin, was unable to comprehend, and asked bewildered, "How can these things be?"

"Search, for they testify of me." The bee wanders from flower to flower, and sip honey here, and gathers wax there, but it settles in the rose. So the Christian student wanders over the garden of Scripture, and gathers honey from many a choice flower; but the Rose of Sharon attracts him most strongly, and there alone he reposes in satisfied and perfect enjoyment.

Scripture is needed for guidance as well as for knowledge. It is very delightful to gaze through a telescope at the magnificence of the starry heavens, but place a telescope in the hands of the traveller as he wanders in the dark, among pitfalls and quagmires, and he will tell you that he wants not a telescope, but a lamp to guide him to safety, home, rest. As a traveller in the dark wilderness without a lamp, or a ship on the trackless ocean without a compass, so is man without God's Holy Word to guide him.

So, save that precious Word, but do not use it. A ship set sail with every prospect of a safe and speedy voyage, and to the surprise of many, founders on the sand-bank, and becomes a total wreck. A few are saved, and among them is the captain. An inquiry is instituted. "Was your vessel seaworthy?" "Yes; she was a new vessel, on her first voyage." "Had you a man at the helm?" "Yes, a most trustworthy and skilful helmsman." "Had you a compass?" "Yes; one of the best kind." The jury are at fault, and know not how to pursue the investigation, till at length it occurs to one to ask, "Did you constantly refer to your compass?" Alas, no! I never looked at it. Such is the folly and infatuation of those who, bound on the voyage of eternity, neglect to consult the compass which God has given them.—*Rev. Samuel Luke.*

TEMPERANCE.

NEVER TEMPT A MAN TO BREAK A GOOD RESOLUTION.

The Mohicans were an excellent tribe of Indians. They had a long line of kings in the family of Uchus. One of the last was Zachary; but he was a great drunkard. But a sense of the dignity of his office came before him, and he resolved he would drink no more. Just before the annual election, he was accustomed to go every year to Lebanon, and dine with his brother governor, the first governor Turnbull. One of the governor's sons heard old Zachary's story, and thought he would try him and see if he would adhere to his pledge of cold water. At table the young man said to the old chief, "Zachary, this beer is excellent, will you taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife, and leaned forward with stern intensity of expression; his large animated eyes, sparkling with indignation, were fixed on him. "John," he exclaimed, "You do not know what you are doing. You are serving the devil. I tell you that I am an Indian, I tell you that I am; and that if I should taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to ruin, and become again the drunken, contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never tempt a man to break a good resolution." Let us remember the wise advice, "The best method to avoid falling down a precipice is not to approach the edge."

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

A periodical which has not hitherto lent its pages to the very prominent advocacy of Total Abstinence, has in a recent number inserted an article on the influence of Christians in relation to our Drinking Customs. We quote the following:

It is our firm conviction that the general disease of intoxicating drinks by the Christians of Great Britain would, by the moral influence thus exercised on all within their reach, have the effect of saving from ruin a far larger number than are likely to be rescued by reformatory efforts after the path of sin has been trodden. Our readers will bear witness that it is a want of sympathy with those restorative agencies that leads us to give the foremost place to preventive measures. To prevent an evil is better than to effect a cure. The use, even the moderate use, of intoxicants by society generally, and Christians in particular, tends to conceal the peril arising from drinking habits. From the ranks of moderate drinkers fall off, from day to day, the weak and erring men,

who in due time sink into the abyss of confirmed and helpless drunkenness. At the table of the moderate father the son learns the use of that which, when removed from the restraints of home, is often tempted to abuse; and its temperate use by the Christian mother veils from the child of her love, and even from herself, the danger to which we have already alluded, by which the (so-called) innocent glass of wine is transmuted into the "wine of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps."

THE DRUNKARD AND THE ABSTAINER.

A drunkard once assailed a tradesman, but could only say, "There goes a teetotaler!" The tradesman waited until the crowd had collected, and then turning upon the drunkard, said, "There stands a drunkard! Three years ago he had a sum of two hundred pounds; now he cannot produce a penny. I know he cannot; I challenge him to do it; for if he had a penny, he would be at a public-house. There stands a drunkard, and there stands a teetotaler, with a purse full of money, honestly earned and carefully kept. There stands a drunkard! Three years ago he had a watch, a coat, shoes, and decent clothes; now he has nothing but rags upon him; his watch is gone, and his shoes afford free passage to the water. There stands a drunkard, and here stands a teetotaler, with a good hat, good shoes, good clothes, and good watch, all paid for. Yes, here stands a teetotaler! And now, my friends, which has the best of it?" The bystanders testified their approval of the teetotaler by loud shouts; while the crestfallen drunkard slunk away, happy to escape further ridicule.

NATURE'S GREAT REVIVAL.

It was spring. A little seed lay in the warm ground. In the air above, the birds sang their spring songs. The grass began to push the earth with its springing raiment. It was the time of nature's great revival.

To the little seed God sent messengers. His sun with gentle warmth irradiated it, saying, "Burst into life, little seed, burst into life." His warm rains fell upon its hiding place saying, "Burst into life, little seed, burst into life."

"To-morrow," said the seed; "to-morrow." To-morrow came. And again the warm sun renewed its kindly message, and the spring rain its invitation unto life, and again the seed replied, "To-morrow."

So passed May. Every day brought a new invitation. Every day was marked by new delays.

June came and went. July. The rain no longer fell. The sun still shone, but upon an earth hard and dry by reason of the summer heat.

Then at length the seed awoke from its inaction. "Now," it said, "I will begin to live. Now I will bring forth germ, stalk, leaf, blossom."

But now no rain fell to supply its thirst. No sun tenderly warmed it into life. The life-giving period had passed, and the little seed had died, mummified sadly. "Too late! Too late!"

To you, dear reader, God's invitation comes as oft repeated as the rain-drops in spring showers. Upon your heart the radiance of a Saviour's love shines, inviting to life eternal. To minister, to friend, to Saviour and to God, your answer is ever the same. "To-morrow. To-morrow."

But it will not be always spring. God's spirit shall not always strive with man. The heart, long shone on by God's love, but never answering, with upspringing life, grows hard and dry. And the soul which often says, "To-morrow," at length cries sadly, "Too late! Too late!"

A BAKED BIBLE.—The Religious Telescope says:—There is a Bible in Lucas county, Ohio, which was once baked in a loaf of bread. It now belongs to Mr. Schobell, a worthy member of the United Brethren church, who resides near Maumee city. Mr. S. is a native of Bohemia, and the Bible was originally the property of his grandfather, who was a faithful Protestant Christian in the times which tried men's souls. During one of the cruel persecutions which have been so common in Bohemia an edict was passed that every Bible in the hands of the peasants should be delivered up to the authorities and destroyed. Various expedients were resorted to by the Bible-loving Protestants to preserve the precious word of life. Mrs. Schobell, grandmother of the present owner, placed her's in the centre of a batch of dough, which was ready for the oven, and baked it. The house was carefully searched, but no Bible was found; and when the tools of priestly tyranny had departed, and the danger was past, the Bible was taken unharmed from the loaf. It was printed one hundred years ago. We have these facts from Mrs. C. O. Lawrence.

This loaf contained the bread both of the life which now is, and of that which is to come.

THE RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN.—Many well-meaning persons are induced to say, "Do not put the Bible too soon into young children's hands. Do not take them so early to public worship. Do not insist so strenuously upon their learning catechisms, hymns, and prayers. Do not make such a point of their attending family devotion. If you begin so soon, and press the matter so strongly, you will disgust your children with religion and they turn out the worse." To all this it might be sufficient to answer—Duty is ours; success is God's. Our duty is to train up our children in the faith and fear of God. That duty commences with their birth, and those apprehensions of good consequences which would lead us to neglect the Divine command, ought to be instantaneously rejected, as temptations of our great enemy. But it may, moreover, be added, that these well-meaning persons are as much mistaken as they are in theory. In most instances where young persons have been distinguished for early piety, it will be found that they have been early introduced to public and family worship, and most carefully secluded from worldly principles and examples. Young persons are much more frequently dissatisfied with religion by the inconsistencies of those who profess it, than by any other cause; and there cannot be a grosser inconsistency than for a man to acknowledge religion as a concern of supreme importance, and yet to allow his children and his family to remain in comparative ignorance of its doctrine, and in the neglect of its plain and positive precepts. The indulgence of sloth and indolence, on the one hand, or of bad tempers and tyrannical dispositions on the other, will be found the grand cause why the children of good professors of religion decline from the good ways of God. The dangers from negligence, indolence, and careless walking are inconceivably greater than those which can result from a who attention to religious duties.