

# 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. 45.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1863.

Whole No. 513.

## The Intelligencer.

### THE SAVING WIFE.

By J. De Laide, of Amsterdam.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

HOW THE SHOEMAKER'S WIFE TRIED TO CHANGE HER HUSBAND'S LIBRARY, BUT COULD NOT CHANGE HIS HEART.

You know, madam (thus continued the minister), that the great bulk of the Protestant people, though formally professing that the Bible is God's word, yet never, or very seldom read it. With the spirit of neology and indifference which, since the beginning of this century, has invaded our poor country and filled the heads of our people to a large extent with such bare and wretched notions about religion, as Mrs. R.— was from her childhood trained up in the good old custom of the fathers of beginning and closing the day with family prayer and Scripture-reading has been discarded in most houses, and the blessed book of books is only kept as a piece of Sunday ornament in the hands of church-going women. So you cannot be surprised when I tell you that Mrs. R.—, when given herself to intensely reading that holy book, found herself carried into a sphere of thought and fact in which she felt a perfect stranger. Still the contents of this wonderful book excited an interest in this wonderful book which she could not resist. It was under the influence of some instinctive and traditional conviction, which she always had maintained, that all she was reading now was true and trustworthy. She soon became aware that the image of God, as pictured in this book, widely differed from the representation she had made of him hitherto. What especially struck her forcibly was, the deeply earnest tone in which the Bible spoke of God's justice and holiness. She was reading about a God who, merciful and tender-hearted as he was, yet was able to destroy a whole generation of men with deluge, and to burn up cities with fire from heaven. She learned that this book most decidedly declared that there was such a thing as a hell and everlasting pain; that it was not only possible that man should be lost for ever, but that there were such lost men indeed, and that it was true that God had provided a means of salvation from such an imminent danger, but that this salvation could only be brought about at the price of His own beloved Son's blood. All this failed not to leave deep impressions upon her mind, and though the new notions which she now imbibed were too much cramped by her old opinions to produce in her conception anything more than a confused mixture of truth and error, yet this much she felt, that life was connected with responsibilities for the present and dangers for the future, infinitely more serious than she ever had been in the habit of supposing. Gradually her anxiety about her own state, and that of her family after death, increased, and in the measure of this increase the contrast between her and her husband became more conspicuous. While he was growing in merriment and carelessness she sunk deeper and deeper into a state of uneasiness and depression. Her aversion to his light-minded and all-denying opinions strengthened every day. It became a perfect torture to her to hear him talk about religion and man's destiny, and she shopped him continually with the most decided contradiction, appealing to as many texts from Scripture as she could recollect from her recent reading. These weapons, however, proved ineffective, for he frankly told her that he believed not a word of all that was written in that book. To be convinced of error he required arguments taken from nature and human reason. She appealed to the feelings of her heart, but he granted these no place in their dispute, since he called them traditional prejudices. She then would call him an unreasonable, self-conceited man, who thought himself to have the monopoly of wisdom, and he would return the compliment by pointing his forefinger to his head, and saying that there was something wrong in her upper story. So their family conversation became very painful and disgusting. The domestic peace was gone. He henceforth was out every evening, spending his leisure hours in the club or at the theatre. And she, poor thing, not yet knowing the true fountain of consolation, tried to dispel her grief either by playing cards with her children at some, or by taking them to some place of amusement. As to them they showed, on the whole, an inclination towards siding with her. Their young tender hearts sympathized with her religion (such as it was) more than with their father's cold philosophy. And this, at least, was some consolation for their poor loving mother.

The merciful and wise Saviour of the lost leads the blind in a way which they know not. He looked down with compassion on the perplexity in which this poor thing, now that she knew enough of truth to tremble, and too little to be consoled. The Bible is a correct teacher, but man, as long as he reads it only by the light of his own human reason, can never discover the beautiful harmony of its truth. He may understand something of what he reads thereabout man, for the spirit of man knoweth the things of man. But the spirit of man knoweth not the things of God. It is only the Spirit of God that searcheth all things, eye, and the things of God, and until the Spirit of God opens the eyes of the reader, man will never perceive how the things of God, as held out in Scripture, can harmonize with the things of man. There are many, especially such as from their childhood are trained up under the breath of the gospel, who, when reading the Bible, find the heavenly Dove alighting upon their shoulder and whispering his divine teaching into their ears without their noticing the exact moment when, for the first time, they were blessed with this privilege. But there are many others who, in the providential leading of God, require some striking event in their life to be brought from a state of ignorance and deep slumber, the removal of which is indispensable for the free access of the great Guide, who leadeth into all truth. This was Mrs. R.—'s case. The perusal of the Bible had shaped her mind into some frame of seriousness such as she had not before. She took this change for the thing which she saw Scriptures denoted as conversion or regeneration. She began pleasing herself with observing that she was much more earnestly minded now than formerly, and this self-satisfaction was not a little enhanced by the fact of the obvious contrast between her piety and the sluggishness of her husband. She thought she was on the right way now, since she was not on his. But she did not know that there are many ways

that lead from the gate of heaven, and only one that leads to it. She did not perceive that error, whether laughing or weeping, whether with or without a Bible in its hand, always keeps erring. But her merciful Saviour knew that He was the Way, and he resolved to bring her to Himself, that he might give her that Spirit who only opens the heart for God's word and God's word for the heart.

One Summer afternoon Mrs. R.— was on her return from a neighbouring village, where she had paid a visit to a friend. She listened her steps as thick clouds gathered in the sky, and a heavy thunderstorm appeared to be in prospect. Her speed proved fruitless. She was scarcely half way home when tremendous thunder-peals began rattling above her head. Flashes of lightning pierced the glooming firmament, and torrents of rain fell which, in a few moments, turned the smooth highway into a pool. A labourer's cottage stood a few yards from the way, peeping through a little grove. Mrs. R.— fled to it in full speed, and pushing open the door, found herself once in a little parlour which seemed to be the only room the inhabitants could avail themselves of. At least it appeared to serve for a sitting, a dining, and a bed-room. Between the fireplace and the window a woman of apparently thirty years was seated behind a green painted table, cleaning vegetables. Two girls of six and eight were sitting on stools at her feet playing with a doll. At the other side of the fireplace was a bed in a recess in the wall, in which a sick person was lying. The appearance of the whole showed, at the first glimpse, that this was not the abode of prosperity and abundance. Yet it was characterised by a spirit of order and cleanliness which bespoke Mrs. R.—'s respect and confidence.

"Beg your pardon, my good woman," said she to the person behind the table, while shaking the rain from her gown. "I must apologize for rushing in so abruptly, but you will kindly permit me to remain till this fearful storm is over."

"Gladly, ma'am," replied the woman in a kind voice, at once rising from her seat, and placing a chair in the middle of the apartment. "Sit down, ma'am, and take your rest. Your feet are wet, I'm sure. Let me give you a foot-stove, ma'am."

"No, thank you. Don't trouble—"

"No trouble at all, ma'am." And before Mrs. R.— could finish her sentence the woman laid her hand upon the stove, put a piece of glowing peat coal into the little fire-pot, and stooping down showed it under Mrs. R.—'s feet.

"What a tremendous storm," she continued, resuming her place behind the table, and taking up the beans she had thrown aside. "I am glad you could take shelter in time, ma'am. I hope you are not wet."

"Not at all," replied Mrs. R.—, "only my outer dress is a little damp."

"Give the lady a warm cup of coffee," said a feeble voice, interrupted by coughing, coming out of the bed.

"No, thank you, I really don't want it," answered Mrs. R.—, and it was only by virtue of her strongest protest that she could detain the kind woman from stirring the fire and getting the kettle boiling."

"I am sorry to find that you are sick, my good friend," said she, addressing the invalid. "I hope your illness is not of a serious character."

"Consumption, ma'am," answered the sick man. "I have been laid up for nearly half a year. I don't believe there is any hope of recovery."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. R.—, in a voice of deep sympathy.

"Yes, ma'am," said the woman, "we are in painful circumstances. My husband, we have every reason to fear, will not be long with us."

"Don't say that," said the invalid. "Our Father is about to take me home, and now I long to get there."

"Yes, you are right, my dear," said the woman. "But I only say so with regard to our present position in this life. For the rest, you are right, we have every reason to rejoice."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. R.—, in a voice of surprise. "How can you rejoice in such circumstances?"

"Because I am going to heaven, ma'am," answered the sick one.

The tone in which he spoke was so calm and deliberate, and so indicative of perfect assurance, that Mrs. R.— folded her hands from astonishment, and turning her face toward the woman, looked at her with an expression on her countenance that seemed to ask, "Did anybody ever hear the like?" When, however, she observed the gentle, joyful smile with which the woman, while nodding her head, seemed to confirm her husband's words, she again turned to the invalid, and pushing her chair a little nearer to his bed, better to understand his words, she said, in a voice of deep concern,—

"It is a grand thing to be able to say so when in the sight of death and eternity, my good friend. There are but few who would have the courage to take such words upon their lips in such circumstances."

"Alas! too true," replied the sick one. "It is because few know the only Saviour of lost sinners. But I hope, ma'am, you are one of them," added he in a kind, serene voice.

"Well, I think I know the Lord Jesus Christ," answered Mrs. R.—; "and I believe that he is Saviour of sinners; but still, I should not venture to say that I am going to heaven, as you do. But I suppose you always have been a pious person from your childhood, and you have always been preparing yourself for heaven."

"No, no; far from it," exclaimed the invalid. "I am a great, great sinner, ma'am. I was walking with both my feet on the way to hell for years, and had the Lord out of my life's breath in those days, I certainly should have arrived at the eternal furnace. But he had no delight in my perdition, and in his infinite grace he remembered my poor soul, and he has shown me mercy by opening my eyes, and by turning me to the only Redeemer who it was too late."

"Yes, ma'am," said the woman, "the Lord has done great things with my husband, by discarding him to himself as a lost sinner, so that he sought for salvation at the feet of Jesus. Not that he made himself guilty of great crimes or public misconduct; for he was always a quiet, honest, and sober person in society, and he regularly would go to church every Sunday, and read his Bible every morning and evening. But he did not see, ma'am, that he was an enemy of God for all that, and he lived without Christ in his heart. But the Lord has opened his eyes to make him see that he was a barren thistle and a candle

without light, and has led him to come to the only root of life, and to be kindled at the everlasting Sun of Righteousness."

These words of the woman still more increased Mrs. R.—'s wonder. She was silent, and repeated them in her thoughts. "Always a quiet, honest, sober man," she said to herself; "regularly going to church and reading his Bible; and yet, notwithstanding all that, an enemy of God? How is that possible? What, then, am I?"

"My good friends," said she, after a pause, "do you not using too strong expressions? Do you really mean to say that you were an enemy of God while you were living so irreproachably, and professing religion so faithfully? Was not your laudable conduct much more an evidence of the contrary?"

"So I thought, ma'am," answered the invalid, "till the veil of self-deception was taken from my eyes. I began noticing that with all my stock of self-righteousness and religion, I had no true peace, and was constantly trembling at the prospect of dying and appearing before God. This discovery alarmed me, and I took to inquiring into the cause of it. I earnestly prayed the Lord to show it me. I read the gospel again with this special object in view. I conversed with some friends about the matter. But I could not find it out. One day, however, when passing along the road, I saw a poor man sitting on a trunk of a tree, who seemed to be in great distress. Upon inquiring what the cause of his sadness was, I learned that he owed his landlord a month's rent, and was to be turned out with his family the next day, if he did not pay his ten shillings that same evening. The poor man's condition touched my heart; and as I then was in prosperous circumstances, I told him to call upon me after sunset, promising him a gift to the required amount. Suddenly the poor man's countenance changed; joy beamed from his eyes; he jumped up cheerfully, and clasping my hand in his, he said, 'Thank you, my kind benefactor. You scarcely can conceive what a great benefit you are bestowing upon me. My landlord is such a stern person! But let him come now. I don't tremble for him any more.' These words struck me forcibly. Going home, I could not cease thinking over them. I observed the striking similarity between that man's case and my spiritual condition. How suddenly, I thought, was that man's fate changed into joy! And how? Only by faith in me—only by believing that his debt was paid now; a light broke in upon my soul. 'Oh, how this poor beggar puts me to shame!' exclaimed I. 'He believes me at once, and he rejoices. And I have received such bitter promises for such a better Benefactor—yea, assurances signed with his own blood—and I continue trembling! His faithful word tells me that he has shed his blood for the remission of my sins! I will believe in him—that he has paid all my debts—that he has fulfilled everything the holy law of a just Judge required of me. And yet I still continue trying to pay off my debts by my own righteousness, and to purchase heaven by my own goodness! Oh, what an insult this is, done to the perfect work and all-sufficient sacrifice of that divine and all-completed Redeemer! Instead of sinking down at his feet in unspeakable joy, because he has saved every one that will take his salvation, I have been all the while trying to save myself by storing up a treasure of prayers and psalms, of church-going and Bible-reading, of self-perfection and outward holiness! Oh, what a proud, self-conceited wretch I am,—thinking that by any thought or deed of my own I might contribute to the cancelling of which nothing short of the precious blood of God's own beloved and spotless Son was required and sufficient! No wonder that I never could come to peace. I have always refused to let the only Prince of Peace come into my heart. I am a Christian, but without Christ, a sacrifice, but without a sacrifice; a merchant about to do great bargains, but without a farthing in my bag. Oh, what an enemy of God and his righteousness I am,—refusing to be saved by grace, and to receive the gift of God freely as a poor miserable beggar, just as that poor man received his alms, and rejoiced!"

The sick one here stopped his animated speech, during which he, in the enthusiasm of his heart, had raised himself to a sitting attitude, the better to enhance the expression of his soul's most intimate convictions by the look of his bright eyes and the gesture of his hand. It was a most impressive sight to witness the natural and simple, but most vivid and fervent eloquence, with which that common labourer, in the dialect of his class, poured out the continuous stream of thoughts that sprung up from his heart's deepest wells. He spoke evidently inspired by that Spirit which prepared and would rouse the stones to speak if a man would keep silent. His exertion, however, quite exhausted him, and sinking back on his pillow, he fell into a fit of coughing, which for the present put an end to any further conversation. Meanwhile, the storm went off, and the sky cleared up again. Mrs. R.— took leave of the good people who so hospitably had granted her a shelter, and dropping a couple of silver coins into the hand of one of the girls, left the cottage deeply struck with what she had so unexpectedly been privileged to witness.

The seed which now was sown in her heart, struck deep roots, and, under the fertilizing breath of the Holy Spirit, soon grew up to bear its fruits. For a long time she had been eating for salvation, but she now understood that it only was possible by grace. "Just to believe," she said to herself, "just to sit down at the feet of the Saviour, and to receive him with all the affections of a grateful and loving heart—that's salvation." And she did accordingly. She knelt down in the closet and spoke to Jesus. She told him that she had nothing to give to him, but a poor, empty heart, and a long, endless list of sins; but that she believed he had forgiven her a heart overflowing with love and compassion, and a righteousness brought about for her as deep as the ocean, and as big as the heavens. She told him that she gave herself to him just as he was, at the same time—as a loving, grateful, all-sufficient, and never-forsaking Saviour of lost sinners. She said to him, "Now I am thine, and thou art mine, for time and eternity, and nothing shall ever separate me from thy love."

Thus she spoke to Jesus. And she found that this was salvation indeed. For a peace surpassing all understanding streamed in upon her soul, and she rose from her knees as a bride rises, when she has received the never-to-be-forgotten smile of her bridegroom.

The chasm that hitherto had been existing between her and her husband now yawned as widely as ever. Since Christ had become to her a living Saviour now, a person in whose blood she was washed from her sins, in whose resurrection she saw her own resurrection guaranteed, in whose personal love to herself she felt unspeakably rich, and in whose communion she desired to spend so many a sweet hour of the day and of her night watches—nothing was more disgusting and horrible to her feeling than a philosophy which denied every personal relationship between God and man, and looked at the Bible as a book of fables, and at God's creation as a dead mechanism. She perceived that nothing could be more discouraging to a loving Saviour and a living Creator of the wonders of heaven and earth, than such a system, and could not help considering her husband as an enemy of God and of his Christ. Now, in this judgment she was quite right, but she too little kept in mind that she herself also had been an enemy of God, and that her Saviour had for so many years borne her enmity with patience and long-suffering. Newly converted persons, when observing the great contrast between the unconverted and themselves, often indulge a spirit of indignation, which makes them overlook that they are indignant at what they were pleased with not long since. For though Mrs. R.— never had gone so far as to systematically deny the personal existence of God, yet practically she had for years treated that God as if he were no living person at all. She had shared the benefits universally brought by his atonement, without being reconciled to him, and she had enjoyed the blessings of his creation, without glorifying him. Had she humbly kept this in mind, she would have borne her husband's unbelief as God had borne hers, with a spirit of tender compassion and prayerful patience, remembering that herself had been erring, and blind, and destitute of knowledge. But the pride of her old nature, though through her happy change before God, yet was not quite broken before her. She was to learn now that her conversion was not the end, but the commencement of her sanctification; that her sin was pardoned, but not yet extirpated; that she was quickened to begin the warfare, but that she had not yet won the victory. She had given herself as a lost sheep into the hands of the only good and faithful shepherd. But she was to experience now that she had still to unlearn many a bad custom and evil habit, of the existence of which she, until now, had been unconscious. She had experienced the joy of becoming the property of Christ now. Another and higher joy was in store for her—that of becoming his image.

The first object of offence which her holy zeal was standing out against, was her husband's abominable library.

"Truly, my dear," said she, one day when she found him in his counting-house, reading a profane pamphlet, "truly, I won't do having such wicked, God-dishonouring books in our house. They are written by the devil and his companions, to blaspheme the living God and his anointed One. The wrath of the Lord will come upon our house if you don't throw them away."

"Very well, I'll throw upon it," answered he, with a sarcastic smile, without turning his eyes from the page he was reading.

"Oh, you reckless sinner!" exclaimed she. "How dare you take such words upon your wicked lips! Where would you be, if the Lord struck you down this very moment by a flash of lightning?"

"I think I should be turned to ashes," replied he, coldly exchanging his attitude.

"What a post you have there on that shelf!" continued she, in a tone of high indignation. "Nothing but theatre and play-books, and wicked, God-reviling, and soul-destroying publications. I tremble at the idea that one of our children some day may take one of them in his hands. I should prefer to see them handling arsenic. That danger would only threaten their bodies, but this is deadly poison for their souls."

Mr. R.— was silent. He bit his under-lip to quell the anger that was fast rising within.

"I'm sure," continued she, "I'll take those books some day and throw them out of the window."

Here Mr. R.— laid down the pamphlet he was reading, and with an angry look, starting his wife in the face, said, in a cold but threatening voice,—

"Very well, you may try; but you may be sure you'll go after them."

With these words he took his hat and left the house. Mrs. R.— kept looking at the shelf, as if pondering whether she would carry out her threatening or not. Then bursting out into tears, she sank down upon a chair, and lifting her heart to her Saviour, entreated him to give her light in these dark circumstances. And her faithful Shepherd heard her heart's prayer. He again led her in a way that she knew not.

[To be Continued.]

MERE HEARERS.

I would recommend you to be cautious that you do not degenerate into the spirit of a mere hearer, so as to place the chief stress of your profession upon running lither and thither after preachers. There are many who are always upon the wings of enthusiasm, and without a due regard to what is incumbent upon them in the shop, in the family, or in the world, they seem to think they were sent into the world only to hear sermons, and to hear as many in a day as they possibly can. Such persons may be fitly compared to Pharaoh's lean kine; they devour a great deal, but for want of a proper digestion, they do not flourish;—their souls are lean, they have little solid comfort, and their profession abounds more in leaves than fruit. If the twelve apostles were again upon earth, and you could hear them all every week, yet if you were not attentive to the duties of the closet,—if you did not allow yourself time for reading, meditation, and prayer,—and if you did not likewise conscientiously attend to the commitments of your particular calling, and the discharge of your duties in relative life, I should be more ready to blame your indiscretion than to admire your zeal. Everything is beautiful in its season; and if one duty frequently be put off another, it is a sign either of a weak judgment, or of a wrong turn of mind. No public ordinances can make amends for the neglect of secret prayer; nor will most diligent attendance upon them justify us in the neglect of those duties which, by the command and appointment of God we owe to society.

Again, as it is our trial to live in a day wherein so many contentions and winds of strange doctrines

abound, I hope you will watch and pray that you may not have *lethargic ears*, inclining you to hearken after novel and singular opinions, and the erroneous sentiments of men of unstable minds, who are not sound in the faith. I have known persons who, from a blameable curiosity, have gone to hear such, not for the sake of edification, which they could not expect, but to know what they had to say, supposing that they themselves were too well established in the truth to be hurt by them. But the experiment (without a just and lawful call) is presumptuous and dangerous. In this way many have been hurt, yea, many have been overthrown. Error is like poison; the subtilty, quickness, and force of its operation is often amazing. As we pray not to be led into temptation, we should take care not to run into it willfully. If the Lord has shown you what is right, it is not worth your while to know how many ways there are of being wrong.

Further, I advise you, when you hear a gospel sermon, and it is not in all satisfaction, be not too hasty to lay the whole blame upon the preacher. The Lord's ministers have not much to say in their own behalf. They feel, it is to be hoped, their own weakness and defects, and the greatness and difficulty of their work. But perhaps you thought too highly of the man, and expected too much of him, or perhaps you thought too meanly of him, or expected too little. In the former case, the Lord justly disappointed you; in the latter, you received according to your faith. Perhaps you neglected to pray for him; and then, though he might be useful to others, it is not at all strange that he was not so to you. . . . I pray God to guide you in all things.—John Newton.

COME TO CHRIST.

When the cry from India, in 1857, obliged our authorities to raise and send out large forces for the relief of our suffering fellow-countrymen and countrywomen there, it reached a small town in the west of Ireland; and three young men came forward to join the list of recruits. In a short time they sailed for India, and on their arrival were ordered to the coast.

Matthew, Edmund, and James had received a good plain education, but were widely different in character and disposition. On their march, Matthew and James were left sick in hospital, and there I became acquainted with them. James very readily told me his history, asking for news of the beleaguered garrisons of Cawnpore and Lucknow. After some general conversation on the subject of his inquiry, I proposed reading a few verses from my Bible. He said, I might read if I liked, he didn't care—he never thought of such things as the soul and death, nor had he got his liberty, and was free from the influences of home. I repeated some suitable verses to him, urging upon him the reason of our being placed in this world, namely, to grow like Jesus, and to glorify him in the world; and setting before him the great motive—redeeming love; but all in vain. Then referring to death and eternity, I strove to make him feel the awful consequences of scorning that Saviour here who will be our judge hereafter. He would hear no more; so I turned to Matthew, who agreed in the reasonableness of my advice, and quietly allowed me to read and speak with him.

For some days I continued to see these men. James's heart was hardened, and quite deaf to the calls of grace. When I entered the ward he generally left it, to avoid hearing that truth which he hated. Matthew seemed indifferent. As it pleased me to read and speak, he listened; but he gave no evidence of real interest in what he heard.

James was soon well, and in a few days left the hospital. I saw him in the verandah just before he left, when he said, "You see I was right. I told you I was young and hearty, that I had nothing to do with these things—death and eternity—yet; there's time enough I'll be up and have a hand in wiping off some of them black niggers." I was much grieved, and I trust faithfully tried to win him, even then, to Jesus. "You know," I said, "that hymn, James—"

"No present health can health insure For yet as health to come; No need of cure, though it sit on cure, Can singe back the soul."

He turned away. Reader, when I next heard of James, he was a corpse. Only a few hours had intervened. He had gone to the barracks, and as he was walking back to the barracks, he was suddenly arrested by the hand of death. He fell down senseless, and was borne back to that bed which he had so lately left. On reaching it, he lived only just to open his eyes, and calling Matthew to say to him, "I find her words true: 'Toolate, —I am lost.' What an awful end of an unprepared sinner!"

It was fearful to stand by that bed, whence but a short time before an unprepared sinner had left his clay to meet an offended God. Many trembled that day, for death seemed very near.

TOO LATE! Should any sinner still hardened against his God read this, let me implore him not to let the word of warning sound unheeded. Thank God, my friend, it is not yet too late for you. You may yet have Jesus for your Saviour; but remember, an hour hence it may be too late. May the Spirit of God cause these words to pierce the heart of each reader, and lead each to turn to God now, in the day of salvation!

Matthew had seen all that had passed, and had heard those fearful words, "Too late!" He trembled, and begged me to write and inform Edmund of the dreadful death of his friend. He even dictated a message to him to beg that he would think about the Saviour. I prayed fervently as I wrote, that He, whose message to a sinner it was, would bless it, and make it pierce the soldier's heart. Matthew lingered on about three weeks in great suffering, able to think and speak but little, and then died. I never could feel satisfied as to the state of his heart; that will be revealed as to the great day of disclosure.

Not long after Matthew's death, a soldier called on me one evening, stating that a young comrade (Edmund by name) had just come into the hospital, and begged I would go to see him, as soon as I could. "He has been wounded," said he, "in several places at Cawnpore, and is very weak; the fever is strong upon him. He may recover, the doctor says; but I don't much think he will for he seems altogether too heaven-like to stay with such a foe. He says such beautiful things, and rests so happy like in all his pains."

On my entering the ward next morning, Edmund raised himself on his bed, and the colour started in his face, as, with tears running down his cheeks, he said, "My prayer is heard; I have longed to know you, dear lady. I was as hard as any other

sinner till your letter came. It just made me cry downright, and I'm not ashamed of saying so to you. I had been taught the duty of religion; but to have a Friend given me, and only to be asked to love him—to be promised joy and peace here, and heaven afterwards—it seemed too big a gift to be true. One of the men who had a Bible lent me; and then, as you told me, I searched to see if your letter was true. I read all these verses you marked, and it was true, every word of it. Then I thought I had done wickedness so long, I could not be loved by the Lord; but it said Jesus died for sinners; and as I wanted now from that time to love him, I believed I was forgiven, and I've been so happy since. I just wanted to see you to tell you I love him, and that I have minded your word. And now, kind lady, will you come to me every day, and read to me of his love for I'm getting too weak to hold the book, and you know I must learn more of him before I see him. I have been trying to copy him over since I first loved him, but I've been so much in the front. Now I think I've got this while given me just to do nothing but look up at him, and try to get more of him put into me. Will you help me?"

Those were happy hours which I spent with Edmund. As the day of his death drew near, his spirit glowed with praise and love. "Do you remember," he said one morning, "you gave us a watchword to some Highlanders, 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' They gave it to me, and I have held it since. I can't tell what that love is yet; but I can't rightly hold it in my heart, it seems too great for me; but I'm going to see Jesus. Then I'll learn a little more of it, but still I shall never know it all."

One Sunday forenoon I went to his bed-side. "I'm nearing the haven," he exclaimed; "read me about the voyage."

I turned to Psalm cvii. verses 21 to 31. It was a portion which he often had talked. "Yes," said Edmund, slowly speaking as to himself. "So he bringeth—so, through sin, temptation, sorrow, danger—so he has brought me—me, my only Friend—yes, my desired heaven. I have longed for it—I have kept my eye on it—now I'm almost there, in the calm. I shall do well in the swelling of Jordan, for Jesus holds me. I am his, and he will be with me, and make the storm a calm."

In the evening I went to take my last look at him. As usual, he welcomed me with a smile. "You are just going," he exclaimed, "to join with some of the people of God on earth in singing his praises in his house. I am soon going to sing them with those that are in heaven. My Sabbath began on earth—it will end above. If yours should be a long and stormy voyage, it may cheer you often to look back, and remember that you led me to my despised Bible and Saviour." He repeated the following hymn, which I had sent him in Matthew's letter; it was a great favourite with him:—

Saviour, thy love alone can fill And satisfy the human heart; Can turn to good each meaning ill, And peace impart.

Then desire to make thyself to me, While here a sojourner I roam, A living bright reality— My rest, my home.

More present to faith's inward sight Than earthly objects to my eye, My heavenly well-spring of delight, My waiver of delirium.

If of some cherished good bereft, Too fondly prized, hard to restrain, Still let me feel, though all be left, If it be true.

In sorrow, be thy love my balm— A balm omnipotent to heal; In joy, to sanctify and calm; That love ne'er fail.

More intimately be thou my friend; Bound by that strong mysterious tie, Death cannot rend.

Let all around me clearly trace A growing likeness, Lord, to thee; A trophy of transforming grace.

I repeated the first three verses of 1 John iii. His eye grew fixed, and memory seemed failing. Once again I pressed his cold hand, and said, "Edmund, are you happy?"

A joyful smile and gleam of intelligence lighted up the face of the dying man. "Oh, so happy! so Jesus has brought me to my desired—"

He could not utter more. The unuttered thought was realized when an hour after the happy spirit entered its heavenly home.

"Triumphant in his closing eye The hope of glory shone."

And then the spirit gently passed away into the rest that remaineth to the people of God.

BE YOUR OWN RIGHT HAND MAN.

People who have been bolstered up and leered all their lives, are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortunes come, they look around for some body to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is there, down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as capized turtles, or unhorsed men in armor, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such sicken fellows no more resemble self-made men, who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping stones, and deriving determination from their defeat, than vines resemble oak, or spluttering rushlights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted to achievements train a man to self-reliance; and when he has proved to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him. We say therefore, that it is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from energetic action by "boosting" them over obstacles which they ought to surmount alone. No one ever swam well who placed his confidence in a cork jacket; and if, when braving the sea of life, we cannot buoy ourselves up and try to force ourselves ahead by dint of our own energies, we are not salvage, and it is of little consequence whether we "sink or swim, survive or perish."

One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this: "Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen your muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of ancient times, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not submit to their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped into situations, grasped with the opposing rocks, availed themselves, and when the goal was reached, let that out for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it never could have attained."