

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD.]

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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## The Intelligencer.

### RESTITUTION;

OR THE PASTOR AND THE PARISHIONER.

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

I was deeply absorbed in my preparation for the coming Sabbath when my little boy entered my study, and running to my side exclaimed—

"Papa, man wants you."

I confess I was annoyed that any one should call at so unfavorable a moment; but I answered though not very readily—

"Ask him into the sitting-room. I'll come presently."

The child left me, and I returned to my unfinished sermon, but my mind was disturbed and I could not connect my thoughts, so with a mental exclamation, "It is a wonder people cannot be more considerate!" I hurried into the adjoining apartment.

Mr. Grover, one of the prominent members of our church, rose and extended his hand. His manner struck me at once as embarrassed.

"What has happened?" I asked myself.

"Are you disengaged, sir?" was his abrupt question.

"Saturday is seldom a leisure day with me," I replied, with a faint smile; "but if there is anything I can do for your comfort—"

"Excuse me, sir. Really my mind was so occupied I did not recall the fact that this was your busiest time. Certainly I wished to converse with you, but I had better come again."

Mr. Grover had for years been what is called a pillar in the church. He was a man of independent fortune and independent opinions, giving freely of the former to maintain the latter, and of both for the good of the church. He was a man who bestowed favours, but seldom asked one. Yet there he stood changing his hat and came uneasily from one hand to another in an evidently disturbed state. I realised all this while he said, "I had better come again," and answered promptly—

"Walk into my study, Mr. Grover. The next hour is entirely at your service."

When we were seated, however, my visitor seemed in no hurry to commence the conversation. He took his handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his face repeatedly, his eyes being fastened to the carpet at his feet. At length in an abrupt tone he said—

"I want to ask you a few questions respecting the sermon you preached three weeks ago."

"Let me see," said I, rising for the journal where I note down the subject for my discourses; "three weeks—I cannot at this moment recall the topic."

"The fact of my asking the questions will no doubt suggest the text," he remarked in an excited tone.

I turned and looked my parishioner in the face. There were strong marks of internal agitation. I was puzzled and curious to discover the cause.

"I have not the most distant idea of your meaning," I answered, calmly.

He sprang to his feet.

"Mr. B—, did you, or did you not then preach a sermon directly aimed at me?"

His manner was almost fierce—and this from my amiable friend and co-worker, Mr. Grover. I answered gravely, perhaps with some sternness—

"I endeavored to write my sermons for the good of all my parishioners. It is my aim to probe the heart and bring to mind all the secret faults."

"You but evade my question, sir."

His voice was hoarse, and almost inarticulate.

"With regard to the sermon you mention," I went on, "I cannot, as I said before, remember the subject, but whatever it was I can truly say that of the best of my remembrance you are a hearer of it did not occupy one thought."

"Then may God forgive me," he cried out, sinking back in his chair. "The question to be settled is now between him and my soul."

I was amazed, and I am sure my countenance expressed as such. I took my journal, turned over the pages, found that in the morning of the mentioned date I had preached from this text, "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God." In the afternoon, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

"That's it! that's the one!" he cried, his voice quivering.

"I was angry with you for your exposure of me before the whole congregation; but you will forgive me, won't you?"

"Freely, heartily, as far as you have offended, but cannot I do something for your relief?"

He had turned to the door, and only looked back to say—

"Pray that God may help me to overcome my secret faults."

I looked after him until he turned the corner of the street, and then went back to my unfinished sermon, but it was impossible to chain my transient thoughts, and fix them on my subject. I was continually puzzling myself with the questions, "What secret fault does Mr. Grover cherish?" "In what way could the minister offend him?"

I even took the manuscript from the drawer, and glanced my eye over it. The application was close, pungent and searching, but still no light dawned on me respecting my late visitor.

At last in despair I threw the sheets together and calling my wife related the occurrence to her, but Mr. Grover's conduct had been so unexpected, that during the many years of our acquaintance we knew of no reason why he should take such a painful application of that discourse.

In this state of anxiety I could do nothing but pray, which I repeatedly did for my suffering parishioner during the day and evening, and then retired to my couch without knowing what would be on the morrow in regard to my sermons. But in the night the Lord appeared for me. As I lay reflecting on his dealings with Mr. Grover, his passage came in to my mind—

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

I arose with the first streak of dawn, and after imploring the aid of the Holy Spirit, read the passage named, together with the context, when the words of thought I wished to evoke flashed upon me. I put down on half a sheet of paper the heads of my discourse, resolved to defer my one written sermon until afternoon, and went to church feeling confident of aid from above.

It was natural for me to glance toward the pew of my yesterday's visitor. His wife and daughter were there, but his seat was empty.

This was a keen disappointment, my heart yearned over him, and I longed to comfort him. When I arose to read the hymn, however, I found

he was there, but what a change. He looked haggard and pale.

When I announced my text I looked full in his face. This time I meant he should understand my sermon was aimed at him.

Seldom have I been so conscious of Divine aid. Words were put into my mouth. I preached to myself as well as to my people. I felt myself a sinner in the sight of a holy God, and though I could not cover my sins from His omniscient eye I could, and perhaps I had covered them from my own view. I asked God to help us, pastors and people, to search our own hearts, to cleanse our souls from secret faults, that we might crave the blessing promised those "to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." I implored grace for those who were deeply conscious of having sinned against Infinite love, that by confession they might find mercy.

Towards the close, my emotions almost overpowered me, and I found that many of my audience were in tears. I took my seat in the pulpit to wait until the congregation were dispersed, but when at last I came down the steps, I found Mr. Grover awaiting me.

He grasped my hand, the muscles of his face working convulsively, as he said—

"To-day you have preached to me."

"Yes," I answered, "and may God bless his own truth."

He tried to speak again, but his voice failed him, and we walked silently together down the aisle. In the porch he stopped me and said, "I cannot sleep till I have talked with you."

"Then come at seven this evening," I answered as we parted.

I thought as he entered my study at the time appointed, that he looked ten years older than he did the previous day, but had scarce motioned him to a seat before he began.

"I have come to lay bare my heart before you. For fifteen years I have indulged iniquity in my heart. I have tried to cover it from myself, and have hoped God did not recognise my sin."

I cannot give the narrative in his own words, which were frequently broken by his agitation, but in substance it was as follows:

Not many years after his marriage a piece of property came into his possession in consequence of a slight flaw in the will of a relative, that deprived a widow and her two orphan children of their only inheritance. The property he supposed at that time to be legally his own, though he confessed with bitter remorse that he had many scruples of conscience for retaining it. The widow appealed to him to restore to her her rightful possessions. He sent her fifty dollars with some hard words. The money was returned coupled with abusive threats, and there the intercourse between them ended.

But four years later, in looking over some old papers, Mr. Grover found a will of later date, securing the property to the widow, so that he became convinced he had wronged her by retaining it in his own possession. It was easy for him to conceal this fact from the one most concerned, from the whole community; and so effectually he covered it from his own view, that for months at a time his thoughts had scarcely recurred to it. Once, indeed, during this period, he had sent a cheque of considerable value to the address of the poor woman as from an unknown friend; but this had never been called for, and he had afterwards ascertained that she had moved from the town to which he had sent it.

"You are well aware," said Mr. Grover, wiping the big drops of perspiration from his face, "that for years I have been praying for my son, who has done me wrong, and who is now on the threshold of the kingdom of God. I see now why God has not heard me. You will wonder how I could do this, how I dared approach God in supplication while I was indulging so dreadfully in sin. He is long-suffering and infinite in mercy, or He would long ago have visited me with the punishment I deserve."

"Oh, my boy! my poor boy!" he cried out, in bitterness of spirit, "that it should be your father's sins which have shut the door of heaven against you!"

Need I be ashamed to say that, covering my face, I wept with and for my suffering, penitent parishioner? For a time I had not a word at command with which to comfort him.

"Your sermon," he went on, "proved indeed a sword of the Spirit, dividing asunder the soul and spirit, the joy and sorrow. It came to me like the voice of an offended God. 'Thou art the man.' Conscience, once aroused, could no longer be quieted. Day and night that text sounded in my ears—'If I indulge iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me.' 'No,' I said, 'he will neither hear my prayers for myself nor for my family.' Then I began to be angry with my pastor for exposing me in public. I have no doubt this was a sin. You say, 'I have thought of this as a sin.' I am sure one must have searched out my crime and made it known to God. Oh, sir! I cannot describe the torments I endured after I left you yesterday. All night long my cries and groans went up to God. When my wife started for church I shut myself up to pray for mercy. I had confessed my sin to her as well as to my Maker; but something impelled me to alter my determination, and at a late hour I took my seat in church. Never shall I cease to bless God that I went there; that He met me with His precious promise; that He moved you to address words of hope to me, a guilty sinner."

"But surely," said I, "your first business is to make restitution. Where is the poor widow?"

Mr. Grover's face, which had been lighted up while speaking of hope, again became clouded. He took a newspaper from his pocket, saying as he did so, "Ah! there is another effort of my sin. This advertisement which has been running now for nearly three weeks has met with no response. The landed estate which in my care has greatly increased in value has been placed in the hands of a trust agent for her benefit. I have calculated the amount at compound interest, and have added one thousand dollars to the sum which also lies awaiting her order, but what will all this avail me if I cannot discover her retreat?"

"What was her name?" I asked.

"Pillsbury. Her husband was a distant relative of mine, but I never knew much of him."

I started from my chair. "Miles Pillsbury?" I repeated.

"Yes, his name was Miles; did you ever know him?"

I performed the funeral service for his widow within a month."

With a groan Mr. Grover fell back into his chair.

"Too late! too late!" he cried, "O God, forgive me!"

"Under the name of her last husband, Childs," I continued, "she has been your neighbour for years. Her daughter called Lizzie Childs, but whose real name is Lizzie Pillsbury, told me it was through your influence she owed her situation as a teacher in one of our schools. The son is now senior in Yale College, looking forward to the work of the ministry."

Never have I seen gratitude more strongly portrayed on any countenance. He caught up his hat, pressed once and again my hand, thanked me warmly for my sympathy and faithfulness, and bent his steps quickly toward the house of Mr. Childs.

I have no doubt Mr. Grover prayed that night for his son with greater fervour than ever before, and that having confessed and forsaken his sin he found mercy.

Dear reader, if God delays to answer your repeated supplications for the conversion of your children, or for the advancement of his kingdom, would it not be wise to search diligently your own heart, lest when it is too late you are constrained to cry out with the Psalmist—'If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.'"

BIRTH STRUGGLES OF "THE BIBLE SOCIETY."

Some twenty years before the society now known as "The Bible Society" had its origin, a single individual (whose love of God was of a character to show itself in love to man) might have been observed intently reflecting over a plan of benevolence. His cherished project became more attractive when sketched on paper; and when at length it appeared in the public prints, its fond progenitor was unprepared with its prospects of usefulness.

But, like many a similar attempt, this project, so promising on paper, was destined to meet with a widely different reception from that which its sanguine promoter had anticipated. The advertisement which set forth the details of the plan, and summoned a public meeting in the largest assembly room at that time to be obtained in London, was responded to by but one solitary individual. The originator of the effort had made up his mind that, large as the room was, it would be large enough to contain half the people who would rush thither at the time appointed.

Intent himself on being there early, he was perhaps not so much disappointed as otherwise he might have been to see so few people, and so much reason to fear that if his time-piece had not deceived him, his expectations must have done so; for instead of the staircase presenting to his view at least a few ardent friends rapidly hastening towards the centre of attraction, not a single step beside his own was to be heard thronging towards it.

His watch, suspiciously examined, ticked away as complacently as ever, while his heart, poor man!—far less reliable under such disturbing influences—beat with an accelerated pace.

In circumstances of such bitter disappointment did this good man advance, step by step, up the solitary staircase, his sad misgivings, doubts, and diminishing as he approached the door. To sympathise with such a one, it would be necessary to have heard his isolated footfall slowly tramping past the rows of vacant chairs, where should have been a large aggregate of siles, &c.

But, to trace him to the platform. He sank, beneath his bitter disappointment, into the nearest chair. In the midst of all this gloom, the echo of one other distant step, I heard only too distinctly, in due time the solitary individual whose approach he heralded presented himself at the sole entrance door, and addressing himself to the vacant seats of the platform, is heard to say, "I come here, sir, in answer to an advertisement convening a meeting for the purpose of considering certain plans and proposals of which I highly approve, and which I am anxious to promote. Will you kindly inform me if I have mistaken the hour or the day? For I presume that must be the case."

Aroused from despondency by the clear tones in which the foregoing words were addressed, the sorrowful promoter of the effort answered—

"Sir, you are by no means mistaken; this is the place, day, and hour, appointed for the meeting to which you allude, and I am the gentleman who arranged and published what I fear I must now confess, for lack of public interest, will be a failure."

"Not so fast, if you please, sir," said the first speaker. "I cordially approve of your plan, and think it will certainly succeed. I have therefore come to give you my help."

Encouraged by these cheering words, the chairman of the meeting aroused himself, and inquired of his welcome visitor, who he was to be.

"Done," cried the visitor, "as to be done."

Second, and carry these resolutions of yours, and postpone the meeting for further deliberation."

"An excellent thought," replied the one more sanguine chairman. "But what can we say about the meeting?"

"Say," responded his friend; we can say that we proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously these resolutions, at a meeting publicly convened, of which we had proper notice was given in the public press. It is true we cannot say that it was numerously attended; but we can, with truth, assert that it was respectfully attended; so come, sir; you propose, and I will second the resolutions."

It only remains to add that this sound advice was forthwith carried out by two Christian gentlemen, whose names, singularly enough, were respectively Mr. Black and Mr. White. The meeting was adjourned to a not far distant day, when, instead of the large room being occupied by two individuals, a crowded assembly was successfully convened, and the well-known philanthropist, Mr. Thornton, came forward, and liberally assisted in forming the society.

Such were the earliest stages of an effort which subsequently has resulted in scattering Bibles by the million throughout almost every kindred, tongue, and people of the globe. The circumstance which gave rise to these Christian efforts was the immorality which prevailed among the troops assembled in Hyde Park for the suppression of the "Gordon Riots" in 1780. It was thought that the best way of stemming the torrent was to circulate the Word of God among the soldiers; hence the uprising of at least three societies, at the present time carrying on their beneficent operations in our own metropolis—viz., the Naval and Military, the British and Foreign, and the Trinitarian Bible Societies.

Thus remarkably has this extended circulation

of the Scriptures been traceable to the moral evil which then prevailed.

Thus has He whose sole prerogative it is to draw forth good from human evil, seen fit to work in this matter. It will be of interest to observe, in conclusion, that the names of Romaine, Cecil, and Wilberforce appear among the earliest supporters of the original society. The first sermon preached for the society was from a singularly suitable text (1 Sam. iv. 7: "And the Philistines were afraid, and they said, God is come into the camp. And they said, Woe unto us! for there hath not been such a thing heretofore!")

A practical comment on the text is afforded by a statement in connection with the field of Waterloo. After the battle, it is said, in the *haversacks* of the slain were found among the few infidel and licentious writings, but in the knapsacks of many of the English, were to be seen the brass-bound Bibles and Bibles of the Naval and Military Bible Society.

THE POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.

When Dr. Beecher was at Litchfield, Conn., he called on a family in the remote part of his parish, and found the wife and mother in tears. Suspecting the cause, he sat down by her side, and asked compassionately, "what is it?" She answered in anguish, "both." The husband had, for some time, been verging toward intemperance, and now the son had begun to follow his steps. Indeed, both had become drunkards. It was more than she could bear. It had broken her heart.

The doctor rose and returned home, and went into his study, determined to open all his embraces upon the sin of intemperance! He planned, and studied, and wrote—"the six sermons" on intemperance; which, like successive shocks of a mighty earthquake, made the nation to tremble. This may be regarded as the inauguration of the Temperance Reform; second, perhaps, to no other moral reformation that has moved and blessed the civilized world. A tear moved the heart and tongue of the doctor to ask the cause of that grief, which was too great to admit of more than a word in reply. That tear, how small—that word, how brief, but how significant!

The good doctor had seen many a husband and brother, father and son, fall into a drunkard's grave. That was no strange thing. He had preached many a funeral sermon over the drunkard's coffin. But these great facts had not moved him spiritually. Christian philanthropists had long and trembled in view of the ruin of the nation by intemperance. But this one, simple, touching scene; that tear, and that word—"both"—were wanted to break the heart, and hand, and will of this great Reformer. "In the morning saw thy seed, in the evening withheld not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

Deacon Scudder related to me the following anecdote of himself. "When I was a boy, I was apprenticed to a business house in Boston. As I was about to leave home for the great city, I went over to bid my aged grandmother, good-bye! When I was about to leave her, full of joy and gladness in anticipation of what was before me, she called me to her bedside, and said, with many other excellent things, 'Charles, if you should see a pin on the carpet of your mistress, to whom would that pin belong?' 'To her, I suppose, grandmother.' 'Then pick it up, and give it to her, and not keep it yourself! Never, my child, whenever I am tempted to take any little trifle that was not my own, I could hear my old grandmother saying, 'Charles, never take so much as a pin that doesn't belong to you.'"

The human character is created or lost by trifles. It is underpinned—or undermined by very little things. In other matters, the foundations are of great things; but in morals and imperishable character, they are of little things.

SHORT ARROWS.

"I KNOW THERE IS A GOD."

"I know there is a God," said a converted Indian chief to a Christian missionary. "I hear him in the thunder; I see him in the sunbeam, and in the starlight. The air is his breath, and the breath of all. He is the great Father of all. He is a great Spirit, living everywhere, and giving life, and I feel him in my heart. When I die, my breath will go back to him."

HEAVEN.

The days on earth may be evil—they are few. Soon will the darkness be past, and the true light shine. There shall be no night in heaven. There the tear of sorrow never wet the cheek, the heart is never wrung with anguish, the eye hand of death itself is hid. In God's presence is "fulness of joy." The sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

PAUSE PROFOUND.

Judas kissed our Saviour when he was betraying him, and alas! do not many nominal Christians in the present day resemble him? They bear the name and outward profession, but do not many of them bring, even to the Lord's table, a heart full of love to the world and of aversion to the Gospel, and are ready to betray their Master for the most paltry considerations, and do not blush to commit from time to time that offence which the traitor Judas committed but once?

PRAYER.

Prayer to the penitent heart is a sweet source of consolation, long even before the answer come; because agonising mind rejoices in acknowledging the obligations it desires to receive, or has received, or the faults, errors, and offences which it has committed; and a candid mind delights in holy and burdens; and an humble mind, in the confession of its own incapacity for doing good—all which sentiments accompany penitential prayer; and, also, that the exercise itself is a drawing near unto One who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not. God has no frown for the penitent. He hears their cry, and will help them.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

Improve your time with the utmost diligence, remembering that it is given you for this end—that you may prepare for a better world. Spend no time so as afterwards to be obliged bitterly to repent of what you have done. Spend no time so as you cannot beg the blessing of God upon what you do. Spend no time without respect to God's glory, or your own welfare, or another's good. Spend and improve your time so that your great work may be done before your life's

end; that when your few days are over, you may, through the merits of Christ, enter into a blissful eternity.

A WORD IN SEASON.

A word spoken in season, how good it is! How often do the arrows of truth fall blunt and powerless upon the soul from not being aimed at the right time! We commonly allow the fault and the reproof to come too close together. We forget that a little interval between them would allow the offender time to think, the offended time to cool; and both, when the grace of God should so incline them, the opportunity and time to pray. Had Samuel uttered his bold remonstrance to the Israelites under the first keen sense of the insult they had offered him, he would probably have been answered with scorn; but having waited till they supposed he had forgotten their unkindness, he beholds them now meekly entreating for an interest in his prayers.

HOPES.

How rich are the colours of hope!—rich as the hues of the rainbow, and almost as unsubstantial. Our hopes are always beautiful in the distance; we never grasp them and find them as beautiful as when they first appeared to the mind. They lose their charm when they commence to be realized. All earthly hopes depart at last like sunbeams, and the soul would be left in darkness, were it not for that hope which never fades—that hope which grows brighter as earthly hopes depart. That hope is the light of Faith, and a beacon from the skies, ever gleaming—growing brighter and brighter to the longing eyes of the Christian.

THE HEAVY CROSS.

I was a gay, dissolute young man. I had four companions like myself, who roomed with me at my boarding house. They were jolly, worldly-minded fellows, of corrupted tastes and irregular habits.

A revival was progressing in one of the churches of the town. I attended the meeting, and embraced religion.

One night as I was returning from the evening meeting, contemplating God's goodness and rejoicing, I was suddenly impressed that I must pray with my boarding-house companions.

No religious requirement could have been more unwelcome to me. I was greatly distressed in mind. On reaching my boarding-place, my sense of duty became more imperative. I resolved again and again to yield, but the fear of ridicule as often unsettled my resolution. I retired without prayer. I could not sleep. A feeling of utter desolation seized me; my conscience tortured me like a flame, and the reflection how intolerable such misery would be throughout eternity appalled me.

Morning came, ushering in a serene October day. I went to my employment realising the sentiment of Newton—

"How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see!"

I attend conference-meeting in the evening, and there, after a great struggle resolved to yield to my conviction of duty. I returned to my boarding-place with a light heart, enjoying a sweet sense of nearness to God. I found my companions gaily chatting over a social game. I greeted them cordially, and said—

"God, for Jesus Christ's sake, has forgiven my sins, and I feel it my duty to pray with you tonight."

They sat in silent astonishment, for a few moments, when one replied derisively, "Pray on, brother."

I knelt, my heart throbbing violently and my eyes wet with tears. My petition at first was broken and dispirited, but I soon enjoyed great spiritual freedom—love filled my soul, and language came freely. My companions frequently uttered mock "amens" and "hallelujahs." I arose, filled with a deep, settled, perfect peace.

My apprenticeship ended, and I parted from my companions, whose dissolute course was unchanged. Years passed, and I lost all trace of them.

I became a clergyman, and travelled much, preaching to destitute churches. I had an appointment to preach to a newly organized church, which I humbly Christian. I was invited to his house. He was one of my fellow apprentices. His first words, as we became known to each other, were—

"The prayer that night was made in my boarding-house chamber that night has been the means of saving me from ruin, here and hereafter. The conviction I then received never left me."

I learned the residence of another of my companions. I shortly after made another visit. He, too, was a believer. After speaking of his religious comforts he reverted to my prayer at our boarding-house, and said—

"Remember it?" he replied, "yes! yes! It haunts me for years; and if I had yielded to the impressions it made upon me, I should not have been the poor, miserable drunkard I am now."

The above sketch—the outlines of which are taken from the experience of a humble pastor—forcibly illustrates the importance of yielding to the Holy Spirit. The occasions on which Christian effort can be made most successfully are known to Him alone who sees the hearts of men. Special direction of the Spirit is often attended by trial, but it ultimately brings to the obedient Christian the richest reward.

TRIALS NEEDFUL TO PURIFICATION.—"I remember," says Whittier, "some years ago, when I was at Shiloh, I went into a glass house; and, standing very attentive, I saw several masses of toad, of various forms. The workman took a piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second and then into a third. I said to him: 'Why do you put this through so many fires?' He answered: 'O, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore, we put it into a third, and that will make it transparent.' This furnished Whittier with a useful hint, that we must be tried and exercised with many fires, until our dross be purged away, and we are made fit for the owner's use."

## THE WEDDING GARMENT.

The vast congregation assembled at the annual meeting of Missions, when the "communion of saints" is very suggestive of the happy time of their coming from "the east and the west, the north and the south, to sit down" together, received in solemn stillness from the hands of venerated men the consecrated cup. Prayers were written on many faces, as they waited this opportunity of expressing anew their love and faith. Like the Last Supper with the twelve, it seemed a time when many leaned on Jesus, their hope and everlasting Friend. The cup, borne from hand to hand, reached one man, attentive and serious, who refused this blessed emblem of the Saviour's death. "Friend, how earnest thou in hither, not having on the wedding garment?"

That man seemed utterly lonely, amid thousands of Christ's friends. Imagine the loneliness of a soul in heaven, who has no sympathy with the Saviour, no love for Divine joys. A blind man would be more pleased with color, a deaf man more sensible of music. It will be no privilege to be admitted to heaven, unless we wear a wedding garment.

A look of sadness and gloom overspread this man's face as he saw so many eager to receive the heavenly bread and wine; he was apparently the only spectator, the only heart irresponsive to the holy joy of fellowship with Jesus Christ. It is most obvious that a soul would be overwhelmed with sorrow if it found itself isolated in heaven, without the pardon of sin, the white robe, and the crown. No one can be allowed to remain with the redeemed who is not sanctified, because it would excite the pity of those who are henceforth free from every variety of suffering.

A lady was accidentally present at a marriage where the guests were arrayed in white and costly robes. Persuaded by her friends to join the company in her dark traveling dress, the scene gave no pleasure, the contrast was continually before her eyes, the sombre color did not seem in unison with the gay and brilliant rooms. The lady felt her dark dress so unsuitable that she soon stole away.

Thus, a soul, still clothed in the dark robe of sin, would be glad to hear the sentence, "Depart to everlasting darkness and despair." The intense mortification and shame of being so distinguished, while the conquerors wore white raiment of victory, would make one cry for the mountains to fall on him, to cover him for ever from the presence of the Lamb. Christ deals very tenderly with sinners on earth; from the cross he prayed for their pardon; but in heaven he will receive those who came out of great tribulation, who believed that the blood of Jesus Christ would cleanse them from all sin. In heaven, therefore, will be found a multitude whom no man can number, bound together by the most perfect sympathy, looking ever with love and gratitude towards the same object, "the Lamb in the midst of the throne."

There will be seen no sorrowful, mortified, lonely soul in a strange dress of darkness, without a wedding garment, for all these will be banished to their own place, lest they cause