

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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LETTER FROM ROME.

Professor Fairfield of Michigan Central College, who is now on a visit to the Continent, is writing some interesting letters to the *Morning Star*. The following from Rome describes some things in that city of the "seven hills."

Well and Gates—Unfruitfulness of the soil and sparseness of population around the city—The Pope—The People and the Priests.

Rome, Italy, Jan. 27, 1864.

This city has a wall and gates; and that they are real gates with a real use, appears from an incident that occurred a few days since. Two young Englishmen came here from Florence on horseback; and after a long and hard day's ride reached the *Porta del Popolo* (the People's Gate) at 11 o'clock. They knew nothing of the custom of closing the gates at 10 o'clock, and unexpectedly found themselves shut out from the city, toward which, with high expectations, they had pressed their way so perseveringly.

They knocked at the gate; but the sentinel from within only replied that the gates did not open till the morning. The French Commandant. To this the young men replied—"Will you take or send our card to the English Consul, and he will secure permission and we will not be obliged to freeze here all night?" No; he could not do that. Money was offered, but for once the sentinel proved incorruptible. "And then," said one of the young men, in relating the thing to me, "I swore at him in all the languages I knew." This availed just as little, and he might as well have kept his patience and a good conscience. The young men then rode back along the road via Flaminia, which is thickly settled, and tried to get entertainment for themselves and horses; but they could not succeed. Neither men nor animals had eaten since 11 o'clock; and twenty francs were offered to one man appearing at an upper window, if he would come down and give them a piece of bread; but the ill-temper in which the young men had fallen by this time, undoubtedly gave a threatening tone to their voices which frightened the rustic Italian; and their fear overcame their anger. So the travellers sat upon the horses, suffering from weariness and cold, until 5 o'clock in the morning, when the gate was opened and they entered what appeared to them a very inhospitable city.

The English are certainly the last of all who should suffer ill treatment at the hands of Rome; for more Englishmen—now that Americans are kept at home by the war—come here to visit and to make purchases, than of all other nations together. The hotels are all crowded, and yet you will scarcely hear at the dinner table of any of them any other language spoken than the English. This is true of all the principal hotels in Rome at this time.

This renowned Rome is in the midst of a very unfruitful country. On all sides of it there is the same unfruitfulness of the soil under present cultivation; and under the best, small crops could be realized. I have walked and rode many miles outside of the walls to see how the peasants live. And in the first place there are not many of them. The population around Rome is very small. Large regions, poorly cultivated, almost without inhabitants, is the brief description of the suburbs. On one side is a level region, underlain by volcanic rock and ashes. On the other hand hills produce but half a crop. It is "the abomination of desolation"—though perhaps not that spoken of by the prophet. It was once a high honor to be a Roman citizen; but I add new to my former litany from a long residence in or around Rome, "deliver me."

Of course even the most decided Protestant who comes to Rome has a very natural curiosity to see the Pope. I have enjoyed that privilege to my entire satisfaction on two different occasions—once in the open air, as he stood near me, with his hat off, waving his hand to the people who saluted him; again in that vast church of St. Peter, as, in grand procession, he was brought through it by twelve men bearing his chair upon a frame work on their shoulders. He is a fine looking old gentleman—72 years almost—his countenance expressing benevolence and kindness more than mental strength. His Prime Minister, Antonelli, has more power and keener intellect; but less amiable. Personally, Pius IX. ought to be a man of great kindness of heart, if his face does not misrepresent him. As to his temporal power, there are thousands in Rome who submit to it with an ill grace, and pray constantly for the reign of Victor Emmanuel instead. Literally and figuratively Rome stands over a smoldering volcano. There will be an eruption of the metaphysical or before long. I leave the Geological interpreters to their own notions in regard to the other.

The Italians have a bad reputation for dishonest and sharp dealing; but after having been brought much in contact with them, I can assure you that they are just like the rest of the world—of all shades and types of character. There are some of honest faces, and as honest men, and as many of them, as I have found anywhere else in Europe; there are some very sharp and entirely untrustworthy; but no more than may be met in any other country. On the whole, I have a higher opinion of them in this respect than before I came here. But I must say that the priests are not among the best looking; many of them are gross and sensual in physiognomy and expression; some of them sharp and hard featured; and very few have anything of the benevolent and "spiritual" to commend them to your confidence as religious teachers. They seem to me to be the "sharpest" among all the Romans, and moreover, if they are not, they are generally misjudged. I except from this remark some of the friars, that I have seen in the convents—who look to me like well disposed but misled and deceived men—the victims of a superstition which they have not the clearness to discern nor the power to resist.

Curious things are done here under the name of religion. No man with a fair sized mouthfulness in his head can withhold a smile—when some-times becomes audible—at some sights which appear. For example, when I took a long procession of monks of various orders, the other day, chanting most unmelodiously through the streets—most of them wearing a look of utter indifference, or even levity, and the rest wearing over their heads a sort of coarse black pillow case drawn

down, with holes cut out for the eyes—do you blame me that I more than smiled? If those whose faces I saw had looked solemn, I probably should have felt a pity for their ignorance and folly; but they were about as free from it as a procession of Sabbath school children at a Fourth of July celebration; and when the hooded monks came unexpectedly into view, with their black eyes peeping through holes in white bags upon their heads, I had just grace enough to keep me from laughing aloud.

I said that I had seen the Pope; but not privately. That, if I have been rightly informed, is an expensive luxury. Our American Minister not long since had an official introduction, as the Representative of our Nation; and what do you think? The Pope's attendants sent in their bill to the amount of thirty odd dollars, for their services on the occasion? "If this is done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry?" Most of us Americans would be obliged to meet each other with the question—"Ch'è il prezzo?"—what is the price?

There are so many Englishmen and Americans now in the streets of Rome, that you scarcely know, when you meet a well dressed man, whether to address him in the Italian or English language, and sometimes amusing things occur. For example, a day or two since, wishing to find my way to the American Legation, I met a kind looking gentleman, who seemed at home, and in my Italian said to him—"Signore vuol avere le bontà di mi dire don e la via." &c. Recognizing my English accent, he promptly replied—"Yes, sir; directly forward, and the first street to the left." "Thank you, sir," I said, and held back the laugh until he was out of hearing.

Rome is at the same time the filthiest and the most interesting city that I have yet seen. Its present type of civilization is evidently effete. There is something else in the programme of the future. Can this old worn out people be renewed and regenerated?—is a question which I have revolved during these weeks of tarry. I see that Henry Ward Beecher conceived a special admiration for the Italians. It must have been that he himself was in a particularly good humor while in Italy, or else he had a better than average sample of them from which to form his opinion. The latter is undoubtedly true, if he saw only Turin and Milan.

Every part of Rome teems either with present or historic interest; but its chief charm is in its "dead past."

The great days of the "Carnival" are approaching. The horse racing begins Saturday. Formerly the Jews were made to contribute to the sport of the foot races down the Corso. For this purpose the halt and lame and drunk were brought out to amuse the Roman barbarians. Now, horses are turned loose, and started upon the course with flapping spurs constantly goading them on to the end of the street. If not anything in the next few days worthy of note, as illustrating Roman life, I may let you hear of it.

THE HALF-WAY CHRISTIAN.

"I have just enough religion to make me miserable," said Mrs. A., a member of B. street Church.

"What do you mean?" inquired her friend, shocked, as well she might be, at such a remark. "I mean just what I say," was the reply. "I have just enough of religion to prevent me from enjoying the world, and not enough to enable me to enjoy God; and between the two I am miserable."

Mrs. A. had made a simple, honest confession—one which would meet a response in many a professing Christian's heart, though few would be found willing to so candidly give it utterance. She was a half-way Christian—neither one thing or another, her heart divided between two strong claimants; and of course she was not happy. She verified in her experience the words of Christ: "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." She was not conscious of a positive hatred and aversion to Christ! O no! She knew that he was worthy of her service.

But the world she loved and longed for. Its allurements, the fascinations of society, the enticements of sense, were ever present and powerful. She would fain have held them in one hand, while she grasped the forms of religion as her only hope of salvation with the other. Yet she knew she could not do this, and the conflict between the two made her wretched. The Bible was to her a sealed book. Interpreted as it must be to her experience, how could she understand the sacred words of the Lord Jesus, "For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light?" or that of the apostle Paul, who declared, "The ways of wisdom are pleasant, and all her paths are peace?" Peace—she knew it not, nor love, nor joy, nor any of the sweet fruits of the Spirit.

And, Mrs. A., what do you think the world thinks about you? But does it esteem and respect you? How can it? Are you a "light in the world?" Are you a "living epistle?" For Christ, "known and read of all men?" Are you a "witness for God" in your day and generation? One of your neighbors is urged to become a Christian. "A Christian?" she inquires. "Mrs. A. is one of your Christians, and she is no better than I, nor half so happy. She belongs to the church, and cannot do this and that and the other thing, though she longs to; but I have my freedom. I am not shackled by rules and forms and obligations. I am better off than she is, and much more contented. I will not be a hypocrite." So the half-way Christian stands in the gateway of Christ's Church, blocking up the entrance, neither going in himself, nor suffering those who would enter in.

And what do you think, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Head of the Church, says of such members? "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." Could there be framed an expression of more utter loathing and disowning than that?

What good, then, does your lukewarm half-way religion do you? None at all. On the contrary, it makes you miserable here, and will only add to your condemnation hereafter. Arise then, choose you this day whom you will serve. Decide for the one master or the other. Or rather, give yourself with energy—body, soul and spirit—to the Lord, and free.

THE FLAW IN THE LINK.

BY REV. T. L. CUTLER.

The wedding was a pleasant one, and full of promise. The bride was as clearly formed for "attractive grace" as Milton's Eve. Her bright face glowed with the white and red which "nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on." The man at her side was every inch a man, and his face flushed with honest pride when he softly-spoken, "Yes, I do," fell upon his ear. The link that was welded before God with prayer seemed so bright, and firm, and strong that to one could detect a flaw.

A few weeks after, when the bridal tour was over, we saw them at church, side by side. A good beginning, thought we. It was the Sabbath for celebrating the Lord's supper. When the time came for distributing the bread and wine the non-communications either changed their seats or left the church; not all, but many of them. The bridegroom rose reluctantly, halted a moment, and then took his hat and went over to a side pew and sat by himself. The bride was left to commemorate the love of her Saviour alone. It was their first separation, and in a moment a "great gulf" seemed to open between them! Ah thought we, there is a flaw in the wedding link already; they are one toward each other, but toward God they are two! How can two walk together toward eternity when they are going in opposite directions? Which of them will draw the strongest? If God gives them a household to rear up, which will the children follow soonest, the praying mother or the irreligious father? Will it not be a house divided against itself?

Looking around the church we saw other separations just as wide and melancholy as this one. Husbands and wives were there that day that during the previous week had dwelt lovingly together. They had sat at the same table at home; they had wept and rejoiced together in the sorrows and the joys of one common freeds. But at the table of their divine Lord and Redeemer they parted. To human eyes, but a narrow church aisle divided them; yet in God's sight they were spiritually as wide asunder as the poles. Looking at this scene of separation, I question the silken cords of affection to him, and apply the persuasions of earnest lips, still more of a holy, sweet-tempered noble life, who he will be delighted surprised to see how he will "go after you." As the huge man-of-war on its way down through the Narrows seems to say to the little steam-boat, "Draw me and I will go along with you," so has many a resolute will and carnal heart been won along steadily toward Christ by the gentle power of a sweet prayerful woman's life. The positive efforts that you make for your husband's conversion must be made wisely. There is a sort of holy tact in this business. Watch your opportunities. Do not approach him with it when he is out of temper. Do not worry him with teasing talk, or with taunts; do not assume the tone of pity; it will only irritate. Watch your chances, and aim to co-operate with the Spirit of God when you see the heart moved by the truth, or moved by affliction, or by any event of Providence; then work with the Holy Spirit.

One good illustration is often worth a hundred counsels. And an actual incident we have some where met with fits our case exactly. During a period of general religious interest in the city of B., a wife of devoted piety persuaded her husband to go with her one evening to her church. He tried to think himself an infidel, and made sport of religion at every opportunity. "I will never go again," said he angrily to her. "I was provoked and insulted; that sermon against infidelity was aimed at me." She saw that the shots were for him without conscious of herself and a few friends.

One evening the wife kindly said to him, "Dear, will you grant me one little request? go with me to-night to meeting." "I will go to the door, and no further." With true womanly tact she says, "Very well, that will do." He goes with her, parts from her at her door, stays out in the cold, while she goes in and breaks into fervent prayer for him as soon as she reaches her seat. She is trying not only the strength of her marriage link, but of that nightier link that binds her faith to the God of Promise.

Presently the door slowly opens; a man walks straight to her seat and sits down beside her. He goes home quietly; she meanwhile talking more with God than with her husband. The next evening, after tea, as they sit chatting by the fire, he rises, and with some emotion says, "Wife, isn't it most time to go to church?" She springs from her chair; it is entirely too early but she will not risk delay, and hurrying on her hat and cloak they are off. A happy evening, you that to have years ago, loving heart! For his stubborn soul melts down under the truth like wax in the flame; his infidelity is conquered where it only can be vanquished—at the cross of Christ.

From that evening he is a new man. His home is a new place. There is an altar at his fireside; behold he prayeth! And ever after through their happy lives there was no flaw in the link that bound them in their daily walk toward heaven. "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"—*Evangelist.*

THE WHOLENESS OF RELIGIOUS CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

In the old Anglo-Saxon language, from which we derive the two words, *wholeness* and *holiness*, they have one root, and they there mean one and the same thing. Anglo-Saxon, *hal*, whole; *halig*, holy, wholly. And in old English *wholly* and *holiness* are spelled alike, and are indeed one word. So the holy man is simply a whole man. The two words convey the one idea of entireness, completeness, as in the two phrases, "a whole man of God." In such a man religion has complete possession, a sovereignty of control.

This idea of religion differs somewhat from the common conception of its design and scope, and is quite at variance from the ordinary exasperation of it. We incline to associate religion too exclusively with certain seasons, forms, and exercises. We attach it to the family altar, the services of a religious meeting, the Sabbath, the activities of a revival, and the like, as if we could detach it from other times and places and services of life. But holiness, that is, religion in its wholeness, cannot be so limited. Religion pertains as much to Saturday as to Sunday, to the shop, office, and farm as to the sanctuary and altar; as much to making bargains as prayers.

True, if we would know whether a man is religious, we notice whether he is a professor of religion, keeps his covenant, honors the Sabbath and sanctuary, sustains the prayer-meeting and family altar, and furnishes other kindred evidence. So we get evidence that the man is regenerated, and has some religion. But if his piety stop in his manifestation at these obvious and ceremonial points, we may be very imperfectly informed. It is narrow, wanting in symmetry. It does not show a wholeness, and therefore does not illustrate the ancient idea of holiness.

Let us illustrate. A man becomes a Christian by the instantaneous act of regeneration. He is God's workmanship. Now he is said to be a converted man. That conversion should affect his property. If it is radical in him, all his property will be converted. He will have a converted farm, shop, and office. His stock on the farm and in the trade will be converted stock. His entire business will experience a religious change, a conversion, and if not always in its mode, yet always in its aim and spirit. When the man comes into the church as a member, all his property will make a profession of religion with him, shop, farm, office, spade and foreplane, anvil, ledger, and bank-book. Those investments in an unawful business will be converted, and those stocks in a Sabbath breaking corporation will be converted, and put where they can "remember the Sabbath-day." Religion in its wholeness would make better business men of some Christians. It would qualify their words, and weights, and measures.

Let us illustrate again. This man talks, prays, and lives, in some respects, much like a Christian and we think he is one. Yet we are perplexed to see how grace can dwell with a man who makes those about him so uncomfortable. How coldly sternly he speaks to his wife, whom he ought to love even as Christ loved the church and died for it. What a cross and repulsive way he has toward his children, and how he treats them! As a neighbor, he makes you very uncomfortable. No plan can be as good as his, no conscience as tender and strong, no help as profitable as that rendered under his lead. He evidently wants to do good and go to heaven, but as evidently has a very crooked way of working and going upward. Selfishness, sternness, petulance, self will are close dwellers to the graces that the Spirit has introduced into his heart. The brambles, tares, and wheat are all growing together. It is righteous love living in Sodom. The man does not realize that holiness in our mother tongue means wholeness of character.

Few things injure the cause of Christ more than those inconsistencies, incongruities, and contradictions in good men. Their religion is confined to, and expands itself in certain habits, ways of working, seasons and periods of Christian labor. The whole tree has not been graced apparently. So from the same stock get two kinds of fruit. One basket was very good figs, like the figs that are first ripe; and the other basket had very naughty figs, which could not be eaten, they were so bad.

Some good men would be improved if they should become less religious if need be, that they might become more moral. They ought to be better in secular and worldly things, even though at the expense of some of their religious duties. Their family, social, business, public, and Christian life needs tempering together into good proportions. Less in parts, and more in the whole would improve them. If the bridges are unsafe, the splendid line between will not commend a railway or raise its dividends. A pillar and joy in the family, a good neighbor, a perfectly reliable business man, an active co-operator in the parish, in the church, in the Sabbath school, and prayer-meeting—such a Christian has a roundness, a well-proportioned development of his piety. The whole-someness and holiness of the man reminds us of the original identity of those two words.—*British Messenger.*

THE SWEARER REPROVED.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE ADMIRAL HOPE.

An anecdote has been related to us of Admiral Hope's Christian firmness in rebuking swearing and improper language when uttered in his presence. Not many years back a gentleman in a London omnibus was using very violent language, swearing and taking the name of the Lord Jesus Christ in vain, when he was quietly rebuked and requested to desist by an elderly gentleman sitting opposite. The first named having resented the interference, the old officer added, "Well, sir, I am extremely sorry you resent my words, simply requesting you to forbear insulting a very dear and precious name which I honour and love; and I can only say that if you are dead to all feelings of consideration of common courtesy, and will persist in using the language you have done, you shall compel me to do that which I will be sorry to be obliged to do." Upon this the angry man broke out afresh, and defied him, when the Admiral stopped the omnibus and got out, the other watching him, expecting he would call a policeman, &c.; but, seeking him walk quickly away, he remarked to another rider about his impudence, when the person whom he addressed asked if he knew who it was who had been inducted to re-monstrate with him. He replied, "No, nor did he care, except that he was very impatient for threatening him in that way." The other remarked, that he was mistaken, for there had been no threat, but a very meek and courteous remonstrance; that the gentleman was a most kind and benevolent man, and a gallant officer, who was quite incensed by any mean act.

"What right had he to threaten me? Did he not say he would do so?"

say he would do something if I did not desist?" said the other. "Yes," replied the gentleman; "but that was no idle threat, and he did what he said he would be obliged to do." "And what was that?" asked the angry man. "Why, get out and walk, which his age and infirmities will hardly allow him to do; and the speaker, a great part of his income in succoring the afflicted and the destitute, and so would not like to throw away even a sixpence." "You don't mean to say that was what he meant?" asked the angry man. "What is his name?" "I am quite positive it was all he meant," replied the other, "and his name is Admiral Hope—a truehearted Christian man!" The angry man looked puzzled, then thoughtful, and at last called out, "God forgive me! what a fool I have been! Give me his address, in case I should miss him." He stopped the omnibus, and jumped out, to seek his faithful reprover, adding that he hoped it would make a new man of him, for he should never forget the lesson to the last day of his life!

This anecdote was related by the gentleman himself, who became a humble follower of the Lord Jesus, but who has since gone to his rest, trusting only in that blessed name which he had so blasphemously and lightly spoken of. There was another soul to whom this little incident had been so richly blessed, that it had sunk into his heart, and sprung up to everlasting life.

EXCUSES.

There are few who would actually say what the poor Hindoo replied to the missionary, when the question was put to him, "Which do you value most, your soul or your body?" things present, things to come? and he answered, "Of course, things present; of course, my body is most important to me." But how many act as if they thought so! One man "finds his business quite as much as he can attend to, and must leave religion to the clergy." Another one, still young, will say that he "feels it a positive duty to give all his attention to his studies while he remains at college, because everything in his future life depends on his 'taking a high place';" a third has the cares of a family on his shoulders, and considers it unnecessary to offer any excuse for devoting his whole attention to those so near and dear to him; while a fourth is very poor, and "finds it hard enough to keep body and soul together;" he will tell you that "he has something else to do besides bothering himself about religion." What devoted minister, or other earnest Christian, bent on saving souls, does not know what it is to meet with excuses like these? Who has not experienced the blunt refusal of the poor, and the polite coolness of the rich alike showing that they are subjects in which they take no interest. They "go on like the rest of the world," and "do very well as they are, and only wish you would let them alone." It is said of the Chinese generally, that if you begin to talk to them about the man in the moon, what he eats and what he drinks, they will listen with great interest; but that if you speak to them of religion, of heaven, and of God, they will generally go to sleep!

Now it is not a very great exaggeration to say that millions of people in England feel very much the same, although the feeling is not always so plainly expressed. Any trifles, and novelties, and easily interested many a fashionable young man or woman; but how often do they remain perfectly indifferent when the "servants of their Lord" come and announce to them that all things are ready, and bid them to the gospel feast! Ask them to any other entertainment; speak to them of the feasting, of the music, and the company they will meet, and the invitation will be eagerly accepted; but tell them that you bring an invitation for them to the "Marriage Supper of the Lamb," and they begin to make excuses. A few who are avowed infidels, will say plainly that they cannot come; that they do not believe that there is any such place as heaven; and that all religion is nothing but priestcraft. If the time and place are favourable they will even go further, and add insult and cruelty to the refusal; and the messengers must go with their lives in their hands, as has often happened, and is still the case in Spain, and some other parts of the world, even at this very time. Under such circumstances, the enmity of the human heart towards God is shown, as well as its utter carelessness about unseen joys. But things are different in happy England; and what persecution there is must be of a private kind. So people do not believe that they really hate God; they forget that an apostle says that "the carnal heart is enmity against God;" and that, consequently, if there are set on things below, and therefore "carnal," they must, of necessity, be to the "Marriage Supper of the Lamb," and they begin to make excuses. A few who are avowed infidels, will say plainly that they cannot come; that they do not believe that there is any such place as heaven; and that all religion is nothing but priestcraft. If the time and place are favourable they will even go further, and add insult and cruelty to the refusal; and the messengers must go with their lives in their hands, as has often happened, and is still the case in Spain, and some other parts of the world, even at this very time. Under such circumstances, the enmity of the human heart towards God is shown, as well as its utter carelessness about unseen joys. But things are different in happy England; and what persecution there is must be of a private kind. So people do not believe that they really hate God; they forget that an apostle says that "the carnal heart is enmity against God;" and that, consequently, if there are set on things below, and therefore "carnal," they must, of necessity, be to the "Marriage Supper of the Lamb," and they begin to make excuses.

Christ's words here are very plain; indeed, they are always so—"None of those men that were bidden shall taste of my supper." It will be of no avail at last to tell him that he made a mistake, that he did not understand, or could not help being otherwise occupied; for he gives us warning beforehand what we are to expect; and that, unless we think it worth while to make sacrifices that we may attain the heavenly feast, we shall never be admitted to taste thereof. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding all his tenderness and compassion for perishing sinners, yet he himself tells us more of the certainty and the fearful nature of the condemnation awaiting the impenitent, than it is to be found elsewhere in the Bible. Surely, then, this shows us what true love is; that it does not conceal the danger, but gives the sinner timely warning, and represents the true state of the case.

So Jesus dealt with the Jews of old; and then he left them without the least excuse; yet, with a few exceptions, they would not hear. Some were gathered from "the streets and lanes of the city," but, as a nation, they rejected him. The gospel

was to be preached among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem; and this command was obeyed; but a very short time elapsed before we find Paul saying to the Jews, "It was necessary that the Word of God should first have been preached to you; but seeing that ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles" (Acts xiii. 46). "Go out quickly into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." If this word had never been spoken, in what state would England have been at this very day? Yet the church has been very slow in fulfilling her work; and when I say the church, I mean the whole body of believers. We get the good news ourselves, and forget to tell them to others, as the dark state of many a lane and many a highway too plainly shows; and therefore it is, that though "all things are ready," yet the marriage-feast is still postponed.

"How long, O Heavenly Bridegroom, how long will thou delay? And yet how few are grieving that thou dost absent stay! The very birds her portion And calling her forgo, And seek for ease and glory Where thou, her Lord, art not."

Ah, how earnestly should those who do not only think the invitation a very pleasant sound, but have accepted the gracious offer, strive to "the gift" which is in them, and join in the cry, "Come, for all things are ready."—*British Messenger.*

ENDLESS ROADS.

Time is endless. So is hope. So is action. The lines of life stretch farther than we think. We lay our plans for to-morrow, and they prove to be a track that never ends. All our paths here go out into the unseen world. They leap the chasm between life and eternity, not stopping when the body gives out in the long march, but still reaching forward to traverse the scenes beyond. As you look across the street, the line of your vision is terminated by some building; you can see nothing beyond. If that building were away, you could see other houses and streets. If all these were brushed away; you would see in the distance hills and woods. And if these, too, were gone, the line of your vision, unchecked, would shoot off alone to the stars beyond the sun-rising, nor staying there, would push onward among the farthest constellations, overtaking and outstripping the swiftest travellers of those unknown fields, till it had reached the utmost verge of the great universe—yes, and beyond, into the silent and shoreless expanse, ever onward and onward, hastening after and never reaching the infinite.

So the hopes of this earthly life, its plans and schemes and busy contrivances, are endless lines that reach into an endless future. Within the little circle of yourself, the plans you make for to-morrow, the wishes and hopes you entertain for the coming months and years, you may not see or realize how far your favorite purposes stretch off into the distance. Does your vision stop there and these nearest things, and linger within the narrow limits of these visible houses and lands, these men and matters just around you? Do you never think how they touch on the margin of an endless future? You do never see how all earthly things are embosomed in an always present eternity! O, eternity is near. It is close to us. It is all around us, like the invisible air that envelops our homes. We walk every day in the embrace of eternity. Its light shines upon every deed we do, and every step we take.

Which way are we travelling? Whether backward or forward, whether to the right hand or to the left, whether to the cross, or away from it, our journey's end lies somewhere in eternity. The end of every plan is there. The result of every deed is there. Into the fields of eternity are hurrying the footsteps of every man's life. No path will end this side.

"Eternity! Eternity! How long art thou, Eternity! Yet onward still to the endless speed, As to the light the impatient steed, As ship to port, or shaft from bow, Or swift as couriers bearing good, Mark well, O man, Eternity!"

THIS TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.—Millions of men, I know, are still idolaters; millions of men are still Mohammedans; and millions more still worship Brahma and Buddha. But a single Christian nation of Western Europe outweighs them all. When these millions will begin, in large numbers, to accept the gospel, we cannot tell; but we know that they need the gospel, for they are men. And we know, too, that sooner or later, they must receive it at our hands. Where the gospel once went, winning its victories, it can go again. In the vast strategy of the Christian centuries of conflict, Asia and Africa were indeed abandoned for a time, but our troops are returning to contest anew the ancient fields of victory, and already enough has been accomplished to make us confident in regard to the final issue. What we need now first, and most of all, is a better Christendom. Three hundred and thirty-five millions of mankind now answer the Christian roll call; and they hold in their hands every art, every science, and nearly every resource of strength, in existence upon the globe. Their lands are filled with plenty, and their commerce whitens every sea. Already they clasp the round earth in their stalwart arms, and it only remains for them to lift it up, and lay it upon the bosom of its Lord.—*Rev. R. D. Hitchcock, D. D.*

GAMBLERS REPROVED.—A missionary from the Sandwich Islands, once took a passage from New York to New Haven, in a packet. In the evening, a company of fellow-passengers, who were very profane, gathered round a table on which was the only light burning in the cabin, and soon became deeply engaged in gambling. The minister, after reflecting some time on the best means of reproving them, drew a Bible from his trunk, and politely requested that he might have a seat at the same table, for the purpose of reading. The sight of the Bible at once stopped their swearing; and after gambling in total silence about ten minutes, they all left the table and went upon deck. Thus evincing that the silent reproach of a good man, with the Bible in his hand, are too loud and too pointed for the guilty conscience of even old gamblers to endure.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted successes qualify a man for usefulness or happiness. The storm of adversity, like the storms of the sea, arouse the faculties and incite the skill and fortitude of the voyager.