

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.

From the New York Observer.

PRINCE AND POET.

One of the members of the royal household has written a letter respecting the sickness and death of Prince Albert, and its effect upon the Queen. The closing hours of his life were eminently peaceful, and his mourning household had that sweet consolation, which is always mingled with the chastening sorrow when a good man dies. The writer says:—

The last Sunday he passed on earth was a very blessed one for the Princess Alice to look back upon. He was very ill and very weak, and she spent the afternoon alone with him, whilst the others were in church. He begged to have the sofa drawn to the window, that he might see the sky and the clouds sailing past. He then asked her to play to him, and she went through several of his favorite hymns and chorals. After she had played some time, she looked round and saw him lying back, his hands folded as if in prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he had fallen asleep. Presently he looked up and smiled. She said, "Were you asleep, dear papa?" "Oh, no," he answered; "only I have such sweet thoughts." During his illness his hands were often folded in prayer; and when he did not speak, his serene face showed that the "happy thoughts" were with him to the end.

He had been a Prince beloved by his family and his people, and he fell asleep on earth to awake a king and a priest unto God in heaven. Everything connected with his death was beautiful and peaceful. This daughter soothed his last hours, and spared him the sight of her own sorrow; his queen bore her great trial with Christian fortitude; the prayers of a nation rose up on his behalf, and were answered in God's wisdom, according to His own holy will, in a removal to glory above, of one who had gained the heights of earthly honor; and a well-spent life closed at the portals of a happy eternity. Let me remove this picture and show another which presents a fearful contrast, the sad fruit of infidelity and vice. It is drawn by Jules Janin with terrible vividness and painful minuteness.

There was in the last century a poet named Barthe. They still play one of his comedies: "Les Fausses Confidences." He was a friend of the poet Diderot. The latter, while yet young, died exhausted by every passion of debauchery and wit. There was nothing around his death-bed but faded roses, old ballet-doux, endless elegies, misery, desolation, destitution. A decayed actress kept watch by his pillow, stuffed with thorns; even the figs scarce flickered on the hearth. "O misery and desolation! How true is the word of the Psalmist: 'Woe unto them that despise my counsel!'—'I cannot wait till this evening.' I want you to play for me NOW!"

Dear reader, I ask you to pause a moment here, and consider your own state before God. Remember, if you are a Christian sinner, the wrath of God lieth upon you. You are under the condemnation of sin. And if you die an unpardoned sinner, you can never enter heaven. Your presence would defile that holy place. Hell, therefore, must be your awful doom, and this evening you may be there. Oh! think of that word NOW, for now is the day of salvation! and this the Sabbath eve. He felt it must be NOW, or it might be NEVER.

"Is there no place," continued the poor trembling sinner, "where we might go and seek the Lord? Is there no haven where we might rest? He might have mercy on my poor soul!"

Wait! I cannot wait.

Together they went to a retired spot, and sought the Lord to remove this poor man's load of sin, and to receive him to himself. God who, "delighteth in mercy," saw the sincerity and earnestness of his heart and enabled him to lay hold of Christ as his Saviour, and gave peace to his troubled mind.

Again, dear reader, let me ask, Have you peace? Are you saved? Are you delivered from the wrath to come? God does not ask you to save yourself. He knows you could never do that; but He "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). Death was the penalty of sin, and the Lord Jesus Christ, God's beloved Son, bore that penalty for sinners; he died to make atonement for sin. God, therefore, now offers a free pardon and eternal life to all who trust in Jesus as their Saviour. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," but, oh! hear in mind this solemn fact, "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36). Facing, then, that to believe in Jesus—to accept him as your Saviour—is to be saved, and not to do so, is to be still under the wrath of God. Do not content yourself by saying, "I hope I am saved." If seeking to be saved from a wreck, would you lie down and sleep with only a hope of safety? Would you be content with a mere, "I hope I am safe"? Not surely you would not. Nothing short of certainty would satisfy a man where his life is in danger; and how infinitely more important to know in what condition the soul is, when eternity hangs on the fact that we must be saved by Christ now, or not at all! for if we die in our sins the Word of God tells us there is nothing before us but a "fearful looking for of judgment." (Heb. x. 27.)

But to resume our narrative. The cabman now sought the company of his friend that he might learn more of Jesus, and of his salvation. And when on the stand waiting for a job, they both might be seen reading together the Word of God out of the pocket Testament which he carried about him.

Shortly afterwards he met the Captain of a ship who had long known him, and gave him an account of his conversion. On this occasion, referring to his past habits, he very sweetly and strikingly said, "My horse knows that I am a Christian!"

Now, reader, before we part, let me ask you, What are you going to do? Are you going to serve the Lord or the devil? You must be the servant of one or the other. There is no middle course. If you follow the desires of your natural heart, caring only for the things of this world, and

There is reason to fear that few earthly princes will wear the heavenly crown, for not many wise, nor mighty, nor noble, are called of God. But in the day when earthly honors are forgotten, when the titles of this world are gone, when the poetry of earth gives place to the song of the redeemed, then will the power of that faith, which cheered the royal death-bed, be seen in its eternally beneficent effects; and the horrors of the unbelieving poet's end will appear only as an awful prelude to an everlasting night of horrors. Who would not rather be an inheritor with those who through faith and patience obtain the promises, rather than of the number of those who despise, and wonder, and perish?

THE TWO CABMEN.

A few months ago, in the year 1858, a cabman in the streets of New York met another of the same occupation, and pressed him to go to a prayer-meeting held in Fulton Street. Although this man was careless on matters of religion, yet the importunity of his friend at length prevailed, and he attended the meeting. The conscience of this careless sinner was then awakened by what he saw and heard. He was deeply affected by the fervent prayers poured forth out of all hearts to "the God of grace." He was aroused by the earnest exhortations addressed to those who were indifferent about the salvation of their souls. He was alarmed as he listened to the awful end that awaited those who had not fled to Christ as their Saviour. He thought of his many sins which now stared him in the face and troubled, as well he might, as he thought of his condition as a sinner, if summoned at once into the presence of a holy God.

The meeting closed. The cabman went away, but the remembrance of that meeting vanished not away. Again and again the solemn truth of an ETERNITY that was at hand, presented itself to him. He became more and more miserable, feeling in his own soul the awful meaning of the word, "Lost, LOST." He could not rid himself of the thoughts which filled his soul.

About three days afterwards he went to his friend who had besought him to go to the meeting. His friend saw him coming, and accosted him as follows:—

"Well, how did you like the meeting the other day?"

"Oh!" said he, "I have never been so miserable in my life as since I went. I don't know what to do. I feel lost. I have come to ask you to pray for me."

Glad to hear such a request, his friend replied:—

"Oh! yes; at our family worship this evening, I will remember you."

"This evening!" replied the man, astonished and dismayed, as a drowning man would be who cried out to another for help, and was answered, "I will help you this evening." "This evening!" again he uttered, with all the weakness of one who saw the judgment-seat before him, and felt the word of the Psalmist: "Woe unto them that despise my counsel!" "I want you to play for me NOW!"

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doing just what is pleasing to yourself, instead of giving yourself to the Lord, and seeking to please Him, then you remain the servant of sin and of Satan, and you will receive the wages of this service in hell. This is certain, for the Word of God declares it.

But if, on the contrary, you are resolved to listen to what God says, and to flee from the wrath to come—if you will come as a ruined, helpless sinner to a most gracious Saviour, he will receive you, and pardon all your sins, and bless you, and make you happy, and take away the fear of death, and enable you to rejoice in hope of that glory which will be the eternal home of all those who serve the Lord Jesus Christ.

And now, in conclusion, take the advice of a friend. If you see the importance of these things—if you have been awakened to suspect that you are on the broad way to destruction, don't put the subject away from you. Don't say, "I'll go on as I am going a little longer, and at some future time I'll turn to the Lord, for I certainly would not like to be damned for ever in hell." Ah! my friend, if you follow this course, which the enemy of souls may be suggesting, be assured a more convenient season will never come. No; if God has spoken to your conscience this day, and you turn your back upon Him, He may never speak to you again in like manner. If you now reject God's gracious offer of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ, it may be the last time you will be called to accept it; and when summoned to a final account, you will be condemned, not only for your sins against God, but you will be condemned, because you have made light of God's grace, and rejected His message of mercy.

RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.

Great efforts are now being made to bring the great mass of the working classes under the sound of the Gospel. The special Sabbath services have been resumed at the different metropolitan churches, all of which have been attended by great numbers of the class for whose benefit they were originally instituted. We believe much good has been accomplished by this agency, and we rejoice that so many of the careless and indifferent are gathered together Sabbath after Sabbath to listen to the word of life. But we want to see a greater number of souls coming to Christ for pardon. We desire to see the extension of the Messiah's Kingdom in our midst, that He who died to save the chief of sinners, may be glorified in their conversion.

But the questions may be asked, how is this important result to be achieved; in what manner is a revival of religion to be brought about? We answer, that the mightiest instrument God's people can employ is prayer. All religious awakenings have arisen from this cause, for the loving Saviour has at all times bestowed His most precious gifts amidst the cries and tears of His people. While they are speaking, God is near to bless. Thus He came upon the gathered eleven, and thus upon the Pentecostal meeting for prayer. The present is still in force, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem;" the promise still holds good, "They shall prosper that love Thee," and as revivals begin in prayer, so they are maintained by prayer. If we desire to see the conversion of thousands, we must pray; for thus saith the Lord God, "I will say for this be inquired of by the House of Israel to do it for them; I will increase them with men like a flock, as the holy flock of Jerusalem in her solemn feasts." In the house of God, in the Sabbath school, in the ragged school, in the family, in the closet, pray, pray.

There is much work to be done among sinners and sinners to help forward a revival. The Lord Jehovah is the only effectual power. Paul and Apollas are nothing till God give the increase. Yet men are co-workers with God; humble instruments to convey His truth and promote His glory. Oftentimes we see the most unlikely men raised up to be messengers of the glad tidings of redemption. Of men, such as Richard Weaver, Richard Bailey, and Joshua Poole, we cannot speak too highly, for they have since their conversion laboured zealously among the lower orders to make known to them the way of salvation. But all God's people have a work to perform—a solemn duty to discharge. Earnestly endeavour to bring new converts into the fold, for it is not the will of God that any should perish. Pray earnestly, and pray fervently, and your labours shall not be fruitless. Let the glory of God the Saviour be your aim in the salvation of the perishing, for every true conversion adds splendour to the Messiah's crown. If the Church of Christ rightly discharged its obligations we should soon see its activity rewarded by thousands of the unconverted being brought to Jesus. We trust that the means now employed in this country, and throughout the world, for this purpose, may be increased, and that there may be a glorious revival of the work of the Lord.—(London) *Christian Herald*.

JUST TWENTY.

Among the conversions during a recent revival in one of the cities of Western New York, was that of a young lady, whose convictions of sin were so deep and pungent, and the subsequent light which broke in upon her soul so bright and clear, and her faith in the Saviour and her love for Him so simple and childlike, that many who had been long in the service of the Lord were greatly strengthened in faith on listening to the simple tale of her conversion. In conversation with a friend respecting the great change in her feelings and views since she had found the Saviour, she remarked, "When I look upon my past life, how strange it seems. I am just twenty, you know. Those twenty years as I look back upon them, seem like a blank. I have lived for myself and the world alone. My Heavenly Father kindly watched over me and provided for all my wants during twenty long years, yet during all that time I never so much as once looked up to Him for His goodness and mercy to me. It is true I said my prayers as I was taught to do, but my heart was not in them. I never felt thankful."

How grateful I have been! I wonder how I could have lived thus. Just think, twenty years, and not one particle of love for my dear Saviour! O if I could only live my life over again! But those twenty years are past; they are lost. How sad the thought. I feel that my future life cannot be devoted so faithfully to the service of my dear Saviour. O it does seem so strange that so many people can live as they do—wholly absorbed in themselves and utterly indifferent respecting everything pertaining to their duty to God and

the eternal welfare of their souls. And yet I never liked to be with them. Somehow they appeared so rigid and so cold. When our minister Dr. S. called at our house I did not want to go into the room for fear he would say something to me about religion. But now there is no one like to see and talk with better than with him. And there are my cousins at A. Two of them are members of the Church, and when I used to visit them I spent but a little time with them because they seemed so staid and sober. But when I last visited them I wanted to be with them all the time, they were such good company and appeared so different to me from what they used to be. Why, I almost entirely neglected my other cousins, there, with whom I used to have such "good times," as I thought.

I used to hear a good deal about Christians being happy, but I did not believe they were really happy, for I could not understand how people who seemed to be so restrained and hampered by the scrupulous observance of religious duties, and who denied themselves so many of the pleasures and enjoyments of the world, could be happy. I thought I was about as happy as anybody could be. I had a happy home, kind friends, and many pleasant acquaintances. There was nothing to trouble me. Always lively and cheerful, why shouldn't I be happy? Well, I was happy—what the world calls happiness, but O what would tempt me to turn back and live just as I used to live! Nothing! nothing! What! turn away from the dear Saviour who died for me, and live only for myself and the world again! Never! Live as I used to—I have no desire to do it, I could not do it. Happy! I never knew what it was to be happy till I found the Saviour. How I love Him—love Him more than I do all earthly friends, more than I do my parents; and if it was the will of my Heavenly Father to have me go now, I should be willing to go and be with Christ my Saviour. Sometimes when I get to thinking about it, I am almost impatient to go. I wonder how I could have been so blind as to think myself happy in living as I once did. I was not happy, I was really unhappy, though I did not think so then; but I can see it plainly enough now. How mistaken worldly people are about Christian happiness. They know nothing about it, neither can they know what it is till they have experienced it in their own hearts. I have been talking with some of my young friends, and telling them that the happiness which Christians speak of is real and not imaginary, and urging them to seek it by giving their hearts to the Saviour. They listen to what I say, but it seems to make no impression upon them. I can see that they look upon me now just as I used to look upon others. They think it is a kind of excitement which will pass away in time, and that I shall then feel and act just as I always did. I feel so anxious about them it seems as if I could not give them up. But I know that without the aid of the Holy Spirit all is in vain.

How little I knew of myself before I was enlightened by the Holy Spirit. I once felt strong, but now I feel so weak, just like a child. When I am tempted I go right to my Saviour and ask him to strengthen me that I may withstand the temptation, for I know and feel that without him I can do nothing. I love to pray. Sometimes my heart is so full it seems as if I could not stop praying. And the Bible, how I love to read it. It is a new book to me now. There is no other book I love to read so well as that. What could I do without it? Now that I have a hope in its promises, I shall not fear death when it comes, for death now seems to me a change from this world of sin and sorrow to that home in Heaven where I shall see my dear Saviour, and be forever happy.—*E. M. C. in Evangelist*.

THE CATHEDRAL AT MILAN.

The most remarkable thing in Milan is its Cathedral. This is a vast extravaganza of architecture as well as of cost. The pile amazes me with its grandeur. I wonder at the exterior, to which art and wealth and labor have left their trophies here, and yet I cannot regard the style as appropriate for the uses of the structure. This building is four hundred and eighty-six feet long; two hundred and fifty-two wide; it has an interior elevation of one hundred and fifty-three feet, and an exterior elevation of three hundred and fifty-five feet. These figures are large, as will appear by comparing them with the dimensions of any ordinary building; and yet they convey no idea of the immensity of effect which is here produced. The Cathedral was begun nearly five hundred years ago. It was several hundred years before the central tower and spire were finished. The building is at this day in process of construction, some part of the work. The effect is, that while portions of the stone, which is a white marble, are as black as St. Paul's in London, other parts are seen glistening like snow in the freshness of their erection. The Cathedral of Milan is literally an ideal extravaganza. It is an endeavour to erect the finest, the largest, the most expensive, the most elegant church which could be built. The endeavour is surely not a failure. You walk around the Cathedral, astonished that your walk is so long. You ascend step by step to its roof, thinking you have accomplished something of an ascent, when you find yourself on an immense area of roof and dazzling marble, while still the central tower rises above you hundreds of feet, hardly daring to give you all the figures which our eyes stand on the tower, and see a vast field of spires or small towers under you. Each tower is crowned with a statue. There are niches for forty-five hundred statues in different parts of the structure, three thousand of which are already executed. Every statue within or outside of the church is passed upon by an academy of art, and if a blemish is detected, the work is rejected. Our guide told us that the expenses of the structure thus far amounts to eight hundred millions of francs. The effect on my mind is that of a vast extravaganza. It is a museum of fine sculpture. It is a prodigy of elegance. But it lacks the sobriety of style which becomes a place of worship. When you have exhausted the superior wonders of the structure, you are taken down to the subterranean church, where the actual body of Saint Charles Borromeo is preserved in a casket of lavish cost and beauty. I would not attempt to tell what wealth of gold and silver and jewels is lavished here. But the thing which I can not easily forget is the grim and ghastly night which is afforded for five francs to those who desire it,

A priest lights up the tomb with torches, and then turns a crank by which the coffin lid is slowly raised, disclosing the black and withered body of the embalmed Saint Charles, who is worshipped here as a person of eminent holiness. To see the cap and robes of the Cardinal on this body which has been dead for nearly three hundred years; to see the official jeweled ring on the bony finger; and to see the contrast between human glory and human weakness, is a spectacle which one can never forget.—*Dr. Clark*.

NEGATIVE RELIGION.

In these latter days of ease from persecution, a profession of religion may be made, and a decent outside preserved without much cost. There is one class of professors, and that by no means a small one, made up of those who have received a religious education, have been trained up to an outward conformity to the precepts of the Gospel, who abstain from the open follies and corruptions of the world, but remains quite satisfied with a negative religion.

They do not profane the Sabbath. They do not neglect the ordinances of God's house. They do not live without a form of prayer. They do not take the holy name of God in vain. They do not run a round of gaiety and folly. They are not drunkards.

They are not swearers.

They do not bring up their children without some regard to religion.

They do not cast off the fear of God.

BUT,

They do not love him.—Dout. v. 10, vii. 9; Matt. xxii. 37, 38; 1 John v. 3.

They do not delight themselves in him.—Psalm xxxvii. 4.

They do not esteem his Word more than their necessary food.—Job xxxii. 12; Ps. cxix. 97, 103, 111.

They do not love the habitation of his house and the place where his honour dwelleth, though they attend it.—Psalm. xvi. 8, lxxxiv. 1, 10.

They do not enjoy the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.—Phil. iv. 6, 7.

They are not temples of the Holy Ghost.—1 Cor. iii. 16, 17.

They are not habitations of God the Spirit (Eph. ii. 22); because

They have not been born again of the Spirit.—John iii. 3, 5.

They have not passed from death unto life.—John v. 24. Consequently—

They cannot be new creatures in Christ Jesus.—2 Cor. v. 17; Gal. vi. 15.

Therefore, alas! they cannot enter into the kingdom of God.—John iii. 3.

O that every reader may pause and consider his own state before God, and be led to pray,

"Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart; see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting" (Ps. xvi. 2); and if convinced that he is not yet in the way, let him "seek the Lord while he is near," and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—Isa. lv. 6, 7.

JESUS ONLY.

We are too prone to send the unconverted to a prayer meeting, or to reading good books, or to listening to some popular Boanerges. The experiences of many a troubled inquirer have been somewhat like those of the woman to whom a faithful minister once said:—

"Have you been in the habit of attending church?"

"Yes, I have been to every church in town; but the little comfort I feel soon goes away again, and leaves me as sad as before."

Do you read the Bible at home?"

"Sir, I am always reading the Bible; sometimes I get a little comfort, but it soon leaves me as wretched as ever."

Have you prayed for peace?"

"O sir! I am praying all the day long; sometimes I get a little peace after praying, but I soon lose it. I'm a miserable woman."

Now, reader, when you went to church, or prayed, or read your Bible, did you rely on these means to give you comfort?"

"I think I did."

Now read this verse, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Jesus said this, Have you gone to Jesus for rest?"

The lady looked amazed, and tears welled up into her eyes. Light burst in upon her heart like unto the light that flooded Mount Tabor on the transfiguration morn. Everything else that she had been looking at—church, Bible, money, and minister—disappeared, and to her wondering, believing eyes there remained no man save Jesus only. She was liberated from bondage on the spot. The scales fell from her eyes and the spiritual fetters from her soul. Jesus only could do that work of deliverance; but he did not do it until she looked to him alone.

USEFUL SERMON.—How many times we preach and retire discouraged, feeling that we have spent our strength for naught! How many times our utterances seem simple and powerless to ourselves, but afterward find they have been "the power of God unto the salvation of a poor sinner!"

Many years since the Rev. Edmund Calamy preached in London. As he was truly eloquent, and drew large crowds, a young man in deep despondency of mind travelled some distance for the purpose of hearing him. It so happened, that on Sabbath, when the young man took his seat in church, the pulpit was supplied by a plain country minister, who took for his text Matthew vii. 28.—

"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" Although there was nothing remarkable in the matter or manner of the speaker, the weight was lifted from the hearer's heart by the influence, and he went on his way rejoicing. Who the preacher was the young man never knew, but he himself was John Owen; and the long life of usefulness, both in Church and State, which followed, was attributable to God's blessing on that single discourse.

DID YOU TAKE YOUR HAT OFF!—We heard a lady asking a man if he took his hat off when he went to view the interior of a church:

"I always uncover myself upon entering the house of God," was the reply, "and do not put on my hat until I have got outside of the doors, whether it be on an occasion of public worship, or that of a casual visit."

SERVICE FOR JESUS.

While as an instrumentality for the conversion of men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, it must be acknowledged that the pulpit stands pre-eminent, sufficient importance is not attached to private personal conversation from the pulpit, have had their attention attracted, been convicted of their sins, and led to Christ, through the fidelity of private Christians. It was to an influence of this kind that Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland was indebted unto God for his conversion. In his recent volume, entitled "Work of the Ministry," his account of the matter is:—

"When I was a student in college I continued to be a regular attendant on the ministry. At this moment I cannot recall a single sermon that I heard during this period. I well remember, however, that a classmate, a pious and consistent Christian, once called into his room and affectionately conversed with me on the subject of my soul's salvation. To this day I can never think of this act of Christian love without thankfulness to God and his servant who thus warned me of my danger. I have never seen him since we parted on commencement day, but I remember him with a warmth of gratitude which I feel for no other of my friends."

Other graduates of our Colleges can testify to the effectiveness of this same kind of labor, and it should encourage Christians more frequently to engage in this service for Jesus. Let them be assured that there is no more hopeful way of reaching the heart and saving souls from death, than by personal religious conversation. "A word spoken in season, how good it is!" Yes, and how potent for good it is! Let them remember too, that "he who winneth souls is wise; and that they that are wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

WITHOUT A SOUL.

In the town of D— lived two farmers, named Jones and Atwood. Their fences join; and, as is often the case, a quarrel arose about a certain side-hill line fence. The quarrel resulted in a lawsuit, in which neighbor Jones having—As Atwood claims—sworn the most tremendous lies, on trial, gained the case. A short time after, notice was given out that there would be preaching on a certain evening in the school house. On the appointed evening the neighbors assembled. The preacher, having finished his discourse, from the text, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" invited any one of those present who wished to make a few remarks on the text. Brother Jones arose, and commenced his remarks by saying:—

"What shall a man give for his soul? How much is it worth? Can any man here tell me how much a soul is worth?"

Before he could proceed further, neighbor Atwood jumped up, and, with finger pointing to brother Jones, said in a shrill piping voice, which penetrated to every corner of the room:—

"I know what one man's soul is worth. It's worth just one rod of hillside!"

LIBERAL.—Last year a Methodist minister was appointed by Conference to the charge of a church which was not in the habit of paying their pastor what they promised. He left at the end of a year, and although they had agreed to pay him \$500, he received less than \$400. As the prices of all the necessities of life are so enormous, he found at the end of the year that his expenses, after great frugality, had been \$700, leaving quite a deficiency. A ministerial friend of his in New York, who knew into what straits he had been brought, mentioned the matter to one of his members, and declared that if he succeeded in getting a job he had in anticipation, that he might give the needy pastor whom he had never seen one-half of the profits. He was as good as his word. He obtained the job, made \$400 on it, and called upon the pastor to send for his partner that he might divide the profits. He came, and the liberal donor met him at the house of the N. York pastor, where with gratitude to God and many thanks to the business man, he took his \$200. It must have seemed to him like a very direct providential interposition. We do not know whether we should admire more the generous-hearted man who paid up so large a sum to a pastor whose services he had never enjoyed, or detect in a greater degree the stupendous meanness of those who enjoyed the labors of this man of God, and yet refused him a sum sufficient to meet his ordinary wants.

HAZARDS OF A SIXTY LIFE.—A gentleman in India once raised a tiger cub. His kindness seemed to eradicate the ferocity of its nature, and it grew up as a pet. One day its owner, being alone with it in his library, crossed it and gave it his hand to tick. The rough tongue of the animal grazed his skin, and gave it its first taste of blood. Then its ferocious nature awoke. Fury gleamed from its eyes, and crouching itself it made ready to spring upon his master. Fortunately the gentleman had a loaded pistol on his table, and saved his life by shooting his former pet.

Let this fact illustrate a valuable truth. Let the sleeping ferocity of the tiger, waked by the taste of blood, stand for a figure of that slumbering passion in your breast which needs but the taste of strong temptation to rise into a terrible life, and break over all the feeble defences which a malcontented conscience and pride of character may have built up in your soul, to protect its virtue. One moment of triumphant passion may suffice to undo the work of half a lifetime. And you, have you not this tiger in your breast?

DOING WELL FOR EACH DAY.—Let us see that we do every day what we can. Any little boy or girl who, in looking back upon a day gone by, can say "I have done one thing well," may be happy with the thought that he has taken one step in the way of wisdom. But remember one thing, dear little friend! the barred grain of wheat would never start into life if God did not send it help, and it is by the same help that it increases day by day. As the little rain drop—God's beautiful messenger—descends into its tomb, so, in the darkness and death of sin, the Holy Spirit comes to us. If he breathes upon our hearts we live to do good; without him we do nothing good. Let us obey this Spirit, and all good will be ours at last, though we gain it little by little.