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REV. E. McLEOD,

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

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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The Intelligencer.

CHRISTIANITY AN UNCHANGEABLE RELIGION.

The law of constant change is by no means universal. Matter changes in its form, but its substance is ever enduring. Man changes his external relations and condition from age to age...

1. It is unchangeable in its provisions. It is a scheme devised to save men. For this purpose its provisions are most full and complete.

2. Christianity is unchangeable in its demands. The way of life and salvation is the same now that it was eighteen hundred years ago.

The demands made by Christianity of its professors in respect to self-denial and non-conformity to the world are always essentially the same.

3. Christianity is unchangeable in its spirit. It is particularly distinguished from the world in its spirit of humility, love and benevolence.

4. Christianity is unchangeable in its principles. It is particularly distinguished from the world in its principles of love and benevolence.

5. Christianity is unchangeable in its character. It is particularly distinguished from the world in its character of humility, love and benevolence.

6. Christianity is unchangeable in its mission. It is particularly distinguished from the world in its mission to save sinners.

FIDELIA FISK, THE PERSIAN MISSIONARY.

The following touching narrative of the funeral of Miss Fisk was communicated to the Montreal Witness. We transfer it to our columns as an illustration of christian ardour and devotion in a female; and pray that its perusal may inspire some young woman with a wish to be eminent in piety like Miss Fisk, rather than brilliant in fashion and gaiety.

On the 27th of July, it was my privilege to be present at a plain country burial service in the "Mill Country" of Massachusetts. One of the ministers who had travelled more than a hundred miles to attend it, asked in prayer our Heavenly Father to "grant that we may have many such funerals."

It was a charming summer day. The sun was lightly veiled by clouds, and a delicate silver haze rested on the distant hills.

Dear Madam, you have had a great honor conferred upon you, I ventured to say. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," felt tremulously from her aged lips.

"Thank God that he separates the aged yet 'show to the generation' how His grace will sustain under the severest trials."

The Rev. Theophilus Packard, a son of her early pastor, offered a most appropriate thanksgiving for God's grace displayed in the deceased, and special prayer for the relatives, and then the cavalcade proceeded to the little church "set on a hill."

The sanctuary was filled with people. Flowers adorned the communion table. Every one of the long procession of mourners was marshalled to the appropriate seat. A blessing was invoked. The choir sang the hymn,—"O Father, in the conflict is past."

The Rev. Dr. Anderson of the American Board, then rose and gave a brief sketch of Miss Fisk's missionary life. When one remembered his cool judgment, his justice in the exact estimate of character, it was afflicting to hear him remark that he could truly say, that he had never known man or woman, had never seen any one who seemed to him so nearly what the Lord Jesus Christ was on earth as Fidelia Fisk.

Her peritance had something to do with it. Do not wonder in her father, certainly in her uncle, the Rev. Pliny Fisk, who with Parson, began the mission to Palestine, the same might be observed. His power was that of character composed of a rare combination, entirely devoted to God. It was this that enabled Miss Fisk, with her delicate frame, to accomplish so much. Would her delicate frame, to accomplish so much. Would one know what she had done, let him read that one of the triumphs of Persia. No where in man and her name, have we so remarkable the annals of our missions have we so remarkable a type of piety. Character fulfils a peculiarly adapted foundation for spiritual existence, but the speaker attributed it in a great measure to the example they had had before them in Miss Fisk.

"Except Dr. Perkins, as a translator of the Word of God, no missionary, I hesitate not to say, has done more for the Nestorian mission than Miss Fisk."

"Ah!" said the speaker, "what a lamentation there will be when this intelligence reaches the Persian plains; and the wails will be heard from every village where her pupils have established missionary schools, or where they are training their own children, and will be echoed back from the wildest ravines of the mountains of Koordistan."

Since her return to this country, by parol addresses to ladies, by familiar talks in the Sabbath School, by the power she exerted wherever she went, she had accomplished a great deal. "I know no one who we felt could less easily be spared. I had planned work for her for future years; but she has gone! she has gone!"

The speaker then alluded to the fact that we had come longingly to look once more upon the face so beloved, but it could not be seen. Death had set his mark there. "It is sown in corruption." It is the "vile body." This we owe to the first Adam, and then followed a strain of eulogising grace to "the second Adam," the Lord from Heaven, who shall remain in this form.

1st. She was an eminently religious woman. Much of this was due to her father, and he bestowed special attention to this, as a first instance of what God designed the parental relation to be, of what it might always be when rightly used.

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"He called upon the church in Shelburne not to be too proud, but to be grateful that God had given them such a member, that through this delicate woman their influence had extended half round the globe, and through the renovated Nestorian Church, going forth again in her old missionary strength, might yet reach to China. He bids them think of the many pupils in Mount Holyoke who had passed under her influence, hundreds of whom would shine as stars in her crown of rejoicing. He appealed to the young girls present to give themselves to the Saviour whom Fidelia Fisk had found so precious and so faithful."

Dr. Kirk then prayed. O how he supplicated for the Nestorian Church! The benediction was pronounced, and we drove to the cemetery before referred to. She is to be there by her father so much loved, by the dear mother who can be but a little while behind her. The back ground of the picture was formed by a noble hill—a mountain it would be called in some places—that seemed in sunlight while we were in shadow, pointing out to the everlasting hills where our beloved sister walks in raiment whiter than the flowers we laid upon her precious dust.

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But what of him after death, and in the awful eternity where riches profit not? How ever rich he died, if he died without repentance, without faith in Christ, with his sins unpardoned, and his soul unwashed from the love of this world; then, 'the love of the Father not being in him,' he could have no taste for the pure pleasures of heaven, no fitness for his holy society, no title to his deathless treasures. Poor man! to be able to sit in eternity, I lived on earth upwards of seventy years, and died worth many thousands of tens of thousands of dollars or pounds. Poor, poor man! to have to sit in the coming eternity, 'Five hundred millions of years ago I gained the world and lost my soul!' Reader, resolve not to die rich as regards this world, without your balance-sheet being such as an approving God can commend you for. Give according as God prospers you. Judge your giving by His truth, and in the light of the coming day of God. As a child of God, beware of unum. 'Gold is hard and cold; and if you tamper with it, it will impart its properties to your conscience.' Resolve also, in God's strength, that you will die rich as regards the world to come. Let your one desire be to be found in Him, 'in whom all fairness dwells,'—to be rich in faith, rich in good works, rich in hope. There are no limits to the treasures provided for you. They are durable, unsearchable, eternal, and there need be no limits to your acquisitions. Other riches burden the soul; but these will furnish it with wings. Other riches bring cares; but these contentment. Aim then to be rich according to God's estimate.

I know thy poverty, but thou art rich. Thus Christ still awaits, embracing many of His people. They are tried in this world, in various ways; but how much better to have an 'overwhelmed heart' (Psalm lxi. 8), which constrains us to go to God, than an 'overcharged heart' (Luke xii.) which keeps from Him! For the heart to be filled with earthly cares, or lifted up with pride, is much worse than to be exercised with the most painful trials, or endure the most pressing poverty.

THE SECOND VISION OF DANIEL. BY THE EARL OF CARLEISK. In that still hour when the declining sun guided the towers of mighty Babylon...

In that still hour when the declining sun guided the towers of mighty Babylon, while from Babel's hall upon the breeze came faint strains of mystic harmonies, Apart to Israel's God I watched and wept, Till peace came o'er my spirit, and I slept.

THE EFFICIENT MEN. It is a fact of history and of observation, that all efficient men, while they have been men of comprehension, have also been men of detail.

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Where Bethlehem nursed Creation's lowly Lord, Hark! the three shout, "The King of the SWORD!" In warlike pomp the haughty Emirs rise. By the still banners on Gennesareth's lake, And crafty seers proclaim a heaven of guilt, Where the pure blood of Calvary was spilt, Yet ere the vision fades before my eyes, See the regenerating dawn arise! Before the radiance of the gospel beam, Down, baffled crescent! Shrink, Ephraim's strain! Return, ye ransomed, to your promised home! Feet, that are benighted, on the mountain's cone! Foul bigotry, away! flee; discord, cease! Earth, sea, and sky, be glad, before the Prince of Peace!

SURELY HEARD. The fact that God responds to the requests of His children for small as well as great favors and blessings was illustrated by Dr. Scudder, in remarks made by him at the late anniversary of the Fulton Street prayer meeting:

God hears us not only in great things, but in what are called little things, in every day trials and hourly difficulties. Four years ago I went back to India by the overland route through Egypt. When on the Mediterranean coast, I learned that the passengers must stop at Cairo, and must put up at the hotel there. I had a large family, eight in all, and had had no pecuniary provision for this. We took the cars at Alexandria, and as we whirled on toward Cairo, I felt my position keenly. I did not wish to ask any one to lend me money. I shrank from the act. But what could I do. A hotel bill for eight persons is a serious matter at a time, but especially so when you search every pocket and find nothing. I sat in the cars and prayed. Again and again I asked the Lord to pity me, and to help me without humiliating me. The cars stopped. I marched into a great hotel with my long retinue, as calmly as if a thousand dollars were secretly reposing in some corner of my pocket-book, but inwardly I was very anxious. I explored rooms and entered them, and then I said to my wife, "As I have no money, I must now go out and see if I can borrow." I walked down a long hall, but before I had half traversed it, a gentleman came up to me. I said nothing to him, but he stopped me and said: "Dr. Scudder, on the Mediterranean did I not hear you say something about not having anticipated hotel expenses at Cairo?" Then he took out his pocket-book, and opening it, said, "Help yourself." I quietly thanked him, promised to repay him in due time, and taking as many gold pieces as I needed, returned to my room, and said to my wife, "My dear, the Lord has sent the money. All the morning, in the cars, I was praying for it, and it has come without my asking it of any, but of Him who is ever our Friend."

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