

# 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.

### GOD MANIFEST IN FLESH.

"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us." "Who being in the form of God, thought it no robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation and took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of man." All these passages clearly declare the pre-existent Godhead of Jesus Christ, before he came as the Babe of Bethlehem. This great wonder of wonders, the incarnation, filled heaven and earth with admiration. Angelic hosts came down from heaven to make proclamation of the glorious event, and said, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will to men. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." This culminates in the exultant song before the throne in heaven. "Thou art worthy, for thou hast redeemed us by thy blood out of every kindred, and nation, and tongue, and people, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." "Praised be the babe lying in a manger."

On these passages, Rev. H. Bonar, thus eloquently remarks:—"The first of these texts exhibits a multitude of the hosts of heaven coming down to earth; and the second, an innumerable host going up from earth to heaven. We should contemplate and endeavor to realize these two majestic scenes."

It is night at Bethlehem, and all is still over the fields where David once fed his father's flock. In a moment, a marvellous change comes over the scene. What a blaze of heavenly light! What tidings of great joy! What a burst of song! What wonder are the watching shepherds filled!

Now look up; look through the telescope of truth, and lo! before the throne of God, nearer than the holy angels, stand "a great multitude." Spontaneous in purity, filled with rapturous joy, serving God day and night in his temple; saved, fully and eternally saved; with a full consciousness of the glory of their salvation to God and the Lamb. How sublime is the sight! How sweet is this song!

But glorious as are these and melodious as are these sounds, both are eclipsed by the third, humble as that sight first appears. Behold a feeble babe lying in a manger! What! one babe greater than all these angels and redeemed hosts! Yes; by him and for him were all these heavenly hosts created, (Col. 1: 16.) Through him and by him alone are all that great multitude from every kindred, tribe, and tongue saved. The being and blessedness of all grow out of him, of what he is, and of what he hath done. Come, then, let us turn aside and see this great sight. Let us study with reverent mind the mystery, the history, and the destiny of this wondrous babe. We may do all this by the means of God's testimony concerning him. If we believe the mystery, and love the history, we shall share his destiny through eternal ages.

As our calendar informs us, it is now about 1869 years ago since this event, even the incarnation of the Son of God, took place. It has been studied ever since, and the mystery is still unexplored. His history is still going on; and we are 1869 years nearer his glorious destiny than when the shepherds stood gazing on that infant form in the manger, concerning whom Gabriel had a few months previously said—"He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David; and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end." (Luke 1: 32, 33.)

The mystery to be believed. Believed, but not comprehended! "Great is the mystery of godliness: he who was manifest in the flesh." (1 Tim. 3: 16; Isa. 9: 6, 7.)

"This infant is the mighty God. Come to be suckled and adorned; The eternal Father, Prince of Peace, The Son of David and his Lord."

"The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." "As the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also took part of the same;" (John 1: 14; Heb. 2: 14, 16.) The great mystery is, that a person in deity became incarnate in human nature; that is, with a human soul and body. Some of old denied that Christ took a real body, and some who deny that the Lord possesses a human soul. How could the Lord Jesus be a real man without both? How could he suffer without a human body? How could he sympathize without a human soul? This wonderful union must not be curiously pry into, but reverently believed. It is a foundation for every other spiritual union. Because Christ became one with us, we become one with him, and one with God through him. He brings God down to man, and lifts man up to God. Out of incarnation grow salvation, sanctification, and sympathy. Happy those who can say, "We have seen the glory, as the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Think of the history of this babe. It is written on purpose to draw out our love, and to furnish our affections with an adequate object, and both are done by faith having continually to do with him. When a babe is born, we look at it with deep interest and ask, Will it ever have a history? Who can tell as regards any ordinary babe? But God had settled this long before as regards Christ. He had written his history beforehand. The everlasting "shalls and wills" of Jehovah secured everything relating to him, and we have his biography four times written. In it we trace the sinless child—the holy youth—and the perfect man. His victories, his escapes, his sayings, his sorrows, his death, are all recorded; and what perfect; in all offices how glorious; in all circumstances how loving; how holy; how glorious! Do you love that "great biography"? Alas for those who do not love the history of Jesus. Wonderful meanings and deep blessings. His every word, his every act, is a gem of beauty and a germ of blessedness.

And mark one other point. The history of every other person ends at death. The dust of the sepulchre falls at the end of the page of all human biography, but just at this point that of the Saviour is illuminated more fully than at first with the light of heavenly glory. See, he takes up

his life again from the grave, (John 10: 18,) and it begins again. Here is a new and more glorious begetting. (Acts 13: 33.) It still runs on as full of wondrous tenderness and love as heretofore. Hearken unto him, "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive and of dead men." Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death. His destiny how infinitely great. Here is the object of hope. He is our "blessed hope." Earth's mighty ones perish. The taunting cry meets them from beneath, "Art thou also become as one of us?" But all heaven welcomes him who once lay in the manger with its lowliest halcyons; "Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing;" (Rev. 5: 12.)

His destiny is to conquer, to reign, to renovate. We may confidently say of him, what was once said of Noah, "This same shall comfort us concerning our work, and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord had cursed;" (Gen. 9: 29.)

If we really trust in and cleave to him who was born and who died for us, "eating his flesh and drinking his blood," (John 6: 55-57;) if we love him, who was the image and revealer of God, his father, witness, obedient sent one, and liberal almoner—then we may confidently hope to share his destiny, for he hath said of all those who trust and love him, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" and "Where I am there shall also my servant be."

O, the wonders of incarnation when this viewed in connexion with the infinite person, holy life, sacrificial death, rising triumphs, glorious ascension, second appearing, and endless reign of Christ, including the salvation of countless millions, the increased happiness of holy angels, and the highest glory of God! It is thus that the deep yearnings of his apparently hopeless case provided for.

It has been well observed, "that the most philosophical grounds it may be argued that the continued and wide acceptance of the notion of incarnation in the world, is decisive proof that it must have some basis in truth. Disgusted by the absurdities, and shocked by the infirmities of mythological incarnations, conscience and reason find rest in the incarnation for all time. Yes, once, only once, in all time, the Godhead tabernacled in flesh, and from within this marvellous veil gave forth its holy and grand announcement. The first, the lowest, yet also the last and highest duty of the world is to listen and believe. That command was given of old in Palestine from the open sky beneath which Jesus of Nazareth stood. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him."

Man needs nothing more. The incarnate One is "THE ALL," OUR MIGHTY ALL. He alone meets the guilty necessities of man. We should do well to meditate upon ourselves in relation to the scale place the infinite God, and at the lower end insect man. Connect with God perfect holiness think of man as infected throughout with the venom of sin. How can these two meet in peace, and the one become a fountain of blessing to the other? Incarnation answers that question—not incarnation alone, as some falsely teach, but incarnation with all its gracious and holy intentions and results. Jesus, as God manifest in the flesh, fills up all the distance between God and man; and Jesus, born to be a sacrifice, (Ps. 40: 6, 8,) takes away all that hinders pardon and blessing from flowing freely down, and triumphing in the highest glory of God in the salvation of millions of perishing sinners. Yes, glorious, gracious Saviour, "by the mystery of the holy incarnation; by thy Baptism, Fasting and Temptation; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, thou hast delivered us." "Thou lookest upon thee to deliver man; thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb; and having overcome the sharpness of death; thou hast opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers." Thou art the King of glory, O Christ, and before thee we bow gratefully and adoringly!

One more glance at the marvellous future of the Son of God and the Son of Man. It is well worthy of remark, how every thing glorious in his destiny is constantly associated in the word of prophecy with his humble birth. In Isaiah 9: 6, 7, immediately after the announcement, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," we have his titles of honor, and his reign of glory. In Isa. 9: 2, 8, "the rod out of the stem of Jesse, and the Branch from his roots," is the mighty active—ennobled faithful in his eyes are large and black, and his breath is short. The fresh air revivifies him, and yet his look is troubled. A female form bends over him; a woman with an intelligent, dignified countenance, with a worn and anxious brow.

"Mother," he whispers, "I fear you do not submit. I fear your spirit rebels against our Father's will." "My son, how can I submit? I cannot give you up, my first, my dear, my only boy. How can I see you die and follow you to the grave? That grave shall be my home," and throwing her arms around his neck, she pressed her streaming eyes to his cold cheek. "Mother," he adds, "all is well; rejoice. A few days more, and we meet above." As he raised his dying hands he said "Oh, I feel fresh and vigorous. I feel as if I could rise and soar away, if set free from the body. I long to be in heaven. The eternal—eternal blessedness of that place! I shall soon be there with saints and angels and with Jesus." At this moment he audibly entreats friends gathered around him, in view of the supports of the religion which they now witness, to love and trust in God. His soul is in ecstasy. Said he, "I am free from pain. I am filled with joy. My soul is on the wing, and will soon be wafted away." Here he ceases. Bending over him one fond, last lip is heard—Happy, happy! blessed, blessed! Then turning his beaming eyes towards heaven, he died. His spirit soars aloft with that angel band that seem to beckon him away.

One year from the time of the burial of my friend, I visited his parents in his native village. The mother, subdued and solemn, took my arm and proposed a walk to the grave of her son. The path, through fields of grass was a path well trod. It was her habit to stand away to this lonely spot after the duties of each day, to hold intercourse with heaven. As we went over the grave, the mother was at home. This was the spot where she daily prayed. She was communing with her boy in heaven; and from a soul above the world, she poured forth such a torrent of melting elo-

### THE CLOSING SCENE.

"The Christian's life is not a dream, But 'tis an evanescent gleam, Which like the hues of even— Fades soft away, And leaves no mark behind— Is lost in Heaven."

Time is on the wing, and the bourne beyond the grave has no calls of mercy, promises of grace, or welcomes of love to report to those who squander life's golden hours, and barter heaven's joy for the fleeting and unsubstantial fancies of a heart estranged from God. Counting the cost, and placing in the scale the things of time and those of eternity, the immense superiority and value of the latter to the former have been seen and felt. The favor of an unforgetting and blessing Creator; the still small voice of the Spirit, as it comes to the heart, and whispers of the love that passes knowledge, and tells us it is ours; the opening portal of Heaven at the end of our pilgrimage; what is there in these that speak of gloom? What to sadden the heart of warm affection, or delicate sensibility? Thanks to that Providence who has given us our birth in the midst of christian influences. Heaven, immortality, life eternal—O, the raptures these words are intended to inspire. How should they incite us to hold on our way. Is your record on high, through the riches of grace—the crown of unfading glory awaits you. Through faith and patience, Christ will never forsake thee; He will hush the tempest of life, and cut thy pathway if need be through mountains to the realms of never ending bliss. Take courage then, desponding friend.

"There are brighter sights than these, I know, Lands where shadows lie, Fields where the flowers are always fresh, And fountains which never dry."

A dying but immortal being on the verge of eternity, is a solemn spectacle; a hundred terrors are then about to be severed; the delusions of the world are over. At such a time with what vivacious does the future press upon the soul. O, in the last moments of life it must be sweet to feel the grace of a merciful and Almighty Saviour extended to the spirit, as it enters the dark valley of the shadow of death. While we give expression to these views, other memories come thronging to the mind,—again we seem to listen to familiar voices long since silenced. Memory fondly recalls the past. Over the dying we have bent eagerly to catch the last faint murmuring of earthly hope or fear, and as the blessed assurance was given that all was well, and we saw heavenly joy lighting up the countenance of the loved one—how could we doubt the reality of the religion of Jesus! Nor would we wish their return—gone to the home of the weary, their souls repose in peace.

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." It is a source of comfort that we are allowed to cherish such hallowed recollections. Our dear departed ones are not wholly lost to us. There are countless silent monitors of our indebtedness to God in giving us such inexpressible means of enjoyment—and numberless voices which remind us of our Heavenly Father and we listen unconsciously till our hearts are softened and elevated; they come to us in the melody of birds, and in the gentle summer air, they speak to us in the valley, the hill, and the mountain. We are taught thankfulness when the expanded blossoms yield their fragrance. May our hopes be strengthened, our aspirations purified, and all the dispensations of Divine providence be sanctified to us for our everlasting good. God grant us true christian fortitude.

It is near the middle of June, one of summer's sweetest days. A large New England mansion stands in the centre of a lovely village. The upper windows of that house are open to admit the balmy air. From one of them may be seen the "far, blue mountain" in sweet repose. From the other here and there a lovely sail, borne by the gentle breeze over the rippling waters of the beautiful long island Sound. The street in front is lined with fresh-leaved trees, among which, in the distance, two churches raise their spires towards Heaven. Farther on, the graveyard, with its neat white slabs, can just be seen. All around seems still as death. Children and men pass the house in silence, gazing at that open window; for near it lay stretched upon a couch a sick young man. He is my friend; years before he knelt at the cross of the stricken One, and in contrite penitence vowed to be the Lord's forever. That vow had been publicly solemnized; he had, been a gentle, ardent, fearless christian. He was prayerful and active—entirely faithful in his eyes are large and black, and his breath is short. The fresh air revivifies him, and yet his look is troubled. A female form bends over him; a woman with an intelligent, dignified countenance, with a worn and anxious brow.

"Mother," he whispers, "I fear you do not submit. I fear your spirit rebels against our Father's will." "My son, how can I submit? I cannot give you up, my first, my dear, my only boy. How can I see you die and follow you to the grave? That grave shall be my home," and throwing her arms around his neck, she pressed her streaming eyes to his cold cheek. "Mother," he adds, "all is well; rejoice. A few days more, and we meet above." As he raised his dying hands he said "Oh, I feel fresh and vigorous. I feel as if I could rise and soar away, if set free from the body. I long to be in heaven. The eternal—eternal blessedness of that place! I shall soon be there with saints and angels and with Jesus." At this moment he audibly entreats friends gathered around him, in view of the supports of the religion which they now witness, to love and trust in God. His soul is in ecstasy. Said he, "I am free from pain. I am filled with joy. My soul is on the wing, and will soon be wafted away." Here he ceases. Bending over him one fond, last lip is heard—Happy, happy! blessed, blessed! Then turning his beaming eyes towards heaven, he died. His spirit soars aloft with that angel band that seem to beckon him away.

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quence as I never heard before. She seemed to see his spirit, robed in white, bowing before the throne. The music of his harp seemed to float around her. Her loved one was with Jesus, she was satisfied. On the following day I left the village never to return. As I stood taking my last look at that spot where reposed my noble friend, I exclaimed, "Here are the glorious results of the simple religion of Jesus. What triumph has attended the son at his death! What rapture has it given the mother at his grave." We may learn from this narrative the importance of decision on the momentous claims of the gospel, and the value of christian hope in the hour of conflict with the last enemy.

### THE LIPS AND THE LIFE.

BY REV. MICHODRE L. CUTLER.

Every Christian is bound to be a preacher of the Gospel. But remember that there are a thousand ways of preaching Christ's Gospel, without choosing a text, or addressing a congregation. With force and Owen Lovejoy preached God's truth on the floors of legislative halls. Benjamin Barton proclaimed it to the ragged rabble of the Five Points, although he never wore a surplice, or had a bishop's ordaining hand laid on his honored head. Hannah More preached Christ in a drawing-room; Gen. Rice in a chapel-ten; Florence Nightingale in a hospital; and Sarah Martin in the prison-cells of Norwich! Halyburton, when laid aside by illness, made a sick bed his pulpit. A Christ's loving heart is the best ordination, after all. It is higher than the position of any human hands. "As ye go, preach,"—let him that heareth, say come,—these are the heavenly commands that are laid on every one who has felt the love of Jesus in his soul. Knowing the Gospel fixes at once an obligation to make it known to others. If I have found the well of salvation, I am bound to call out "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." God has a great variety of pulpits for Christians to preach from. My own stands in yonder church. Yours may be a Sabbath-school teacher's seat; or it may be a desk in a counting room. You may preach by a tract, or a Bible, or a loaf of bread laid on a mission widow's table, or by an earnest talk in a mission school, or by a faithful private conversation with the impenitent. Any way that will give you a hold on a sinner's heart and draw him to the Saviour. Any way, so that he that heareth, says "come."

But there are other methods of saying "come," besides the voice and the printed page. Holy living is a mighty magnet to draw men to God. Godly example is the powerful attractor toward heaven. Even the most devoted pastor will find that his people look at him during the week to find out what he means on the Sabbath.—Preaching piety on one day of the week does not counteract the practising of selfishness, or censoriousness, or cowardice or compromise with wrong on the other six days. If we say "come" with the lips, it is well; if we say "come" with the life, it is better. Religion made attractive to others is the most potent instrument for the conversion of souls. But few men are eloquent with the lips; yet every Christian may rise to the eloquence of example. If you cannot utter the truth from the desk or the platform, you can live the truth; and that is the best preaching, after all. No infidel ever attempts to answer that. It requires no defence. It draws silently, but surely. It says come by showing the way. The "living come" never needs a translation, or a commentary. It is plain English that every child can understand.

A poor sick girl, for example, is wearing away her young life in a chamber of confinement. All day long and all night, for weary weeks and months, the patient suffers on. But she bears the sorrows of her lot so meekly, she speaks of her discipline so sweetly, she exhibits such patience of hope and such quiet trust in Him whose strong arm is beneath her, she lives out so much religion in that chamber, that her worldly-minded father and her religious sisters are all touched by it. They feel the life, it is well; if we say "come" with the whole family; they get no better preaching from any quarter. Her deep, tranquil joys beside the well of salvation are a constant voice speaking to them. "Come, come ye to this fountain."

Richard Cecil used to say that "his first feelings of religion were made stronger by seeing that truly pious people had a true happiness that the things of this world could not give." It was always admitted in Dundee that the life of Robert Murray Cheyne, even more than his eloquent discourses, drew men and moved the community around him. We might multiply illustrations of this same truth from biographies and from observation.

A sad fearful youth occupies the same room with several schoolers—his fellow clerks or fellow students. Night and morning he bends the knee in prayer before them. They scoff at first, but he prays on. The daily reminder of that fearless act of devotion awakens presently in the minds of his companions the memory that they too had once been taught to pray, but have now learned to scoff. Example is an arrow of conviction; they too "remember their God, and are troubled." John Angell James, of Birmingham, says in one of his lectures, "I felt have a right to consider myself a Christian, if I have attained to any usefulness in the church of Christ, I owe it, in the way of means and instrumentality, to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with me, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That seemed my slumbering conscience and sent an arrow to my heart; for, though I had been religiously educated, I had neglected prayer and cast off the fear of God. My conversion to God followed, and my preparation for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, but that little chamber and that praying youth are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amidst the splendor of heaven and through the ages of eternity."

The best defence of the fourth commandment is found in the higher lives and loftier characters of those who remember God's day to keep it a holy. The clear head and the prosperous purse of the total abstainer from the bottle is the best temperance lecture. Actions speak louder than words. If you wish to move others more on your side, never say to his soldiers "die"—"go! he took the lead, and cried out 'die!—come! The witty and gay Lord Peterborough, after dining with Archbishop Fenelon, said to him, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." Paul acknowledged the power of example when he said, "be ye followers

of me." Even the lips of the divine Jesus have not such persuasion as his marvellous life. Holy living is what this poor world is dying for to-day. A radiant and holy life is instinct with the very power of God. If the vital union of believers with their Divine Head means anything, it means that Christ pours himself into the world through the lips and the lives of his earthly representatives of Christ like men and women. It is not I that live, said the hero-Apostle, "but Christ that liveth in me."

### A CUP OF COLD WATER.

The world has room of sickness, where each heart knows its own anguish and unrest. The truest wisdom then, and noblest art, is theirs who skill of comfort best. When by the softest step and gentlest tone Enfeebled spirits own, And love to raise the languid eve, Warn'd underneath the Comforter's safe wing— They spread their endearing warmth around: Mourning, speed your broken hearts to bring, Here healing dews and balms abound; Here are soft hands that cannot bless in vain, And try to soothe your pain: Here, loving hearts, that daily know The heavenly consolations they on you bestow.

There is a pleasant story told of a man living on the borders of an African desert who carried daily a pitcher of cold water to the dusty thoroughfare, and left it for any thirsty travellers who might pass that way. And our Saviour said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." But cups of cold water are not given in African deserts alone. A spiritual Sahara spreads over the whole earth, and to its fainting travellers many a ready hand holds forth the grateful "cup."

A lady called to ask me if I would tell her of some poor and sick persons to whom she could be of service in furnishing good books. The names of two were given; and the Testament, in large type, which shortly found its way to the old man's abode, also the green tea and white sugar—rare luxuries—for the feeble woman in the cellar kitchen, and the half-crown slipped into her hand at parting—were they not "cups of cold water?"

A poor Scotch comb-maker's wife, whose generous heart is larger than her purse, gave me fifteen cents, asking, in a half-doubting way, if I thought some poor children, who had none, would not like it. By what I surely by "cups of cold water." How the heavenly inventory runs up!

A pious German woman, herself an invalid, heard that her neighbor, living next door, was yet more feeble. The bottle of wine, provided for her at the doctor's suggestion, would surely do that neighbour good. And so, nimble little feet are soon at the widow's door, a bright face looks in, and with a "Mother sent you this," the little flask sits upon the table. Wine to the sick woman it may be; but the divine chemistry, which years ago changed water into wine, can show this also to be a "cup of cold water."

Late one Saturday evening, a pious widow in humble circumstances, who had not walked, save from one chamber to another, for years, sent me a loaf of bread, with the message, "The Lord sent it to me for some poor woman." The lateness of the hour, and our Lord's saying that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day, determined me to leave it until the morning, when I took it where I thought it would be welcome. "The Lord has sent you this loaf of bread, Mrs. S." I remarked, as I went in. Lifting up her hand towards heaven, her eyes filling with tears, she exclaimed, "The Lord be praised!" Then pointing to the neatly spread table, with its scanty breakfast, she said, "There is all we had for to-day." Was it strange that the ringing of the church bells made glad music in my ear that morning? And may we not believe new notes of joy were heard above, as the heavenly chorister noted down, in that wondrous book, another "cup of cold water in the name of a disciple?"

And so streams of refreshing flow throughout the parched desert. So to fainting lips is pressed, by loving hands, the overflowing "cup."

"Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness When the flowers that it came from are closed up and gone, So will they be to this world's weary dwellers Only remembered by what they have done."

"Up and away, like the dew of the morning, Stealing from earth to his home in the sun, So let your steadfast, gently and lovingly, Only remembered by what I have done."

### THE UNUSED TALENT.

There is perhaps none of the parables that is more familiarly remembered than that of the talents. Neither is there any that has a more practical relation to the duties and responsibilities of life. The individuals who received the talents are representative men; and every man living is classed, in respect to the number of talents received, or the use made of them, with one of the other many; to some few. Some use the talents given them with the utmost diligence; others, like the third man in the parable, bury them in the earth. These latter constitute a very numerous class, and are to be found in, as well as out of the church. A vast amount of capital lies unused in the church. The aggregate wealth of the church for good, is like an undeveloped mine. Like in the rich fields of the golden state before those treasures were discovered there was sparkling wealth in unmeasured abundance, so in the church there are resources for good, undeveloped, unknown, but greater than any mind can conceive. The intellectual wealth of the church is but half employed. Business men devote their talents to money making, not to enrich Christ, but themselves. The church does not seem to comprehend the spiritual nature of her mission in the world. Men do not understand that when they join themselves to Christ they assume the obligation to put forth their best efforts to promote the interest of his kingdom. They withhold the talents committed to them from the use for which they were intended—bury them in the earth—as though they had no responsibility in the matter, no account to give.

The minister to whom God has entrusted the "unspeakable riches," becomes weary of the duties of his office, and hides his talent in the earth. The layman who has gifts to exert, or to pray, to give encouragement to his fellow disciples, becomes tired of his work, and he buries his talent. The man whose chief talent lies in making money and not in making money for God, to promote the missionary, the educational, and other interests of Christ's kingdom, appropriates his increase to his own use, and so buries his talent in the earth.

There will come at last a day of accountability and reward. He who committed the talents to his servants, will come again, and will call them to a reckoning. Then those who have properly used their trust, and who bring their gain with them, shall be rewarded, and those who failed to seek this increase for their Lord shall be deprived of that which they failed to use for his glory, and what is more, they shall be turned into outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.—Telegraph.

### THE NEVERS.

"Where did you dine to-day?" I asked a friend one Christmas. "I dined with the Never family." "What do you mean?" "Why, I do not remember to have met so many Nevers at one house as I met to-day. One lady said to me, 'I never saw you looking so well,' when she knew that I was scarcely recovered from sickness; another said, 'We began to think you never were coming,' when she knew I came at the time appointed."

"They wished to cheer your spirits a little by their compliments," said I. "Flattery never cheers me, especially when it is not the truth. Again, one remarked, 'I never saw so fine a Christmas,' and yet not half an hour afterwards she said that last year Christmas day was more delightful than this year. Then a little boy came bounding in, shouting, 'I never saw so good a man as Mr. Bliss—he is nearly as good as uncle John. See what he gave me.' At dinner the lady said that she 'never had such poor beef before,' and her husband said 'never knew the carving-knife to be so dull,' the daughter said to her aunt, 'You never eat anything,' and the little girl, having been absent from school one day, declared that 'she never was so sorry.'"

"Since that day I have taken some pains to notice the use made of this word never. When it is out of place it is weak; when in the right place it is strong, solemn, and of great use. The wrong use of this word, we fear, among the sins of the tongue. One of the best of the Nevers is this: 'Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one enter it.'"

REV. ROBERT M'CHEYNE.—The Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne was a young preacher of the Scotch National Church, who, after a period of nine years of unceasing, earnest, happy labor, was called away to his crown when just thirty years old. He was laid, amid weeping thousands, in a new tomb opened for him under the shadow of his own church—venerable St. Peter's of Dundee; and ever since his memoir, penned by the hand of a loving friend, has been before the Christian public. Robert Murray M'Cheyne has been regarded as a model minister of Christ. He used to sign his letters, written in a neat, round, fair hand, real "spiritual love notes," as they have been termed—"Ever yours till glory."

M'Cheyne's life was a perpetual inspiration; and his piety was eminently hearty and cheerful. He dwelt, during the nine years of his earthly ministry, far away from the damps that arise about Doubting Castle, and hard by the Beulah where the sunlight ever falls. His biography has a rare power to sober us when tempted to levity, and cheer us when tempted to despondency. To pray and to search the Word of God—so every day hidden fire from house to house—to prepare the beaten oil for the sanctuary—to plead with dying men, and to allure to a brighter world by the joyous tread of his own heavenward march—these formed the varied but yet unchanging employment of his fervid spirit. Love of Jesus was his master passion. His Saviour's work was his work; he was continually about it. "This one thing" he did. He never wearied and never rested. Every day he gave to Christ.—Ed. Paper.

"NAB STRIFE UP HEAR."—It is related that an old Scotch elder had once a serious dispute with his minister at an elder's meeting. He said some hard things, and almost broke the minister's heart. Afterwards he went home, and the minister went home too. The next morning the elder came down, and his wife said to him—"You look very sad Jan; what is the matter with ye?" Ah, he replied, "you would look sad too, if you had seen a dream as I have. I dreamed I had been at the Elder's meeting, and had said some hard things, and grieved the minister; and when he went home I thought he died and went to heaven. And I thought afterwards that I died too, and went up to heaven; and when I got to the gates of heaven, out came the minister, and put out his hands to take me, saying, 'Come along Jan, there's no strife up here—I am happy to see ye.'"

The elder went to his minister directly to beg his pardon, and found he was mistaken. The elder was so stricken by the blow, that two weeks after he also departed. "And I should not wonder," said he who related the incident, "if he did meet the minister at heaven's gate and hear him say, 'Come along Jan, there's no strife up here.'"

Ah, no, they never quarrel in heaven; and when we let our feelings get on fire here, and use harsh words, and bitterness and malice cling to our hearts, we have not got the gospel spirit. The spirit that should belong to the church on earth is the same spirit of love that rules in heaven.—Fraserburgh.

COMPOUND INTEREST GIVEN.—I knew a rich merchant in St. Petersburg, who, at his own cost supported a number of native missionaries in India, and gave him a princely income to the cause of God at home. I asked him one day, how he could do it? He replied, "When I served the devil, I did it on a large scale, and at princely expense; and when by his grace God called me out of darkness, I resolved Christ should have more than the devil had. But how I can give so much, you must ask of God, who enables me to give it." At my conversion I told the Lord his cause should have a part of all that my business brought me in; and every year since I made him that promise it has brought me in about double that it did the year before, so that I can and do double my gifts to his cause." How true what Bunyan said: "A man there was, some called him mad; The more he cast away the more he had."

"There is," said God, "that giveth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

God will be debtor to no one. He pays compound interest for all that, by faith, is put into his bank.

SELF DESTRUCTION.—The sinner destroys himself. The transgression of angels never ruined a human soul. They undoubtedly tempt men to sin, but guilt belongs alone to the person who voluntarily commits a sinful act. The language of inspiration, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself," is expressive of the real condition of unrepentant man.