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"THAT COD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE CLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Editor and Proprietor.

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# The Intelligencer.

PHILIP SHARKEY, THE CONVERTED BLACKSMITH.

The following is from a tract just issued by we parted. he London Tract Society.

had become intidel in his opinions, and profligate companions visited him, they found him a new We met no more. in his habits. Moreover, with a vigorous but un- man in word and spirit. God's word was in his disciplined mind, and warm affections, Philip was heart like a burning fire shut up in his bones; one of those who are naturally fitted for being so it burned its way out in spite of his plans, and ring-leaders in their little circles. His influence in this way was accordingly very great. To use [Jer. xx. 9). He was regularly at the daily meethis own words, he had been ' for three and fifty | ing. One day he said, " Hoo comes it that folk years the devil's honest servant.' His reputati- pray sae different trae what they used to do? on among his comrades may be judged of Long syne a prayer used to be the dullest thing from what one of them said to me. 'Ah!' he I ever heard, but noo it's a perfect treat." exclaimed, 'I see through you; you want to convert me. But try your hand on Sharkey ; he's a merry one, and you won't go without your an-

three years, was barely tolerated on his part. He Of his past life he said, "It seems to me that I would gladly have dropped it; but poor Philip's hae been a' my days like a man casting his coat kindliness of heart did not permit him to be rude, to grip butterflies." and he never took any step more decided than to quietly slip the bar in the door when he saw me of a little struggle he had on the point of concoming. My one object, never lost sight of, was, science. In his work an opportunity had occurin the gentlest way to awaken his conscience, red by which he could have made a few shilling while at the same time I kept ever before him in some way, which, though justifiable on the Jesus as God's gift to him, and as available for him | principles and practices of his class, was certainly now, and here, just as he was. His one object not so on those of God's word. Still it had been was to keep these subjects far away, and to waste a little struggle, especially as the tempter strove time on unprofitable topics; or, worse still, to to bewilder his conscience with sophistries; but pick out little holes, as he thought, in the Scrip- in answer to prayer, he got directions as to what ture story. But though he struggled hard to re- he ought to do, and also strength to do it. "But," sist the truth, it was as the sword of the Spirit, ' quick and powerful.'

able. You don't speak to ither folk that way, do you?"

windings of this poor wanderer, and the set time | The psalms were exquisitely sweet to him. The for his recovery was now come. God himself Gospel of Luke was as much so. As for the did it all. It was something to hear the story, Epistle to the Romans, he could not get through the second morning after his conversion occurred, from his lips, trembling with emotion, while the sures; and, unwilling to lose any of them, instead tears trickled down his blackened cheeks; but it of pushing forward, he turned back again and is comparatively nothing to read it here on paper, again to the beginning. without the feeling and without the tears. I will try, however, to give it as nearly as possible in his to him one day, having before left him about the

'Who was speaking to you Philip?' I asked him one morning in his little workshop, where I here; I hae begun't owre again.'

heart, praising the Saviour. time; but I'll tell you't a'. On Tuesday morn- ous exhibitions given in the Epistle to the Roing, after my breakfast, I took my Bible, and mans of God's free grace as reigning over man's read a wee bittie o' the third o' John. Weel, as utter ruin, were the food on which Philip's the cow was worth eighteen dollars, at any rate." put me that I couldna read ony mair,'

'What was that thought,' Philip?' dune; and yet unless I was born owre again, I fear't when I think o't." couldna see the kingdom o' God. I was dumb- He replied, 'No, Peggy woman, what wad I be foundered an' ha'ena mind whether I let the book | fear't for trae a man that deed for me? fa' or flung it frae me; but I got rid o't and gaed | 'But, Philip,' said I, 'have you never any trouout to shake aff the fear and trouble that it had | ble at all when you think about your sins? brocht on me. But it wadna shake aff. 'Hoots!' No,' said he, 'I canna say I have; the blood heart said, 'It't no nonsense, but it's a' true. I view I tak' o't is this: God says it, and I just begaed into the smiddy, and began to work, and lieve it. There are some men so true that I till I couldna bear't. I never was in such a state | words. Indeed they might be mistaken; and so I in my life. If ever onybody had a taste o' hell, wadna like to stake my soul on their judgment; you?" it was me on Tuesday, staunnin' wi' the hammer | but I could at least lippen my soul to their truth. doin' for three and fifty years was only heapin' at least as the best o' men's?' Here was the rock as it comes." up sin on my ain head. 'Oh,' said I, 'if I never, on which Philip built his hope-Christ's blood never had been born !' It was awfu'. I couldna and God's word. bear't; so I creepit doon on my knees in the cor- Philip, like the rest of God's children, was no

'Weel, I believe I got it. When I was on my bad heart.' knees saying I dinna ken what, a strange light Another passage of Scripture to which he conto have my books squared." knees saying I dinna ken what, a strange held stantly referred was, 'Thou art my hiding-place.' But don't you want them squared so that they be about it," be about it," afore. I had aye kent I was bad enough, and had aye kent I was bad enough, and had aye ettled (intended) to be better some time; place! mine! I used to hide frae God, but noo so that the accounts will look all square and right never, you know, as the old proverb says." and though I had never managed it, yet I blamed I hide in him. I used to be fear't for him; and in the sight of men, but—" myself for no being earnest enough, and thocht noo a' my comfort is to be beside him.' pith (strength), and mak a richt reform. But I and spoke to him; but he avowed unbelief. that the next time I tried I wad pit out a' my tion was a' settled for me by the Lord Jesus; thing cheerie, man.' And what think ye, were turn over the leaves slowly. that afore ever I had sinned ava', he himself had the gloomy subjects he spoke o'? The love ta'en the sin, and suffered for the sin, and sae o' God, the blood o' Jesus, the blessedness o' completely settled salvation for me, that naething salvation, the glory o' heaven. An' he ca's that was left for me to dae, but just thankfully to tak' gloomy him at his offer. -Oh, man, hoo my heart gripped at it! and I rose filled wi' wonner that the enough to me.' Lord Jesus wad hae onything to dae wi' a creatur' | Simon look them over from head the like me. It's wonderfu'; but it is the blood of | You is, that the Lord may mak' them as sweet to | that God kept an account of the thoughts and | knows well enough what horses are. afore, I hae been in heaven ever since. I never gate o' heaven.' was happy till noo, an' I believe that I hae never His disease progressed, but his confidence was happy till noo, an' I believe that I hae never stoppet praying nicht nor day sin' syne. I prayed stoppet praying nicht nor day sin' syne. I prayed through the precious blood of Christ. One a' nicht vestreen in my dreams.'

he, "ye'll no tell onybody."

it aye wore aff in a day or two, an' oh, if this | wi' me in love for my ain guid." felt onything like this; but still I'm a pure weak | Psalm xxii. 6, and 1 John i. 7, became more and | isted. creatur', an' if I canna dae the cause ory guid, I | more precious to him.

like the prophet Jeremiah he could not stay. "Ah, Philip," the reply was "the difference

is less in the prayer than in yourse.f." He was a most eager student of God's word. His two great subjects of regret were, that he Our intercourse which continued for two or had never till now seen the glories of God's word.

said he, " if it had been a fortnicht since, it wad na hae cost me a thocht; but noo I hae naething 'Man,' said he one day, 'you make me miser- to dae but please the Lord Jesus in everything." Six weeks after his conversion he caught cold,

and his illness, four months after that, issued in The eye of God had been following all the death. All this time he delighted in God's word. it. Verse by verse, he hung over its golden trea-

'Have you got through Romans yet?' I said

' No,' said he, 'I'm fear't I'll no get through't

had found him, with open mouth and enlarged | He would have been quite as fond of other Scriptures; but he was not spared long enough \*There was naebody speakin' to me at this to enter so fully into them. The rich and glori-I was reading, there was an awfu' thocht took a hungering soul delighted to feast. His only conhand o' me; it stanged me just like a bee, an' fidence was in grace—free, full, unbounded grace. Pepperly for eleven dollars and fifty cents,' How Unless he were dealt with in mercy, mere mercy, nothing but mercy, mercy, that was ready to . Weel, it began wi' this. I saw that Nicode- give him free and complete forgiveness of every mus was a guid man, a saint beside me, and yet sin, he felt that he could have no hope. But he he couldna be saved unless he was born again; saw with unusual clearness how such mercy reachand my conscience said to me, 'what'll come o' ed him through the Saviour's blood, and he found a dyvour (a worthless fellow) like you?' I ken- perfect peace in resting with confidence on the ned I had tried to be guid; and, though I hadna strong statements of God's word about Jesus and managed it yet, I expected to manage it some his word. His favorite text was, "the blood of time; but to be born again, born owre again, I Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." ava' (at all) an' didna understan' hoo it was to be Philip, are you no fear't to dee? I declare I'm full in the face.

in my haun before the studdy there, an' the sweat No, no, they wadna kenningly deceive a puir creabreaking on me in perfect horror. There was ture to his eternal ruin. Weel, then, is the Lord hell opening its very mouth afore me, an' there Jesus waur than them? Ye ken, he canna be Simon?'

while since I was on my knees before), and cried of faith to be a life of fighting. 'It's my ain it do you when you get into the other world?" heart that bothers me, he would say, 'my ain | "I hear as much preaching as I want to on |

'Ah! James,' said Philip, 'my warst wish for

"What, Philip, are you ashamed of the Lord ed, I have been such a sinner." Saviour and do you think I'll be ashamed o' Saviour and I'll be a are tipo; but to tell you the truth, himsel' for them, or Prayers.—The opening and exhalation, to turn it to some account! How should not be half as long as the surmon.

Wait a wee, It's his scourgin's gets them forgi'en to me. As lentirely a blank. Simon answered at length, as or so. Simon did not always do just right—not and exhalation, to turn it to some account! How should not be half as long as the surmon.

effort he gasped out, word by word, slowly and you reac there."

SIMON GAINALL'S DREAM.

Late in the evening of the 31st of December, Simon Gainall sat posting his books, and trying to for some reason or other, he could not make the accounts balance. There was an unfortunate wrong figure somewhere or other which he could not find out, that spoiled the whole of the reckoning. It was not till twelve o'clock that he went to bed, wearied with mental exertion and perplexity. He slept but only to go over again, in his dreams, the perplexing columns of figures which had been vexing him the evening previous. But in his sleep, they seemed still more perplexing than while he was awake. At length, as he happened to look up from his work (he seemed to be sitting in his own counting room, with the sing in the evening,) he saw the door open, and a man enter, of a fair and young aspect, with an immense folio book under his arm, bound like an account book.

"Walk in and be seated," said he, absent-

"Good evening," said the stranger, "I see you are in trouble; can I help you?" "Yes," said Simon, "that is, if you understand

accounts and figures.' "I understand them after my way," said he. "Well," said Simon, "I wish you would help me look over mine a little; for I can do nothing

at all with them." "Let me see," said the stranger. So, taking the great book from under his arm, he laid it down on the table wide open, and sat

"Now," said he, "show me your accounts. What is the difficulty with them?" "I cannot make the sides balance," said Simon. "I have added the columns eleven times over,

"Let me see," said the stranger again, looking was that cow really worth, Simon?"

"Here again; Two cords of wood to Timothy many three feet and a half sticks were there in these two loads, Simon? and how much half conscience left, he was slowly wearing it out. rotten wood, when it was warranted all sound? "What do you say," roared Simon. "Do you mean to accuse me of cheating?"

" I was only asking questions," said the stranger. "I leave it to your conscience to accuse you."

the columns?" added Simon angrily. had ne'er tried that. I had ne'er thocht o' that Not long before he died, his wife said, "But, ing, said the stranger continuing to look Simon

"And then that mortgage of Deacon Peter been three hundred dollars paid on it, of which of our lives, not even for an hour. you omitted to make account because there was no proof which could be brought of the payment? said I, 'it is a' nonsense.' But something in my of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. Ye see the How do you expect to square your books with such fraud as that recorded in them?"

tried to forget it; but no, it grew wanr and waur | would actually lippen (trust) my soul to their | ness is it of yours?" asked Simon, not only angry "It is no concern of mine, indeed; but it con-

> cerns you very much," said the visitor. "Prav, how long do you expect to live in this world, usual, or probably she would not have thought of

was I just steppin' into 't; an' a' that I had been mista'en; and is his word no to be trusted as well "I have made no calculations, I must take it "Well, you cannot live, probably, more than and I may be as likely to follow soon as not."

thirty years longer; for you are, I believe, a little over forty now. You may have thirty years to Jackson had been the victim of one of his hard ner, owre among the coals there (it's a braw stranger to spiritual conflict. He found the life enjoy your ill-gotten wealth; but what good will trades. He thought of that, though he did not

But along w' this I saw another thing; that salva-

could not read them so as to tell whose names for a trade.

grace, through the precious blood of Christ. One grace, through the precious blood of Christ. One of less power is led nicht yestreen in my dreams.'

It was with the deepest emotion that Philip

It was with the deepest emotion tha body, and also exercised about his soul, said to and that these were all, too, set down to his discan't honestly recommend." told this, and with wonder at the grace that could stoop so very low as to reach him.—" But," said body, and also extended body are extended body. him, Philip, I down against him on the debtor side of the leaf of down against him, on the debtor side of the leaf; Simon talking about honesty! Who ever heard of the very gravel in the ground she distils a curious, men-signals which will direct their course in Philip's reply was, 'No, no, man, that won't do. Philip's reply was, 'No, no, man, that won't do. delicate wash to protect the tender stalks of the their journey to eternity. How careful should the very graver in the ground she distils a curious, men—signals which will direct their course in delicate wash to protect the tender stalks of the their journey to eternity. How careful should book, in which his evil deeds were recorded on What's the matter of your signals. Philip's reply was, It's delicate wash to protect the tender stalks of the Philip's reply was, It's delicate wash to protect the tender stalks of the Philip's reply was, It's delicate wash to protect the tender stalks of the Philip's reply was, It's delicate wash to protect the tender stalks of the Philip's reply was, It's delicate wash to protect the tender stalks of the Philip's reply was, It's delicate wash to protect the tender stalks of the growing grain, though you may not think what we be at all times to avoid giving the wrong signature. The left side of the page, while the right side, left some sort of a trade." was no ashamed o' Satan when I served him to scorgin' like me. But my comfort is that the left side of the page, while the right side, left some sort of a trade." ain sorrow and do you think I'll be ashamed o' Lord Jesus took a' my sins, and was scourged should have been placed to his gradit was almost did not trade.

an' see. I hae mony a time tried to be guid, but for this illness o' mine, I look on't as God's dealin' he continued looking, that he had heard the even what he himself thought was right, after she converts ice, and the snow that manures the should wear awa' tae! But I hope no, for I ne'er | Philip's end drew nigh; it was perfect peace. of a book, but he never really believed that it ex-

wadna like to dae't ony ill." I encouraged Philip The last time I saw him, he was sorely dis- your own eyes; for you well know that no mortal formerly wronged. Hearing that the Widow been drawn aside by an artificial channel, have

But he could not keep the secret himself. painfully, "When-ever-I-breathe-my-last Simon kept on reading, for it seemed, indeed as worth-he actually gave her a thriving young and bore a hole through its soft wooden plug, that Philip Sharkey, the subject of the following God's candle in him shone out through the crevi- here—I—just—drap—into—Christ's— though he could not lift up his eyes to look away, three year-old heifer, calling it a New Year's gift. every fibre might drink its fill, as was divincly inparrative, was a blacksmith at Kilmarnock. He ces of the crazy bushel with which he would have given her two as well tended. To one who looks with a careless view had been brought up a Roman Catholic, but had ong abandoned the creed of his early days. He leads to be hid. That very day had been so seldom known to give at all, that every he was at the prayer-meeting; and as his old been so seldom known to give at all, that every he was at the prayer-meeting; and as his old been so seldom known to give at all, that every he was at the prayer-meeting; and as his old been so seldom known to give at all, that every he was at the prayer-meeting; and as his old been so seldom known to give at all, that every he was at the prayer-meeting; and as his old been so seldom known to give at all, that every he was at the prayer-meeting; and as his old been so seldom known to give at all, that every he was at the prayer-meeting; and as his old been so seldom known to give at all, that every he was at the prayer-meeting; and as his old been so seldom known to give at all, that every he was at the prayer-meeting; and as his old been so seldom known to give at all, that every he was at the prayer-meeting in extravagant excess. We quote the line about looked, his singular visitor seemed to become except his wife, and had never spoken of it to her purpose. But a closer inspection corrects this nearly twice as tall as he was when he entered the | since that night it occurred. room. Then he laid the great book upon Simon's shoulders. The weight of it seemed to crush him | memorable evening when this history commences. | particle," however Art may re-arrange her forms square his accounts ready for the new year. But, to the floor, so that he awoke, all in a fright, and Simon was again, as before in his counting room, to educate and give scope to human power. - Rev. wet with sweat, groaning so loudly as to wake his with the accounts of the past year open before C. A. Bartol. wife, who inquired in an anxious voice.

"What is the matter, Simon?" Simon, after some rubbing of his eyes and some | the great book again stood before him. disconnected muttering and mumbling, managed to give his wife some idea of his dream and conse- | counts stand to night?'

"Well," said she, "it is but a dream, after all, hope. and by no means so bad as it might be."

"Yes," said Simon; "but it is true enough, wife, that I have not done just as I ought.

and not only so, but that he would now and then the left hand side; while some other things, of alike appreciate the earnest man. Some years was no strange thing that some scraps of Parson | up, and the bearer of it disappeared. Donewell's sermon should get mixed up with his

But while he found it difficult, even in his most down beside Simon, who had his own books open penitent moods to resist his fondness for driving hard bargains, so, in his most hard-hearted ones, he could not wholly throw off all sense of the claims of conscience and right, and it must be said, to do him justice, that more than once or twice, he did yield up some whole dollars of antiand every time they are more and more out of cipated gain to the claims of honest dealings. To be sure it was not done wholly from a love of honesty, for he had some vague fears hanging rapidly over the list of items on each page of the about him of a repetition, on the next New Year's open book. "What is this? A cow sold to eve, of the strange visit which had given him the Widow Higgins for twenty seven dollars. What alarm. But it did not come. Still another year, and yet it did not come. The impression of the "Well," said Simon, "perhaps I did get a dream began to grow dull and fade away, and little too good a bargain out of the widow; but Simon at times (though not all the time either) was as hard a customer as formerly. He was by no means entirely given over to business yet, though there was danger that he would by and by become so if he kept on. Although he had some

One day, which happened to be his birth-day, he had made as he imagined, some unusually favorable trades, not altogether on the side of honesty either. He walked home reckoning up his gains in his own mind, and laying plans for "But what has all this to do with the footing of their most profitable investment. As he arrived near his own door, he met a funeral procession. "A great deal, according to my way of reckon- It was that of a neighbor of his, who had been in

health but a few days before. "That was a sudden death, was it not, Mr. Gainall?" said a passer by to him, as he was Jefferson's that you took up. Don't you remem. about ascending the steps to the door. "But ber," continued the calm visitor, "that there had none of us," continued the speaker, "have a lease

"True enough," said Simon; and as he spoke it all the circumstances of the dream and the conversation of his mysterious visitor, flashed into his forbidding face of sorrow. In such an hour what mind with the quickness of lightning. That even-"How came you to know that, and what busi- ing as he sat by his fire alone-that is, with no company but his wife, -he was uncommonly this time, but somewhat frightened. "Who are silent and moody. His wife noticed it. She in-

> "What now, Simon?" He was considerably more silent than was

"I was thinking," says he, "I am forty-five vears old to-day. Neighbor Jackson has left us, It happened to be the case that his neighbor

"And," continued he, "if I am ever going to Sunday; so none of that now. What I want is be any better than I am, --- and I suppose there is need enough of it, -why, I suppose I had better

niled my mind. I saw clearer than ever t did age kent I was bad enough, and 'It's wonderful! most wonderful! my hiding- will stay square? You may foot up your columns "Well," said his wife, "it is better late than afore. I had age kent I was bad enough, and place! mine! I used to hide frae God, but noon so that they

And in truth, Simon did really improve his And here Simon was about to lay his hand | conduct, even noticeably to those who were better One day I found a young man at his bedside, over the stranger's mouth to prevent him from acquainted with him. He attended church more speaking, but he, taking him by the hand which regularly, too, although he always had been in "Ah,' said Philip,' James' great loss is that he had lifted up for his purpose, "I have seen the habit of going quite often, at least in fine never saw till I was on my knees there, that it he's far owre wise. He kens a heap; but puir how your accounts stand in your book, now look, weather. And, still further, he began to be more that already; that, even though he's far owre wise. That's was a' far past that already; that, even though and see how they stand in God's book!" and heedful to the sermon, instead of letting his labely want. Vesterday he rose and gaed out, say-I could mak' mysel better, I wadna be a bit near-er the mark, for I was lost already, and a' my was lost already, and a' my with his other hand, he laid it farm and in and out of his two great barns, as had who was a lost already, and a' my lost already er the mark, for I was lost already, and a my ing, 'Hoots! Phil; what way are ye aye harp-in under his arm, with his other hand, he laid it farm and in and out of his two great barns, as had strivings, reform or no reform couldna alter that.

One day there came along by his house a fancy

own name written as plainly as copperplate. | for such nags as these. | What'll you bid?"

ministers tell, in their sermons of some such kind considering the matter over; but he tried to do poor man's ground into harvests of corn and fraudulent transactions but repaid, though some-But now you cannot deny the evidence of times in a sort of sly way, many of those he had The roots of a shrub, thirsty for a supply that had to trust in God for his keeping, and after prayer tressed in body, but calm in soul. With great could have known and written the things which Higgin's cow had died-the very one he had sold been known, in her resolution not to be defrauded, her for eight or ten dollars more than she was to find their way to the aqueduct under ground his arm, as he brought it, and stood still, looking body thought this was a great deal for him to do. "many a flower born to blush unseen," and we at Simon. Simon, too, looked at him; and as he But he had never told of his dream, to anybody talk of the floods that are poured away to no

him. Suddenly an unusual light seemed to flash before his eyes. He looked up, and the man with

"Simon," said the visitor, "how do your ac-

"Better than when you were here before I

which stood his own name displayed. Although Simon could not keep the dream out some things this time set down to his credit on preciate the ornate speaker; but neither profound same tallow candle before him which he had been of his mind, he was not disposed to think at all the right hand side of the page; although what learning or a refined taste is required to fee! the times alike about it. Sometimes he would feel surprised him was to find that some deeds of his, power of an earnest speaker. The man of life rather penitent, and promise himself that he would on which he had prided himself as being very

try to come a little nearer to honesty and justice; useful and benevolent, were actually put down on cultivated intellect and the ignorant savage-can give a little something to the poor and needy; or | which he had made very little account in his ago, three American missionaries were sent to that he would even put a little silver into the con- own mind, were not only credited on the right labor among a certain tribe of Indians. After tribution-box, instead of coppers. At other times, hand, but written in golden letters. But before hearing the first of the three, a council was called however, he was very much inclined to treat the he had a chance to read over a tenth part of the to decide whether the Great Spirit spoke to them whole matter as something about which he need | items recorded, and before he had arrived at the | through that man. They unanimously decided not be much concerned; that it was natural record of some things concerning which he had that he did not, because the man was apparently enough for one who was more than usually per- the strongest desire to learn how they stood in less engaged in the delivery of his message than plexed to dream disturbing dreams; and that it heaven's account, the book was suddenly closed they were in their ordinary concerns. The

peared to Simon after the second time; but he Great Spirit could not have spoken through him, has had the reputation ever since, and it is to be because he was mad. The manner of the third hoped deservedly, of being a much better and more | was earnest and fervent. The council agreed that honest man than he had been in his younger days. the Great Spirit might speak through him, be-

probably, have the minutes of the recording angel he was therefore warmly received and kindly placed openly before your eyes till the day of treated. Home Monthly.

### THE GREEN CROSS.

How heavy to bear is the new and unexpected | sonal experience. The man who speaks what he trial; the fresh disappointment, sorrow, bereave- knows and testifies what he has seen and felt is the shoulders to the burden. "O, how I mur- the love of God will be in earnest when he cries; it, when first confined to this chamber!" said a sed is the man that trusteth in him."-S. S. Christian mother withdrawn by siekness from the | Times. care of an interesting family, who needed her daily and hourly supervision. "But it was not many weeks," she continued, "before I was enabled to feel that all was right. I would not change anything if I could. Jesus has visited me here, and this chamber has been a blessed place. I can trust my family with him, and I have enjoyed more than I can express, such peaceful hours of sweet communion with my Saviour."

Similar to this has been the experience of many a Christian. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievious," is the inspired declaration, and never does it prove more than in the hour when we first meet the stern, a tumult is often raised by passions as yet only half subdued; or how the weak heart trembles and quakes with sudden fear and terror! It is not when the dark clouds first looms up before us that the silver lining is discented. It is not in the first outburst of the storm that Jesus is seen walking on the waves. Let the soul thus tried take courage. He who has power to still the storm of grief and passion is near though unseen.

When the Christian takes up his cross humbly beautifully expressed it, "that Jesus bears the before you." heaviest end." The cross which is taken up with groaning, and tears, and lamentations, is often afterward borne with patient resignation, and sweet submission, yea often with joy and gladness. said Mr. Hamilton to his son, who entered the The chamber of sickness entered so reluctantly, room in haste and with the air of one who had perhaps unsubmissively, proves the gate of heaven. some interesting news to communicate. "I bless God for this trial, I could not have done | "A freight train has run off the track and killed without it," has been the language of many a tried a man," said Joseph. hristian. The chastening now so grievous afterward yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. reflects at last something of the radiance of the heavenly crown for which it will soon be exchanged.

### NATURE AN ECONOMIST.

possesses; catches it on the moon as a candle, that men may secure their salvation, by their own after the sun has gone down, as we say, when he works, gives the wrong signal. In consequence, is but rising on other lands and sends it incon- men take the wrong track and go on to perdi-Although it was full of writing, with names in horse-trader, with several of his four footed articles | ceivably far to us from the stars. She economizes | tion. great letters over the top of each page, still Simon of merchandize with him. He calls upon Simon heat, equalizing it for the life and health of the The private Christian, whose reputable standwhole world, by currents in the air and ocean and ing in the church and in society gives influence they were, till, by and by, the page opened which "What will you give me for the lot? I know of the electric fluid. She economizes water, to to his example, pursues a course of conduct utter-Weel, said the young man, they are gloomy contained his own account, and where he saw his you used to be a good hand at getting a market answer a thousand successive important purposes, ly inconsistent with the injunction, "Be not conin a thousand different places, with the same drop. | torined to this world." The young Christian is "Did you not know, Simon said the stranger, Simon look them over from head to foot. He How nicely and carefully she sifts out its minutest led to practise a similar course; by degrees he like me. It's wonderfu'; but it is the blood of you is, that the blood of you is, that the blood of you as to me. Man, they mak' this bed the very you as to me. Man, they mak' this bed the very one must be you as to me. Man, they mak' this bed the very one must be revive the plants at this season, to fill the springs, who have a name to live, but are dead. The you as to me what is written in the books." and paint the sky and support all human life! holding out of the wrong signal led to the disaster. As Simon continued to look, he saw that not 'Why not? You have traded worse critters How, with her mighty elemental agencies, she A professing Christian exposes himself to tempcrumbles and bears down the barren rock from tation. He has power to resist the temptation, How she makes the ashes even of the dead spring his predecessor had given the signal that there perhaps cuts your hand to bleeding is this varnish | nal! - Examiner.

error, and shows how frugal her utility and perfect Several years at length had passed after the her order, enough, but "no room to insert a

#### EARNESTNESS.

Never was there a successful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord who was not pre-eminently an earnest man. Earnestness is the secret of success. Vehemence is not always earnestness. A "Look!" said he, laying open before Simon the vehement manner of address is doubtless somesame great book, with the page at the head of times assumed to conceal the lack of real earnestness. It may require much learning to appreciate As Simon looked he saw that there were the profound speaker, and a cultivated taste to aplong experience, and the little child; the man of second missionary addressed them in a very vehe-It does not appear that the vision ever reap- ment manner, and the council decided that the And now, reader, although you will never, cause he was both earnest and affectionate, and

final judgment comes, still you may, if you look | All true carnestness has its fountain in the within you, behold with the mental eye as much heart. It comes from the heart, and therefore it as Simon Gainall did, written upon the tables of reaches the heart. It springs from a deep and the heart, and countersigned by conscience .- heartfelt convinction of the reality and importance of the truths spoken. It cannot easily be coun-

Do any ask, how can this earnestness be ob-

stained? It is the froit of mith. "I believed, "The green cross is heavy," is the remark of therefore have I spoken." The faith that deals an old divine. In this quaint expression is pre- with things unseen, as ever present realities, will sented a truth familiar to every tried Christian. | produce earnestness. Again, it is the fruit of perment! The neck is unaccustomed to the yoke, earnest. The man whose own soul is filled with mured and rebelled, and felt that I could not bear | "Oh! taste and see that the Lord is good; bles-

## HOPING FOR A HOPE.

A man dying from thirst stands before a foun

'Have you drank?'

'No! but I hope I shall.' Do you wish to drink?

'No! but I hope I shall wish to drink? 'Do you see that you are just ready to die for

' No! but I hope I shall see it.' Why does he not drink? Because he has no

desire to. Why then does he stand there? Because he hopes he shall have such a desire. But if the promptings of a dying agony, and the sweet gushings of streams before him leave him without that desire, what does his life amount to? So stand we poor sinners by the fountain of the

water of life. We look at the waters, and look at those that are drinking, and look at the invitation, 'whosoever will,' and then stand there still and hope that we shall drink. What is such a hope good for? Why not 'take the water of life freely?' This hoping for a hope is often the devil's opiate for a partially awakened sinner. and submissively, he will ever find, as one has God's direction is, ' Lay hold upon the hope set

THE WRONG SIGNAL .- " What has happened ?"

"How did that happen ?" said Mr. H. "The watchman gave the wrong signal. The The cross long, faithfully, and patiently borne, engineer said that if he had given the right signal,

the accident would not have occurred.' Making a wrong signal cost a man his life. There is another sense in which wrong signals sometimes occasion the loss of life-of life spiritual. The preacher who fails to declare the way What an economist is nature, so made of God! of salvation as it is laid down in God's Word, who