

The Religious Intelligencer.

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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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HOW EVERY ONE MAY BE USEFUL.

Christians! to you God says, "Go, work today in my vineyard." "Show me thy faith by thy works." "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20). Jesus did not come and die just that you might have peace of mind, and at last get to heaven; but he "gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works" (Titus ii. 14). The prayer, therefore, of every Christian should be, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6).

Perhaps you say, I wish I were in some sphere where I could be useful, but what can I do here? We will try and point out some ways in which you can be useful just where you are, reader; and if you do not make use of the means of usefulness that are within your reach, you must not flatter yourself that you would do anything better in that higher sphere that you are always wishing for. You can be useful:

1. *By living a holy life.* Thousands have been led to Christ by seeing the holiness and the happiness of some Christian neighbour. Both New man Hall and his brother testify that it was the godly walk and conversation of their parents that was the chief instrumentality in their conversion. Look up then to God to "put his Spirit within you," and to enable you to walk as becometh a child—born child—of the Lord. Almightiness; and in the day of judgment it may be found that the example of your holy life was the means of leading many sinners to the Lamb. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see (not you, but) your good works, and glorify (not you, but) your Father which is in heaven" (Mat. v. 16).

2. *By praying for others.* "As for me," said Samuel, "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you; but I will teach you the good and the right way" (1 Sam. xii. 23). God's usual method is first to stir up his own people to pray for the unconverted, and to bring Christ before them, and then to hear their prayers, and bless their efforts, and lead sinners to the Saviour. "I will yet for thee be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for thee" (Ezek. xxxiv. 37). Have you no friends or neighbours who are unconverted? If you do not feel so much interest in their salvation as to pray for them, who will feel more? Ask God, for the sake of Jesus, to convert James and John and Mary and Ellen, naming each by name; and plead his promise, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you" (John xvi. 23); and look up, expecting an answer. John Newton was a most unassuming sinner, a vagabond in the world; but he had a pious mother, who gave the Lord no rest, and long after she had died, her prayers were answered. Who knows but that if you agonized for some one, he might become another Newton! And you can pray for ministers and others engaged in the Lord's work. "How is it that the Lord keeps you so long in such anguish as you endure?" "Ah," said she, "what would I do, were I not for the Lord's sake?"

3. *By speaking to others about Christ.* God's command is, "Let him that heareth say, come" (Rev. xxi. 17). You remember how Christ talked to the woman of Samaria at the well-side, and how the woman went and spoke to the people of the city; and how Andrew, when he believed on Christ, first findeth his own brother Simon, and brought him to Jesus. Does not this teach us that we should speak to people whom we may meet at the well, or on the road, or in the train? If we did, God only knows how many souls we would have for our hire. Harlan Page made it a rule never to talk five minutes with any one without saying at least one word to him about God. Has God's Spirit never whispered to you, Go near and speak to that man about Christ? If you had done it, you might have been the means of his conversion. There are some to whom you cannot speak to whom you could write. Do so; telling them of the love of Christ, or inclosing a tract, and ask God to carry it home.

4. *By distributing tracts.* "A tract may save a soul" was one of Richard Knill's favorite sayings, and many a sinner was led to Christ by the tracts which he wrote and gave away, leaving them in the care of him who says, "My word shall not return unto me void." Not long ago, we learned that a well-known living evangelist had been converted by means of a tract which he pulled out of a hole in the wall as he passed along the street. That tract no doubt was put there with prayer; and see the result! Do you distribute tracts? There are now so cheap that, however poor, they are within your reach.

5. *By asking others to come to the house of God, or to the Sabbath-school, or to the prayer meeting.* A bad little boy, called John Williams, was one Sabbath evening sitting at the corner of a London street, waiting for bad companions, when a good woman who knew him, passing by to the house of God, asked him to go with her. He went, and heard words by which he was saved. He became the "Apostle of the South Seas," whose labours it has been well said, "read like a chapter in the Acts of the Apostles." Ask others to go with you, and you too may have many souls for your hire.

6. *By giving of your means as God has prospered you to the cause of God.* Whether rich or poor, you can give something, and God asks no more than "she hath done what she could." Poor man! give your penny, and a prayer along with it, and you may find in the great day that it bought a tract that God used to convert a heathen. Rich man! do you give at least one tenth of your income to the cause of God. Might you not support a missionary yourself? Ask God to teach you, "how much I ought to do unto the Lord," and give it cheerfully, for "God loveth a cheerful giver" (2 Cor. ix. 7).

Now there are six means of usefulness within reach of every Christian. Ask not then, How can I be useful? but improve those means you have, and "to him that hath shall be given." Remember, however, that if you would do good, you must connect prayer with each, for it is God alone who can make his means effectual.

With this book and with the other prayer, And God will bless them both from day to day.

Learn a lesson from John Vane Hall, Before he died, he was reminded how often copies of his lit-

tle book, *The Sinner's Friend*, had been sent to him in hedges, with the first page open to arrest attention. "Yes," said the old dying man, "AND EVERY COPY WAS STUCK THERE WITH A PRAYER." Does not this account for the marvellous usefulness of that well-known tract?

Perhaps, reader, there are still other spheres of usefulness for which you are fitted. Could you not teach in a Sabbath-school, or visit from house to house among the poor and destitute, or take part in conducting a prayer-meeting in your neighbourhood, or stand up for Christ in even some more public position? "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." (Prov. xvi. 31). The night cometh, when no man can work. Beware of the curse pronounced upon the inhabitants of Meroz for doing nothing. "Curse ye, Meroz, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty" (Judge v. 23). Let us all pray the prayer of the good Archbishop Usher, "Lord, in special, forgive my sins of omission;" and ask each day for grace to do something for God, something to promote the great end for which we were made—God's glory.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

In one of the cottage houses of a densely peopled village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, about nineteen years ago, a pious woman was sitting waiting the return of her husband from his daily toil. It was almost midnight; her children were in bed—they were accustomed to rise early, from the eldest to the youngest, to add to the common stock—a stock diminished by the idleness of the father, who, for some time, had been in the habit of spending his evenings at a neighboring public house. His wife was an industrious woman, and the duties of her family had engaged her attention up to that hour. She put away some articles of clothing she had been mending for one of the children; and, wearing in mind and body, anxiously waited for the well known step of her husband. Her thoughts wandered back to her early wedded life; they were both at that time thoughtful and gay. She thought of the gradual husband, of the son of her once devoted husband, of the birth of her first child; and how when watching over it, she had been led to think of the prayers of a now glorified mother; how she, too, had knelt and prayed for the forgiveness of sins, and obtained mercy, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and how she had been enabled to hold on her troubled way, at times rejoicing even in tribulation. She had prayed long for her husband's conversion, and, thus far, saw no answer to her prayers; but her confidence in God remained unshaken; and now, placing the Bible (her solace and joy since she had found the way of peace) on the seat of the arm chair, she knelt and read some of the precious promises of God; then, pouring forth her soul in simple, childlike prayer, such as only a woman, strong in faith, could have offered, she rose, refreshed, strengthened and calm. Throwing a shawl over her head, she wended her way to the well known public house. As she raised the latch, the clock struck one.

Her husband was sitting in the bar with some of his fellow workmen and the landlady, when she entered. "In an angry tone he bade her go home. The landlady said, 'Wait a little, your husband will go with you.' She advanced to the table where they were sitting, and said in a calm voice to the landlady, 'Mrs., seven years is a long time to wait for anything, is it not?'"

"Yes," said the landlady, "but fourteen years is longer, is it not?"

"Yes," answered the wife, "but twenty-one years is longer still. I have waited and prayed twenty-one years for the conversion of my husband; and as sure as he is sitting in your bar, I shall live to see him pass this house, and have no inclination to enter; for God will answer my prayer."

She turned to leave the room, and her husband followed her; but no angry word passed his lips he seemed to quail before her.

About this time, the Rev. J. Rattenbury was stationed at Leeds. On the Sunday following the night just mentioned, Martin—was induced to accompany his praying wife to hear him. The text announced was the pious resolution of Ruth: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." The word came home with power, the arrow of conviction sank deep into his soul. For several days he groaned for mercy; but the hour of deliverance came.

"The Spirit answered to the blood, And told him he was born of God."

On the Sunday after his conversion, Martin returned from the chapel to his now happy home, with a firm step—the mid-day meal was spread upon the table—children were already seated; but his heart was full. "Children," said he, "your mother's prayers are now answered. I have passed that house since I spent so much time, and money, without the least desire to enter. Let us praise the Lord together." They fell upon their knees—he by the arm chair, on the spot which had been, in times past, a Bethel and an Ebenezer to his wife—and, with joyful hearts, they raised their hearts and voices in gratitude and praise to God, who had plucked him as a brand from the burning; alike acknowledging his weakness, and asking strength to stand in the hour of temptation.

God heard those prayers; and Martin—became as eminent for piety as he had before been prominent in the service of Satan.

PREACHING.

It is not always the Gospel that is delivered from the pulpit. A man may preach very sensibly concerning the divine perfection and authority of God's government and laws. He may set forth God's general obligations to duty and obedience. He may inculcate the amiable qualities of virtue in general, or of particular virtues, and may represent many worthy examples for men's encouragement and excitement. He may earnestly call on men to repent of their sins and reform the general disposition of their hearts and conduct. He may inculcate this with all earnestness and action that would entitle him to the character of the complete orator. The composition may be very skillful; the language eloquent and pathetic, and the preacher may be so greatly applauded that it may be sometimes said—he hath his reward. Not only may the ears of the hearers be tickled, but their minds may be agreeably entertained with sentiments that are in

themselves just, and with many a good thought. Yet, in all this, there may be nothing by which a soul may be relieved and refreshed, that labors and is heavy laden; nothing by which a serious soul may be directed to the proper sources of sanctification. A discourse may have in it much truth that is consistent with the gospel, and presupposed by it, and yet have nothing in it of the gospel properly so-called. Of such a discourse, with all its advantage of sentiments and expression, it may be said as the apostle says of the law, it is weak through the flesh. The corruption of nature, in which sin hath dominion, is too strong for logic, rhetoric and philosophy; too strong for refined speculation; too strong for the greatest oratory.

THE DUMB GIRL.

She is my only girl; I asked for her as some most precious thing, For all unfinished was Love's jewelled ring, Till set with this fair pearl; The shade that Time brought forth I could not see; How pure, how perfect seemed the gift to me!

O, many a soft old tone I used to sing unto that deadened ear, And suffered not the lightest footstep near, Least she might wake too soon; And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay—Ah! needless care! I might have let them play!

"Two long ere I believed That this one daughter might not speak to me; Waited and watched God knows how patiently; How willingly deceived! Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith, And tended Hope until it starved to death."

O! if she could but hear For one short hour, till her tongue might teach To call me mother, in the broken speech That thrills the mother's ear! Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries To see her kneel, with such a reverent air, Beside her brothers at their evening prayer; Or lift those earnest eyes To watch our lips, as though our words she knew, Then move her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watched her looking up To the bright wonder of a sunset sky, With such a depth of meaning in her eye, That I could almost hope The struggling soul would break its binding cords, And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee The chords of the brooks, streams and groves, All the grand music to which Nature moves, Are wasted melody To her; the world of sound a tuneless void; While even silence hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair; Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould The soft, white brow, over which, in waves of gold, Ripples her shining hair. Alas! this lovely temple closed must be, For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Will He the mind within Should from earth's babel-chamber be kept free, Even that His still, small voice and step might be Heard at its inner shrine, Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill! Then should I grieve! O murmuring heart, be still!

She seems to have a sense Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play, She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way, Whose voiceless eloquence Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so! And when his sons are playing merrily, She comes and leans her head upon his knee. O! at such times I know—By his full eye and tones subdued and mild—How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of all gifts bereft, Even now, how could I say she did not speak! What rosy languor lights her eye and cheek, And renders thanks to Him who left Unto her soul yet open avenues For joy to enter, and for love to use.

And God in love doth give To her defect a beauty of his own. And we a deeper tenderness have known Through that for which we grieve. Yet shall the seal be melted from her eye, Yes, and my voice shall find it—*not here.*

When that new sense is given, What rapture will its first experience be, What new voice to manner melody Than the rich songs of heaven,— To hear the full-toned anthem swelling round, While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!

THE FOUNDATION.

[From the Christian World.] The doctrine of immortality is so wonderful in itself, when calmly contemplated by dying men in a full view of the proofs that death reigns, and involves issues of such tremendous moment to every man, that to think of it frequently and seriously is evidence of lamentable insensibility. It claims the most serious thought, it demands attention; it calls for earnest personal solicitude. To adopt the well-known metaphor of a building, he who builds for eternity ought to make sure that the foundation is strong enough, and that the character of his materials will bear the closest inspection. If the foundation be insecure, all labour in building upon it is of course lost; the toil is in vain, and the anxiety fruitless. All must end in disaster if there be not firm, solid, immutable rock below, fitted to sustain any amount of pressure. A costly superstructure, raised upon treacherous sand, will only subject the builder to loss and disgrace; but where the everlasting rock upholds the edifice, in the day of the testing storm, all will be well. Builders for eternity have not been left in the dark on this great subject. He who alone knows what immortality means, and comprehends all its issues, has carefully spoken and clearly, that we

may all understand how to secure the splendid prize set before us in the Gospel. The reader will at once think of the very remarkable parable which closes the most wonderful sermon uttered upon earth. "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me ye workers of iniquity." This remarkable statement introduces the concluding parable: "Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, I will liken him unto a wise man, who built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock." Christ himself is the foundation laid in Zion; and he who rests on him will weather the storm, however severe its character. Anything, everything else must give way; for God will sweep away the refuge of lies; but he who builds exclusively upon Christ, cherishing no hope whatever but in the glorious righteousness of the Saviour and Substitute of the guilty, is accepted in the beloved, and will be publicly owned as belonging to him. "This is sure footing; all is sand beside." The other builder, and the results of his building, form the second half of the parable: "And everyone that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it." The destruction was complete, the ruin thorough. Every stone and timber was carried away by the roaring, resistless flood. What a warning is here! and with what earnestness should men take heed of the groundwork, the basis, the foundation of their religious faith! To have the work of a lifetime overturned and laid in complete ruin at last, in consequence of the fatal mistake concerning the foundation, gives one the idea of overwhelming and irreparable disappointment. What grief, shame, vexation, misery, loss! What a terrible and agonizing bankruptcy! The man thought himself a Christian for many years; went to his church or chapel regularly, subscribed, like his neighbours, to benevolent and religious institutions; was perhaps, in some respects reckoned a model man; and yet all the time there was an unsuspected but fearful deficiency. He had not with all his heart accepted Christ and Jesus Christ alone, as made of God unto believers wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. He had not come to the cross with the feeling of utter helplessness and guilt to accept eternal life as God's free gift through a crucified Redeemer; and the result was that in the hour of his great need his religious profession was found to be a delusion and snare. He who will not be saved in God's way cannot be saved; for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. What need have we all to see well to the eternal foundation of safety, and to rest upon it with unshaken confidence! New schemes of religion are being propounded; diverse and strange doctrines are seeking our faith; in these days; whilst men are boldly attacking the Divine system of mercy and grace, and blasphemously branding it as a priestly fable which intelligent men should reject. Let us endure to the end, and by the grace of God cling to the truth as it is in Jesus!

THE PERSONALITY OF SATAN.

In this day when such efforts are being made to batter down the bulwarks of evangelical religion, we are glad to witness the appearance of a work which we recently noticed in our columns, entitled "Satan's Devices and the Believer's Victory." There are many who tell us that there is no such a being as Satan, that the idea is absurd, and that the name is only applied, for convenience, perhaps, to the principle of evil in general, or as existing in ourselves. Mr. Parsons, the author of the work referred to, starts out with the idea that there is a real and personal devil, and he makes the case-against Satan upon which the whole structure is reared. For the benefit of our readers, some of whom may not be so fortunate as to fall in with this work, we will give one or two extracts to show the ground upon which the author makes a belief in the personality of Satan to rest:

"He (the chief of evil spirits) is often called Satan, which means an enemy or adversary; the Devil, from a Greek word meaning to calumniate, or from two words signifying without light, making this name nearly synonymous with 'Prince of darkness'; the Father of Lies, which in some sense implies that all the falsehoods ever devised in the world are of his issuing; a murderer, which indicates his agency in every murder since the days of Cain; the Tempter; Beelzebub; the Accuser of the Brethren; the God and Prince of this world; Lucifer; Serpent; Tormentor; Roaring lion; in Hebrew, Abaddon; in Greek, Apollyon; meaning destroyer. Such are some of the names by which the Scriptures designate the being of whom we write. Satan thus stands out upon the inspired page as a personal being, a conscious, emotional, voluntary individuality, as much as Paul or Christ."

Again he says, "If it be said that there is 'no other devil than a wicked man's heart,' how then shall we account for the temptations of Christ? Had he a wicked heart to be his tempter? It is impossible to harmonize the Bible with the denial of Satan's personality. Nor is anything gained by denying it. To believe a lie has the same ruinous effect, whether the authorship of it is with Satan or ourselves. If Satan were to be regarded as only an impersonation of man's wickedness, so that each man is, after all, his own Beelzebub, his own father of lies, his own tempter, destroying angel, this would not help the matter. It would be no easier to exercise this self-devil than to escape the influence of a separate personal tempter. On the other hand, to know that Satan exists and that he seeks our ruin, is to guard the mind against him; and to know what his lies are, unless we are so wicked

as to prefer falsehood to truth, is to dissolve their power over us."

Mr. Parsons' book is timely in its appearance, and is highly practical in its suggestions throughout. It should be in the hands of every one who would successfully fight the fight of faith.—*Morning Star.*

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

The Monthly Reporter of the Religious Tract Society (London), contains an article on Periodical Literature, which points out the need for such periodicals as the *Leisure Hour*, *Sunday at Home*, and the *Cottage*. The circulation of these works, published very cheaply, and well illustrated with woodcuts, has tended to drive out of circulation a number of trashy journals. The above named periodicals contain tales, description of places, biographies of eminent men, scientific facts, useful information on varied subjects, historic narratives, appropriate allusions to passing events and pictorial illustrations. The committee call upon the Christian public to aid them in the effort to get their periodicals circulated among the people. While on this subject, we cannot do better than give an extract from the London *Publisher's Circular*, which contains some interesting facts. It is as follows:—

The facts connected with the advance of general periodical literature during the last thirty-four years are still more surprising. Among the statistics of the weekly publications we find thirteen journals containing novels, tales, biographical sketches, ballads, poetry, gossip, &c., published at a halfpenny and penny a number, with an aggregate issue of upwards of one million. Some of these have introduced music in score as an additional attraction. The Religious Literature comes next among the weekly publications, and here we find fifteen published at a penny, to three halfpenny, and issuing 400,000 copies; while thirty-two weekly journals of a useful, educational, and entertaining character, published at prices varying from one penny to threepence, circulate upwards of 500,000. We find also a heading for Romantic Tales, written to excite the imagination and to induce wonder in the mind of the reader. During crises perpetrated on the high seas, and the execution of notorious criminals, are found to give great impulse to this class of reading, as in the case of the destruction of the ship 'Flowerly Land,' and the execution of the pirates a short time since. Here we find eight publications, at one penny per number, with an aggregate issue of 100,000, chiefly published at one penny weekly, still unfortunately figure in the statements. Their titles are not necessary to mention. Mr. Francis tells us that directly immoral publications are in a fair way of extinction. On the repeal of the paper duty an attempt was made to establish three such, to appear weekly. Inquiry has been made of one of the largest wholesale dealers in cheap literature as to their sale. The reply given was, 'That they entered his premises with regret—and that female dealers applied for such publications with evident reluctance. In a short time all three publications ceased. There is no doubt that three years ago the circulation of directly immoral publications was about fifty-two thousand weekly, while at present they are estimated to reach no more than nine thousand. The abundance of cheap literature of a wholesome kind has fairly driven them from the field. The manuscript before us adds that the free-thinking publications which now exist adopt a tone and temper unknown at a former period, and that they attempt generally, to use their own words, 'to show that rationalism is not irresponsible,' and conduct their advocacy apart from Atheism or Theism. They are generally published at twopence, a high price sufficiently indicative of a limited circulation. The total number published is estimated at five thousand."

THE PULPIT AND TEMPERANCE.

We have placed undue reliance on professional lecturers. A preacher intrenched in the prayers of his church, intrenched amidst the elements of the law and gospel amidst motives drawn from time and from eternity, may wield, if he will a power well nigh divine.

Thirty-four years ago several sermons on the nature and effects of intoxicating liquors, were delivered in the Theological Chapel at Andover. They were delivered on the Lord's day, on consecutive Sabbaths, in the presence of Stuart, Porter, Woods—men of might—and in the presence of a most fastidious audience. Now, we have gladly listened to many professional lecturers since then; we have admired the dramatic genius and matchless eloquence of Gough—laughed and cried under the wit and poetry of Jewett, and thanked him for his scientific instructions, but those sermons made a deeper impression than all the lectures we ever heard. Those sermons, we dare say, still live in the minds of many clergymen now laboring wide asunder over our vast territory. The momentum they gave still "operates as impetus."

The fact is, questions of Salvation and Damnation are involved in this theme. Hence, when a godly man takes the pulpit, prepared to preach on this, as on other Bible themes, the hallowed associations of prayer, time, and place, and as a prince, he prevails.

Brethren, let us do our appropriate work and give labors, worthy to leave every encouragement to do theirs; but no longer substitute their appeals, however captivating, for the instructions of God's word. Why exchange the pulpit for the platform? Why exhaust our zeal by raising a hundred dollars for some "eloquent orator," and do nothing till he comes, and when he comes, load him with noisy applause, and do nothing afterwards?

We have given a dozen years, and more to the Temperance cause. We have been everywhere preaching against Tobacco and Strong Drink. Wherever we have labored, we have seen here and there clergymen fully awake, battling the monster with Christian weapons in a fearless and successful manner. Dram-shops and the paraphernalia of drunkards have gone down under their scathing tongues. We fix no limits to the power of an honest pulpit. We have seen thirteen dramshops demolished by a couple of sermons from a young preacher, and the ploughshare driven completely through the place! Glorious men. They do much to atone for the defects of a whole profession. Their reward is on high!

We have seen others—five gentlemen, fine preachers—who treat this as a vulgar cause, and who fear they may compromise their dignity if they "touch it with one of their fingers." The subject was about to come under discussion in a clerical body of late. A member objected, with a swell of grandiloquence, moved, "that it be not entertained, as it did not comport with the dignity of the body."

We see clergymen who consider their pulpits too sacred to admit this theme. They think it well enough to reason on temperance on secular occasions—to give it a slight touch on fast days and stormy days; but to preach a sermon on this mighty evil on a fair Sabbath, when industrial sinners are at church would violate the sanctity of God's house and all notions of pulpit etiquette!

We ask such brethren, does not the use of intoxicating drugs and drinks transgress the laws of life, and are not such transgressions the very essence of sin? And should not pulpits stand against sin? We ask, are not such drugs and drinks obstacles to the conversion of sinners and the conversion of the world, and should not pulpits preach against that which subverts their own purpose?—*Rev. George Trask.*

JOSEPH WOLF.

The Rev. Joseph Wolf, the missionary, one of the most extraordinary characters of the age, was the son of a Jewish Rabbi, in Germany. When eight years old he was led, in the providence of God, to the house of a poor barber. The barber and his wife were honest Christians, and talked with the boy on the subject of religion, and told him about Jesus Christ, the true Messiah. The mind of the little Hebrew became much awakened; and after meditating seriously for two days, he went to the Protestant clergyman of the village, and said to him: "I will become a Christian."

The prudent minister asked him: "How old are you?" He answered: "Eight years."

The minister replied: "You are too young; return to me after a few years."

Thus this convinced, inquiring child was pushed back into the darkness of Jewish unbelief. In that darkness he spent four or five more years of his life, imbibing the inveterate prejudices of his forefathers, and influenced, by their ill-fidelity, to practices of sin. Often, however, as he informs us, did convictions trouble his soul until the age of thirteen, when he met with a pious Roman Catholic priest, who talked with him about a future state, read the Gospel with him, and told him it was impossible to be a moral man without God, without Christ. The faithful effort was blessed, the boy became a Christian. The persistence of his relatives compelled him to flee from them. His praise is in the churches over the whole earth.

THE YOUNG INFIDEL AND DR. BEECHER.

About thirty years ago a synod and an infidel convention were in session at the same time at Albany, and it so happened that both adjourned the same day.

Next morning several members of synod were on board of the boat for New York, and among them the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. There was likewise on board a young man, a member of the convention. His appearance was prepossessing, having talents far above mediocrity; and with a bold front, worthy of a better cause, he publicly avowed the sentiments of Fanny Wright and Robert Dale Owen.

Whether an introduction to Dr. Beecher was desired by the young man, or sought by the doctor, is not remembered. They met, however, and when it was known that they were engaged, many gathered around them. The young man boldly advanced his principles. The doctor, in meeting them as well as arguing the claims of Christianity, spoke in a subdued tone compared with that of his infidel friend. In a short time both were speaking so low as to be heard only by those very near. The conversation continued perhaps forty minutes. A gentleman who heard the whole discussion, being acquainted with Dr. Beecher, asked him, after they parted, why he did not speak louder, as many were anxious to hear the points of the argument. "Oh, I had the lever upon the young man, and did not wish to show his pride," was the doctor's reply.

A quarter of a century passed away, and the writer never heard of the young infidel again until 1854, when he learned that within six months after that interview the young man renounced his infidelity, savingly "found him on whom Moses and the prophets did write," and became an able minister of the new testament; dating his convictions of truth, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, to the arguments of Dr. Beecher, and the scriptures presented by him.

GIRLS IN RELIGION.—The following from the *Christian Intelligencer* is not only pertinent, but it has quite an extensive application. Individuals of the character here described are to be found in all communities:

William Jay, in one of his sermons, makes a passing allusion to a class of persons, whom he thus happily characterizes. These are professed followers of Christ, who never become members of any religious society, or, after having had one such connection, they change their residence, carefully avoid forming another. They have no spiritual home. They wander from place to place. They elude all ecclesiastical duties. They decline all the king's taxes. Never contributing to the support of any advantages which they enjoy, they may be justly said to "steal their preaching."

They receive little good, and do less. Instead of being fellow citizens with the saints, they are spiritual outlaws. Instead of entering some one company, regiment or corps in Christ's army, they are mere stragglers, of no use to any one and very liable to be cut off. They own no responsibility, they acknowledge no oversight. They live by themselves and to themselves. They have no growth, no enlargement, and it is owing to the singular mercy of God that they do not at once lose all Christian character and hope. If all were like them, there would soon be no church, no ordinances, no believers, no religion on earth. Alas! for the religious gipsies. May God give them the grace of repentance, and bring them to a better mind and a better life!

TRUE SACRIFICE.—Some persons are capable of making great sacrifices, but few are capable of concealing how much the effort has cost them, and in this concealment that constitutes their value.—*Amos.*