

# The Religious Intelligencer.

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

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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For the Religious Intelligencer.

### A SOLEMN WARNING.

Some time ago I was reading an account of a young man, the son of ungodly parents, who possessed shining abilities, and varied talents; but who, alas! was trained up by those parents in infidelity, taught by them to ridicule God and religion; to declare the Scriptures to be a cunningly devised fable, and to live for this world, with its vain and fleeting enjoyments alone. The account of his short life and death of agony affected me much, and has led me to give the following exhortation to those who are pretending to disbelieve in the existence of God, Heaven, and Hell; or who are deferring repentance until sickness comes upon them, and death freezes their heartstrings. During a life of health and activity, this young man mocked the advice of Christian friends, denominated them hypocrites, and declared that he would not fear when the grim destroyer called for him. But how different from his anticipations was the closing scene. When he knew that he must die, filled with remorse, terror and despair, he refused to see his own parents and friends, and repaired to the house of a Christian friend (whose counsels, admonitions and prayers, he had rejected while in health), to die; and after three days of intense anguish (during which time his friends stood, with all their abilities, to enlighten his dark mind, and direct him to Jesus; while he also prayed for peace and salvation)—eternity opened its portals, and he passed through; leaving no evidence behind that he was pardoned, or saved through the atoning blood of Christ.

We see from this, that the confidence of health, and the boasting of reason, and the contempt of admonition, leave the anguished mind when death is brought near. Oh! then is it not important to consider your ways? To enquire what is the ground of your hope? And what the preparation for your encounter with the king of terrors? Remember that it is in the dark valley that you have to meet with this all-powerful foe. Not one ray of earthly light can show your enemy's position or advantage; nor can any earthly friend ward off the deadly aim of this great conqueror. You must encounter him singly, and alone, so far as human aid goes. Neither can you postpone his approach for one moment, when "the hour of your departure has come."

Oh, then is it not madness to trifle with the concerns of eternity, and the momentous interests of the immortal soul?

"A moment you may want,  
Which worlds would waste to buy!"

Oh! then, seize with activity the present moment, and give to God each hour as it flies. "Life is uncertain; and believe me, you will find it impossible, when sickness wastes the frame and weakens the mind, to abstract your thoughts from the pain and wants of a decaying body, so as to seek with earnestness the salvation of the undying soul."

At no period of our lives do we find it a trifle to set ourselves in battle array against the inbred corruptions of nature and the ever-active and powerful enemy of our souls, who "as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour." Ah, it is no easy task to wrestle against flesh and blood, against principalities and powers, and against spiritual wickedness in high places; but it requires the most vigilant circumspection, the most determined energy, and more than human strength; it is a race, and we must run; it is a battle, and we must fight; it is a warfare, and we must strive. "Know ye not that they who run in a race, run all, but one obtains the prize? So run that ye may obtain. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."

No human being ever found that he had too much strength, too much wisdom, or too much time successfully to contend for this prize, manfully to fight in this battle, and courageously to use the weapons of this warfare. Let none then presume to think that when they can no longer enjoy or abuse the world, there will be time enough for them to give their thoughts to the concerns of the future life. Oh, be assured, it would be a suicidal mistake, and one which if persisted in could never be rectified, but must plunge you into all the horrors of eternal misery, to which death is only the vestibule! There is the unyielding worm! The lake of liquid fire! The company of fallen spirits, and that of the most hated and hateful of our own species, to be ordered! Think, ye careless yet amiable ones, for a moment, of the misery of associating with millions of such for ever! Oh, the very thought makes us shudder, and our blood curdle in our veins, and sinks our hearts with the most fearful apprehensions. And yet there are many young persons, and many advanced in life, sustaining moral and honorable characters, who have no other hope beyond the dark confines of the grave, than such inconceivable horrors. Oh! for a trumpet voice to arouse their death-like souls! In the words of the ship master to Jonah, we would say to each, "What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God!" The cold waves of the river of death are fast approaching, and if thou delayest they will engulf thee, and thou art lost forever! God's mercy cannot save us out of the ark; His justice cannot spare us out of the city of refuge; in Christ, He is love,—out of Christ, a consuming fire. "Consider this ye that forget God, lest He

tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." Ask yourselves whether you can determine for a few brief years of pleasure to renounce all the glories of the heavenly world, and brave all the horrors of the "second death." What recompense do you expect to gain in that dark world of guilt and woe, for all your toils here? Can you enjoy yourselves in the fiery pit with murderers, adulterers, liars, thieves, blasphemers, and like characters? You shun such society here on earth; can you bear the idea of spending a never ending eternity with them? You are rapidly hastening to join the throng, while you are rejecting Christ as set forth in the Gospel.

Hasten, O! sinner, to be wise  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.

Parents! Who have immortal souls confided to your care, to train for Heaven or the dark abyss of woe, I have a word for you. You have heard how this young man's parents (I have been speaking about) trained their son. I ask you, how are you training your children—for heaven or hell? Have you laws to govern your family and household, and do you enforce strict obedience upon your children at all times? Do you compel them to obey you in all things, or do you weakly yield to their stubborn will? Remember, "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Do you teach them to be subject to you, and to tutors, and governors, until they become of suitable age to have wisdom to choose for themselves? Or are they growing up wilful and disobedient, regarding you without filial fear or reverence? If you are not exerting a controlling influence around them, it is your own fault; and you will have to render up a sad account, when their blood will be found cleaving to the skirts of your garment, at the tribunal of the Great I AM. Do you teach them to reverence God and His laws, the Christian Sabbath, and old age; and if they refuse do you apply punishment until their will is subdued? Do you caution and admonish them, when they lie down and when they rise up? Do you gather them around the family altar, and insist that every member of your household shall be present there? Or are you spending all your time in adorning and making beautiful their poor mortal bodies, and leaving the immortal part to perish?

Beware! lest your plant with piercing thorns the dying pillow of those, whose youthful vivacity are now throwing charms around your path. Beware! lest your cheeks, and sparkling as their eyes are they must, sooner or later yield to death, and by this sudden stroke be ushered into the presence of their judge! Can you profess to love them, yet make no attempts to prepare them for the exchange of worlds? As a parent I beseech you, hasten to your closets, and on your benedict knees confess your past remissness in the discharge of parental duty, and at the same time invoke the proffered aid of the Holy Spirit, to enable you to begin without delay a judicious course of moral and religious training, such as will, at all events, leave your own conscience clear, should your children unhappily appear on the left hand when the final separation is made!

O pray for heavenly wisdom, and spiritual enlightenment to train those priceless treasures committed to your care. But train them by actions as well as by words. Children are eagle-eyed, and can most readily detect the least discrepancy between our teaching and our conduct. Christian parents have need to be most watchful over their tempers, and most careful over the expression of their opinions. One hasty word, one passionate look, one unjust reproach, may do incalculable mischief to those we desire to influence. The work appointed is far above our wisdom, and far beyond our strength; nor can any perform it effectually, who do not with simplicity of purpose seek the wisdom which cometh from above, and which alone is profitable to direct us in the discharge of those arduous and responsible duties. Prayer and effort must go hand in hand if we hope for happy results. The Christian parent must work as well as pray, or he tempts instead of trusting God. The husbandman would be thought most senseless who should be seen daily watering a field into which he had cast no grain; and does a parent show his wisdom who leaves all to prayer? Assuredly not. Let us pray as frequently and fervently as though it were our only means; and labor as earnestly as if there were no prayer; and we trust that our children will then grow up as "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified."

And now, young people, suffer me to address a few words to you. Some of you, although the offspring of godly parents, are proud, daring, and independent; acting as though you are not accountable to God for your manifest indifference to His commands, his word, his worship; instead of obedience to parents, we see disobedience; instead of submission to constituted authority, rebellion against it; instead of humility, self-conceit; prayer is neglected, the Bible despised, much entreaty met with defiance, faithful warning scorned. Yes! and not unfrequently a mother's sighs and tears, treated with callous indifference. Youthful hearers, are you all clear in this matter? Do you render ready and cheerful obedience to those whom God by natural ties has placed over you? There is no sight on earth more ennobling than that of filial devotion, nor is there anything more deplorable than that of a child destitute of this filial reverence, obedience, and love. How pleasant to travel with your parents to that heavenly home where death cannot divide, nor sorrow cloud. You have no excuse for your neglect of Chris-

tianity. I do not mean to say you cannot frame excuses, but will they hold good by-and-by? Will you your young friends, with all your present pride and heedlessness, be disposed to offer to the great Searcher of hearts, the futile excuses with which you now distress your minds, and try to satisfy yourselves? Dare you tell him that you thought religion of no consequence? Look up! See the dazzling brightness of that throne, and the still more ineffable glory of Him, who is seated thereon! Listen to the mighty voice of angels! Nature reels! The dead are rising! The despised Saviour is descending! Are you ready with your excuses? Offer them now if you can. Ah! I see you turn pale with inward horror! I hear your bitter invocation, "Fall on us ye mountains, ye hills cover us; and hide us from the face of him that sits upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb! I see the book open, and your names not there! I hear the voice louder than many waters, pronounce the dreaded sentence, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Careless sinner what will become of thee? Is there now no truth in God's word, no power in His arm? To dwell long on such a theme would chill our very vitals. Gladly we turn from the mournful scene to proffer at our Father's throne the earnest prayer, that you may see your folly before it is too late. For ourselves, we could well bear the lip of scorn, and the taunt of ridicule in return for our exhortations and admonitions, did we not know that this line of conduct will recoil with fearful vengeance on your own devoted heads. Beware, then, how you indulge in it, lest you be found fighting against God. You and your faithful friends must meet another day, but then it will be too late to appeal to them for counsel or advice; too late to retract our hasty expression; too late to show your sorrow for past neglect; too late to tread in a holier and safer road.

To the youthful disciple of our Master Jesus, this brief sketch also speaks. And what does it say? It speaks of the world with its misnamed pleasures; of life, with its cares, pains, and woes; of death, with its hasty strides; and of eternity, with its momentous concerns. It exhorts you in language more forcible than words, to work while it is called to-day; to seek by every means within your power the rescue of precious souls from the bondage of sin and death; to preach to all around by a holy consistency of conduct in the unshaken satisfaction of your varied powers to Jesus. Be not discouraged because you are young; but, "Be an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." "Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned, and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them." Jesus Christ the faithful and true witness. Be much in secret communion with God, in his word, and at his foot-stool, and then your usefulness and happiness will be complete. I close these few remarks by wishing that you, my dear readers, will be benefited by them, and that we may all be sanctified and saved through Christ Jesus our Lord.

JEROME G. W.

### HUE AND CRY FROM HEAVEN.

"THOU ART THE MAN."

"When He maketh inquisition for blood he remembereth them."—Ps. ix. 18.

The criminal has fled. Guilt and fear add swiftness to his pace. He stays nowhere; he solves no man by the way. Onwards, onwards, he goes seeking safety from his pursuers. Shall he effect his escape? Not if the law can prevent it. The officers of justice are on the watch, and he must be very speedy and crafty who eludes their search. Look at that broad placard posted up in the streets and principal places of concourse. Let us read. The criminal is minutely described. All may recognize him at a glance. It will be well if he can discover the portrait of himself—a portrait whose painter is heaven's own sunlight—the light of the world. I will instruct thee!

The description is surely an accurate one. It is drawn from an unerring standard. "Thy Word is true from the beginning." "I, the man, am a native of the place called For Country." "Ye who sometimes were far off." Two neighbours, separated only by a few doors, may be practically at a great distance from each other. They never meet for any friendly purpose. They pass by one another—the Jew having no dealings with the Samaritan. There is no sign of recognition on either side. In reality, they are as much strangers to each other as if the wide ocean rolled between them.

The sinner is every moment in God's sight and under God's eye. But when does he willingly, of choice, meet with his Maker? When does he hold converse with the Holy One? Not in the closet; a form of words is used, but without living religion. Not in the sanctuary; the exercises are gone through with mechanical exactness, but there is nothing like spiritual worship. Not at the sacramental table; the sacred emblems are taken and tasted, but the dark land is untouched, unknown. Essentially the sinner is a stranger to God. He is a dweller in the far country. Is it not so, O man? Ask thyself seriously, Art thou not living very much as if the atheist's creed were true? A thousand times in thy heart thou hast said, No God. And the acted language of thy life, what is it?—No God. If so, thou art the man. The land of thy birth, and chosen dwelling-place, is the land from which God is excluded—the land of sin, the region of estrangement from the fountain of living waters. Plead guilty to the charge, I am the man.

2. The man's trade is that of a slave in the employment of one called "Adversary, the Devil, and Satan." "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin" (John viii. 34). Tell many a man living in sin, thou art a slave, and he says it is false! "I never was in bondage, and never shall be to any—man or devil." A slave I can go where I please. I can do what I like." True, there is no physical force compelling a man to sin, as the horse is driven onwards by the lash and the spur. The essence of the sinner's boasted freedom is this—his will is at one with the devil's. It proves the bondage complete when the slave at Egypt's brick-kilns shakes his chains in your face and says, "I am free." You do what you like. But what if the devil's likings and yours agree? "I can go where I like." But your path is that of folly. You please yourself in going where the enemy bids you. "I can do what I please." Let it be your pleasure to serve God, and then the tyrant's power will be felt. Only choose wisdom's ways as your ways, and then you will feel the pressure of the infernal chain drawing you back.

3. The man's reinment is filthy rags. Foolish pride, the pride of dress! What shall we boast of that which came when sin came into the world? After their fatal deed, our first parents felt their nakedness, and hence the recourse they had to fig-leaf aprons. Every man needs a garment for the soul; and the Pharisaic sect of religionists look with much complacency on the home-spun rags of their own dressings. Pride of dress is bad, but the pride of fancied righteousness is without excuse. That purple and fine linen please the eye, but take the microscope, and the coarseness of the material shows you. Those frames and doings of yours gratify your vanity; you have prayed well, and given well, and lived well. The soul's self-woven garb is beautiful to the naked eye—the eye of sense or reason. But take the Bible, and, in its clear searching light, look at yourselves in your best and holiest moments; take the unerring standard; and by it try the noblest specimens of human performances, and you must be blind and hardened indeed, if you refuse to confess in Isaiah's estimate, "But we are all as an filthy rags; and all our righteousnesses as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away" (Isa. lxiv. 6).

4. The man carries about with him a deadly weapon. By this we mean the sin which more easily begets him. You have some darling lust. That is your deadly weapon, whose sheath is your filthy rags. Look at the ancient Pharaoh, so devout in his prayers, so liberal in his alms, so rigid in his fastings. He could, he did, he made his so-called righteousness a scape-goat for his sins. The devout positioner was oftentimes a devourer of widows' houses—he made his good deeds cover his evil ones. He formed a sheath for his deadly weapon among his filthy rags. Two things may be found co-existing in the same person—strictness and looseness. A man is attentive to closet prayer, but carries on some secret trade of sin. He is a most regular church-goer; but on Monday he coolly tells lies, or utters oaths and blasphemies. Many who have sworn allegiance to Jesus at the sacramental table, are as deceitful in business, and as false in their morals, as those who make no such professions. What do ye wonder at others? This is not religion at all—it is a miserable mockery. See the deadly weapon concealed among the filthy rags.

5. The man stands charged in God's sight with the crime of murder. "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him" (1 John ix. 15). But do not hate my brother, say the unconverted, and fall to the ground. But if you do not love your brother, and do not love him in Bible phrase, to hate him. The sinner loves not God; the absence of love implies the presence of hatred, as the absence of light implies the presence of darkness. "The carnal mind is enmity against God." The sinner loves not his brother; and where no love exists, hatred must be found. The mind cannot be in a negative state. There must either be the charity which thinketh no evil, or the opposite feeling, which condemns the sinner of man's blood. (Like David, condemning the man who himself charge is false, and falls to the ground.) But if you are a murderer of your brother, then thou art if thou hatest him; and in God's sight thou hatest him, if thou lovest him not.

We have come with no parable like Nathan's, but we have drawn up a charge founded on the sure Word. "Sinner, thou art the man." Dost thou recognize thy portrait, or see thy face in the mirror as he have held up? Art thou ashamed, horror-struck, all but sunk into despair? Listen, then, for we have a word of direction and encouragement.

"DROPPED THE MAN." Let all look to his sins to humble them; but let them be sure also to behold the Lamb of God, Behold the Man—the God-man, Christ Jesus. "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins. Have you been dwellers in the far country of sin? Behold the Lamb of God. Behold the Man—Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ. Are your righteousnesss seen to be no better than filthy rags? If you take hold of the offered grace, you shall know the meaning of the words, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him." Are you groaning, being burdened with a body of sin and death? Behold the man, the risen Redeemer. Exalted on high, he is able to send down the Holy Ghost who, wherever He comes, turns the synagogue of Satan into a living holy temple for Jews to dwell in.

Art thou indeed the man, O sinner? Is it against such as thou that the law's threatening are denounced? Then Jesus is the very Saviour for thee. Behold the God-man Redeemer—behold him bleeding, dying—see him living, reigning, reigning over all things—Prince of the Kings of the earth. Behold the two natures truly united in His glorious person. He has a human heart to feel for the ignorant and the wandering; He has a mighty arm to rescue Satan's captives from their shackles. And where canst thou find one so well adapted to thy wants? Art thou the lost, dead sinner, entombed in corruption's grave? Jesus has come, bringing salvation; and the gospel offers salvation; this tract lays down salvation at thy door. "I am come, that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." The offer is earnest, the call is gracious, the gift is free, without money and without price; with thou hear and obey? To close the ears, and harden the heart, is to provoke God, peril the immortal soul, and court everlasting perdition. The results are, life or death, heaven or hell. Choose, therefore, and choose now, when thou

wilt serve. Let there be no delay. Jesus calls now; come now. To-morrow is not thine. To-morrow thou mayest be a lifeless corpse, a damned soul.

### THE CHURCH AND THE FAMILY.

Our contemporary, the London Freeman, publishes an excellent article on the interesting and every way important subject of the relation that should subsist between the family and the Church, from which we take the following passages:—"The fitness of the family to become the nursery for the Church is manifest, when we remember the close resemblance between the two in all essential features. In each, one central love streams down, making every heart glow, and calling back in return the best love and obedience. The two seem almost to touch each other, when the child's consciousness rises above the words, my father, my mother, to the old world, my father's God; and the great heavenly love and name is learned through the human channel. Each communion, moreover, is the communion of the weak and the strong for the mutual service and good of both. In a family circle the younger members lean upon the elder and daily gain their life and tone from them; and in return, the elder receive the ministry of a child's simplicity and even of its weakness. Heart is bound to heart by daily weaknesses and pains, and love is fed in lonely watchings of sick ones, and acts of sacrificial service that are rarely known beyond the home circle. So in the church the weak and strong are bound together by the ties of mutual help and love, to learn sympathy in sorrow and the blessed ministry it calls forth; and thus in the family circle the lesson of church-membership may best be learned. In both, moreover, provision is made for the training of the members by a loving and enlightened teaching.

If this view be correct, and we desire to make the family as well as the Sunday-school a nursery for the church, apart from its own well-being, we must seek the development of its noblest features for the sake of the church, that the quiet wisdom of our fathers and our brotherly and sisterly love may be the ambassadors of its Lord and Master. THE RELIGION OF OUR HOMES MUST BE ASSOCIATED WITH ALL THAT IS BRIGHT, LOVING, AND PURE. It is not true, that if there be real love in the house—love between father and mother—with some heavenly sweetness and strength in its tone, that the children generally turn out well, although there may even be some errors in their training; while, on the other hand, if there be the most correct notions of instruction, and the most exact laws of discipline—if the tone of things be hard and harsh, and unsympathetic—if selfishness reign instead of sacrifice, the children turn out badly because they lack the one bond that alone can keep the heart right. Too often all that is associated with religion in a house presses like a leaden weight upon the child's life—a burden he is only too glad to throw off at the earliest possible opportunity. The Sabbath is dull and gloomy—the most rigid requirements being exacted in the nursery, while freedom reigns in the parlour. The name of God is too often breathed as a terror until the children regard him as some terrible task-master, "too vast for sympathy, too stern for love," instead of receiving their teaching in harmony with the blessed words, "the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father—he hath declared him."

There must be, moreover, a true balance of attention to the wants of the family and the church. If parents will allow themselves to be drawn from home to a number of services or committee meetings, their family life will assuredly suffer, and through that the church of God itself. Nor must we ever allow Sabbath-school instruction to take the place of home training, or we shall assuredly repent it. Sunday schools are no doubt both necessary and useful; but it will be a bad day for us when we regard their work in any other light than as supplying the lack of home instruction. Their good, as it is, will be greatly diminished, notwithstanding the crying need for spiritual teaching, if they prevent our striving to bring about the time when the children of every household shall be taught of God in their own homes.

Nothing can exceed the feeling which a pastor has of being upborne by those families in his congregation where the Saviour's love is the light and joy of the house, and when that love is known to flow through all their daily communion. As he glances round at the assembled company, longing to deliver his message that it may touch the life of his hearers, he feels with many that his work is almost done; while with others, his words seem but a burden back as they try to clear their way through the crust of a week's worldliness, unredeemed by one better influence at home.

### THE SPIRIT EASILY GRIEVED.

One is compelled to notice, in a season of revival, the mysterious workings of the Holy Spirit. Heedless reproaches, who might have been thought beyond the reach of grace, are changed to humble penitents and sincere converts. Moral men, who seem, like the young ruler, to be not far from the kingdom of God, are often driven into unbelief. Some, by yielding readily to Divine impressions, are changed in a few hours from careless sinners to rejoicing believers. Others by obduracy in resisting such impressions, pass months in unrest and anxiety, and are left, without hope or change. Others, who at one time give evidence of deep concern, by imprudence in suppressing convictions and grieving the Holy Spirit, relapse into a hardened state, from which they are never aroused.

Many years ago a young man in W—, Pa., was deeply convicted of his sins. He was in great agony of mind for many days, spent much time in his closet with his Bible, and made frequent visits to his pastor for counsel. His feelings were more pungent than usual, and at last he seemed on the point of accepting the Saviour as the only way of pardon. His pastor hoped that at the next interview he might find him a rejoicing believer. But at the next visit he seemed less interested than before, and the pastor soon found that a wicked conception was trying to draw him back again to worldly pleasures. He warned him of the great peril of trifling with the Spirit's influence, and besought him to make an instant surrender to Christ. The young man was deeply affected, but after leaving his pastor fell in again with his companion, and lacking moral courage to be true to himself, joined with him in ridiculing some of the peculiar features of the revival. From that time his seriousness disappeared. He frequented

the sanctuary, became a profane and reckless man, a notorious opposer of the truth, and in a few years was taken away by a sudden and fearful death, without a moment's warning to prepare to meet God.—Watchman and Refugee.

### THE LOUD VOICE.

Twice in our Lord's history we find him speaking with a loud voice. This is the voice of proclamation. Thus in Ezek. ix. 1, "He cried in mine ears with a loud voice, Cause them that have charge over the city to draw near." So in Rev. v. 2, "I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book?" It is also at other times, the voice of earnest and anxious appeal. Thus in Ezek. viii. 18, "Though they cry in mine ears with a loud voice."

Now, we said Jesus twice spoke in this manner. Both times are remarkable.

1. On the cross.—For in Matt. xxvii. 30 we read, "Jesus, when He had cried again with a loud voice, It would seem from that word 'again,' that His cry, 'I thirst,' was uttered with a loud voice, as well as His last and final cry, which we know from John xix. 30 was 'It is finished.' Both these utterances had respect to the same thing; His 'I thirst' being (John xix. 28) intended to complete the last remaining unfulfilled prophecy; and His 'It is finished' being the announcement that this, and all else, was complete. All done! All that the types required, all that Moses and the prophets required, done! All that the law required, done! All that man, the sinner, needed, done!

Observe, then, this is proclaimed! He cries it in the deaf ears of the world. It is for the deafest ear. It has earnest entreaty in it, too. He cries in your ear with a loud voice. He proclaims good tidings of great joy. Your peace depends on your listening to His loud voice. According as you hear it in a whisper, or in clear, distinct utterance, will your peace of conscience be more or less profound; and if you heard the full thunder of it, your soul would have truly the "peace of God that passeth all understanding."

2. At the tomb of Lazarus. We read this in John xi. 43. It was "with a loud voice," that Jesus cried, "Lazarus, come forth!" It was with the same voice wherewith He afterwards proclaimed, "It is finished." The same silver trumpet was blown by Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. He cries at his sepulchre into the dull, cold ear of death, and death listens and releases his grasp. What power in the voice of the Son of God! What grace in the heart of the Son of God that leads Him thus to care for the sleeping dust of His saints as well as for their souls!

In these two cases may we not discern our blessedness as redeemed sinners? Christ's first coming brings our souls full pardon, ample righteousness, peace, acceptance, eternal life. Christ's second coming brings to our bodies, slumbering in the grave, resurrection, and all the glory of resurrection, to wit, power, incorruption, glory, beauty, likeness to Himself. Let the silver trumpet sound both proclamations in our ear. We need them both to complete our blessedness, and having both, our blessedness is complete.

### INCIDENTS IN SUMMERFIELD'S LIFE.

Being in attendance at one of the courts in Dublin, as a witness against a person wishing to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act, he was examined and cross-examined by an eminent lawyer, with the intention of so puzzling him as to destroy the value of his testimony. The design was unsuccessful. Able to recall dates and payments, sales and purchases, pounds, shillings and pence, with such promptness and accuracy, that the whole court manifested surprise. "Pray, sir, what is your profession?" inquired the judge.

"I am of no profession, my Lord," Summerfield replied.

"No profession! no profession, do you say?" "None, my Lord."

"Well, sir," replied the judge, "I have never heard a witness within these walls give his testimony in a more lucid and satisfactory manner than you have done. Depend upon it you will one day be a shining character in the world." His first sermon was preached in England, revivifying his native shores, for the purpose of recruiting his feeble bodily frame, he designed to remain for a time in retirement, but Providence ordered otherwise. Arriving at Bristol, the first evening saw him in the streets of the city, on his way to the Methodist chapel. A conference having been in session, the usual notice that a stranger would preach, had brought together a numerous audience. He entered and takes his seat, "unknown and unknown." The hour arrives but not the preacher. A delay of thirty minutes brings no relief to the people, nor exhibiting signs of impatience. At this exigency, requiring some one to appear and stand in the gap, what were Summerfield's thoughts? Surveying the scene, the conviction became settled, that he is providentially called to preach. He leaves his seat, ascends the pulpit, and announces the hymn—

"Glad were I in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."

Appropriate was the text chosen, attesting every anxious fear in his bosom—"Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." The effect of this discourse, aided by the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, by the preacher's aspect, pale, emaciated, extremely youthful, by his eloquence of the purest kind, may be imagined, but can not be described. It proved a precious blessing to numbers, an era in their religious experience.

Summerfield's first speech in this country at a Bible anniversary soon after his arrival in 1821, produced a deep impression, and opened to him a door of utterance among all evangelical denominations. In the order of exercises he was preceded by one admired for his sterling sense, and whose address, according to the testimony of one lately gone to his rest, was a master-piece, profound in argument, impressive in its conclusions. At a late hour the weary by the preacher's services, the Rev. Mr. Summerfield, of England. Obeying the call, presenting himself to view, a look of disappointment shaded many a face. His positive expression and