

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD.

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. XI.—No. 30.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1864.

Whole No. 550.

The Intelligencer.

DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOL.

A PAPER PREPARED AND READ BY E. C. FREEZE, BEFORE THE FREE BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE IN FREDERICTON, JULY 25TH, 1864. Published by request of the Conference for the information of the Churches. Mr. Chairman—By your permission, I will now ask the attention of the meeting a short time, while I read an address to the members of the F. C. B. Denomination who are present, on the subject of Education, more especially, Denominational Education.

However much I may fail in interesting my audience, certain I am it will not arise from the want of a subject of importance, or a matter of grave consideration.

Were I to pause just here, to trace the progress and prosperity of the F. C. Baptists as a people, I could refer you, sir, to a period when organization was not known among us, when the fathers in the ministry (some of whom are with us today), were travelling to and fro, preaching the Gospel of Christ, and warning sinners to repent and turn to God with full purpose of heart.

Gradually, as time rolled on, churches were formed and organization was found a necessity. The old man was forced upon us with all its power, "Union is Strength." Union took place, and God made it a blessing.

I need not tarry to particularize. Several enterprises have occupied the attention of the Conference and Denomination from time to time. Among the most prominent were Home Missionary labour, which received considerable attention, the publication of a Religious Journal, and the opening of a depository of "Religious Books," to supply the wants of our own people, as well as that of others. All of these, to us, were experiments, and the results are now with us.

The first, the missionary cause, does not now exist, I regret to say, in its former efficiency, although a refreshing is being felt, which I trust will fully reanimate that useful department of Christian labor.

All who reflect upon this subject, will admit that our home missionary department, small though it has been, has done much good, and I am not without the hope, that the time will soon arrive when we shall not only support several additional home missionaries, but lend our aid and assistance to the foreign missionary cause. The second, the "Religious Journal," although it has had its reverses, still lives, and to day, perhaps, is more firmly established than at any previous period in its history. While it compares favorably with other Denominational Journals, mechanically, it is second to none in influence and usefulness, and is as well grounded in the affections of its readers as any other Journal in the province.

As to the "Book Enterprise," whatever its effect financially, certain it is, that it did much good, by making us a reading people, and conveyed religious instruction into scores of families; the value of which cannot be measured or determined by mere dollars and cents.

I refer to these things, not that we have not been wholly without enterprise, neither do I believe, whatever the results financially, would we, as a Denomination, be now the least, but we refused to engage in them. We may, and doubtless do wish that they had been more successful, but with all their defects, we can scarcely desire their non-existence.

There are few among us, I am confident, who would wish to see our Religious Journal retire from the field for want of sufficient support. Evidences are not wanting that extra funds would be forthcoming, should they be required for its assistance and support.

But allow me to ask, has not the time come when one more effort should be made to advance the cause of this Denomination? Has not the time come when our people feel the necessity of an Educational Institution, in which their sons and their daughters may be educated without the fear of their returning to the bosoms of their families, tainted with principles differing from those of their parents, if not diametrically opposed.

If we believe that the doctrine and principles of the F. C. Baptist Denomination are correct, why should we not make an effort to preserve them to our children, and extend them as widely as possible; but if we have no faith in our doctrine, then let us abandon them at once like honest men, and seek a home elsewhere.

If our children are to be educated, and educated they will be, then we must not be surprised, if while we send them among other Denominations to obtain their education, they become imbued with religious sentiments from that of their parents, and become lost to our own Denomination. The words of the poet are appropriate—

"The education forms the common mind,
Just as the trees that's been sown in."
Now, let us then and endeavor for a few moments, what other religious bodies have done in this respect, and are still doing (for Educational Institutions are on the increase), so that every religious denomination in this province can point to its educational establishment except the F. C. Baptists. Our Baptist friends are in the receipt of \$100,000 annually from the revenues of this province for their Seminary in Fredericton, besides \$400 to other schools properly belonging to that body. The Presbyterians receive in all \$1,300. The Congregationalists \$800. The Episcopalians \$2,070. The Methodists receive for the Mount Allison Institutions about \$2,400, besides \$400 for the Wesleyan school in the city of St. John; and last but not least, the Roman Catholics receive \$3,800, for ten schools and Institutions.

In this list I would ask where are the F. C. Baptists, they are "non est," they are nowhere.

But it may be asked, why need we care what other Denominations receive for their Institutions? Now, Sir, I am not an advocate for Denominational grants. I would be glad to see them all swept away, and the people of the province compelled to take a deeper financial interest in our Schools and Institutions; but I believe the principle is now so firmly established in this province, that, in all probability, it will be a very long period before a majority will be found in the House of Assembly to revoke these grants. But why need we care? Let us look at the above figures again. The Roman Catholics, \$3,800; Episcopalians, \$2,070; Methodists, \$2,400; Presbyterians, \$1,300; Congregationalists, \$800; and the F. C. Baptists, \$1,400. Now you pay all this sum of \$14,760. Let me tell you, Sir, the F. C. Baptists pay and have for years past, their proportion, which probably is very little short of \$1000 annually.

We, then, are helping to support all the different Institutions in the province, while we are refusing, or neglecting shall I say, to place ourselves in a position to receive our share of the public funds. There is the amount that goes to our University, making as much more, for which we pay our proportion. \$1000 more, from which we have derived thus far, very little profit directly.

We will now take a glance at the respective Religious Bodies in this province with regard to numbers.

In the Census of 1861 the two Denominations of Baptists, having been taken together, are put down at near 88,000; of this number we shall be quite safe in claiming for the F. Baptist 20,000. The Methodists claim 25,000; the Presbyterians, 38,000; the Congregationalists, 1,800; and the Roman Catholics 85,000.

Now let us see what our claim would be when compared with other bodies of Christians. Assuming that we number 20,000, which I believe is within the mark, we would be entitled to over \$700, when compared with either the Presbyterians or Baptists. Over \$840 compared with the Roman Catholics, nearly \$1000 compared with the Episcopalians, \$9000 when compared with Congregationalists, and about \$2,200, when compared with our Methodist friends. It is not, however, by population these grants are made, as may be seen by comparing either the Presbyterians with the Catholics, or the Methodists with the Baptists, but that body of people who establishes a respectable Institution under a Denominational name and influence, has always made sure of a Legislative grant.

The different Religious Bodies deserve much credit for the interest they have taken in the cause of Education. Let us hope their zeal may not grow less, and that ere long we may be found pulling in the same direction.

There is a very common error made, however, in establishing Institutions of this kind, which I trust, when the F. C. Baptist do build, will be avoided. The error to which I refer is the "Credit System." Experience was shown that to depend upon the credit system to found such Institutions, is equivalent to signing their death warrant. I hope we shall never attempt to build until the funds are made sure.

I am aware some will object and say it can't be done. While others will raise objections of quite a different nature; but I believe it can be done, and I believe more, the time has come when it must be done, or we will suffer heavily in case of failure.

You will allow me now, as briefly as possible to suggest a plan by which I should hope this object might be accomplished.

Let there be formed from among the ministers of this Denomination, an Educational Society, with its appropriate name. By this Society let a committee be appointed, whose duty shall be to prepare a plan of building, with a careful estimate of costs, and submit the same to the Society.

Divide the estimated amount into shares of twenty or thirty dollars each, and allow every shareholder to have a vote, as well as every member paying annually five dollars, and so others. Any person holding two or more shares to be eligible to a directorship, and a member holding twenty or more shares to vote as a shareholder. The whole business after the first election to be under the control of five directors, one of whom to be chosen annually. The first to retire to be the one having the least number of votes on the first election, and so on till all have retired in succession, subject however to re-election.

By-Laws and Constitution to be approved previous to election of directors. As I before remarked, nothing should be done until the whole amount has been raised, one half at least in cash, the balance by notes of hand, payable in one year from date.

If a united effort should be made I feel confident that the means can be procured, and in one year from to-day we will be able to announce publicly our intention to build.

I remember Sir, that two years ago it was found necessary to raise \$2000, to meet the liabilities of the Conference, a debt not the most popular. What was the result? It was divided into one hundred shares of \$20 each, and the whole was raised in less than one year. The house in which the Conference met that year was a new one, and had just been completed at a cost of about \$1400, and that by a single church. The house in which we now have the pleasure of meeting, cost nearly \$5000, has been erected by quite a small church; and many other similar instances might be named. If then a small church, when its zeal has been aroused, can do so much, what should a whole Denomination do when working in a common cause?

If our people would determine to build or establish an Academy, there is not the slightest doubt on my mind that in less than two years we could have it in full working order. I might here remark that our brethren in Nova Scotia have indicated their readiness to unite with us at any moment in the erection of a Denominational Institution.

Mr. Chairman—Many other reasons could be urged why we should move in this matter, but I fear to weary you. What has so recently transpired in connection with the appointment of Mr. Hartley to the University Senate, should not only stir the blood but the pocket of every devoted F. C. Baptist in the province. I have no hesitation in saying that I shall henceforth use every legitimate and honorable means to wipe out a stigma that has been heaped upon those who are no better than ourselves.

Mr. Chairman—I have no faith in ignorance, neither do I suppose those who are listening to me have. I do not believe for spiritual religion or ever did, but on the contrary it is the mother of error—the handmaid of superstition and bigotry.

In conclusion, I wish to say, that this whole matter should be kept entirely apart from your Conference as such, make a separate organization, and all the Conference should be asked for in its collective capacity its good will; and of the individual members their hearty cooperation.

Mr. Chairman—If there is one subject more than another that should interest us more than the hope of Christ in our souls, that subject is *Christian Education*.

SPEAK ONE WORD.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

A woman who went out once to a well near Sychar was converted by a brief conversation. She only went to fill her goatskin pitcher with water for the use of her household. Christ spoke to her, and told her of her sins. She left her waterspots, and hurried home a convicted sinner. She aroused her friends to come out and listen to the searching preacher, who had probed her own heart so deeply. Who can tell how far she was instrumental in preparing the way for that subsequent revival under the apostles, when there was "much joy" in Samaria?

Every Christ-loving Christian can do what his Master did at the mouth of Jacob's well: he can speak to an impatient friend, and tell him of his guilt and danger. The agency of faithful, private conversation is perhaps the most effective one within the reach of private Christians. It is the one most neglected. A certain kind of talk—worrying, badgering, irritating talk, especially if uttered in a self-righteous, commiserating spirit—may do more harm than good. But the right word thrown into the heart, when opened by some providential opportunity, may melt that heart, and save it. A Christian who wishes to save souls by private conversation, should lie in wait for opportunities, and then seize them as they come.

A visit to the sick-room, the first meeting with a friend after a loss or a bereavement, a walk homeward from church, an occasion on which you have befriended a man in some secular matter, all these are golden moments to improve for Christ. Harlan Page had a holy call to such occasions. He made them, in fact; and so traced conversation into sacred channels that it was to most easy and graceful matter imaginable for him to invite a soul to Jesus. He invented methods of teaching souls; and when one failed he tried another. He made it a rule never to talk five minutes with any one without saying at least one word to do good to the soul he was thrown in with. As freely as people now talk about the news of the day when they meet in the streets or on a ferryboat, so freely did he talk with those he met about heavenly things.

Our readers are familiar, perhaps, with the fact that he once went through his Sabbath school, to take its spiritual census. Coming to the class of the teachers, he said, "Shall I put you down as having a hope in Christ?" The teacher frankly replied, "No." "Then said Page tenderly, 'I will put you down as having no hope.' He closed his little memorandum book, and passed on. That one sentence was enough. It rang through that teacher's conscience until it sent him to the Saviour.

On one winter night he stopped a young friend on the corner of the street, and pressed on him the duty to turn to Jesus, until the friend's heart gave way. The man thus faithfully dealt with is one of the most successful living pastors.

Long ago a young man in a church met an acquaintance, and gave him a word or two of kind, pointed advice. Last Monday evening the one thus appealed to rose in the "Young People's Meeting," and stated that those few words had brought him to conviction, and now to a good hope in Christ.

"I shall never forget that one word which was once whispered to me in an inquiry meeting." "What word?" "A young friend simply leaned over the pew, and with a solemn tenderness uttered the word *ETERNITY* in my ear, and then left me. But the word did not leave me; it drove me to reflection and to the cross."

It is said that Henry Martyn was first drawn to the missionary work by a single remark of the Rev. Charles Sumner. Another has written a delightful tract about the happy results of his college professor's single sentence, spoken to him, "Make one honest effort for your soul's salvation."

But why multiply examples? What Christians most lack is the heart of love to prompt the word. We have occasions enough. We meet sinners every day close by the "well's mouth," as at Sychar; but how seldom do we invite them to "let down, and draw" the waters of life! If all the preaching of Christ is to be done by only one man out of the thousand, and by him only for two hours each Sabbath, how long will it be ere the land is converted? Heaven-bound readers! have you never invited one friend to go with you? Then you may each heaven yourself, but I fear you will wear a starless crown.

A HARVEST FROM ONE SEED.

A gentleman once tried the experiment of raising a harvest from a single seed. He put a kernel of corn into the ground; it sprang up and yielded two full ears. The next year he planted the corn of those two ears, and had, as the result, nearly a bushel of shelled corn. This he planted again, and broad acres of yellow ears rewarded his patient toil. It was a rich and precious harvest from one little seed.

The same experiment, with the like result, is often witnessed in the moral world.

The first man who was brought to Jesus in Ayn, the "golden city," as it is called, the ancient capital of Burnah, owed his conversion to a seemingly trivial circumstance. A company of elderly people were sitting together, listening to a religious discourse in the Pal language, of which they did not understand a word. Just then a native preacher, who had been taught by the missionary, came up and said: "I have a little book here which I would like to read to the people." It was a tract on the way of salvation through Christ. He read it through, and when he had finished they exclaimed:—"Alas! what have we been about all this time?"

A principal man among them asked: "Will you lend me that book?" He took it home with him, read it, and soon gave up his idolatry, and became a worshipper of the true God. He became a zealous worker, travelled the country round with bundles of tracts on his back, and taught a great many people the way of life. He was a rich man, and had declined to carry a bundle of his work, but now he endured toil and suffering cheerfully for the Saviour whom he had found. Thus came forth a rich harvest from one little seed.

About the year 1833, Rev. Mr. Ward, as he passed through a village near Calcutta, left a copy of the New Testament in the shop of a native for any one who might happen to take it up and read it. About a year afterwards, three or four of the most intelligent men of that village went to Serampore to make inquiries respecting the missionaries at Serampore, with such instructions as the case required, and the messengers returned. The result was, that six or eight of the inhabitants of that village soon made a public profession of Christianity. They proved their sincerity by their works, for they immediately began to publish the doctrines of Christianity to their countrymen, and continued to do so for many years, till one after another they died in the triumphs of faith. Their labors were most blessed, and their influence will go down to the end of time. This also is a great harvest from a single seed which was sown by the way-side.

A volume might be filled with cases. They teach us not to neglect humble opportunities—not to despise small beginnings. As waving fields and bounteous harvests come of little seeds, each by itself too insignificant almost to be sent, so it is, in great measure, by the silent influence of millions of small, unnoticed acts, that the spiritual building of Christ rises, and His kingdom is set forward in the world. Let no one think, therefore, that private life, and humble position and small means, are fatal hindrances to usefulness. Sow thy seed diligently, and sow beside all waters, assured that there shall be no lack of fruit for thy joy and crown in the last day.

HOW THE ATHEIST BECAME A BELIEVER.

Nearly twenty years ago, there lived in the interior of Michigan an elderly man, who had been forty years an avowed Atheist. In his youth, in an eastern State, he had professed religion and married a pious wife, but he soon after apostatized and sunk through the various grades of error and infidelity, from Universalism into blank Atheism. A family of children had grown up around him, some of whom, under the influence of their mother—who clung to her faith despite example and arguing of her husband—became followers of Christ, and some were skeptical like their father.

About the time at which this narrative begins, a young minister commenced his labors with the church to which the mother belonged. He met the Atheist, and invited him to come to meeting. Being a courteous man, and externally moral, he preferred to make some excuse rather than give the true reason for declining. Therefore he replied, "I live too far away to walk, and I have only an ox-cart."

But many of the congregation came to meeting with ox-carts—why cannot you? Besides, you are here to-day with one—why cannot you come Sunday?"

"Oh, yes, I sometimes come twice on a week day." As the latter confession had effectually disposed of that excuse, he must find another. He looked down at his patched boots, and said: "I have no boots good enough to wear to meeting."

The minister pleasantly replied, "I will make a bargain with you. If you will come to meeting, I will engage not to say a word about your boots, but only about your heart."

"Well, then," replied the Atheist, "I will attend public worship. Not to his residence, and on inquiry found that the good man was not at home, but was expected soon. As I was ushered into a side room, for the purpose of waiting till he returned, a lady was wheeled in on an invalid's chair. I immediately arose, and was on the point of retreating, but she requested me to remain, saying that her father would return in a very few moments.

Never shall I forget the appearance of this fair woman. She could not have been more than seventeen summers, and I was sure that these of death was even then stamped upon her brow. There was a beauty in her countenance such as I had never met with before; and as with the glow of a child she soon began to converse with me, and told me, out of the fulness of her heart, simply and fervently, of the arduous duties in which her father was engaged, and of the good he was daily doing, my spirit failed me. I had come for the purpose of setting forth the actions of this incomparable man in the light of ridicule.

I said to her at last, being overwhelmed with confusion, and desirous of finding some excuse to leave, "I have you a letter from your father?" A flash of light broke over and played along her features, as she exclaimed, "Oh, I have many months ago given up the hope of life! I have been very ill. I shall never be better than you see me now—and I so long for my heavenly home!"

There was no acting in that reverent glance upward—the folding of the hands—the fitting tremor of the delicate lips. I felt as if a sword had cut me to the heart. The pure, sweet presence smote me with a powerful conviction. I sat there, accused by the Spirit of God; and when the good old pastor returned, I told him, trembling for what I had come, and now for what I remained—Christian counsel.

That part of my experience seems so wonderful to me as I look back! I entered that old parsonage a careless, trifling, proud, and wayward man; I came from it humbled, repentant, and a sincere seeker after the peace and holiness that gave to that dying woman the face of an angel.

Years passed, and found me no longer an actor by profession, but a minister of Christ. Gladly I gave up my lucrative employment, and became, comparatively, a poor man. Christ and his cross were all my theme, and in my own soul I found compensation far outweighing that of gold.

One day a man, who appeared to be a servant, came to my house, and left a message for me. It was to the effect that a young gentleman, very ill, residing in—street wished to see me. I hurried to the place designated, an elegant mansion in the upper part of the city, and was ushered into a chamber where, on a luxurious couch, with all the indications of wealth surrounding him, the sufferer lay extended in what seemed to be a deadly sleep.

His brow was of a strange whiteness, and lock hair, damp and clinging to the pillow. His large eyes moved under the red-veined lids, and a troubled, grief-stricken, careworn look gave to features exceedingly youthful the emaciated appearance of age. I sat down silently by his side, thinking him unconscious, when suddenly he glanced up at me, and an expression I could not interpret passed over his face—it seemed a mingling of regret, loathing, and passion.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

"I was early left an orphan. My passion for the stage was such, that I was determined to study for an actor's profession at all risks. I was but thirteen when I first applied to a manager, who was evidently favorably impressed, and who told me that if I was willing to come for small pay, I might work my way up, 'if it was in me.' So I began as a stage-boy, ready to do any service required of me; and no slave ever toiled harder to please than I did.

Night and day I studied. Every motion of my superiors was watched; every gesture criticized. Oh! how often I have thought since then—had my Bible but been my text-book!

I was not inclined to dissipation, but was fearful of offending by a denial when I was tempted to indulge in forbidden things. Still, I never was a drunkard, never was a blasphemer. God was good to me while I thought not of him. Many of my companions were unites for friends, still less for guides. There was Jerry Athorp—a fine fellow, in a convivial sense—he died a miserable death. There were John Monk and Fred Larry—O yes, a host of them; I can recall their faces, but they are gone. Where? The drunkard's grave was their last refuge. I dare not say what scenes I witnessed; I might have met men as reckless in any other profession, but I do not think I should. However, after seven years of toil, I began to command fair remuneration, and seven years more saw me on the high road to fame. I was very successful in all my undertakings, and finally, for the sake of a permanent and profitable salary, I agreed to remain with L., a popular stage manager in one of our largest and wealthiest cities, for a term of years. I was a general favorite with the public, and my appearance never failed to call forth vehement applause, so that I became vain of my own personal beauty, and of the popularity I had acquired. Extreme pride kept me from the fashionable vices of the day. I looked down with scorn on those who indulged in debasing follies. The same dread of appearances forbade me to use oaths or words of doubtful meaning, to avoid which I preferred paying a fine.

When I commenced my engagement with L., I began to notice, sitting in the pit, a fair-haired boy, some fifteen years of age, whose evident admiration of myself, and close attention to whatever I did or said, gratified and pleased me exceedingly. Night after night he would be in the same place, always excited, always entering into the spirit of the play. He was extremely delicate in appearance, with blue eyes, and hair as soft as that of a young child. Two years passed, and still the boy came, though not so frequently. Sometimes he appeared in the boxes with a lady, but he often made his appearance alone.

My attention was always directed towards him now, from the fact that there was a change gradually taking place in his appearance. The pallid cheeks were flushed to an extreme crimson, and his manner was more excited, the eyes having grown painfully lustrous. So I watched him for a year longer; then he disappeared, and gradually I forgot him.

But God had not forgotten me. It chanced that in a new play, the part of an eccentric clergyman was cast for me, and as there was a living original, I determined to visit him, on some pretext or other, and study him, so that I might present my part more perfectly. One sunny day I walked to his residence, and on inquiry found that the good man was not at home, but was expected soon. As I was ushered into a side room, for the purpose of waiting till he returned, a lady was wheeled in on an invalid's chair. I immediately arose, and was on the point of retreating, but she requested me to remain, saying that her father would return in a very few moments.

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His brow was of a strange whiteness, and lock hair, damp and clinging to the pillow. His large eyes moved under the red-veined lids, and a troubled, grief-stricken, careworn look gave to features exceedingly youthful the emaciated appearance of age. I sat down silently by his side, thinking him unconscious, when suddenly he glanced up at me, and an expression I could not interpret passed over his face—it seemed a mingling of regret, loathing, and passion.

"You—you have—come," he said slowly, with difficulty, "to see—the wreck you have made!"

I was startled—awestruck. Suddenly the features became familiar to me.

"Yes—you! you—a minister of the gospel now! Undo your work—before you preach to sinners—give me back what I have lost—my soul!"

"My poor young friend," I said, trembling with excitement. He interrupted me.

"Friend! friend! you shall not call me friend! I say you have ruined me. Here on this sick bed—where I have seen specters from hell, worse than ever the imagination of man could paint, stalking about me—here—prayerless—Christless—dying—I say you have ruined me! Thralled by your power, I followed you like a slave, until I was happy nowhere but in the atmosphere of the accursed theatre. Curses on it! curses on it! It has drained me of every good; sapped my virtue; destroyed my soul. Come!—and he laughed with a mocking shout that froze my blood, with horror—undo your work! Is it fair—is it fair, I ask you—that you, my destroyer, should be saved, and I be lost?"

"O! do not talk thus!" I cried in agony of spirit. "Sorely have I repented of my past life; most deeply conscious am I that I have led men astray—forgive me—here on my knees I pray you to forgive me, as I will pray God to forgive you, if you will only listen to me. Let me beseech of you to turn to Christ as I have turned. The past I cannot blot out—would that I could! I have repented in abasement and humiliation—now let me lead you to that merciful Redeemer who alone can wash away our sins."

He looked at me steadily for a moment. His lips trembled—and with a long, low groan, he clasped his thin hands over his face and burst into tears.

We wept together! never had a visit to the bed of the dying seemed so inexpressibly solemn; his deep drawn, gasping sobs, heaving chest—and tears heavily falling over the white face, while in utter self-abasement I reflected upon the power for life or death man wields over his fellow-man.

"Oh!" he sobbed—"I have lost all that makes men honored—I might have lived years—long years. But I am going to the grave a shame and grief to my mother, a disgrace to my name. And lying here day after day, I have thought of you—how, in my eager admiration, I followed you, and learned to love, through your representations, the outcomings of the stage—and I have hated—yes—I have cursed you."

"I deserve it all," was my reply. "I need this humbling testimony; but oh! I cannot bear to think that you will die still cursing me. I will do my best to restore your soul—I will point you to the Lamb of God—I will tell you that, vile as you are in your sight, and the sight of Heaven, Jesus Christ will take your sin away though it be like scarlet, and clothe you in the robes of righteousness. I will tell you how there is more rejoicing in heaven over one who repents, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. Jesus came not to take the good, but to save the very best. Oh! will you forgive me, if I seek to lead you to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world?"

There was a pause. At length—

"Do this—give me hope—hope—a little hope that Heaven will accept me—oh! pray for me—and I will forgive and bless you," he said, holding out one of his pale hands wet with tears.

Of my prayers I cannot speak. Oh, to have him die thus! Oh, to feel that his soul would be required at my hands!—he, the beautiful temple, prostrate in ruins through my agency. Wonder not that I say words cannot express my agony. I prayed and wept over him as I had never prayed and wept before; and the tears fell yet faster when I heard from his lips before I left him that he rested all upon Christ, and that he would and did give himself up to the Redeemer of souls.

Early the next morning my steps took the direction of that dwelling, within which, I can truly say, the most terrible moments of my life had been passed. Alas! the solemn stillness, the closed blinds, told the news. Death had been there in the stillness of the night.

I was led again into that room—led, half-blinded by tears, to the bed. Soberly beautiful glaucous the noble brow. The locks, no longer damp, were no longer tossed in a troubled mass as yesterday, but through their threads of amber the fingers of love had passed, and they lay twisted upon a forehead colder and whiter than marble. The look of age had passed away, and beautiful exceedingly, was the smile that touched the lips and brightened the still face.

"He was very happy," said his mother, for a moment abating her violent grief; "he said I must tell you that he was willing to die—that there was a light before him; but, oh, pity me! pity me, for I am childless!"

With the mother I prayed as I had prayed with the son, and subsequently, as I bent over his coffin, I seemed to hear from the gentle lips of him who had passed into heaven, instead of the terrible but just reproach, "You have ruined me," the blessed, heavenly message that my soul had "loured for," "Christ has saved me!"

The day shall declare it.

A CLUSTER FROM THE "TRUE VINE."

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yes, I will help thee; yes, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Isa. 41: 10.

What a cluster of precious promises! "Oblessed Bible! Of all books the best! What comfort and consolation is thine to impart? Who that reads with attention thy sacred pages, but must see that thou wert written for man—for man as a sinner—for man as a sufferer—for man as an immortal being. What words thou utterest! Words inspiring the Christian's mind with faith, peace, fortitude, love, and joy. Words assuaging his sorrows, binding up his wounded heart, wiping his tears, and imparting to him joy in believing. Thou holdest up God to his mind in all the love of his heart, the faithfulness of his word, the power of his arm, and the smiles of his grace; thou tellest down on his soul a ray of sunlight of heaven; and art "green pastures," "cooling brooks," and "still waters," to his soul. Yes, as a feast of fat things, full of marrow," on which he feeds, and drinks, and rests in perfect security. Thou addest to him light in darkest seasons, and "songs in the night," of severest trials.

Read the above cluster of promises, and say if what we say of the Bible is not so? If the other promises of God are "great and precious," surely this one is "exceedingly" so, or rather it is a cluster of "exceeding great and precious promises."