

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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

Peter.

(Editor and Proprietor.)

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The Intelligencer.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

Are we doing as much as we should do, as we might do, to enlarge His kingdom, and advance His glory? Or are we rather trying how little we can do, and yet retain the name and reputation of His disciples? Judging by their actions, this would seem to be the ignoble aim of some of His professed adherents. They are not willing to do anything which he positively requires of them. They inquire, "Is this necessary? Can I be a Christian without that? How much shall I be expected to give?" What unworthy questions! What miserable calculations!

In conversing with a friend to foreign missions, he said, "I have often asked myself what I ought to give to the missionary society; but I have recently been thinking and asking myself, WHAT OUGHT I TO KEEP?"

Alas, the latter interrogation was the right one. A Christian is not his own; he has been bought with a price, and ought therefore to glorify God in his body and in his spirit, which are God's (1 Cor. vi. 20). The "reasonable service" now demanded from him is, that he should consecrate himself as a living, holy, and acceptable sacrifice to God (Rom. xxi. 1). His time and his talents are to be unreservedly devoted to His Master's use. How frequently is this enrolled in our creed, and contradicted in our practice! How often, alas! we bring our possessions to lay them at the Saviour's feet, when, like Ananias and Sapphira, we are keeping back part of the price!

Have you ever felt, dear reader, the happiness which springs from a loving and beneficent spirit? Can you sympathize with Henry Martyn, who, after carrying some grapes to allay the feverish thirst of a dying sailor, exclaimed, "How great the pleasure of doing good, even to the bodies of men?"

Then you will gladly seize every opportunity of usefulness that you meet with. You will strive to help others as much as you can. You will be desirous to add fresh jewels to the Redeemer's crown; and to succour those poor and suffering disciples of his, about whom he says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Doing, yes, true compassion does not end in words or terminate in feeling, but it leads to prompt and laudable deeds. If you see a brother or sister naked, and destitute of daily food, you will not merely say to them, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," but you will give them those things which are needful. You will assist them, as well as pray for them.

There was a poor Christian man, who depended for support upon his daily labor. His wife became ill, and not being able to pay for a nurse, he was obliged to stay at home to attend to her, and was thus deprived of his weekly earnings. Having a wealthy neighbor near, he determined to go and ask for two bushels of wheat, with a promise to pay so soon as his wife was sufficiently recovered for him to return to his work. Accordingly he took his bag, went to his neighbor's, and arrived while the family were at morning prayers. As he waited, he heard the father praying very earnestly that God would feed the hungry, relieve the distressed, and comfort all that mourned. The prayer concluded, the poor man made known his business, and promised to pay with the proceeds of his first labor. The farmer was very sorry he could not accommodate him, for he had promised to lend a large sum of money, and had depended upon his wheat to make it out; but he had no doubt that somebody else would let him have it.

With a tearful eye and a sad heart the poor man turned away. As soon as he had left the house, the farmer's little boy went to him and said, "Father, didn't you pray just now that God would feed the hungry, and take care of the poor?"

"Yes, why?"

"Because, father, if I had your wheat, I would answer that prayer."

The boy's father called back his suffering neighbor, and gave him as much as he needed.

Now, are your prayers practical prayers, dear reader? Is your charity that which expresses itself in kind actions as well as in kind wishes? Do you love, not in word only, but in deed and in truth? Are you asking—earnestly asking—from day to day, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Do you reply, "Oh, it is so little that I can do for Jesus! With such poor abilities, and such limited means, I can never hope to be of much use in the world?"

"Well, you are not asked to do some great thing; you are asked only to do what you can." If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to a man's heart, and not according to that he hath not.

A laborer was returning home from his work. He stopped and picked up a stone that lay in the way of passing wheels, and cast it out of the road. That stone might have been struck by somebody's wheel, to the discomfort of the traveller, and perhaps the injury of his vehicle. It was kind and thoughtful in the man to remove it.

Now, are there not some stones that you may pick up in the world; some stumbling-blocks in the way of duty that you ought to remove out of a brother's road; some impediment to peace and joy that you could take away from the home of a sorrowful neighbor? There is a young man of yours, perhaps, who is hindered from becoming a Christian by some mistaken ideas which he has conceived respecting the way of salvation, or the doctrines of the gospel; is it not possible that you might, if you were to try, change those wrong conceptions of his, and clear his pathway to the cross? Or there is a true believer who worships in the same sanctuary with you, whose peace of mind is often disturbed by the apprehension of trouble, or the fear of death; could not you, by the telling of God's faithfulness, and encouraging him or her to trust more simply to Jesus, help such a one to get rid of the distressing thoughts?

Never mind how small the stone is which you move, your fellow-pilgrims; if you can push it out of the way, be sure to stop and do so. Think not of the time or trouble which it makes; make it your journey pleasant to yourself, though you may have fretted his spirit over such a trifling trouble, after all, are we not left so that difficulties which appear very minute to one person, may look much greater to another. Besides, the

smallest pebble that gets into your shoe may cause considerable irritation, especially if you have to walk far with it.

"A lady of middle age, and by no means deficient in understanding," writes a venerable clergyman, "once consulted me on a strange subject; she doubted whether women had souls. Her distress affected me; I saw and pitied poor human nature in its ruins. Most of her friends smiled at this conceit, and regarded it as too absurd for grave examination. But it troubled—which the scratch of a pin may do, no less than a violent blow. I went to the Bible at once, and produced eighteen direct proofs. There was an end of her difficulty, and her mind regained its peace." How wise and considerate was that minister's conduct! He did not think it beneath him to pick up so diminutive a stone as this, but gladly attempted to displace the object of her annoyance. He felt with the apostle, that those who are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves (Rom. xv. 1). If you will follow him, as he thus followed Christ, you will find plenty of opportunities for usefulness in this vexed and discomfited world of ours; plenty of stones which you may gather out of rough and troublesome paths.

Every one may, if he chooses, do something for Jesus—something that others better and happier. A traveller in Asia Minor, in a time of distressing drought, found a vase of water under a little shaded by the road side for the refreshment of weary travellers. A man in the neighborhood was in the habit of bringing the water from a considerable distance, and filling the vase every morning, and then going to his work. He had no motive to do this but a kind regard for the comfort of thirsty travellers, for he was never there to receive their thanks, much less their money.

Could not you sometimes refresh the mentally weary and heavily laden ones around you, by speaking to them "a word in season"? Good news is as refreshing to the harassed or desponding spirit as cold water to a thirsty soul. And with the gospel of the grace of God and the sweet promises of a Saviour's love in your possession, can you ever be in want of glad tidings for the sorrowful? A kind remark, or even a sympathizing look, may cheer some drooping spirit, and renew its failing strength. It is related of Dr. Doddridge that he was one day walking much depressed, his heart desolate within him. But passing an open stone stage door, he heard a childish voice reciting these words, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." The effect upon his mind, he says, was indescribable; it was like life from the dead. Is there no troubled Christian near you, dear reader, into whose listening ear you might pour some invigorating promise, and send him on his way with his countenance no more sad?

It is very evident that great talents or great resources are not the indispensable adjuncts of great usefulness. The humblest Christian may be one of the most successful laborers for Christ. God often blesses the simplest instrumentalities to the conversion of sinners, and the instruction of his own people. "One word," said a pious man to a friend, "was the means of my conversion." "What word was it?" "It was the word errand." A young Christian friend who was anxious for his salvation, came up to me at a meeting, and, with great solemnity and tenderness, simply whispered "Eternity" in my ear. That word made me think, and I found no peace till I came to the cross.

And it is said to have been a single remark of Charles Sumner's, in regard to the blessings which have resulted from the simple instrumentalities to the cause of missions. His mind began to stir under the new thought; and a pursuit of the life of Bradford fixed him in his resolution to give himself to the Redeemer, in the service of preaching the gospel to the heathen.

A youthful minister, now a missionary, was once at the close of a funeral service sitting next to a young lady who was apparently altogether careless about religion. He inquired of the stranger if she were a Christian. She replied, "No, I am not." Deeply interested in her spiritual welfare, he again asked, "Why not?" That question was the arrow of conviction to her heart. "A still small voice" in her thoughtful moments, repeated with startling earnestness, "Why not?" She had thought that there might be reasons for her becoming a Christian; what reasons there were for her continuing unrepentant she had never considered. She gave herself up to a "living sacrifice" to her Saviour, and is now telling in a foreign land the story of his love.

Oh, if young Christians were but faithful in little things to their Redeemer and Lord, how many stars might they add to His crown!

Dear reader, yes, it is in his service and for his glory that you are asked to labor. How sweet the thought, and how animating the motive, "I am working for my Saviour!" A missionary sister in Armenia, in writing about one of her female converts, says: "I have undertaken to teach about forty children gratuitously in her own house, besides supplying them with books to some extent. In addition to this, she is very active in going about doing good. She is one of the five who have engaged to help us in going from house to house, and out into the by-ways and hedges to counsel them to come in. I said to her, 'Perhaps you will not be able to undertake this; you have your school and other duties to attend to.' She replied, 'It is for Jesus; I can do it; I have nobody but Jesus to live for. I have no children, and my husband does not hinder me. I want to do for Jesus.' And her face glowed, and her eyes suffused with tears, at the mention of that beloved name."

Life's Morning.

THE WRONG SERMON.

A writer in the *Congregationalist* gives the following interesting incident, from a sketch-book of ministerial memories, which seems to magnify the guiding, rescuing and saving grace of Christ:

A few years ago a minister of Christ, then young, had occasion for a single half-day to supply a pulpit to which he was an entire stranger. It was only two miles from the place of his temporary sojourn, and arrangements were made for his conveyance within the last half hour preceding the service. In his ignorance of the particular religious condition of the people he was to address, he selected, and by way of preparation for the service, carefully read over a sermon which he

thought would do no harm, if it did no good, in any circumstances that might arise.

Greatly to the preacher's discomfort, the person who was to carry him to the church, did not call for him till within a few moments of the hour for service. In the excitement and agitation of this unexpected delay, he then hastily seized, as he supposed, the selected sermon, and hurried away. It was in a state of body and mind sadly contrasting with that which he had hoped to possess, that he entered the sanctuary, and ascended the pulpit, to whose empty seat the waiting congregation had been for some time looking in wonder. Scarcely had he read this conspicuous position, "the old servant of all observers," before the prompt old sexton was by his side, with the familiar, and sometimes trying, demand for "your hymns, sir." For this trial, however, the preacher had provided, in part, as he had carefully noted the hymns on the margin of his chosen sermon. Very confidently, therefore, he took from his pocket the manuscript that he might transcribe the numbers, when lo! he was appalled to discover that, in his haste, he had brought the wrong sermon—a sermon designed specifically for anxious inquirers! There was, however, no time for such a discovery, and he was obliged to read the hymns left to him to give the sexton the hymns that first occurred, and forthwith proceed with the service.

Whether the people discovered the emotion which agitated the young preacher, the writer never knew; but, before the sermon was half delivered, it was evident there was emotion in the congregation. A marked stillness pervaded the whole house. Here and there a hearer bathed in tears. What could it mean?

The preacher had another engagement elsewhere in the afternoon, and was obliged to leave the place immediately after the service without stopping to ascertain what it meant. But, within two or three days, he received a most welcome message from two different sources, in which was expressed the greatest gratitude to God that a stranger had been sent to N. to preach that particular sermon on that Sabbath. One lady, who for many months had abandoned herself to almost utter despair, and to whom the kindest and best of Christian counsel had again and again been addressed in vain, while she listened, saw, as if the light of heaven had suddenly broken upon it, the way to be justified and saved, and at once emerged from the darkness and bewilderment of her soul's protracted imprisonment into the joys of a conscious and completed deliverance. Others were led to inquire after the way of life, and a precious season of refreshing followed.

CHARACTERS OF A BELIEVING CHRISTIAN.

IN PARADOXES AND SEEMING CONTRADICTIONS.

By the celebrated Lord Bacon, who died in 1626.

1. A Christian is one that believes things he cannot comprehend; he hopes for things which neither he nor any man alive ever saw; yet in the issue, his belief appears not to be false; his hope makes him not ashamed.

2. He believes a virgin to be a mother of a son; and that very son of hers to be her maker. He believes him to have been slain upon a narrow room, when heaven and earth could not contain. He believes him to have been born in time, who was and is from everlasting. He believes him to have been a weak child, carried in arms, who is the Almighty; and him once to have died, who only hath life and immortality.

3. He believes a most just God to have justified him, though a most ungodly sinner. He believes himself freely pardoned, and yet a sufficient satisfaction was made for him.

4. He believes himself to be precious in God's sight, and yet loathes himself in his own. He dares not justify himself even to those things wherein he can find no fault with himself, and yet believes God sees him in the most secret wherein he is able to find many faults.

5. He praises God for his justice, and yet fears him for his mercy. He is so ashamed that he dares not open his mouth before God; and yet he comes with boldness to God, and asks him anything he needs. He is so humble as to acknowledge himself to deserve nothing but evil; and yet believes that God means him all good. He is one that fears always, yet is as bold as a lion. He is often sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; many times complaining, yet always giving thanks. He is the most lowly-minded, yet the greatest aspirer; most contented, yet ever craving.

6. He boasts a lofty spirit in a mean condition; when he is abased, he thinks himself of riches. He is rich in poverty, and poor in the midst of riches. He believes all the world to be his, yet dares take nothing without special leave from God. He covets with God for nothing, yet looks for a great reward. He loses his life, and gains by it; and while he loses it he saves it.

7. He lives not to himself, yet of all others he is most wise for himself. He denies himself often, yet no man loves himself so well as he. He is most reproached, yet most honored. He has most afflictions, and most comforts.

8. The more injury his enemies do him, the more advantages he gains by them. The more he forsakes worldly things, the more he enjoys them.

9. He believes the angels to be more excellent than himself, and yet accounts them his servants. He believes that he receives many good things by their means, and yet he neither prays to them for their assistance, nor offers them thanks, which he does not disdain to do to the meanest Christian.

10. He believes himself to be a king, how mean he is; and how great a sinner he is, yet he thinks himself not too good to be a servant to the poorest saint.

11. He is often in prison, yet always liberty; a free man, though a servant. He loves not honor among men, yet highly prizes a good name.

12. He would lay down his life to save the soul of his enemy, yet will not adventure upon one sin to save the life of him who saved him.

13. He swears to his own hinderance, and changes not; yet knows that his oath cannot be true to him.

14. He believes Christ to have no need of anything he does, yet makes account that he believes Christ in all his acts of charity. He knows he can do nothing of himself, yet labors to work out his own salvation. He professes he can do nothing, yet as he professes he can do all things; he knows that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, yet believes he shall go to heaven body and soul.

15. He trembles at God's word, yet counts it

sweeter to him than honey and the honey-comb, and dearer than thousands of gold and silver.

16. He believes that God will never damn him, and yet fears God for being able to cast him into hell. He knows he shall not be saved by, nor for his good works, yet he does all the good works he can.

17. He knows God's providence is in all things, yet is as diligent in his calling and business, as if he were to provide for his own happiness. He believes beforehand that God has purposed what he shall be, and that nothing can make him alter his purpose; yet prays and endeavors, as if he would force God to save him for ever.

18. He prays and labors for that, which he is confident God means to give; and the more assured he is, the more earnest he prays. He believes his prayers are heard, even when they are denied, and gives thanks for that which he prays against.

19. He has within him both flesh and spirit, yet he is not a double-minded man; he is often led captive by the law of sin, yet it never gets dominion over him; he cannot sin, yet he can do nothing without sin. He does nothing against his will, yet he does what he would not let him do. He doubts and doubts, yet obtains.

20. He is often tossed and shaken, yet is as mount Zion. He is sometimes so troubled, that he thinks nothing to be true in religion; yet if he did think so, he could not at all be troubled. He thinks sometimes that God has no mercy for him, yet resolves to die in the pursuit of it. He believes, like Abraham, against hope, and though he cannot answer God's logic, yet, with the woman of Canaan, he hopes to prevail with the rhetoric of importunity.

21. He wrestles, and yet prevails; and though yielding himself unworthy of the least blessing he enjoys, yet, Jacob-like, he will not let him go without a new blessing. He sometimes thinks himself to have no grace at all, yet yet how poor and afflicted soever he be besides, he would not change conditions with the most prosperous man under heaven, that is a manifest working.

22. He thinks sometimes that the ordinances of God do him no good, yet he would rather part with his life than be deprived of them.

23. He was born dead; yet so that it had been murder for any to have taken his life away. After he began to live, he was ever dying.

24. And though he has an eternal life begun in him, yet he makes account he has a death to pass through.

25. He counts self-murder a heinous sin, yet is ever busy in crucifying the flesh, and in putting to death his earthly members; not doubting but there will come a time of glory, when he shall be esteemed precious in the sight of the great God of heaven and earth, appearing with boldness at his throne, and asking any thing he needs; being adorned with humility, by acknowledging his great crimes and offences, and that he deserves nothing but seven punishments.

26. He believes his soul and body shall be as full of glory as them that have more; and no more full than theirs that have less.

27. His death makes not an end of him. His soul which was put into his body, is not to be perfected without his body; yet his soul is more happy when it is separated from his body, than when it was joined unto it; and his body, though torn in pieces, burnt to ashes, ground to powder, turned to rottenness, shall be no loser.

28. His advocate, his Surety, shall be his Judge; his mortal part shall become immortal; and what was sown in corruption and dishonour shall be raised in incorruption and glory; and a finite creature shall possess an infinite happiness. Glory be to God.

THE INFIDEL'S TRUST IN CHRISTIANITY.

Mr. H.—a young gentleman of fine talents, was a clerk in a bank in Virginia. He was a good scholar, and a courageous and honest young man, but he was the leader of an infidel club, and had nearly succeeded in throwing from his mind the last shackles of what he used to call the "nursery superstition," which was the religion his pious mother had taught him.

On one occasion upwards of one hundred thousand dollars in bank bills had to be carried to Kentucky, and he was to carry it. As he was obliged to pass through a part of the country where highway robberies and even murders were said to be frequent, he arranged to pass it in the daytime. But he took the wrong road, and having lost himself was glad to find a shelter anywhere. He rode about a long time in the forest and the darkness and chilliness of a starless October night.

At length he saw a dim light, and urged his horse forward until he came to a poor, wretched-looking log cabin. It was now near ten o'clock. He knocked and was admitted by a woman, who told him she and her children were alone; her husband had gone out hunting, but she was certain he would return, as he always came according to promise. That he took the wrong road, and was very talkative mood, all of which he told the young infidel no wish to retire; he told him no, he would sit by the fire all night. The man of the house urged him, but he could not think of such a thing. He was terribly alarmed, and expected this would be his last night on earth. His infidel principles gave him little comfort. He fears grew into a perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the rough backwoodsman rose up, and reaching over the stranger's head to a little shelf, took down an old book, and said, "Well, stranger, if you want to go to bed, I will, but it is my custom always to read a chapter out of God's word before I go to bed." A loud and at once removed from him. Though avowing himself an infidel, he now had full confidence in the Bible; he was at once safe; he felt that the man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and bent his knees before his Maker, would do him no harm. He listened to the prayers of the good man, at once dismissed him, and lay down as

that rude cabin, and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof.

From that day he ceased to revile the Bible. In after-years he became a Christian, and often related these facts to show that no man can be an infidel from principle.

(From the American Messenger.)

ARE YOU RICH TOWARDS GOD?

LUKE XII: 21.

Are you rich in prayers? One prayer saved the crucified Christ, but one is not enough for those who know the precious promise, "Whosoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." If there, cording angel add up the columns of your life, how many hours would be given to prayer? Are you contented with five minutes of repentance and devotion at the day's end; or does your soul really turn to God, with ejaculatory petitions for help and guidance, in adoring love and grateful praise? Have you an antidote for every trial—a strong tower, where you may continually resort? Search your own soul, and count over the hours of one week spent in real prayer. God reckons not prayers not by their length merely, but in his own balance. In heaven no one will regret that he prayed so many prayers on earth, for prayers turn to heavenly treasure.

Are you rich in Bible knowledge? One psalm hastily read at night satisfies many Christians. Is this the spirit of David, when he cried, "O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day." During fifty years, one servant of God searched the Scriptures daily, in various languages, with many helps, and yet he exclaimed, "I have just begun the study of the Bible. I am in the alphabet." Do you read it as the lamp unto your feet and the guide unto your path? Do you read it more diligently as the shadows lengthen and the day goes away? In your reading of the holy word, do you appropriate every verse for the growth and nourishment of your soul? At last, will you not regret that you read so seldom and carelessly God's word, when you hear the estimate of your eternal riches, and realize how poor you are in this imperishable wealth?

Are you rich in works of charity? Count over your deeds of kindness to the suffering, and how insignificant the amount appears. Scattered through the years of your life, they shine dimly and far apart. What have you actually done for Christ since you entered his service? One visit to a poor family, with help and sympathy perhaps, seems a great sacrifice now; an hour spent in reading to a feeble old woman, a hard task; you have not time for such charities. How different will arise giving and self-denial appear in the day when Christ shall say, "Ye did it unto me." Would it be too much to steal from earthly concerns one hour every day for working in his vineyard? An act of charity daily, for his sake, how bright will be the record in eternity?

Are you rich in souls won for Christ? Perhaps you have never influenced one soul to love Jesus Christ. How dull will be your heavenly disson in comparison with the circles of light on the brow of many saints! Shall it be said, when he maketh up his account of your earthly history, that not one friend was led by you to Jesus; not one brought from darkness into unvarnished light? He that converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."

Are you rich in holy thoughts? You may not have time for study or reading—for your Father's business—yet you can think often of God and his promises by the way, even while the hands are busy. These thoughts of God and his dear Son are especially pleasing in his sight. They are all written down in the book of his remembrance. Happy souls, who turn from their labors and anxieties in momentary glimpses of heavenly things—who look up from the trivial round of life to the Saviour, who endured the same trials, being compassed with infirmities like his brethren. Thoughts of heaven and the One who bids you enter, will glitter like precious gold-dust in your treasure laid up where thieves do not break through nor steal.

Are you rich in faith? There is a saving faith, which will give you life, blessedness, Christ for ever, all the joys of paradise. With this simple, childlike, loving faith, you are safe, and will become a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. While so many are struggling and longing for material riches, the most poverty-stricken soul on earth may become a heavenly millionaire, with no treasure laid up here, yet "rich towards God."

THE WHITE STONE.

"To him that overcometh will I give a white stone."

Rev. H. H.

It is generally thought by commentators that this refers to an ancient judicial custom of dropping a black stone into an urn when it belonged to condemn, and a white stone when the prisoner was to be acquitted; but this is an act so distinct from that described, "I will give thee a white stone," that we are disposed to agree with those who think it refers, rather, to a custom of a very different kind, and not unknown to the classical reader—according with beautiful propriety to the case before us: In primitive times, when travelling was rendered difficult, from want of places of public entertainment, hospitality was exercised by private individuals to a very great extent—of which, indeed, we find frequent traces in all history, and in none more than the Old Testament. Persons who partook of this hospitality, and those who practised it, frequently contracted habits of friendship and regard for each other; and it became a well established custom, among the Greeks and Romans, to provide their guest with some particular mark, which was handed down from father to son, and insured hospitality and kind treatment whenever it was presented. This mark was usually a small stone or pebble, cut in half, and upon the halves of which the host and guest mutually inscribed their names, and then interchanged them with each other. The production of this token was quite sufficient to insure friendship for themselves or descendants, whenever they travelled again in the same direction—while it is evident that these stones required to be privately kept, and the names written upon them carefully concealed, lest others should obtain the privileges instead of "the persons for whom they were intended."

How natural, then, the allusion to this custom in the words of the text, "I will give him to eat of the hidden manna!" and, having done this, I will give him to eat of the hidden manna!" and, having done this, I will give him to eat of the hidden manna!"

made himself partaker of my hospitality, having recognized him as my guest, my friend, "I will present him with a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he who receiveth it." I will give him a pledge of my friendship, sacred and inviolable, known only to himself.—Rev. H. H. H.

CAN LITTLE CHILDREN BE CHRISTIANS.

I am going to tell you about one of the sweetest and prettiest little girls you ever saw, who, though only seven years old, became a Christian. Her name was Nettie D.—. She lived in the City of Newark, New Jersey. Her parents were neither of them pious. But they sent little Nettie to Sabbath School—or rather she went, without sending, for she loved the Sabbath school, very dearly.

One reason why she loved the Sunday school was the charming books she got there to read. And she would sometimes read them over and over till she knew them by heart. One of the books that she learned by heart was "That Sweet Story of Old; or, the History of Jesus." One day while at school, she was sitting with some other little girls reading some pretty hymns. It was during recess. While she was reading, a thunder storm came up and the vivid lightning began to gleam through the air, and the thunder to peal, and the dark clouds came rolling up the sky. Many children would have been very much frightened. But little Nettie said she was not afraid of the thunder; for the little hymn she was reading said that God made it thunder, and Nettie felt that God was her friend. But one of the little girls that were with her, said it was not God that made it thunder, it was Jesus Christ.

"Well," answered Nettie, "God and Jesus are one spirit—there are three persons in one God." How do you suppose that little Nettie, only seven years old, found that out? Well, in the little book that I spoke of before, called "That Sweet Story of Old," she had read this passage about the baptism of Christ. You will find it on the 24th page: "As Christ came out of the water, the sky opened so that it seemed as if they could look up into Heaven, and they saw something bright coming down like a dove, and it rested upon Christ's head. It was the Holy Spirit. Then John pointed to Jesus, and said to those who stood by, 'Behold the Lamb of God.' And a voice came to them from Heaven and said 'Thou art my beloved Son.' So God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, were there at the baptism, and these three are one God."

But Nettie not only loved to read her Sunday-school books, but she loved to read her Bible too. One cold winter morning, her father got up as soon as it was light and happened to open the door to Nettie's room, and little Nettie was sitting at the window in her night clothes reading her Bible.

Nettie had a pious grandmother, whom she loved very much; and sometimes she would go and stay with her grandmother all night. One night when she was sleeping with her grandmother, she waked up in the night and thought she had forgotten to pray before going to bed. So she slipped out to sleep again without waking her grandmother, to ask her if she had said her prayers before going to bed. Her grandmother told her that she had said them. "Well," said Nettie, "I thought maybe grandma had brought me up stairs when I was asleep, as he does sometimes, and so I did not say any prayers." "Well," said her grandma, "you can say them over again, if you want to." So she said her prayers again, and then went to sleep, and slept sweetly till the morning sun began to put out the stars and light up the sky and pop in at the windows. As you see that Nettie loved to pray, or else she would have never come out to school as it is to wake up her grandmother and ask her, and then stay there over again before she would go to sleep.

One day, about the 1st of February, the minister called at Nettie's father's, and found her lying upon the sofa, her cheeks blooming like summer roses and her breath rattling through her throat. He asked Nettie's mother and grandmother if it was not the diphtheria, and they said no, for the doctor said it was not. But the next evening when it was about bedtime, the minister heard his door-bell ring very violently; and, when the door was opened, a servant girl stood there, crying bitterly, and all out of breath, and said she wanted to see the minister quick; and as soon as he was come she said to him, "Please, sir, come quick, or Nettie will die before you get there, and they want you to baptize her." So the minister made haste and went, and when he got there he found little Nettie on the bed, and her mamma, and papa, and grandma, and grandpa, standing round the bed weeping very bitterly, for they thought now that their darling little girl must die. When they saw the minister had come they made way, and he went up and took the little sufferer by the hand, and her throat was so swollen that she could scarcely breathe, and, with gentle and encouraging tones, he said, "Nettie, dear, are you afraid to die?" And she, with sweet and cheerful answers, answered, "No, sir." "Do you love the Saviour, Nettie?" "Yes, sir," she said. "Are you not afraid to trust Him to save you?" "No, sir." "Would you like to go to Heaven, where the Saviour lives, and all the bright angels, and where there are thousands of little children, all pure and holy?" "Yes, sir, I should like to go." "Well, my sweet child, I think you will soon be there, and then you will never be sick any more." So, when he had explained to her what baptism meant, so that she understood it, he baptized her, and went home.

But she did not die that night. And the next day as her mamma sat by her bedside weeping, she put her little snowy arm around her mother's neck, and said, "Don't cry mamma; Jesus calls me and I must go. Have I been a good girl, mamma?" "Yes, darling, you have been a good girl," said her mother. "Do you think that I will go to Heaven?" "Yes, if you love the Saviour." "Well, I do love him. Won't you be a Christian, and come to Heaven, too, mamma?" You know at the judgment day there will be sad separations. And how sad it would be if you should not meet me in Heaven!" Then she said she wanted all of them to go out of her room only her papa. So they all went out. One single look around and said, "Are we all alone, papa?" "Yes," said her papa. "We are all alone." "Well, then, papa, won't you promise me to go to church with mamma every Sunday, and be a Christian, and meet me in Heaven?" And she would not let him go till he promised. Then she wanted very much to see her minister. And after a