

The Religious and Antislavery

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REV. E. McLEOD.

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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The Antislavery.

SEND OUT THE WORD!

BY REV. M. S. RIDDLE.

Have you ever tried to comprehend the population of the single Empire of China, three hundred and fifty millions! The mind cannot grasp so vast a number. *Four hundred millions!* What does it mean? Count it. Night and day, without rest, or food, or sleep, yet continue the weary work; yet eleven days has passed before you have counted the first million, and more than six months to reach the end of the tedious task can be reached. Suppose this mighty multitude to take up its line of march in a grand procession, placed in single file at six feet apart, and march at the rate of thirty miles a day, except on the Sabbath, which is given to rest. Day after day the moving column advances, the head pushing on far toward the rising sun, now bridge the Pacific, now cross the Atlantic. And now the Pacific is crossed, but still the long procession marches on, stretching across high mountains, and sunny plains, and broad rivers, through China and India, and the European kingdoms, and on again over the stormy bosom of the Atlantic. But the circuit of the world itself affords not standing room. The endless column will double upon itself, and double again, and again, and grapple the earth's circumference. But the great reservoir which furnishes these numberless multitudes is exhausted. Weeks, and months, and years roll away, and still they come, men, women, and children. Since the march began the little child has become a man, and yet on they come, in unending numbers. Not till the end of forty-one years will the last of the procession have passed.

The mind is absolutely staggered by this computation, and yet this almost innumerable multitude is only the population of one of the grand divisions of the globe. Add to this the whole of India, the Hindoostan, the Burman Empire, Siam, Assam, and that vast region west of the Himalayas, and we have barely the Asian Missionary field spread out before us. Asia, containing six-tenths of the human race, is heathen and pagan, with the exception of a small western section, which is Mohammedan and Nestorian. Now these myriads are to hear the Gospel, an untold number are to experience a radical change of nature, a mystic renovation, which no man can explain; must be born again, or they can never see the kingdom of God. We confess the power is not in man, and human reason is not adequate to calculate upon this mighty result.

It may be God's way to bring the whole earth through infidelity to Christianity, as through deserts and wilderness he brought his people from Egypt to Canaan. When the Eastern world is seen losing faith in its own systems of false religion, and is on its way to giving its millions to Christ, we do not need an enlargement of the Missionary spirit. We have a noble band of men in the field. They are not our maidens and halt men whom we can spare and not miss, but men who have life and energy, and a quenchless spirit of love. The choicest spirits of this land and Britain, are in China, and Hindoostan and Burmah, and Assam and European Asia; and we have in the myriads of heathen converts, the true fire of apostolic days rekindled. They are ready to do and suffer. A converted Brahmin named Dondala, had lost (because of his baptism) his houses, his fields, his wells, his wife and his children. A London Missionary came to him and asked how he bore his trials. "Ah," said he, "I am often asked, but I am never asked how I bear my joys, for I have joys within which a stranger intermeddles not. They are unspeakable. The Lord Jesus sought me out and found me a poor stray sheep in the jungle. He brought me to his fold, and he will never leave me." This is the animating spirit, and do you wonder that from across the waters there comes the united voice of such men as are the Souders now traversing Hindoostan, preaching everywhere, and Kincaid and others in Burmah, and of Dwight, late of Syria, now gone to his reward, all men who have climbed the heights of faith, and have seen how God has and is preparing the nations. Do you wonder that that voice calls out to the faithful to rise up and possess the land? These men are our watchmen, who tell us of the night, the heralds, the evangelists of a better day. Everything in history, and the stirring events of the world at the present, teach one great lesson. Or we might better say, that they restate and illustrate a comprehensive truth of the Bible, that the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof. The nations of the earth are fast becoming, by the ordination of God inseparably related. There is a oneness in man's spiritual nature, and just as fast as Christian civilization advances, it will organize and establish a community of responsibility among all lands. The wants of one people were destined to stimulate the industry of another people, and these wants require for their supply the products of nature—of art—the creations of labor and of skill, from every part of the world. It is just this system of interests and dependencies, which secures commerce to building ships, opening foreign ports, and binding all nationalities into one, so that in looking at the Missionary work, we are not to fix our eye alone upon the few isolated stations along the dark coasts of a continent, where a few self-sacrificing men sink into their graves year by year, but to the equally significant work of God in history—of God in language—institutions—trade, in war, in the arts, and in all the multifarious powers of an advancing civilization. The invitation thrust in the sickle and gathered the whitened harvest, was never so strongly urged as now. The call to Christians in all lands is imperative. The call to ourselves as individuals is imperative. To live amidst ourselves as individuals, and to be content with the utterances of Providence, united to the Maccabean cry of perishing millions and heed them not, is to invite the curse of heaven to suite us. We cannot disobey. We cannot confront God, and say, I had nothing to spare. It will fail us when He has unbosomed these mighty prison houses of sin and ignorance, and our money will send the torch of truth all through these deadly vaults, to cling to it, to retain it by some flimsy excuse. It is an insult to Him to whom belongs your silver and gold. We must open our souls to the revelation of Him who moves before us, and read his signature on the brow of the nations. There is an hour coming when you and I, and all the pagan millions, shall be called from our graves, to stand before the bar of Christ. There we shall

not balance money against souls, and happy that man who, living in a Christian land, shall learn in that great day, that the resurrection of these myriad heathen is not to his condemnation. The field is the world. Send out the word. God lays his hand on these millions, and then points to your wealth. Can't you take the hint? He means, give. He places need over against your abundance. He lets want cry into the ear of mercy. O brethren this world is not yours, it is rolling from under your feet—grasp the moment, and send out the Word.

NEVER BE AFRAID TO PRAY.

Nearly thirty years ago, a young lady whose heart had been recently concentrated on the Saviour, and whose new-born love for Him, could only be satisfied by trying to bring others to the same blessed fountain of light and joy, was invited to take charge of a private school, which would include scholars of both sexes. She accepted the charge, resolving that she would both open and close her school with prayer. Educated by a pious mother, whose strict pratical notions she had carefully treasured, an unexpected trial awaited her.

Among her pupils was a lad, nearly grown to manhood, who wished to continue his studies preparatory to entering college, and being so nearly of her own age, she hesitated about the propriety of offering prayer in his presence, doubting even whether Paul would have approved the step.

But surrounded by those who, young, lovely, and of that class to whom many precious promises are made, by a sin-forgiving God, her desire for their salvation prevailed, and many a youthful head was bowed in prayer. No more attentive reader of the Word, no more devoted listener to her petitions was found among her pupils than this young man.

A few weeks passed away, and another youth, whose age exceeded her own, sought admission to her school, and as she dearly loved those advanced studies which he wished to pursue, he, too was admitted. The hour of prayer arrived. Another struggle ensued. This young man had been trained a Universalist, and the tempter whispered that he would laugh at her petitions, and deride her fanaticism. "Would she not be casting pearls before swine?" Love for a newly found Saviour, and for the souls of the interesting group around her, again prevailed, and with trembling voice and many tears, she poured out her soul to God, remembering especially him who had just been added to her charge. How did her secret thanksgiving ascend to God, when, as her tear bedimmed eyes met those of the stranger after the prayer was ended, she saw that his own, too, were suffused with tears.

Years passed on. The teacher had assumed new duties and new responsibilities in a distant city. An interesting revival of religion was pervading the churches, and many were becoming new creatures in Christ Jesus. Much young and old, a stranger in the city, and multitudes were flocking to hear him. Accustomed always to attend her own stated place of worship, the lady of whom we write, had never yet gone with the multitude to hear the stranger. As she was one day walking out, she was accosted by a gentleman whose dress was that of a clergyman, and who seemed greatly rejoiced at meeting her. She was compelled to acknowledge her ignorance of the name of him who addressed her.

"Do you not remember —, who was your pupil?" "Are you the young man, sir?" "I am, madam." "May I inquire what has brought you to this city?" "I am preaching, at present in the — Street Church, and if you have forgotten me I can never forget you or your teachings."

This, then, was the youth before whom she had so much feared to pray. This the young man whose heart had been touched by her tender pleadings in his behalf, and who was now drawing forth hundreds to listen to the offers of mercy as they fell from his lips. Shall Christian teachers ever be afraid to pray? Is not the crown ever concealed beneath the cross, and only discovered when the cross is taken up?—*Congregationalist.*

NEGLECTED TREASURE.

A traveller one day called at a cottage to ask for a draught of water. Entering, he found the parents cursing and quarrelling, the children trembling, crouched in a corner; and wherever he looked, he saw only marks of degradation and poverty. Greeting the inmates, he asked them, "Dear friends, why do you make your house like hell?"

"Ah, sir," said the man, "your don't know the life, and trials of a poor man, when do what you can, everything goes wrong."

The stranger drank the water, and then said softly (as he noticed in the dark and dusty corner a Bible), "Dear friends, I know what would help you, if you could find it. There is a treasure concealed in your house. Search for it." And so left them.

At first the cottagers thought it a jest, but, after a while, they began to reflect. When the woman went out, therefore, to gather sticks, the man began to search, and, after some time, he found it. He found the treasure. When the man was nothing; increasing poverty brought only more quarrels, discontent, and strife.

One day as the woman was left alone, she was thinking upon the stranger's words, when her eye fell upon the old Bible. It had been a gift from her mother, but since her death had been long unused and unused. A strange foreboding seized her mind. Could it be this the stranger meant? She took it from the shelf, opened it, and lo! the verses inscribed on the margins, in her mother's handwriting, the law of the month is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver. It cut her to the heart. "Ah," thought she, "this is the treasure we have been seeking." How her tears fell fast upon the leaves!

From that time she read the Bible every day and prayed, and taught the children to pray; but without her husband's knowledge. One day he came home as usual, quarrelling in a rage. Instead of meeting his angry words with angry replies, she spoke to him kindly and with gentleness. "Husband," said she, "we have sinned grievously. We have ourselves to blame for all our misery, and we must now lead a different life." He looked amazed. "What dost thou say?"

his exclamation. She brought the old Bible, and sobbing, cried, "There is the treasure. See, I have found it!"

The husband's heart was moved. She read to him of the Lord Jesus, and of his love. Next day she read, and again and again; she sat with her children around her, thoughtful and attentive. So time went on.

It was after a year that the stranger returned that way. Seeing the cottage, he remembered the circumstances of his visit, and thought he would call and see his old friends again. He did so; but he would scarcely have known the place, it was so clean, so neat, so well-ordered. He opened the door, and at first thought he was mistaken, for the inmates came to meet him so kindly, with the peace of God beaming upon their faces. "How are you, my good people?" said he. Then they knew the stranger, and for some time they could not speak. "Thanks, thanks, dear sir; we have found your treasure. Now dwells the blessing of God in our house, his peace in our hearts!" "So said they, and the entire condition, and the faces of their children declared the same more plainly.—*Friend's Review.*

ONLY A PRAYER-MEETING.

It is truly lamentable that prayer-meetings should be so poorly attended, notwithstanding the universal belief that God hears and answers prayer, and that spiritual prosperity in a congregation must be expected without the operation of the Holy Spirit, in answer to the prayer of faith. While it is, of course, of paramount importance that each member should maintain the habit of personal and private prayer in that secrecy which admits of no other ear and no other eye than God's, and while nothing can compensate for the loss of such individual fellowship and devoutness, the assembling of the church for prayer is not more apostolic in its practice than it is essential as a condition of vigorous prayer-meetings are eminently fitted to minister mutual help, and numbers are the instances in which, through the simple yet fervent petitions of some brothers in Christ, hearts have been lightened of their burdens, despair itself has been banished, and those who were ready to faint in the way have been strengthened to continue their heavenward course. There is no place like the prayer-meetings for that vitalizing energy upon which the cares and trials of life make such a heavy demand. At the foot of the cross, in the social prayer-meeting, strength is wonderfully renewed. Nor is this all. The degree in which the spirit of social prayer animates a church, will be the degree in which it is ready for every good word and work; and, in spite of sundry seeming exceptions to the rule, we have no doubt of the rule, that the pulse of the church is to be found in its prayer-meetings. Tried by this standard, the health of many of our churches is in a most unsatisfactory condition. How few of the church members attend the weekly gathering for prayer! "It is only a prayer-meeting," is the thoughtless, depreciating, and absolutely profane excuse. Only a prayer-meeting!—Only a meeting with God! Put this, and you shudder at your own remark. But this is the true reading of the excuse; for what is a prayer-meeting but the gathering together of a number of persons at a fixed time and place for the purpose of spreading their wants before the Great King, and imploring his presence and blessing, the influences of his Holy Spirit, and his rich benediction on themselves, their friends, and the ministry of the glorious Gospel?—*London Christian World.*

THE FIRST STEP.

I believe there are many persons who have real desires for salvation, but know not what steps to take, or where to begin. Their consciences are awakened. Their understandings are enlightened. They would like to alter and become true Christians. But they do not know what should be their first step.

In every journey there must be a first step. There must be a change from sitting still to moving forward. The journeyings of Israel from Egypt to Canaan were long and wearisome. Forty years passed away before they crossed Jordan. Yet there was some one who moved first when they marched from Ramesses to Succoth. He was the man who took his first step in coming out from sin and the world? He does it in the day when he first prays with his heart.

In every building the first stone must be laid, and the first blow must be struck. The ark was one hundred and twenty years in building; yet there was a day when Noah laid his axe to the first tree he cut down to form it. The temple of Solomon was a glorious building; but there was a day when the first stone was laid at the foot of Mount Moriah. When does a man's heart truly begin to appear in a man's heart? It begins, so far as we can judge, when he first prays out his heart to God in prayer.

If you desire salvation, and want to know what to do, I advise you to go this very day to the Lord Jesus Christ, in the first private place you can find, and entreat him in prayer to save your soul.

Tell him that you have heard that he receives sinners, and has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Tell him that you are a poor vile sinner, and that you come to him on the faith of his own invitation. Tell him you put yourself wholly and entirely in his hands; that you feel vile and helpless and hopeless in yourself; and that except he saves you, you have no hope to be saved at all. Beseech him to deliver you from the guilt, the power, and the consequences of sin. Beseech him to pardon you and wash you in his own blood. Beseech him to give you a new heart, and plant the Holy Spirit in your soul, and power to be his disciple and servant from this day forward. Oh, go this very day, and tell these things to the Lord Jesus Christ, if you really are an earnest about your soul.

Doubt not his willingness to save you, because you are a sinner. It is Christ's office to save sinners. He says himself, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Luke 5: 32.

Wait not because you feel unworthy. Wait for nothing. Wait for nobody. Waiting comes from the devil. Wait for nobody. Go to Christ. Tell him you are, the more need you have to apply to him. You will never mend yourself by staying away.

Fear not because your prayer is stammering, your words feeble, and your language poor. Jesus can understand you. Just as a mother understands

the first babblings of her infant, so does the blessed Saviour understand sinners. He can read a sigh and see a meaning in a groan.

Despair not because you do not get an answer immediately. While you are speaking Jesus is listening. If he delays an answer, it is only for wise reasons, and to try if you are in earnest. Pray on, and the answer will surely come. Though it tarry, wait for it. It will surely come at last.

Oh, if you have any desire to be saved, remember the advice I have given you. Act upon it honestly and heartily, and you shall be saved. Do not say you know not how to pray. Prayer is the simplest act in all religion. It is simply speaking to God. It needs neither learning, nor wisdom, nor book-knowledge to begin it. It needs nothing but heart and will. The weakest infant can cry when he is hungry. The poorest beggar can hold out his hand for alms, and does not wait to find fine words. The most ignorant man will find something to say to God, if he has only a mind.

Do not say you have no convenient place to pray in. Any man can find a place private enough, if he is disposed. Our Lord prayed on a mountain, Peter on the housetop, Isaac in the field, Nathaniel under the fig-tree, Jonah in the whale's belly. Any place may become a Bethel, and be to us the presence of God.

Do not say you have no time. There is plenty of time, if men will only employ it. Time may be short, but time is always long enough for prayer. Daniel had all the affairs of a kingdom on his hands, and yet he prayed three times a day. David was ruler over a mighty nation, and yet he said, "Evening and morning and at noon will I pray." Psalms 119: 17. When time is really wanted, time can always be found.

Salvation is very near you. Do not lose heaven for want of asking. Go this day, and take the first step.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

INTERESTING CONVERSION OF A YOUNG LADY.

The following interesting account of the conversion of a young lady at Ulica, during the Rev. Mr. Hammond's labors in that city, is copied from the Philadelphia American Presbyterian.

At the time of the revival in Ulica, I was attending to a class of young people. I was one of that class who knew but little religion and cared less. I loved amusements and pastimes of any and every description, and being the only child of an indulgent and unconverted father, nothing was refused to gratify my wishes. At the time the revival was in progress, hearing that one hundred had already been converted, and many more seeking, I regarded it as quite a novelty, and resolved to go, mostly to gratify my curiosity. The first time I attended I was slightly interested, the following evening I was more interested in the sermon than I cared to show; after the sermon, a friend wished to know if I intended to remain during the inquiry meeting? I answered "yes," laughing as I did so, and saying I would risk an impression being made on me. Several conversed with me during the time. I felt deeply convicted. I made every effort to conceal it, for inwardly "gloried" in my stubbornness. I hurried from the church, but Mr. Hammond prevented me from leaving, by asking if "I loved Jesus?" I was indignant to think a stranger should approach me in such manner. "I did not answer, but hurried away. I knew all was not right with me. I went to my room, took up some of my most difficult studies, hoping to drown the feelings which were fast getting mastery over me, but I could not rid myself of those feelings. I tried to console myself with the thought that I was no deeper involved in sin than were many of my companions. Even this did not satisfy me. I felt half angry to think I allowed myself to be carried away with those simple words: 'Do you love Jesus?' Had I not heard them many times before? I could not rest. The next morning I attended school. My companions noted my feigned cheerfulness. Some few inquired, if I had caught the 'infection?' I replied carelessly, that diseases of such a nature did not affect my temperament in the least. Others that had witnessed my emotions the previous evening, when Mr. Hammond had made me his victim. Assuming an air of triumph, I remarked that all the Hammonds in the universe could not impress me, I seemed possessed with the devil. I would not go the next evening, for fear I should be converted. I attended a party, at which I was called upon to preside at the piano; but my mind would not follow the waits, neither would my fingers perform their accustomed part, and more than once did I blend the strain into one which I had heard the previous night: 'Don't reject him, I will love him, I will love him, I will love him, and many times during the evening was my conduct made the object of remark. I apologized and withdrew, on account of 'severe headache,' I said, and was believed.

I attended the next inquiry meeting. I could not stay away. I felt deeply agitated, and was about to rise to leave, when I saw Mr. Hammond approach me. I was on the opposite side, and I endeavored to escape before he reached the place where I was standing, but he seemed to move swifter than light itself. He made me kneel down, actually kneeling in the aisle. Oh how that humbled me, as I never had been humbled before. Pride, companions, everything was forgotten, save my soul. I paced my room until midnight. Oh! the agony of that hour will never be forgotten, never. I thought my day of salvation had passed. I felt nearer the gates of Hell than those of Heaven. I could think of no good thing I had ever done for Christ; nothing—not a thought, not a word, not a deed, not a single act, which had been forgotten, flashed upon my already crowded brain.

What could I do? What has any one done in such moments? I fell upon my knees and prayed in broken but earnest accents. That prayer overcame the devil, that evil-one which had led me on for sixteen years in the path that leads to destruction. When I rose, a strange feeling came upon me, I cannot describe it; it cannot be described, it can only be known to those who have experienced it. I felt that "Peace which passeth all understanding." I felt that I loved Jesus, loved everyone, and that Jesus loved me. Could it be religion? I felt a gradual increase of happiness with the increase of prayer. The world may call this excitement, but I know there is a reality in it. Oh! the height, the depth of the love of Jesus; who can fathom it? If my friends could but see their danger as I see it, they would not dare remain in the state of lethargy they are in.

THE PULPIT AND TEMPERANCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A TRUTHFUL STORY.

At a town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question once came up whether any person should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, and physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was put to the vote. Mr. Hammond had made me his victim. Assuming an air of triumph, I remarked that all the Hammonds in the universe could not impress me, I seemed possessed with the devil. I would not go the next evening, for fear I should be converted. I attended a party, at which I was called upon to preside at the piano; but my mind would not follow the waits, neither would my fingers perform their accustomed part, and more than once did I blend the strain into one which I had heard the previous night: 'Don't reject him, I will love him, I will love him, I will love him, and many times during the evening was my conduct made the object of remark. I apologized and withdrew, on account of 'severe headache,' I said, and was believed.

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most, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch—she exclaimed:—

"I SHALL SOON STAND BEFORE THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF GOD—I SHALL MEET YOU THERE, YOU FALSE GUIDES, AND BE A WITNESS AGAINST YOU ALL!"

The miserable female vanished—a dead silence pervaded the assembly—the Priest, Deacons, and Physicians, hung their heads—and when the president of the meeting put the question, "SHALL ANY LICENSE BE GRANTED FOR THE SALE OF SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS?" the response was unanimous "NO!"

"I AM TOO BUSY; CALL ANOTHER TIME."—A city missionary called at a house. The door was opened by a woman, to whom he said that he had come to converse with her on the salvation of her soul. She seemed uneasy at his words, and replied, "I am too busy to speak to you to-day; call another time." He gave a kind parting word, and retired. On a second visit, the missionary found the woman preparing to go to the theatre. The same excuse was made. "I am very busy; come another time." "Ah, my friend," said the visitor, "death will one day come to the house, and it will not do to tell me to call another time." The woman went to the play-house, returned home seeming in her usual health, was taken ill in the night, and died the next morning.

Life is short and uncertain. The present hour may be the only time for repentance and to be reconciled to God. "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." It is prolonged in heart, your state is full of danger; the next step may be into eternity. You may be on that line, beyond which all is darkness and despair. Have you not often, when God has called you by his providence, his word, and his Spirit, said by your conduct, "I am too busy; at a more convenient season I will attend to my soul." You have found time for business and pleasure and sin; but none for the service of God, and the care of the soul. You have leisure for every thing but those things which are the most important of all. But will you delay any longer? Let the message now be heard. It is a message to repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. And then the promise is, "Thou shalt be saved." Receive the offer of mercy to-day; it may be too late to-morrow.

IS YOURS A NEGLECTED BIBLE?—We are afraid some professing Christians would lose their Bibles if they were dealt with after the manner indicated in the following paragraph:

Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Dedham, when preaching about the Bible, expostulated with those of his hearers who were chargeable with neglecting the sacred Scriptures. Addressing them as if God Himself was speaking, he said, "I have long entrusted you with my Holy Bible, but you have slighted it. It lies in your houses covered with dust and cobwebs. You care not to look into it. Do you use your Bible so?" You shall keep possession of it no longer. He then lifted the sacred volume off the cushion, and turning round, appeared as if he were carrying it away. Then suddenly turning back again, and perceiving the people, he fell on his knees, and wept and pleaded thus with God:

"O Lord, whatever Thou dost to us, take not Thy Bible from us! Take our children—burn our houses—destroy our goods—only spare us Thy Bible!" Then he again addressed the people as from their Maker, "Say you so? Well, I will try you a little further; here is my Bible for you. I will try a little further see in what manner you will treat it—whether henceforth you will love it and pay attention to it, whether you will yield obedience to it, and live as it requires." By his actions, words, and tones of voice, he produced such an impression upon the congregation, that a general weeping ensued; and it is hoped that from that hour many sincerely repented of the criminal neglect with which they had previously treated the precious Bible. Reader is yours a neglected Bible?

CANNOT A MAN BE AN GOOD A CHRISTIAN OUT OF THE CHURCH AS IN IT?—A man can be a Christian in any place where God's providence places him. If you are on the deck of a man-of-war where there are no Christians, and you cannot get off there, will you provide for you according to the exigencies of your case. He who took care of the disciples in the fiery furnace, can take care of you on the deck of a man-of-war. But if there is a church accessible to you, you are bound to unite yourself with it. Think of it. Out of church you are just like a man that says, "They tell me that I ought to plant a garden; but what am I going to plant a garden for? Here is my neighbor's asparagus bed, and the asparagus grows through my fence; and here are my neighbor's peach trees, the branches of which reach over into my yard; and as I can look at all the fruit and vegetables I want, I am not going to take the trouble to plant a garden."

You stand in a community that is held together by the great moral power of the church. Christians gather together and maintain the preaching of God's word and morality, and fill society with the living presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, and you stand and take the benefit of those things, and say, "I can live as well out of church as in it." Yes, by virtue of what the church is doing.

The church is surrounding you with various supports, and you are mean-spirited enough to take everything that it will give you, and then turn about and say, "I am not going to take the responsibility of entering the church and helping along the cause which it was established to maintain." A man that is outside of the church against his wish and will, and that cannot help himself, though he is to be respected, is to be pitied; but to man that has liberty of choice should be willing to receive everything that the church affords, without joining himself to it and giving something to others.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.—The hope which true piety inspires in human hearts is beyond the power of words to express; a precious joy amid the fluctuations of the present world. It is an anchor, entering to that within the veil. It fastens the heart on the heavenly inheritance, and, allured by it, we go on walking by faith. Paul says of it that it is a good hope through grace.

1. The object of the Christian's hope is this: A joyful triumph in death—the soul's happy immortality—the resurrection of the body, and the heavenly inheritance.

2. The reasons of this hope are—grace must be its foundation—a life correspondent to the Bible—and a dying in the Lord, exemplifying the new heart and the new life.