

# 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.

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Vol. XI.—No. 21.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1864.

Whole No. 541.

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### CHRISTIANITY.

The London Quarterly Review closes an article on "The Order of Nature," with the following extract:

It arose in an enlightened and skeptical age, amongst a despised and sorrow-minded people. It earned hatred and opposition to the national prejudice, earned contempt abroad by its connection with the country where it was born, but sought to struggle it in its birth. Emerging from Judea, it made its way onward through the most polished regions of the world—Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and in all it attracted notice and provoked hostility. Successive massacres and attempts at extermination, persecuted for ages by the whole force of the Roman empire, it bore without resistance, and seemed to draw fresh vigor from the axe; but assaults, in the way of argument, from whatever quarter, it was never ashamed or unable to repel, and, whether attacked or not, it was resolutely aggressive. In four centuries it had pervaded the civilized world; it had mounted the throne of the Caesars, it had spread beyond the limits of their sway, and had made inroads upon barbarian nations, whom their eagles had never visited; it had gathered all genius and learning into itself, and made the literature of the world its own; it survived the inundation of the barbarian tribes, and conquered the world once more by converting its conquerors to the faith; it survived an age of barbarism; it survived the restoration of letters; it survived an age of free inquiry and skepticism, and has long stood its ground in the field of argument, and commanded the intelligent assent of the greatest minds that ever were; it has been the parent of civilization and the nurse of learning; and if light and humanity, and freedom be the boast of modern Europe, it is Christianity that she owes them. Exhibiting in the life of Jesus a picture, varied and minute, of the perfect human united with the Divine, in which the mind of man has not been able to find a deficiency or detect a blemish—a picture copied from no model and rivalled by no copy—it has satisfied the moral wants of mankind; it has accommodated itself to every period and every clime; and it retained, though every change, a salutary spring of life, which enabled it to throw off corruption and repair decay, and renew its youth, amidst outward hostility and inward divisions.

### JESUS ONLY.

We are too prone to send the unconverted to a prayer-meeting, or to reading good books, or to listening to some popular Bazaar. The experience of many a troubled inquirer have been some-what like those of the woman to whom a faithful minister once said:

"Have you been in the habit of attending church?"

"Yes, I have been to every church in town; but the little comfort I get soon goes away again, and leaves me as bad as before."

"Do you read the Bible at home?"

"Sir, I am always reading the Bible; sometimes I get a little comfort, but it soon leaves me as wretched as ever."

"Have you prayed for peace?"

"Oh! sir, I am praying all the day long; sometimes I get a little peace after praying, but I soon lose it. I am a miserable woman."

"Now, madam, when you went to church, or prayed, or read your Bible, did you rely on these means to give you comfort?"

"I think I did."

"To whom did you pray?"

"To God, sir; to whom else should I pray?"

"Now, read this verse. 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.' Jesus said this. Have you gone to Jesus for rest?"

The lady looked amazed, and tears welled up into her eyes. Light burst in upon her heart like unto the light that flooded Mount Zion on the transfiguration morn. Everything else that she had been looking at—church, Bible, mercy-seat, and minister—all disappeared, and to her wondering, believing eyes there remained no man save Jesus only. She was liberated from years of bondage on the spot. The scales fell from her eyes, and the spiritual fetters from her soul. Jesus only could do that work of deliverance; but he did not do it until she looked to him alone.

### A RUSTY CHRISTIAN.

A key unused becomes rust. A harp unpractised gets out of tune. A heart which does not draw up daily and hourly its kindly emotions, a benevolence which does not seek its opportunities for exercise, a machine which lies by unused, however admirably it may work, and with however little friction—each, all will, by neglect, inattention, want of use, become rusty, dry, hard to start—sometimes impossible without a great deal of work and labor, and use of all such materials as will put it in motion. The engine may need the hammer, the file, the chisel, with oil, and sometimes the repeating and working over again or replacing of some part of the machinery, and then it will not work as at first; the rust eats in and sometimes so corrodes as to require another piece to be substituted.

Impatience, or irritability, or indolence, or indifference may say it is not worth the trouble; ignorance may say it cannot be done; despondency may give it up, but patience, forbearance will put it in motion—fit to its place, get it in tune, draw up the waters of consolation—go on, and effect the work.

The pump gets dry from want of use, and however much water may be in the well, however excellent the pump, the stiffness and dryness must be attended to; to moisten it until it takes up the water.

A man who has a Bible and neglects to read it, a throne of grace and seldom comes to it; a family altar, and only Sabbath evenings, gets his family around it—who knows the way of life, but just keeps so near that it may be hoped for him that he is in it; yet is so in all his movements that he stands in doubt; in like manner who can write, yet seldom takes hold of a pen.

The want of use; application, perseverance in anything which we should follow; makes us stiff in our movements, dry, lifeless, rusty—the very motion makes a grating, shrinking—but sometimes the rust eats in so that the whole thing is need.

### THE GRIP OF FAITH.

John Welsh, one of the early Reformers of Scotland, born in 1570, has given a lively picture of faith, which may serve to encourage some trembling believer:—

It is not the quantity of faith that shall save thee. A drop of water is as true water as the whole ocean. So a little faith is as real faith as a great deal. A child eight days old is as really a man as one of sixty years; a spark of fire is as true fire as a great flame; a sickly man is as truly a living man as a well-man. So it is not the measure of thy faith that saves thee; it is the weak hand of a child that leads the spoon to the mouth, will feed as well as the strongest arm of a blood that it grips to, that saves thee. As the man, for it is not the hand that feeds thee, albeit it put the meat into thy mouth, but it is the meat carried into the stomach that feeds thee; so if thou canst grip Christ ever so weakly, he will not let thee perish.

All that looked to the brazen serpent, never so far off, they were healed of the sting of the serpent; yet all saw not alike clearly, for some were far off. Those that were near at hand might see more clearly than those that were far off; nevertheless, those that were far off were as soon healed of the sting when they looked to the serpent, as those that were near at hand; for it was not their distance that made them whole, but He whom the serpent did represent. So if thou canst look to Christ ever so meekly, he can take away the sting of thy conscience if thou believest; the weakest hand can take a gift as well as the strongest. Now Christ is the gift, and weak faith may grip him as well as strong faith; and Christ is as truly thine when thou hast come to these triumphant joys through the strength of faith.

### THE NEGRO PREACHER.

While at Nashville, we strayed into an African church, and the priest of honor was assigned to us white folks on the right of the door. As we entered, a row of colored brethren were singing a monotonous tune, keeping time by the swaying of their bodies, and thus for nearly an hour one song after another was sung in the same dismal, weary strain. At length the regular exercises commenced. A jolly looking, full faced young man preached, in which his main object was evidently to create an excitement. His voice was raised to an unnatural pitch, while he assumed the manner of a stage actor. In course of his sermon he raised hands and eyes toward heaven, and shrieked out, "I see Him now. I see Him on the bosom of the cross. I hear the driving of the nails into His blessed hands and feet." "Oh, I hear those awful sounds. I hear them now!" accompanying these remarks with acting out the driving of the hammer, moved the audience to an almost fearful excitement. One tall, gaunt, wild-like woman, rose from her seat, and bounding up and down, cried out, glory! glory! till almost exhausted, and then passed around among the sisters, most solemnly shaking hands, while the preacher, satisfied with this visible effect of his preaching, gradually subsided.

Then arose a thin, wiry, emaciated old man, whose gray locks, wrinkled forehead, sunken eyes, were almost spectral, and leaning on the desk, seemed almost on the verge of dissolution. In a weak and tremulous voice, he addressed his audience after this manner: "My children, I have not spoken to you before for six months, and the Master will, I fear, allow me only this opportunity of addressing you again this side of the grave. I am old and feeble, and near the border land, but I want to tell you of Jesus." Then for nearly half an hour he spoke in a strain of impassioned eloquence, such as I have seldom heard surpassed. His frame expanded, and his voice was shrill and clear, while those wrinkled, cavernous eyes, gleamed and glistened and glared like coals of fire, and the listeners were held spell-bound by the fiery eloquence and burning words of the patriarch. Said he, "My brethren, take up the cross and bear it manfully, take it up and hold it before you; do not attempt to drag it on the ground, for if you do, the devil will get on to the other end, and you will have to drag him too!" This was acted out by the representation of dragging the cross, so masterly, that one almost expected to see his Satanic Majesty rising up before him.

Again, said he, "The Bible nowhere tells us, that we should walk in the valley of death; it says we only pass through the shadow of it."

### CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

Nisbet was a man remarkable for his Christian benevolence. His very name suggested some idea of charitable contribution. There were few evangelical societies, and not many philanthropic institutions, to which he was not a stated or occasional giver; and there have been objects which so stirred his feelings that he gave them a thousand pounds at once. But when he commenced life his means were limited. Yet when expected to be a gentleman on fifty pounds a year, he contrived to save three sovereigns for benevolent purposes; and during the first year of his apprenticeship, he spent on cordials for a poor consumptive patient the money which should have procured him a new hat.

Youthful reader, purposing to do great things when you are rich, imitate his example, and begin your career of usefulness now. However humble may be your position in life, you can give a little. Indeed, it is often in the annals of the poor, than in the records of the wealthy, that we read the noblest instances of generosity. There was an Irish girl, named Peggy, whose labors as a servant gained her only food and clothes. At length, her mistress, finding her services increasingly valuable, offered her a small yearly salary. Peggy was highly delighted to have money which she could call her own. What did she do with it? One evening she went to her minister, and, with great apparent joy, slipped a piece of paper into his hand; it was a one pound note. "Peggy," he said, "what is this?"

"O, sir," she said, "it is the first pound that I ever made call my own since I was born."

"And what shall I do with it?"

"Ah! will I ever forget my country? No! It is for poor Ireland; it is for my countrymen to have the blessed Gospel preached to them."

"But Peggy, it is too much for you to give; I cannot take it."

"O, sir," she replied with energy, "if you refuse it, I would not sleep for a fortnight!" and she went away, leaving the money in his hand and exclaiming, "God bless my poor country with the ministry of the Gospel!"

How much does her liberality outshine that of many a wealthy man! Who would find the possession of money bring with it a temptation to avarice? Who ever gave his first pound to charity? It was what Peggy had been wishing for some years; it was her heart's desire; yet, with a joy far greater than that which rose from its possession, she delivered it up for the spread of the Gospel in her own country. My reader, can it be said of you as it might have been of Peggy, "She hath done what she could?"

### "FIX YOUR EYE ON THE STAR."

Some few years ago, a mechanic, who was working on a slave plantation, told one of the slaves that if he would travel in the direction of the north star, he would get away from slavery and be free. The star was pointed out to him and as soon as a favorable opportunity presented itself, he left the home of bondage and fled in the direction of the star. In doing so, he could travel only by night, not only because the star was not visible by day, but also for fear of being taken and led back to his oppressor.

No one can tell what he endured, both from hunger and from fear; and well might he fear; the pursuers were after him; he was taken and led back again; and for attempting to steal himself, he received six hundred lashes on his bare body. From his feet to his head, he was full of wounds and bruises. Yet he did not forget the star, nor the direction given, and, after a while, though crippled for life by the flogging, he again ran and this time successfully. He reached a free State, and for several years has been a worthy member of a colored church in the city of Racine, Wisconsin. Here were slavery, galling bondage, and a way of escape made known. The directions given were believed and acted upon; at first a failure and increased suffering. But faith laid hold on the word that had been spoken. Hope became an anchor to the soul. Another effort was made, and crowned with success. Sinner, do you long to be free from sin—its curse, its consequence, its corruption? We tell you of a land of freedom. Do you ask the way thither? We point you to Jesus, the bright and Morning Star—the sinner's Friend—the Saviour of all who come unto him.

In your attempts to go to him, you may at first fail or be apparently repulsed, as was the woman who came to Jesus in behalf of her daughter; or like the poor maniac, of whom it is said, "as he was coming, the devil threw him down and tare him so that many said he is dead;" but hold on; believe the record which God has given of His Son, that in him is life, and that life is for as many as believe in him. See how faith leads to action, to obedience, and obedience to success.

Oh, then, come to Jesus; flee for your life; tarry not in all the plain. It may be night, dark night, around you; but let the eye be fixed on that Morning Star—the star of Bethlehem.—*Tract Journal.*

### A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

I went one time to see a comedy. The chief actor was a favorite one, and the theatre was very crowded. The curtain drew up, and amid a burst of applause, the hero of the piece made his appearance. He had hardly uttered twenty words when it struck me that something strange was the matter with him. The play was a boisterous comedy of the old school, and required considerable spirit and vivacity in the actors to sustain it properly; but in this man there was none; he walked and talked like a person in a dream; his best points he passed over without appearing to perceive them; and his usual attitude of the head and shoulders, his smile was ghastly, his laugh hollow and unnatural; and frequently he would stop suddenly in his speech and let his eye wander vacantly over the audience.

Even when, in his character of a silly husband, he had to suffer himself to be kicked about the stage by the young rake of the comedy, and afterwards to behold that careless individual making love to his wife and eating his supper while he was shut up in a closet from whence he could not emerge, his contortions of ludicrous wrath, which had never before failed to call down plenty of applause, were now such dismal affairs, that the passion, that hisses were audible in various parts of the theatre. The audience were fairly out of temper, and several inquisitive individuals were particular in their inquiries as to the extent of the potations he had indulged in that evening. A storm of sibilant and abuse now fell round the ear of the devoted actor; and not content with verbal insult, orange peel and apples flew upon the stage.

He stopped and turned to the shouting crowd. I never saw such misery in human countenance. His face was worn and haggard, and large tears rolled down over his painted cheeks. I saw his lips quivering with emotion alone, and that the most painful kind, has caused me to fulfill my allotted part so badly—my wife died but a few short hours ago, and I left her side to fulfill my unavoidable engagement here. I have not pleased you, I implore of you to forgive me. I loved her, grieve for her, and if misery and anguish can excuse a fault, I bear my apology—here!"

He placed his hand upon his heart, and stopped, and a burst of tears relieved his momentary paroxysm of grief. The audience was thoroughly affected, and an honest burst of sympathy under the walls tremble. Women wept loudly, and strong men silently; and during the remainder of the evening his performance was scarcely audible, though the storm of applause by which the crowd sought to soothe the poor fellow's wounded feelings.

There was something very melancholy in the thought of that wretched man's coming from the

bed of death to don gay attire, and utter studied witticisms for the amusement of a crowd, not one of whom dreamed the anguish that lay festering under the painted cheek and the stage smile. And in the great theatre of life how many are there around us like that poor actor, smiling gay at the multitude, while at home lies sorrow, whose shadow is ever present with them in busy places.

### LOVE'S LABOUR NEVER LOST.

"Some years since," writes a Sunday School teacher, "I had a class of Sunday school children, of the most unpromising and discouraging character, under my care and instruction. They were girls of different ages, who belonged to some of the lowest grades in society. Rough and rude in their manner, difficult to manage, and difficult to interest, I could often have sat down and wept over my want of success. I believe I sometimes did. Week after week I returned to my post, and did all I could for their improvement; but it was rather from a sense of duty than from the hope of really doing them good. The soil upon which I had to work resembled the sandy desert, or the barren rock. Could flowers ever grow there? I thought not."

For some months I was laid aside through illness. Before I had perfectly recovered, a messenger came to me, that Bessie N., one of my old scholars, was dying of consumption, and wished to see me. It is needless to add that I went to her immediately. In a miserable house, in a most miserable neighborhood, I found this poor girl. Her mother, a dirty, forlorn looking creature, with a squallid baby in her arms, was gossiping and half quarrelling at the entrance of the court; and the father, unwashed and unshaven, was smoking his pipe over a remnant of fire in the kitchen.

Up stairs, alone and neglected, where the cold wind rushed in through the broken window, lay my young pupil. She was so wasted and worn that I could scarcely recognize her; and she welcomed me with so sweet a smile, and with such evident gladness, that I almost doubted whether she were really Bessie. There was a meekness, and patience, and cheerfulness in her manner, which contrasted with her former demeanor, greatly surprised me; but when I began to speak to her of Jesus and his love, I no longer wondered at the change; for I saw that she had sat at his feet, and learned of Him. Her heart was full of affection to the Saviour, and she longed to depart and dwell with him for ever.

"She told me that, when in health, she had often been impressed with what I said to the class, and longed to speak to me about herself, but that she was ashamed to do so, because the other girls laughed at her for being so serious. But when she was taken ill, the truths of the Bible came back with renewed force to her mind; and she rested not until she found the Saviour, and was enabled to trust in him. She shed many tears over the past as we talked together; but her childlike faith was bright and unwavering, and as I walked home after that interview, I could only exclaim to myself, 'What hath God wrought?'"

"Oh, of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

"Dear little Bessie lingered for many weeks. She was doubtless spared for the benefit of others, as well as for her own growth in grace. I have never witnessed a more rapid development of the Christian character that I beheld in her. She was indeed a lovely flower planted in the wilderness. Surrounded with sin and misery, dwelling in the midst of ungodly parents and ungodly neighbors, Bessie was a living proof to others of the power and grace of God. And the fragrance of her example was not unperceived nor unfeelt."

"Where everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers."

But I love to think of her still, for was she not the first blossom of hope which I discovered in my dreary and sorrowful path?"

Dear reader, how can you tell that there is not a "Bessie" in your class?

### A MARVELLOUS CHANGE AND THE CAUSE OF IT.

A short time ago the Rev. W. Wentworth was present at the opening of a large Sunday-school, in a town in one of the eastern counties, and as teacher after teacher entered, he could not help watching the various expressions on each countenance. The hymn and prayer were just concluded, when a young lady hurriedly entered the room, with a bright look and smile on her face. She passed quickly down to her class, who gave her a warm welcome; yet there seemed something wanting—a link in the chain, which bound teacher to scholar. He watched her during the lesson time, and observed an air of frivolity seemed to pervade the class. Being engaged with the superintendent for the rest of the morning, he took no more notice of the young lady and her class.

During the afternoon, Mr. Brown, the superintendent, told him Miss M.—had been a teacher for two years; her attendance was regular but not punctual, and her children were very much attached to her. The school being now closed, Miss M.—came up to the desk, and, after a few words with Mr. Brown, she was about to leave, when Mr. Wentworth asked her to direct him to some little village where he was to preach. Their way was the same, and they set out together. In a short time Mr. Wentworth drew from her an account of her class, which she concluded with an expression of sorrow that no good results had followed her teaching. "Do you pray for a blessing to rest on you before you start in the morning?" asked Mr. Wentworth. She was surprised with the question, and did not answer immediately. He glanced at her flushed face as she said, "I have given up praying; it did not seem to do any good, and I have not time before I set out, or I should be so late at the school." "Can you expect God will smile upon you in your work, or grant a blessing, when it is uncalled for by you?" answered Mr. Wentworth. She was silent, and he endeavored to show her the responsibility of her office, and to lead her to Christ, entreating her no longer to remain prayerless. Her manner became more serious, and she seemed waking up to a sense of her danger. Mr. Wentworth having obtained her promise not to allow a day to pass without prayer,

parted at her father's gate, not without a trembling hope that God would bless the few words he had spoken.

Months passed on, and it was not till after rather more than a year that Mr. Wentworth had occasion to spend another Sabbath in that same town. He visited the Sunday-school, and among the first to enter he saw Miss M.—, whose face wore the same bright look, but more serious; and as she passed up to her class, he felt sure she did not enter upon that day's duties without having first asked divine help and guidance. The greatest attention marked her class, and, from being one of the giddiest, it had become the most serious in the school. She showed much pleasure at seeing Mr. Wentworth again, and he again went home with her after the afternoon school.

Her heart seemed full of gratitude to him; and she soon commenced telling him that after he was gone, she began to think seriously about her ways, and after several weeks' unhappiness, she obtained peace of mind. How differently did her work appear now, and with what different feelings did she meet her class! For some months no change was perceptible in any of her girls, but during the last two months four had become devoted Christians. Now that she felt the need and power of prayer herself, she induced the teachers of the girls' school to meet for prayer every Sunday, half an hour before the opening of the morning school. Great good has already resulted from it, but how much more will remain untold.

Sunday-school labourers, may I ask if you pray? Not a few hasty petitions coming from the lips only, but do you spend some time at the throne of grace, pleading humbly and earnestly for each child in your class? Can you expect a blessing without it? "If you say, 'I have no time,' let me entreat you to make use of the early morning hours, which are but too frequently lost. Remember, each one of us will have to give account to God of the hours spent in our classes. May we be able to give in our account with joy."—*S. S. Union Magazine.*

### REVIVAL SCENE IN IRELAND.

In a school belonging to the Irish Society, a boy was observed under deep impressions. The master, seeing that the little fellow was not fit to go home and call upon the Lord in private. With him he sent an elder boy, who had found peace the day before. On their way they saw an empty house, and went in there to pray together. The two schoolfellows continued in prayer in the empty house till he who was weary and heavily laden felt his soul blessed with sacred peace. Rejoicing in this new and strange blessedness, the little fellow said, "I must go back and tell Mr. —." The boy, who, a little while ago, had been too sorrowful to do his work, soon entered the school with a beaming face, and going up to the master, said in his simple way, "O, Mr. —, I am so happy; I have the Lord Jesus in my heart." Strange words in cold times; nature's words when upon the simple and the young the Spirit is poured out, and they feel what is meant by "Christ in you the hope of glory," and utter it in the first words that come.

The attention of the whole school was attracted. Boy after boy silently slipped out of the room. After a while the master stood upon something which enabled him to look over the wall of the playground. There he saw a number of his boys ranged round the wall on their knees in earnest prayer, every one apart. The scene overcame him. Presently he turned to the pupil who had already been a comforter to one schoolfellow, and said, "Do you think you can go and pray with these boys?"

He went out and kneeling down among them, began to implore the Lord to forgive their sins for the sake of Him who had borne them all upon the cross. Their silent grief soon broke into a bitter cry. As this reached the ears of the boys in the room, it seemed to pierce their heart. As by one consent, they cast themselves upon their knees and began to cry for mercy.

The girls' school was above, and the cry no sooner penetrated to their room, than, apparently knowing that mourning it was, and hearing it in it to themselves, they too fell upon their knees and wept. Strange disorder for school-master and mistress to have to control. The united cry reached the adjoining streets. Every ear, prepared by the prevailing spirit, at once interpreted it as the voice of those who look upon him whom they have pierced, and mourn for him. One and another of the neighbors came in, and at once cast themselves upon their knees and joined in the cry for mercy. These increased and continued to increase, till first one room, then another, then a public office on the premises—in fact every available spot—was filled with sinners seeking God.—*Five Years of Prayer by Dr. Prince.*

"I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME NOT IN." After travelling all day on foot, in company with my brother in the gospel, driving our horse and sleigh over the frozen ground, and having been turned from our course by bridges, which had been swept away by the frost, becoming faint with hunger and fatigued with our journey, and quite unwell, we called at a large two-story house, which stood on the side of a hill in the town of M.—. Good evening said I, to a young man who stood in the front of the house—can we find entertainment here for the night? I will ask my father, said he. He went into the house and made the inquiry. Tell them to scratch along, was the ejaculatory reply. He interceded, rehearsing over our condition. Tell them to scratch along, was again the reply. Our peculiar circumstances were again urged. No room in the barns for the horse, was muttered out. I will not be bothered with them, I tell you! was the last bawling reply from the old Deacon, for this was the office of the covetous man. We turned away to find a lodging among other strangers, being forcibly reminded of the text, "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in."

In the town of Y., after a tiresome day's journey, I called at a house in company with three of my brethren in Christ. It was dark, and many of the people had retired to rest. I asked the man of the house, if a part or all of us could have lodging with him. I cannot keep you, was the reply. He had a number of spare beds. We left the house, he closed the door, and bid us good night. We wandered about in the darkness of the night,

knowing not where we should find a shelter strangers in a strange land. Having travelled about a mile, I, with one of my brethren, found comfortable entertainment with a kind family. One of the other brethren went on some miles further; and after waking the people up, found lodging at a public house. The other brother, a minister, went back, and crawled into a small open boat, and covered himself with the sails, and went to sleep, tired and supperless. The boat lay within a very few rods of the minister's house, from which we had been turned away. I was again reminded of the text, "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in."

May the Lord have mercy upon such deacons and ministers before covetousness proves their ruin. THE SURE REFUGE.—"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," were the words which proved a refuge to Mr. Brownlow North. They have proved a refuge to many in all ages. An eminent divine, upon his death bed, said to a brother clergyman who was with him, "In spite of all I have written, and all I have preached"—praising and writings for which hundreds would bless God to all eternity—"there is but one thing which gives me comfort now, and it is this word: 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' Do you think I may venture my soul upon that promise?" "If you had a thousand souls," returned his friend, "you might hang them all on this one word."

"It is now twenty years," said a dying believer, "since the Lord first drew me to himself, and on looking back I can thank him that I am not without evidence of being his; but you might strip me of every evidence, and I could venture into eternity resting on Christ." "In no wise cast thou out,"—the words are spoken, And Jesus, never can thy word be broken; Here then I lay me down and take my rest, Calm as an infant on its mother's breast. "In no wise cast thou out,"—Oh words of power, To shed a light upon the darkest hour! To meet each want on them I can rely, And on their truth hang my eternity. "In no wise cast thou out,"—steadfast and sure, This "anchor of the soul" shall still abide, Through life, through death, when heart and flesh shall fail, Till it has brought me safe "within the veil." "In no wise cast thou out,"—I need not care, To seek in this dark hour what is not there; Alike from good or ill in self I flee, To find my righteousness, my all, in thee. "In no wise cast thou out,"—I live, I die, And fearless pass into eternity, Resting on this alone: thy word is given, That God secures my safety and my heaven.

That word.—Ever be doing good. "Two things make a good Christian: good actions and good aims; and though a good aim doth not make a good action good, as in Uzziah, yet a bad aim makes a good action bad, as in Jehu, whose justice was approved, but his policy was punished." The Rev. Wm. Grimshaw, who preached fifteen, twenty, and often thirty times a week, and that for fifteen years together, said: "When I die, I shall then have my greatest grief and my greatest joy—my greatest grief that I have done so little for Jesus, and my greatest joy that Jesus has done so much for me. My last words shall be 'Here goes an unprofitable servant.' Always abound in the work of the Lord."

Do good. Labor now; you shall have rest enough in heaven. "Two heavens are too much for those to expect that never deserve one. This is not our rest. Here we are to accomplish, as an hireling, our day; here we are to occupy till our Lord come; and we should be diligent, that we may render our account at last with joy and not with grief—abounding in the work of the Lord, rich in good works. The Christian must not be an idler; let this be his motto; Trust in the Lord and do good. Do good!—*Observer.*

DEATH OF CHRIST.—Come with us a moment to Calvary. See the meek sufferer standing, with hands fast bound, in the midst of his enemies, sinking under the weight of the cross, and lacerated in every part, by the thorny reeds with which he had been scourged. See the savage, ferocious soldiers raising, with rude violence, his sacred body, forcing it down upon the cross, with remorseless cruelty, forcing through his hands and feet the ragged spikes, which were to fix him on it. See the Jewish priests and rulers watching, with looks of malicious pleasure, the horrid scene, and attempting to increase his sufferings by scoffs and blasphemies. Now contemplate attentively the countenance of the wonderful sufferer, which seems like heaven opening in the midst of hell, and tell me what it expresses. You see it indeed full of anguish, but it expresses nothing like impatience, resentment, or revenge. On the contrary, it beams with pity, benevolence, and forgiveness. It perfectly corresponds with the prayer, which, raising his mild, imploring eyes to heaven, he pours forth to God—Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. Sinner, look at your Master, and learn how to suffer. Sinner, look at your Saviour and learn to admire, to imitate, and to forgive.—*Payson.*

STEAM FIRE ENGINES A MORAL INSTITUTION.—Many of our young readers have seen a fire in the city. On such occasions whether by day or by night, crowds of the street-boys and older youths used to run with the companies and help to pull the engines. When the fire was over, the companies and often many of this young crowd that accompanied them, returned to their engine-house, to refresh themselves with drinking, smoking and low, frolic jesting and ribaldry.

Alas, how many boys have here taken their first lessons in a life of truancy and dissipation that ended in ruin.

That wonderful invention, the steam fire engine is working a great moral change. With this engine, four or five men can do the work of a whole company. Sober, faithful men are employed to do this work. No one else has anything to do with the engine, in going to, or returning from the fire. And when the work is done, they return, without noise and without a crowd, to their engine-houses, as other men return to their dwelling, or business. And so, as far as we can learn here are none of these after-effects of dissipation.

The steam fire-engine, therefore, is not only one of the great labor-saving inventions of the day, but it is a great moral institution. It is doing an important work, in regard to the morals of every community wherever one is located. Anything that will prevent the congregating of the boys in our cities, as under the old system, especially during the evenings, and nights, must