

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

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The Intelligencer.

(From the Christian World.)

JACK AND CRIFFY.

A TRUE STORY—BY EMMA RAYMOND.

"If you could come, to see Jack, sir, I know he'd be very glad, sir," said Mr. Rowland, looking up to see who was the intruder. A little, bareheaded, ragged fellow stood near his study-door, gazing at his cap, and looking doubtfully at the gentleman he was addressing. His hair was matted, his face dirty, his eyes sharp and sparkling, evincing that preternatural cunning which comes so early to London street-boys, and as for his clothes, why they would have been a dear lot at sixpence. "Who could come to see Jack, sir, I am sure he'd be very glad."

This time the request was repeated more earnestly than before, and Mr. Rowland began to feel a keen interest in the errand of the ragged little specimen of humanity standing before him. "What was the name of the man who had been obtaining admittance to the study?"—Matty, the little servant, being in the habit of sending in any such requests demanded instant attention. And Mr. Rowland rather winked at this habit of hers than otherwise, for, acting in the spirit of his Master, he deemed it his meat and drink to do God's will in his mission district.

"Who is Jack? and where does he live?" inquired Mr. Rowland.

"Jack is my chum, sir—I'm Criffy. He's dreadful ill now, and going to die,—leastways he says so. We live together under the 'Delphi Archway.' 'Tisn't much of a place to come to, sir,—and that's what I told Jack; but he'd give me no peace till I promised to come and see him."

"Does your friend Jack know me, then?" said Mr. Rowland, thinking as he spoke, that if he did know him, the acquaintance was anything but mutual.

"Yes, sir, it seems so. He says you were preaching a fortnight ago somewhere, and Jack heard you. When you had finished you told the people where you lived, and Jack remembered the address, and sent me here."

"Quite right, Criffy; but does your friend feel uneasy at the thought of dying?"

"That he does, sir. He takes an awful about it like; and when I tries to comfort him he says he dunno where he is to go when he dies, and that sort of thing. He says that you says the wicked will be turned into hell, or something like that, and Jack thinks he shall go there. But I tell him as how he hasn't done anything worse than nabbing something or other to eat when we was both starving, and I don't think the God he talks about will do anything to him for that. 'Cause as how we couldn't live if we didn't do it, sir."

"But do you know that Jack fears, Criffy, and this great God that Jack fears says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Does He?" and Criffy's eyes opened wider, with a surprised, puzzled expression. However, he returned to the charge again. "Yes, but if you haint got no reglar vittles, wot's yer to do? Wot would you do, sir, if you hadn't anything to eat for a day or two? 'Pears, and 'skatin' with the cold into the bargain.' It's very hard."

"What, indeed? This method of putting the question puzzled even Mr. Rowland."

"Couldn't you get work anywhere? You look strong."

"Ay, sir, we'd often work if people'd let us, but us boys haint got no chance. 'Pears you may pick up a few 'pence runnin' errands in Covent-garden of a mornin'; but then, as like as not, nearly everybody thinks you means bad, and threatens to call the p'lice. Well, then, in course, we don't fancy bein' nabbed for nothin', so we are 'bliged to look out for ourselves."

By this time Mr. Rowland was ready to start. Following his conductor, Criffy, he was soon nearing the vicinity of the Adelphi Archway. As he knew that it was the entrance to the arches, so the resort of numbers of those homeless, foodless, bodiless ragamuffins who infest the street of London, many "costers," carmen, and others use those arches to house their vehicles in during the night-time, which said vehicles furnish sleeping accommodation to as many of these street Arabs as can manage to squeeze in. Should a bundle of straw be left in the bottom of the cart it is considered quite a luxury, and the fortunate finder curls himself round in it, somewhat after the manner of a dog, and quickly goes off into the land of dreams.

On, on, Mr. Rowland followed, until he came to a narrow passage, damp, mouldy, and dirty. He knew that it was the entrance to the arches, so without any expression of surprise or otherwise, he followed his leader. And "follow the leader" it was most unmistakably—in blind confidence, too, for Mr. Rowland had never penetrated so far into the damp, dirty arches. The passage seemed to descend, and was so slippery that it was a task of no small difficulty to follow Criffy.

"There is rats here sometimes," said Criffy, "but they are mostly frightened of us. Leastways, we never catch 'em."

Now, if there was a thing in creation that excited Mr. Rowland's antipathy, it was a rat, so fancy if you can his bewilderment. However, as he went:

Presently the two came to a van.

"This is our van," shouted Criffy, as he hurried forward. "Jack, how are you now? Are you any better?" A low moan was the reply, "Cause I've brought the gentleman to see yer. I told yer I would. Is he the right un?"

At this the poor stickler 'boy looked up, and saw Mr. Rowland peering anxiously down upon him.

"Yes, yes; that's the one. You're the one I wanted to see, sir. I heard you preach in Hyde-park the week before last, and I haint forgot your face. You said a great deal about God being 'our Father.' Now, I want to know, who is this God? and where does He live? How can I go to Him? and, if I get to Him, will He be my Father? I know I listened all the time, but I can't rightly make out."

"Poor boy! The fever was flushing his face, but yet he was shivering as he spoke. Mr. Rowland remembered preaching in the park some fortnight before the first clause of that universal prayer, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.' Was this to be some of the fruit of his labour? Which question to answer first he knew not; so, sitting down on the side of the cart, and taking one of the

boy's hands, he began describing in simple terms man's relationship to God, how he fell, and how he may be brought back again, reconciled to God, so as to say not only "our Father," but my Father.

The boy listened attentively. Presently he said, "I should like this God to be my Father. I wonder if He will? I never had no father nor mother, that I knows on, and everybody gives poor coves like us a kick instead of helping us. Jack and I alwais stuck together though, but I know we shan't much longer."

"Shut up that palaver, J.ek, do," said Criffy, roughly but kindly. "I can't bear to hear you talk so."

"But, sir," said Jack, turning to the missionary, "is it quite true that God will let me be His child? I'm afraid He won't. You don't know how wicked I've been, nor what I've done, and I He knows everything as you see, why He shall know all about me. Oh! if I do die, where shall I go? what will be done with me?" and the tears came each other down the thin dirty cheeks, while he shivered again.

Alas! what utter heathenish darkness was here! The surface of society in Christian England seems fair enough, but as you dive below what tales of vice, destitution, and spiritual darkness do you meet with! One sometimes wonders whether there are greater heathen at home or abroad.

Again, Mr. Rowland told in plain, childlike language, of the way of salvation,—how, that though sinners against a just and holy God, we may be forgiven through Him "who bare our sins in His own body on the tree," and then God will receive graciously and love us freely, and after death take us to dwell with Him in heaven.

"And then He will become my Father?" This was evidently the prevailing idea in poor Jack's mind.

"Yes," he says, "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters." "Oh God, be my Father. Make me Thy son," Mr. Rowland started. Jack was actually praying. The poor boy was so longing to feel the comforting consciousness of being adopted into the heavenly family that he could not contain his eagerness.

"You do not think that the angels stopped their music, and listened to that poor little English heathen's prayer as it went up from the Adelphi Archway? And do you not think that the Eternal One heard and answered in heaven His dwelling-place? Verily He did."

Mr. Rowland then proceeded to the work-house, and represented the case. It was a work of some little difficulty to get Jack admitted without all the formalities which the English law clothes herself, but at last he succeeded. Thither Jack was removed, and Mr. Rowland promised to see him on the following day.

"You will let me come with you, sir," said Criffy, who, as he now saw,—or fancied he saw,—more reality in the prospect of Jack's death, began to sink at heart. "We've just been as one since we was so high, and it seems as if I lose all, when Jack goes. Do you really think he will die, sir?"

"I cannot say," said Mr. Rowland; "but I fear so. He seems to be gone very far. But I shall be able to decide to-morrow. We will both go here at eleven o'clock, we will both go together to the work-house. Meantime, what are you going to do with yourself?"

"I don't know, sir. Pick up a job if I can. O, I course my lodgin' cost me nothin', 'cause I alwais sleeps in the arches."

"Well, here is a sixpence to buy you some food for to-day. To-morrow I will try to do something else for you. Now, mind you're honest. Good bye."

"Good-bye, sir. Thank you, sir." And off he went.

To-morrow found Criffy waiting at the place of appointment, and together they went to the work-house. It happened to be visiting day, so that they were at once admitted. Jack was much worse, evidently far gone in delirium. Those dark, dank, cold arches had done their work, and the doctor shook his head doubtfully, when asked as to the probabilities of his recovery. He could not be conversed with,—he did not even recognise his friends, but kept incessantly making his half-enlightened appeals to the Fatherhood of God.

"Oh, God, be my Father; make me Thy son."

Before the next visiting day arrived, Jack was gone home. I believe that he went to his Father, and "Our Father," for He who judgeth righteously will judge according to the light, the privilege, the opportunity, that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

Poor Criffy was now forlorn indeed. His bosom friend, his more than brother, was gone, and he was left. Poor fellow! you cannot wonder that he seemed to shrink so from his loneliness. Going to Mr. Rowland, he opened his heart to him.

"I seem to feel, sir, as how there is something a'ter all to come, when we die. I want to leave off this wababond kind of a life, and meet Jack again, if I can."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Criffy. By the way, is that your only name?"

"No, sir. My real name is Tom Lloyd, but the other coves gave me the name of Criffy, and so it has stuck to me."

"Well, then, Thomas, I'm thinking if you are willing to work as an errand boy, I will get you a place, and in the evenings you can come to me to have a reading and writing. In that way, you may after a time get a better place."

We cannot say to trace all Tom Lloyd's steps onwards—from ragamuffin to sober pious respectability. One evening, many years after the foregoing interview, Thomas sat down and committed his thoughts to paper,—his aspirations after missionary labour. He had already become an efficient helper to Mr. Rowland in the work of his district, and the Sabbath-school and preaching services owned him as a labourer; but his heart yearned to tell the people of far-off lands the good news of salvation. So, not possessing the courage to tell his mind, he communicated his desires to Mr. Rowland in the form of a letter. That gentleman warmly seconded his wishes, and procured him admission into college, where he spent five years in the work of preparation. At the end of that time he was ordained and sent forth to Africa. He had no home-ties to break,—only Mr. Rowland had ever befriended him,—so that he went cheerfully forth to his labours, only sorrowing for the loss of his faithful guardian-friend.

More years passed by,—years of seed-sowing and toilsome labour among the dark, unenlightened Hottentots, and Mr. Lloyd sometimes despaired of ever beholding any fruit of his labours. One

evening he was hastily summoned to see a dying Hottentot. He went immediately.

"Oh, sir!" said the Hottentot, in that low guttural sound peculiar to them; "I know I shall die, but it is not dark yonder. I know that God is my Father, and that when I die I shall go to live with Him."

"How do you know this, my brother? How did you get to feel so safe, so happy?"

"Do you remember, sir, preaching to us from the words, 'Our Father, who art in heaven?' It was then that I got to know God had become my Father. I had been long seeking Him, but unknown to anybody, but that morning He found me out and made me His son."

Again the old, old story of mercy had been powerful to draw back a sinner to God. His Fatherhood, loving and tender as it is, had been pressed home to the hearts of the Hottentot children of the desert. And this one had replied "Abba, Father."

Very shortly the Hottentot passed to his rest, and was with the "shining ones" on the other side of the river. And so, through the same glorious message, the little English heathen from the wilds of Africa, went happily through the dark valley, mounting to share together a mansion in our glorious "Father's house."

From the Examiner and Chronicle.

CAN IT BE COMMITTED?

A few days ago, while conversing with a lady upon the subject of religion, she informed me, with much emotion, that she had sinned away her day of grace, and that it was impossible for her to repent, as she had committed the "unpardonable sin," or the "sin against the Holy Ghost." My heart was deeply moved, and I endeavored to show her that she was laboring under a mistake, from the fact of her being so deeply interested in her spiritual welfare; but her expressed fear suggested the following examination of the subject, which I hope may be of benefit to some one who may be of the same opinion, and who shall see it.

That the three writers, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, do speak of the possibility of committing a sin against the Holy Ghost, there can be no doubt; and whoever believes that they have correctly reported the words of Christ, must also receive as a truth that Jesus intended to convey to the minds of his hearers the unpardonable nature of such a sin. The explanations offered upon this subject have been very diverse. Controversy has sharpened its weapons again and again with regard to this subject. The opinions of the Fathers were unsettled and contradictory, and it was not until the fourth century that any approximation was made to the least satisfactory solution of this spiritual problem. The views maintained by Chrysostom and Augustine have generally met with the greatest esteem of approbation among theologians, though each of these views is liable to strong objections; indeed, the opinion of Augustine, which was held by the Reformers, is now almost entirely abandoned; but, omitting their representations of this sin, it will be well to present a clear, scriptural account of it, and it is naturally suggested to inquire, What is that particular and specific sin which Jesus denominated the "sin against the Holy Ghost?" We must remember that the miraculous exhibitions of power which were observed by the Scribes and Pharisees, were attributed to the Devil, and that Jesus only wrought them as a commissioned agent in the service of the Evil One. Jesus had completely foiled the attempt of the Pharisees in their effort to entrap him in their pharisee, by using the argument *ad absurdum*; still, they persisted in ascribing his supernatural power to the Devil. This was the sin referred to, and which is denominated blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, or speaking "against the Holy Ghost," and which so filled the soul of our Lord with a righteous indignation as to constrain him to declare that this sin "hath never forgiveness."

Now, the original question recurs, Can this sin be committed at the present time? We must here take into account the special sin, viz., the imputation of an evil spirit, working in Christ. The word by which this sin is specified, when used by the learned Campbell, means "calumny, detraction, reproachful or abusive language, against, whomsoever it is vented." It is not "blasphemy," a Greek word, merely Anglicised, which may or may not be committed, but it is "blasphemy against the Holy Ghost." It has been said that the proper synonym for the Greek word *blasphemia* is to be found in the Latin *malevolentia*, and that this comprehends "all sorts of verbal abuse," and that when this abuse is uttered against God, no change occurs in the signification of the word, but only in the application—it is committed "in reference to a different object." Now, it strikes me as highly probable that "all sorts of verbal abuse" are uttered against God, and that in opposition to the clearest teachings of reason and revelation, and yet we know that those who commit such things have received forgiveness, been accepted into the church, and even the ministry, and have proved useful auxiliaries in building up the "waste places of Zion;" hence we do not think that such committed the "unpardonable sin." We therefore question whether the "unpardonable sin" can be committed, except in an historical sense. We do not think, with some, that the possibility of committing this sin is precluded, because the day of miracles is past, for Christianity to itself a *prophetic miracle*. Now, let the prejudiced mind carefully consider the historic credibility of the supernatural in Jesus, as manifested in his miracles—receive the performance of these as a truth, as essential to a correct reception of the gospel—and yet, in opposition to the examined historical data, and the honest convictions of his own conscience, determine not to receive, but reject them, as performed through evil influences, pronouncing them an imposture, and Jesus an impostor,—and the very highest probability, if not certainty, is that he "hath never forgiveness." And this conclusion, to which we have arrived, is rendered almost a demonstration, from the sudden termination of the lives of so many, under such peculiar circumstances, who have avowed the supernatural character of the Son of God. We fear that such a conclusion is given over to a "delusion to believe a lie, that they might be damned." Sins of this type are so alienating from God, and so destructive to all proper conceptions of one's relation to God, that the language of Jesus appears to express the very idea which appears as the appropriate doom of those who determine not to have this man Jesus to rule over them.

THE BOOK-KEEPER'S DREAM.

BY J. W. EDDY.

The day had been weary to its close, The night had come down with its needed repose, As a book-keeper wended his way from the store, Glad that his toilsome hours were o'er.

The night was cheerless, and dismal, and damp, And the flickering of the dim street lamp, Went out in the wild rough gusts that beat With furious speed through the gloomy street.

Tired and cold, with pain-throbbing head, He sank to repose on his lonely bed; Still through his brain, as the Book-keeper slept, Visions of *Debtor and Creditor* crept.

The great *Balance-sheet* he had finished that day, And *Profit and Loss* in the usual way, Showed how much money the merchant had made Or lost in the preceding twelvemonth's trade.

And he dreamed that night that an angel came With the *Ledger of Life*; and against his name Were charges till there was no more room to spare, And nothing whatever was credited there!

There were life and its blessings, as intellect, health; There were charges of time, opportunities, wealth; Of talents for good, of friendships the best, Of nourishment, joys, affection and rest:

And hundreds of others, and each one as great, All with interest accrued from the time of their date.

'Till despairing of ever being able to pay, The Book-keeper shrunk from the angel away.

But the angel declared the account must be paid, And protested it could not be longer delayed. The Book-keeper sighed, and began to deplore, How meagre the treasure he'd laid up in store.

He'd cheerfully render all he had acquired, And his note on demand for the balance required. Then quickly the angel took paper and wrote The following as an acceptable note:

"On demand, without grace from the close of to-day, For value received, I promise to pay To him who has kept me and everywhere Has guarded my soul with infinite care;

"Whose blessings outnumber the drops of the ocean, While living, the sum of my heart's best devotion, In witness whereof, to be seen of all men, I affix the great seal of the soul's AMEN."

The Book-keeper added his name to the note, While the angel across the great ledger page wrote In letters as crimson as human gore, "SETTLED IN FULL"—and was seen no more.

FAITH ILLUSTRATED BY ELECTRICITY.

BY THE REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

Unbelief intercepts the communication between us and the Redeemer; faith establishes it. Faith may seem a slight thing to some; and they may wonder how salvation can flow from believing. Hence they try to magnify it, to adorn it, to add to it, in order that it may appear some great thing, something worthy of having salvation as its reward. In so doing they are actually transforming faith into a work, and introducing salvation by works under the name of faith. It saves, simply by handing us over to the Saviour. It saves, not on account of the good works that flow from it; not on account of the love which kindles it; not on account of the repentance which it produces; but solely because it connects with the Saving One. Its saving efficacy does not lie in its connection with righteousness and holiness but entirely on its connection with the Righteous and Holy One.

Thus it is that unbelief ruins, because it cuts off all communication with the source of life; and thus faith blesses, because it establishes that communication.

See these electric wires that are shooting their mysterious threads throughout our land, communicating between city and city, between man and man, however distant; dead, yet instinct with life; silent, yet vocal with hidden sound; carrying as with a lightning bolt the tidings of good or evil from shore to shore. Separate their termi-nating point by one hair's breadth from the index, or interpose some non-conducting substance, in a moment intercourse is broken. No tidings come and go. The stoppage is as entire as if you had cut every wire in pieces, and cast these pieces to the wind. But refasten the severed points, or link them to the index with some conducting material, and instantaneously, the intercourse is re-versed. Joy and sorrow flow again along the line. Men's thoughts, men's feelings, men's deeds, rumours of war or assassinations of peace, news of victory or defeat, the sound of falling thrones, the shouts of frantic nations—all hurrying on after each other to convey to ten thousand throbbing hearts the evil or the good which they contain!

That non-conductor is *unbelief*. It interposes between the soul and all heavenly blessing, all divine intercourse. It may seem a thing too slight to effect so great a result; yet it does so inevitably. It shuts off the communication with the source of all glad tidings. It isolates the man, and forbids the approach of blessing.

That conductor is *faith*. In itself it is nothing, but in its connection everything. It restores in a moment the broken communication; and this, not by any virtue in itself, but simply as the conducting link between the soul and the fountain of all blessing above.

The blood of the cross is that which has "made peace"; and to share this peace God freely calls us. This blood of the cross is that by which we are justified; and to this justification we are invited. This blood of the cross is that by which we are brought nigh to God; and to this blessed nearness we are invited. This blood of the cross is that by which we have redemption, even the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace; and this redemption, this forgiveness is freely set before us. It is by this blood that we have liberty of entrance into the holiest; and God's voice to each sinner is, "Enter in." It is by this blood, that we are cleansed and washed; and this fountain is free, free as any of earth's flowing streams, free as the mighty ocean itself, in which all may wash and be clean.

These are good news concerning the blood—news which should make every sinner feel that it is just what he stands in need of. Nothing less than this; yet nothing more.

NOTES ON SCRIPTURE.

"I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches."—Ps. lxxiii. 6.—Meditation is exceedingly profitable unto the soul. It strengthens the believer's faith, when he has God as the subject of his waking thoughts. A contemplation of Divine things has a tendency to raise and cheer the spirits when we are most depressed and most desponding. It will make the most melancholy joyful; and it makes joyous souls more joyful still. It will make those who are naturally gloomy to be bright and glad. It will give the oil of joy for the garment of mourning, and the robe of praise for the spirit of heaviness. It will light up the face that is cheerful with a heavenly gladness; it will make the eye that is bright to sparkle with tenfold more brilliance; it will make honey to be sweeter, and the most glorious things to be more glorious still. Meditation is a word which one-half of the Christians of the present day cannot rightly spell. They can repeat the letters of the word, but they cannot tell the experimental sweetness of its meaning. We all live so much in the crowd, are so intent upon business, are so engrossed in worldly affairs, are so week by week, month by month, and year by year, so enthrallled with the everlasting grind, grind, grind of money getting, that we find no time, and have no heart for meditation upon God. But ah! how much do we lose by all our getting! The mind has no rest, but eats, and tears, and wears itself away. We get no new knowledge of God, no fresh thoughts of the Eternal One; but are like to a machine which grinds itself away because it has nothing else to grind; or, we are like to the machine which has no oil applied to its wheels, and for want of which it is destroyed. We should be wise if we snatched some hours from slumber that we might remember God.

"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof."—Rom. xiii. 14.—To put on Jesus is to follow his example; to be as he was. It signifies that the Christian is to show by his consistent profession that he is vitally united to Jesus, so that Christ, and not himself, may be seen. We are not to follow the lusts of the flesh, neither do the works of the flesh, but to show forth the character of Christ, in our conversation, conduct, and whole life. We are ever to appear as clothed with the spotless garment of Christ's virtues. All Christian duty is included in the exhortation, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." It is the Christian's duty and privilege to be like Jesus, and to have the fruits resulting from a near and intimate union with him by the Holy Spirit. We are to put off the works of darkness, and to put on the garments of light. We are to cleanse ourselves from every fleshly defilement, because we are already clean through the washing of regeneration by the word and grace of God. We are to keep our garments white by watchfulness, prayer, and faith, because they have already been washed white in the blood of the Lamb. We are to hide ourselves in Christ, that we may be secure beyond Satan's aim and the power of his temptations. Already we are in Christ. We have been planted together with him before the ever-living God; and, therefore, our daily exhortation is to put on Christ by a divesting and denying of ourselves. We must walk up and down in this present evil world, ever remembering that we are not our own, but that we belong to Jesus Christ.

"Can two walk together except they be agreed?"—Amos iii. 3.—No; to do so is impossible. There can be no communion between the sinner and God, until the sinner be reconciled to God by the blood-shedding of Jesus. Without friendship there can be no fellowship. We, by nature, are the enemies of God; we, by grace, become the friends of God. "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." This is how the sinner and God become "agreed," so that they "walk together" in holy fellowship. He "who knew no sin," who was the Lamb without spot, who did no sin, in whose mouth there was no guile, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, who was separate from sinners, and from whom sin was set at the greatest distance, "and was made sin," was treated as though he were a sinner; upon him was laid the guilt of our sin, was made to undergo all the punishment which our sins deserved; who satisfied justice, and fulfilled the law "for us," and underwent all the wrath of God in our room and stead, "that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Jesus was made a curse for us, that we might be made a blessing in him. He was made sin for us who were sinners, that we might be delivered from sin's power and penalty by his substitutionary death. All who believe in Jesus are thus made divinely righteous "in him." All that Jesus did and suffered "for us" in life and in death he did and suffered "for us" as our surety; and thus he has clothed us in "the righteousness of God," so that we can now "walk together" with God, for we "two are agreed."

A MOTHER'S CHARGE.

The following is given in the N. Y. Observer as an extract from a letter written by a soldier to his wife:—

Another thing. Be sure and have our boy a constant attendant upon the Sabbath School. Do not urge, or force or scold him, but so manage that he will care to attend. What he learns there he will never forget, and in a few years it will be both the balance and driving wheel of his intellectual powers. No great mind ever appeared among men for good, that was not thoroughly impregnated with Bible teachings. His Sabbath School education, then, will ever be for his little brain a strong and sure bond to direct it into some secure haven of honor and prosperity. Tell him his "papa" wants him to love the Sabbath school, its books, its children and its teachers, just as God has taught him to love and honor his father and his mother; and then he will always ask and be ready to attend.

During the eventful years of our campaigning, my thoughts have often been turned in this direction. When my eyes have been pained and my ears stunned with the wickedness of the camps, or the worse than assassin crimes and vices of the dark, midnight plazas and byways of the crowded city—and even in the home paths of the quiet village and among the cottages of the valley or the hillside; there it was that I have wondered why the mother, the only God-ordained and the best teacher of those whom He invites "to seek him early," "to remember their Creator in the days of their youth," should ever forget, much more neglect, this heaven-given mandate. Why, my dear wife, if you only knew it, the mother, the mother of a child born beneath the protection of the flag that we have just carried through rivers of blood, possesses more power than our great Grant, America's Joshua, ever marshalled in battle; more ever than the ermine of thrones ever mantled or the sovereignty of the people ever dared to decree. How much, then, will our heavenly Father one day demand from the mothers of this great and proud, but wicked, and I fear God-forgotten nation!

Oh mother! my mother, hear the manhood answer of your soldier son. No Christian duty has ever forgotten in your household. Your noisy nursery was daily vocal with the accents of a mother's prayer, while our early boyhood and girlhood slumbers were ever sanctified by the same hushed knee and heart-pleading supplications. Oh mother! mother! God will reward you when your sainted spirit shall be wafted heavenward; but your children—your sons and your daughters—can never fully discharge this great debt of gratitude and thankfulness for your pious lullabies over our cradles, and your gentle but earnest petitions over our pillows.

T—e, you too are a mother, and may God in his infinite wisdom give you the strength to perform and the word of prayer to aid you in the sacred mission of a mother in America—a mother beneath the flag that is to carry the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth.

THE ETERNAL DAY.

Death to a good man is but the dawning of an eternal day. Not till then does he enter upon real life—a life unclouded by corruption. Then is he "clothed upon," and he is clothed with Christ, which is far better. Then, farewell earth, farewell toil, and pain, and tears, and death. He goes to join the immortal company who sing and shine in the presence of God forever.

"And though the hills of death May hide the bright array, The marshalled brotherhood of souls Still keeps its upward way: Upward! forever upward! I see their march sublime, And hear the glorious throng Of the conquerors of time."

No doubt, no darkness, no fears! The two-leaved gates of eternity are gently opening before him, and the light of that brighter world is pouring forth upon the scene of his departure.

See the dying Mozart, as he stands upon the hither shore of the river of death, looks back upon the toils of the past, and forward to the joys of the immortal future. How appropriate his "cygnean song," the last he heard on earth:

"Spirit, thy labor is o'er! Thy term of probation is run, Thy stars are now bound for the untroubled shore, And the race of immortals begun."

"Spirit, how bright is the home For which thou art now on the wing! Thy home it will be with thy Saviour and God, Thy loud halloaings to sing."

In that "better country" there will be no more hunger or thirst, no cold or heat, no weariness or sickness, no pain, decay, or death forever! There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest. The Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall lead us to fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes!

Reader, does your bosom glow with this glorious hope of joys immortal beyond the grave? If so, of what account are our earthly trials, disappointments, and sufferings? Are they worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed? Should we not rather bless God for every pang we feel, knowing that our light affliction—which is but for a moment—worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?

"Then, O my soul, despond no more, The storm of life will soon be o'er, And I shall find the peaceful shore Of everlasting rest! Oh, happy day! Oh, joyful hour! When freed from earth my soul shall tower, Beyond the reach of Satan's power, To be forever blest!"

Such is the prospect that opens before the Christian as he passes the gates of death. No wonder he often shouts, "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!"

Then welcome death! Welcome, the tomb and the bright world beyond! Welcome, ye angels immortal! Welcome, ye blissful hosts, once of earth, and heirs of sorrow, pain, and death, but now forever free! Welcome, my long-lost kindred who await my coming! Welcome, thou gates of day, thou city of my God! Welcome, thrice welcome, thou glorious Redeemer, thou the infinite Godhead! All hail, Immortality! All hail, ETERNAL LIFE!—Mattison on the Immortality of the Soul.

THE HAPPIEST HOUR.—In a circle of Christian friends the question was proposed, When are we happiest? The first answered, "When I am most submissive to the will of God." The next said, "When I do right." The third said, "That covers the whole ground." The fourth was happiest, "when engaged in holy meditation, thinking of God and Heaven." The fifth, a young disciple, was most blessed "when trying to lead some one else to the Saviour." An aged disciple was happiest "when trying to open truth to another mind." A young man present enjoyed "Christian work" more than anything else. The last of the company had the highest enjoyment "in thinking of God and of Christ as the manifestation of him to the world."

"After all," remarked another, "these exercises of joy amount to the same thing; in communing with God and His truth, we shut self out from our vision; in going for Christ's sake, we drop self for the Saviour; in conscious obedience we stand only by the Rede