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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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(From the Quiver.)

GLEANINGS FROM THE GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

By the Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh, M. A.
THE MORAVIANS IN GREENLAND.

No section of the Church of Christ can claim a monopoly in missionary work. Almost every branch of it has taken a part in the great enterprise. But there is one community of Christians which, by universal acknowledgment, stands supreme in missionary devotedness. We allude to the Moravian Brethren.

It was in 1731 that 600 exiles from Moravia, who had recently found a shelter from Roman persecution in Saxony on the estates of Count Zinzendorf, formed the noble resolve of carrying the Gospel of Christ to the heathen. Few, poor, and persecuted, this illustrious band of exiles pledged themselves to this grandest of enterprises, and went forth, in simple dependence upon God, to preach the Word of Life in pagan lands. Before ten years had elapsed, they had established missions in the West Indies, South America, Greenland, and amongst the North American Indians. Within the same period they had extended their agency to Lapland, Guinea, Tartary, Algiers, and the Cape of Good Hope.

The success of the Moravian missions has been commensurate with their zeal. It is calculated that, although the body numbers only about 10,000 in Europe, there are not less than 57,000 in heathen lands who either have been converted by their instrumentality, or are receiving instruction at their hands. Already they have sent out about 2,000 agents, and one out of every forty in their community is a missionary! The record of deaths amongst these missions has a thrilling interest—443 in mission service; 9 on missionary journeys; 11 on the voyage out; 2 on voyage home; 22 by shipwreck; 12 murdered! That might not the Church of Christ accomplish if they were actuated throughout all its parts by zeal like this!

The circumstances in which the Moravian missions originated deserve to be recorded. Count Zinzendorf had come to Copenhagen in 1731 to attend the coronation of Christian VI. He there met two Greenlanders who had been baptised by Hans Egede, and learned with regret that the Danish Government had resolved to abandon the mission. He was also brought into contact with a negro, named Anthony, from the West Indies, who told him of the sufferings of the slaves in St. Thomas, and their desire for the Gospel. At the request of the count, Anthony visited the new Moravian settlement at Herrnhut, and his simple and earnest story made such an impression, that two of the Brethren offered themselves for the missionary work at St. Thomas. Anthony informed them that none but slaves would be allowed to teach the slaves; and it was then that, with a philanthropy rarely equalled, they proposed to sell themselves into slavery in order to accomplish their noble object. Before a year expired the first labourers from Herrnhut were at work in Greenland and the West Indies.

It is to the former of these missions we would now direct attention, as it takes up the history of events in Greenland at the point where we left Hans Egede contending with difficulties and dangers.

Matthew and Christian Stach consecrated themselves to this special field, and proceeded to Copenhagen on foot, with a few shillings as the whole of their pecuniary resources. There they met much that was calculated to dispirit less ardent hearts. "How do you intend to get a livelihood?" asked Count Pless, the First Lord of the Bedchamber. "By the labour of our hands and God's blessing," replied the missionaries; adding (in their ignorance of the situation and climate of the country), "We shall build a house, and cultivate a piece of land." "But there is no wood to build a house with." "Then," answered the undaunted Brethren, "we will dig a hole in the earth and lodge there. Astonished at their ardour, the count replied, "No you shall not be driven to that extremity. Take the timber with you and build a house; accept of these fifty dollars for that purpose."

At the recommendation of the count, the king wrote a letter with his own hand to Hans Egede, commanding them to his care; and on the 10th of April, 1730, they set sail in the *Caritas* for their destination, with a supply of tools, implements, and timber which had been generously provided for them. They soon reached Greenland, and were welcomed by the solitary missionary to whom assistance they had come. Circumstances were far from encouraging. The natives had begun to ridicule the devoted labourer, and often beat their nearest instruments to drown his voice, at the same time pilfering or plundering whatever they could lay their hands on. The new missionaries found they had not only to acquire one of the most barbarous dialects upon earth, but to learn the Danish language first, in order to avail themselves of the grammar which Hans Egede had compiled. Their doors and walls were encrusted with frost, the beds were frozen to the beds, their clothing was frozen in the drawers. When they wanted to get at their meat, the barrels in which it was contained had to be hewn in pieces; and when it was thawed in snow-water, and set on the fire, the outside was boiled before they could pierce the inside with a knife.

To add to their troubles, famine soon fell upon them, and the natives asked exorbitant prices for the smallest and meanest articles of provision. They had frequently to live upon a little oatmeal mixed with train oil; and even this was luxury compared to the tallow candles to which they were subsequently reduced. Now we find them living on shell-fish and sea-weed; again upon the dead whale which had been cast upon the beach; and now frequently upon the foxes which they contrived to capture in the rude traps which they constructed for the purpose. But the God of Elijah was with them. Once, after an unsuccessful day's chase, they were driven on a desert island; and when they had made up their mind to starvation, an eagle came soaring over their heads, and being shot by one of the party, supplied them with food to eat and pens to write with. At another time, when they were so exhausted after a fruitless fishing expedition that their united strength was unequal to draw the boat on land, a native came from a distance bringing a porpoise, on which they feasted thankfully.

All this time they had never told their sufferings. It has been well said that one reason why the world has not been startled by the labours and sufferings of the Moravian missionaries is, that whenever they have spoken about the one or the other, it has been with such singular humility that we scarcely realise the extent of their labours or their privations.

After a time fresh labourers came to help them, but still they had not made one single convert. "It must have been a strange scene," says their biographer, "in the thick gloom of a Greenland evening, when their solitary lamp dimly lighted their chamber, and these good men rose alternately and told of their struggles and sadness." Hope had sunk low, and the subject of returning home was broached, when Matthew Stach declared he could not even think of leaving, and quoted his favourite text—"At evening time it shall be light."

And soon the light began to shine upon them. One of the Brethren was copying a translation of the Gospels, and a company of Southlanders paid them a visit. He began to read for them the sublime and simple record of the Saviour's agony and crucifixion. One of the Greenlanders, whose name was Kajarnak, stepped up to the table, and in an earnest voice, exclaimed, "How was that?" Tell me that once more, for I, too, desire to be saved. Such words had never been uttered by a Greenlanders before, and they kindled the missionary's ardour, as he gave them a fuller account of the life and death, the love and salvation, of the Lord Jesus. The pagans laid their hands upon their mouths to express amazement. Kajarnak became a true disciple, was baptised, and became eminently useful to the mission. Through his instrumentality his own family were brought under conviction. Before the end of a month three families pitched their tents beside the missionary's house, in order, as they said, "to hear the joyful news of man's redemption."

The Brethren themselves had learned a great lesson. Hitherto they had principally spoken to the natives concerning the existence, attributes, and perfections of God, and about the obligation of his holy law. They hoped in this way to prepare their minds for the Gospel. For five years they had tried this method, not only unsuccessfully, but without being able to gain even a patient hearing. Now they determined to preach "Christ and him crucified," and a new era commenced. The savages around them ceased to be brutish and indifferent; they began to feel their need of a Saviour, and to cry for mercy. Some who had opposed and ill-treated the missionaries came from long distances to ask their forgiveness; and others would line the shore as the missionaries' boat sailed by, and entreat them to land and speak to them the words of life. All things had become new, for the spirit of grace had been poured out upon the people.

The practice had universally prevailed amongst them of burying the living infant with the dead mother; now, many nursing mothers were to be seen suckling orphan children, and providing tenderly for their necessities. Selfishness had been the very law of their existence; now, no sooner did they hear how a missionary colony in Pennsylvania had been destroyed, and the missionaries murdered by the savages, than they commenced a contribution for the Christian Indians who had escaped to a Moravian colony. "I," said one, "have a fine reindeer skin which I will give." "I," said another, "have a pair of reindeer boots which I will send." "And I," added a third, "will send a seal, and then they will have something to eat and to burn." Thus did love to the brethren give evidence that they "were born of God."

And the external aspects of things soon reflected the inward change which had commenced. The wilderness blossomed as the rose; grass was cultivated, and sheep were introduced. A Christian village rose on these ice-bound shores, with its church and schools, and was called New Herrnhut, in allusion to the Moravian settlement from which the missionaries had come forth. Station after station sprang up along the coast, and although many a trial and vicissitude attended the progress of the work, it still continues to bear its blessed fruit.

By the latest accounts the Moravians can reckon in that thinly-peopled region more than 2,000 converts, of whom 800 are communicants. Denmark still continues its fostering care to this mission, which was begun under the auspices of one of its pious kings; and the Moravian Brethren who still minister in this interesting field, maintain the same character for zeal and self-denial which led the poet Cowper, almost a century ago, to say of them—

"Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky.
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows."

EPISTLES.

"Known and read of all men."

"This is, at the same time, a very sad and a very pleasing thought."

The cause that lies near to our hearts is promoted by the good which is in us—anything we do, or say, or feel in the right direction is "known and read." But so are our misdeeds and failings, so are our cowardice and unfaithfulness.

Those who have taken the name of Christ, and have been enrolled in the band of believers, cannot, if they would, live an unwatched life. All eyes are upon them,—not carelessly scanning, but attentively perusing,—not bestowing a casual glance, but bending an earnest scrutiny upon them.

Look at their words, and actions. They scarcely realize that. They think sometimes that it is easy to deceive these watching eyes "of all men."

A man alms the door in the beggar's face, calling him hard names, and bidding him depart. But he loudly prays for the poor and asks that the needy may be fed. He rebukes the sinner, and falls short himself. He cries out against passion and selfishness, and fraud, and thinks that these curious eyes see not his secret doings.

He deceives himself. Both sides of the epistle are "known and read of all men." And his self-complacency would be somewhat disturbed could he realise (what is a fact), that the darker side is even more clearly revealed than the brighter. Somehow the page which contains the frailties and failings is the more interesting, and eager eyes distinguish them and eager lips cry, "This, then, is the character of a professor of Christ."

Oh! could we live as Christians should; what eloquent sermons would be preached by our lives! How well and widely would our Master's name be circulated. How many more would be anxious to

join our band, and be blessed with our blessings and love our Lord.
God help us ever to remember that we are living epistles, "known and read of all men."

HINTS TO YOUNG PREACHERS.

The following is an extract from a letter written by one of the most able and devoted ministers to a young friend who has recently begun to preach:

As to the construction of sermons I could give you many useful hints in an hour's conversation if that were practicable. I have several plans of going to work, according to the nature of the text. Some passages require a minute and laborious explanation of the words and things contained in them. Others simply require illustrating and applying. Some passages I take as my point of departure, and sail away into truths beyond. Others I make the corner stone of a building—the keystone of an arch. But I suppose your difficulty does not so much lie in the construction of a few divisions as in the filling up a subject. Perhaps the following hints may help you. When you stand for a thought, ask yourself the following questions: Does this division or subject require proving? If so, how shall I prove it? By its causes, or by its effects? Does it require guarding from erroneous interpretation, or distinguishing from some closely related yet distinct truth? How can it be illustrated? What consequences flow from it? I have found the simple questions, Who? What? Where? Why? When? How? very useful in awakening thought. For instance, How?—in what manner. In what sense? By what sense? By what means? To what degree? Who?—to whom? For whom? By whom? In whose presence? From whom? Why? From what cause? For what cause? For what end?

Of course only some of these questions apply to any given subject. When you dwell on a fact you may describe the place or scene of action, the persons concerned, the time, the posture, the state of mind, occasions, associations, trains of thought, of circumstances and individuals mentioned.

When you take up a miracle, you may ask, What general or special lesson does it teach? What feature of our Lord's character does it exhibit (divinity, tenderness, majesty, etc.) What does it symbolize? Does it teach action? Considered as an evidence, notice the nature of it, the number and character of the witnesses, time, place, etc.—corroborative circumstances.

When you speak of vice, you may dwell on its features, tendency, influence, forms, causes, results, power remedy, etc.

THE GIFT BEFORE THE GRATITUDE.

A few years ago a minister in one of our churches was conversing with a lady of humble circumstances, who was grieving over her trials, and her miserable state of soul before God, and yet thanking God for Jesus Christ! The following is something like the conversation:

Minister.—Madam, you seem to be much troubled in mind, and not at peace with God; and yet, strange to say, you are thanking God for Jesus Christ! Now, while it is a blessed thing to hear thanksgiving ascending to God, I would like much to know how you can thank God for the gift you have not accepted! Your thanksgiving is certainly not grateful! God's most gracious gift is Christ, his beloved Son. And we must be conscious of this gift in the heart, before sincere gratitude can flow out of the heart.

Lady. (After being some time silent).—Well I am a poor, miserable sinner, and have passed through many trials, and I have none now to rely on but God; and surely I must thank him for Christ! Oh! that I were as thankful as I ought to be, and had that faith you speak of. But, alas!

Minister.—Listen madam. There is a gentleman that you never liked very well, going up the street, as he passes, he slips ten dollars in under your window, saying, "There madam, accept that in your need." You look at the money, and exclaim, "Bless my poor heart! isn't that Mr. — who put that on my window—the man I always disliked, and indeed, I confess, talked rather hard of? I cannot, I will not, take that money, until I run after him and apologize for my disrespect towards him, and ask him what I can do by way of making amends for my past conduct, and of expressing my gratitude now towards him." So out you go; and as you get within speaking distance of the gentleman you say, "Look here, dear sir, you put ten dollars in under my window. Now, I confess sir, I have thought and spoken of you as I ought not to have done, and I cannot feel like taking your gift until I have done something towards making you amends for the evil I have done, and to show my thankfulness for what you have just now done to me." The gentleman looks at you with astonishment, and replies, "Dear madam, I am aware of all that you refer to; but what I have now done is done out of pure benevolence. The gift still lies on your window; it is freely and heartily bestowed. Return, and let it be heartily accepted. You must go and fully accept of and appropriate my gift, before I can cordially accept of your gratitude. You cannot express heartfelt gratitude until you first heartily accept of the gift that makes you grateful."

Lady.—That seems very plain, indeed.

Minister.—Then, my friend, remember that our thanksgivings, like our petitions, must all pass through Christ, before they can be accepted by God the Father. It is not enough to thank God for Christ in heaven—it is not enough to thank God for Christ in the Bible—you must be able to thank God for Christ in your heart—"Christ in you the hope of glory."

There is Jesus, God's great gift, offered to you freely in that blessed Book on your window. Go and take him by simple faith, and believe fully what he says—that you are saved, justified, and accepted in him—and peace will flow into your soul like the waves of the sea, and your gratitude flow out to God like a river rolling to the ocean from a fountain of life.

The minister departed, leaving both the seed and the soil with the "Spirit that quickeneth." A short time afterwards, this lady met the Consistory of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church at M.—, and was received into church fellowship on confession of her faith in Jesus. A little while longer, and she was found departing this life, saying, "For me to die is gain." "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

RELIGION INSEPARABLE FROM THE LIFE.

Many seem to entertain the notion that religion does not enter into all the acts of life; but that it is something which exists distinct from them. In this they are guilty of a gross and pernicious error. The design of christianity is not to withdraw men from the honorable walks and avocations of life; but to reach and benefit them under all circumstances. It does not necessarily change men's outward relations, but it changes them in reference to these relations. It gives new views concerning them, and makes every incumbent duty, although primarily of a worldly character, in a sense, a religious one, as much as prayer, praise and attending upon the services of the sanctuary. Religion becomes so blended with the Christian's worldly pursuits that by faithfully attending to them he discharges a part of his obligations to God. He is allowed to undertake nothing upon which he cannot consistently invoke the divine blessing; and there is, in fact, no time nor place in which he can lay aside his religion. Christianity is not thus accommodating.

In accordance with this principle, that Christianity is inseparable from the life, it imparts a higher tone and an increased earnestness and activity to all its duties. Nothing scarcely can be more foreign to the spirit of true godliness, than sloth and inactivity. The injunction of the wise man many centuries ago, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is in perfect accordance with the teaching of the gospel. Who ever carried out the spirit of this injunction better than Paul, Luther, Howard, or our Saviour himself, whose life was one of almost ceaseless activity?

While Christianity enjoins diligence in business it also imposes proper restraints. It does not necessarily make the business man less shrewd and calculating, but at least equally so, and upon different principles. It makes better farmers, more active and ingenious mechanics, and more skillful physicians; but it bids all belonging to these callings to regulate the acts and duties of each day in accordance with the golden rule. It enters the student's room, and instead of rendering him less ardent in his pursuits, it gives him new views concerning them, and points to him in whom lies the true source of all knowledge. It enters the family circle, not to destroy the relations which exist there, but to strengthen them, and to establish them upon a different basis. It does not eradicate human ambition, but it chastens and directs it in the proper channel; and it does not deny to man the blessings and comforts of life, but teaches him their proper use.

A failure to recognize the principle which we are now discussing, and to act in accordance therewith, not only gave rise to many of the absurdities and superstitions of the past, but in it may be found the cause of numerous inconsistencies of professing Christians at the present day. The monk of the dark ages, conceiving that religion consisted for the most part in holy exercises, secluded himself from society. The Jesuit, acting in accordance with the maxim, "The end justifies the means," did not hesitate to employ means most base and unjustifiable to accomplish the ends of religion. The former separated religion from the life; and the latter the life from religion; and they each practised a gross inconsistency. We may not find in Christian and Protestant America an exact parallel to each of these errors, yet until recently there have been a large number in this free and enlightened North, who made the loudest profession to godliness, ready to apologize for the inhuman crime of slavery; and there are those of the same class, in almost every community, who have not yet learned the first principles of common honesty. Saying nothing however of these more marked and glaring inconsistencies, how many there are who fail to realize that they must have religion, not only around the family altar, in the closet and the sanctuary, but constantly; that it is designed to regulate and govern them in every act, even to the most trivial. We would also instance the inconsistency of those who exhibit the most scrupulous exactness in all the intercourse of life while they are destitute of Christ in the soul. He only can be consistent every act of whose life is regulated upon Christian principles. The life must accord with the profession.

When this truth shall become universally recognized, we may expect not only greater consistency, but a larger and more practical benevolence. When Christians come to realize that all their acts are essentially religious, they will learn to place less value upon wealth for its own sake, and will consider themselves only as the Lord's stewards. The question of giving and withholding will not be simply one of inclination but rather of duty. Much of the wealth which is now hoarded, or employed to no valuable purpose, will then be appropriated to the promotion of benevolent and Christian enterprises. Few worthy objects will fail for the want of pecuniary support.

The power and influence of Christianity will then be greatly enhanced, not only as a result of increased consistency among its professors, and a larger and more practical Christian benevolence, but because it will then assume its normal condition. The world considers religion and the life as inseparable. It is quite impossible for it to conceive of them as otherwise; and it will be only when professing Christians regard this as one and inseparable, that the men of the world will take "knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus."—*Boston Recorder.*

THE BREAKWATER.—Not long ago we were sailing for pleasure on the coast of Massachusetts Bay, when we saw in the distance a long dark line of masonry, a mile perhaps from the shore. It proved to be a "breakwater," which the government had erected to protect the harbour from the winds and waves, affording to vessels a safe retreat from the storms. This interposition of the ruling power in the state, at a vast expense, was suggestive of the moral government of God. At what an expenditure of means has Jehovah thrown across the mad tides of depravity, to shield his people and Church from the threatened ruin. The Sabbath is a great breakwater in the surging sea of worldliness and vice. Within its bulwark stands the sanctuary and the Christian home, while on its ancient front is inscribed, with flaming letters, so that earth and hell may read—"Thus far, and no farther; and here let thy proud waves be stayed." How wonderfully "the tumult of the people" dies away around the Sabbath hours! How reckless he who would loosen a stone from the breakwater of sin.—*Congregationalist.*

FIDELITY.

When we read the account of some fearful railroad disaster, resulting from carelessness and mismanagement on the part of those employed, we are ready to censure the whole system as most reckless in its disregard of human life. Yet is it not a wonder, rather, that so few accidents occur? What millions have travelled over the railroads of our country the past year, and yet nearly all have journeyed with the same security with which they live at home! What was the secret of this safety? A wonderful fidelity of men to the trust committed to their charge. They have stood faithful to their posts, by night and by day, in cold and heat, through snows and storms. All of that vast army who have managed these endless trains, from the highest to the lowliest, have been at the right moment, and have performed their appointed work. Only a slight mistake is needed, the waving of a false signal, the wrong turning of an iron rod, a half hour's disregard of time, and the way is strewn with mangled bodies, and a bitter cry of mourning rises up all over the land.

You step on board, at evening, of one of the magnificent steam palaces which ply American rivers, and after a peaceful night, awake in the morning, harboured safely at your destination. But it would have been far otherwise, if while you slept, others had not waked and toiled, were it not for the tireless hand and sleepless eye above in the wheel-room, and the steady watchfulness of the man down by the furnace below. If one had not stood by all the night long, that complicated machinery, holding in check with a skilled hand all those terrific steam forces, most fearful would have been the destruction.

We who are Christ's are all on such a journey. We are the employed. We are guiding the vessel onward to eternity. We have a precious freight on board, which we hope we may land safely on the shore of immortality. O, how precious that freight is! Our children who have not yet given themselves to Christ, our scholars who look to us weekly for spiritual guidance, our neighbors who come with us to the sanctuary, but never sit down with us at the Redeemer's feet—we want to bring them all safely into the heavenly harbour. Fidelity on our part is the price of their safety. If we sleep, the vessel will strike the rocks, and the cargo of immortality be wrecked for ever.

What should we say, on taking the rounds of the steamer at midnight, to find the captain had retired to his berth, the engineer had placed a pillow under his head and forgotten all about his fires and his steam-valves, leaving them all to manage themselves! Above, the helmsman and his assistant were soundly sleeping, regardless of the dangerous pass and hidden rocks they are swiftly nearing!

Yet such a strange sight our heavenly Father, often looks down upon. A whole church asleep! Nobody watching, none praying nor pleading with God, none discerning shining every hour, yet all hurrying on together towards destruction, without a thought or care. When the final crash comes, a few may be snatched as by a miracle from death, but over all the rest the dark waters close without a ray of hope. Shall these men who toil so ceaselessly on our boats and trains show such fidelity to their trusts, and shall we, who serve such a Paymaster, be so remiss? If we are the very humblest and feeblest of his workers, we still have our post and it is most important to the safety of the whole that this post be faithfully filled. Not a single brake can be mismanaged without endangering the whole train.

How strongly we ensure a careless operative for unfaithfulness, yet we think but lightly of our own recklessness with regard to souls that are committed to our trust! We do not hesitate a moment in deciding that one who refuses to obey his instructions should be at once discharged. How much more long-suffering than man is our heavenly Father! How he bears with our unfaithfulness! Yet he marks it all. One day we shall read the sad consequences of it when it will be too late to remedy it.

O, let us be up and doing "while it is called to-day; the night will come soon enough, when no man can work." Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

NO SINNING WITHOUT SUFFERING.

The great truth to be insisted on is—that no sin can be committed, even by those who finally obtain forgiveness through the sacrifice of Christ, which is not in one way or another punished by God. We wish to prove this to you with all possible clearness and simplicity; for if there be one thought which more than another we would desire to banish from amongst you, because it is dishonouring to the Gospel, and injurious to your souls, it is the thought of the possibility of sinning with impunity, the being so shielded by the gracious provisions of the Mediator's work, that you may break a commandment, and yet not be eventually injured. I do not know a single case in which the doing away of future penalties involves the removal of present. There must be some high design or purpose in such an appointment as this. May it not be that God would manifest his hatred of sin even in those whom he has brought into fellowship with himself? Suppose that no punishment followed the sins of true believers, then there would be the spectacle of those who were privileged to transgress, who might violate God's law without injury to themselves. And from this an inference might be drawn against the necessarily fatal character of disobedience to God. But if God punish sin in his own people—punish it, as we believe he does, by inflicting temporal penalties, though he remit the eternal—these is no such exhibition as that of sin working no injury to the sinner. The moral Governor always so displays himself as the avenger of wickedness that none can offend in the hope of escaping retribution. And we seem bound to regard the afflictions which fall to the lot of the righteous as, in a great degree, the punishment, the temporal punishment, of their sins. There is no other way in which, in their case the retributive government can exhibit its strictness, except indeed—and this will undoubtedly be part of their punishment—that the glories of their future portion may be diminished in the exact degree that they wilfully do wrong. And therefore do we reckon, when we behold a righteous man borne down by calamity, that we are surveying as accurate an instance of God's retributive dealings as would be presented if we saw the wicked "driven away in their wickedness," and suffering "the vengeance of eternal fire."—*Rev. Henry Melville, B. D.*

A DYING REGRET.

"O if I recover, how differently will I preach from what I have preached!" Thus a young minister recently expressed himself a few days before his death. We know not precisely what defect or deficiency in his public ministrations he lamented, but as he was eminently gifted with a refined taste and fertile imagination, we presume that any temptation to which he had yielded, lay in this direction. How many young clergymen there are who need to guard themselves on this very point! There is a kind of preaching that is confined almost exclusively to the sphere of fancy. There is another kind that is purely æsthetic in its character. Both these styles of pulpit performance are unfortunately, in our day very popular. The smallest number of people retain a taste for the sincere milk of the Word. The great majority have "itching ears," and are fond of something that will excite, entertain, and not unfrequently amuse. After those who persevere these methods of handling the Word, crowds will run. Hence there is a great temptation to young men to fall in with the prevailing taste, and instead of preaching the Gospel in simplicity, solemnity and godly sincerity, so to mix it with novelties and load it with figures, and associate it with eccentricities, as to swell their audience. Attraction, this is the great object aimed at, and almost anything at all consistent with the atmosphere of the sanctuary will be resorted to to accomplish this object. How little, alas! does such preaching do toward glorifying God and saving souls! It is nothing more than a sort of spiritual dissipation. It is not addressed to the heart or conscience, but to the taste and imagination, and hence inevitably fails to produce any good and lasting results. It is for this reason that under such preaching so few conversions occur. Verily, such tampering with immortal interests merely to gain popularity, will not stand the review of the dying hour. To that hour there should be constant reference in so solemn a business as proclaiming the truth of God. "May not this be the last opportunity I may have of preaching to this people?" "May not some one present die and pass to the judgment before another sermon is heard by him?" "Shall I not have to give account for the fidelity with which I deliver the message with which God has entrusted me?"—*Standard.*

DO SOMETHING.

Immortal souls are in danger! Souls for whom Christ bled and died, for whom angels gaze in pity, and for whom "God waits to be gracious." They do not or cannot realize their peril, but sadly plunge on.

Can nothing be done for sinners? Much can be done—everything can be done, and by you. You are permitted to approach a fellow-mortal face to face, pray with him, weep over him, and point him to Calvary.

"Ah, but I have no talent for the work," you exclaim.

"No talent?" Do you not have sufficient talent to transact business, provide for your family, buy, sell, labour, in fact, to perform any of the multitudinous duties of life?

But you add, "I am naturally timid and retiring."

"Timid and retiring?" Were your neighbor's house in flames, and the lives of his wife and little ones threatened would you speak of your "timidity"? Rather, would you not rush into the burning structure like a hero, and rescue them if possible? If you would do all this for their bodies, ought you not to do infinitely more for their souls?

"But the majority of people know religion is valuable already," you reply.

So a good name is "valuable," yet thousands forfeit it by the commission of crime. All understand the value of wealth, yet many squander it and become beggars. Nothing is more desirable than health, yet nothing is more recklessly thrown away through neglect and imprudence.

"Bibles and churches are accessible to all," you reply in conclusion.

So are dram-shops, theatres, gambling-houses, race-courses, dens of infamy. In fact they outnumber churches more than twenty to one. Unite this with the fact that "men love darkness rather than light," and the demand for earnest, persevering personal effort will be obvious. Men do not require urging to do wrong; but they do require a vast amount of urging to do right.

God had a work for us to do, else we had never had existence. It is a sublime belief, that nothing is created in vain. From the blade of grass beneath our feet up to the uncounted worlds that roll in space, all exist for a purpose. Nothing stands still, nothing ceases to grow. The acorn which we tossed carelessly aside when a boy has become a giant oak.

If all nature labors and grows, shall not the christian? If nature performs the Maker's will why not the child of God?

Arise thee, O christian! A few more days of toil and the crown and harp will be thine. For "he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." But ever remember that "he that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

A TERRIBLE AWAKENING.—A Dutch sea-captain, who was wrecked, and afterwards tossed on the sea for nearly eight days in an open boat, during which he suffered terribly from hunger, says, "that at last sleep came more and more seldom. But when it did come, the same dreams were always repeated. Each time it was a well-laden table, a substantial dinner that stood before us, and to which we set ourselves with lively shouts of joy. Every one of us dreamt this at least ten times. The waking up to the truth of our situation was horrible!"

Alas! is not this the awakening which many will encounter who will build for eternity on a false foundation, who enter not in by the door; who delude themselves with a name to live, while they are dead? They end life with a flattering dream of heaven as their future home, and already anticipate an abundant entrance, when to their indescribable consternation, the voice says: "Depart, I never knew you." Oh! the horror of such an awakening.

HYPOCRISY.—"He that prays out of custom, or gives alms for praise, or fasts to be accounted religious, is but a Pharisee in his devotion, and a beggar in his alms, and a hypocrite in his fast."—*Jeremy Taylor.*