

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.]

Vol. XII.—No. 40.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1865.

Whole No. 612.

The Intelligencer.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND DESPAIR.

A SERMON: BY THE REV. J. J. DONAH, GREENOCK.
"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—JEREMIAH viii. 13.

Apart from their historical allusion, these words may be viewed as expressing with force and beauty that keen vexation we always feel when our schemes have been unsuccessful, and our hopes are scattered.

Even with regard to worldly designs, no sooner are we overtaken with failure than we sadly remember, that while the Past is beyond retrieval, the Future is all uncertain; and, under a deep conviction of the errors into which we have fallen, we bewail our disappointment in the spirit of our text, crying, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

If these words, however, describe our regret, as we see the dreams of earth broken up and fleeing away, with far more significance may they represent the remorse of a soul awakened to know that it had been long working against its eternal interests—its advancement in holiness—its preparation for dying—its readiness for heaven. And in this light would we now endeavour to apply them.

Even thus limited, it would not be safe to deal with the state of feeling here indicated, as assuming one form, or to be met by one remedy; but we shall put the prophet's lamentation in the mouth of four classes successively, and suggest either counsel or warning, offer relief or sound alarm, according to the state of mind that comes into view.

May the power of the Holy Ghost be in the word!

I. First, let us regard our text as the language of the *Backslider*.

The individual I now allude to is justified by faith, and his justification is irrevocable. The man is in Christ, and the Holy Ghost dwells in his heart.

For a season, however, this believer "has gone backward, and not forward." Iniquity abounds, and temptation prevails, and the ways of holiness are forsaken. He has unloosed "the girdle of his circumspectness; he has unbuckled "the helmet of his hope; he has cast away the sword of truth; he has taken off "the breastplate" of calm assurance, and in every way he has fallen. Long did he promise fair above most, walking over in the shadow of the cross; but the world offers him its fellowship, and sin cheats him with its temptations, and the devil breathes his malignant influence, and the flesh regards the mastery.

A deceived heart hath turned him aside. Nevertheless, the covenant stands sure. God speaks to him out of heaven, and the man is arrested on his path of evil. The word challenges him, and trial alarms him, and conscience rebukes him, and he wakes up from his perilous dream. He recalls the sins he is chargeable with; he numbers the opportunities of improvement he has lost; he lays to heart the promise he has dishonoured; he considers the mischief that his example will work; he thinks of the faithful exhortations, "My harvest is past, my summer is ended, and I am not saved!"

Al! brother, thou hast slept thy foot, and left the paths of righteousness. Thou hast sinned, and nothing in thy previous life can extenuate thy sin; yet thou art not to remain afar off from God, and think thou art forbidden His presence till time has given thee a fitness thou dost not mean while possess. For, what can time do? It may ease thy terror; it may deaden thy convictions; but it can neither instruct nor tranquillize thy conscience; and in the end thou must return directly and simply to God through Jesus Christ, if ever thou art to have thy soul built up. If, however, it is Jesus Christ alone who will quiet thy fears, and give thee peace in the end, repair to Him at once, and let thy burdened soul throw off its burden this very hour. So long as thou shalt stay away from the cross, thy heart is unaltered, as well as thy sins unremoved. But come to the Lamb of God just as thou art, and the same pardon that brings thee a blessed relief from all thy misgivings will work in thee the most profound contrition.

Though raised up from the depths, the backslider cannot forget how he has impaired his comfort, and retarded his progress, and weakened his influence, and diminished his reward. He is a believer, and shall enter into rest. But his rank in glory is brought down; his entrance will be less abundant; he may even be hidden stand afar off among "the severely saved." And as he is conscious of less firmness within, as he thinks again he walks out, "My harvest is past, my summer is ended, and I am not saved!"

Why despond, my brother! There is yet time to gird up thy loins, and win the race. Thou hast missed the summer, no doubt; but improve the autumn. And if autumn be so far advanced with thee that it is sprinkled with the snows of winter, turn thy winter into spring, and be all the more vigilant, and devoted, and strenuous, because thy life is drawing to its close.

If I mistake not, one chief reason of thy despondency, as well as a sign of it, was that thou didst keep out of sight the world to come. And therefore would I beseech thee to look much within the veil. Realize the allotments of the Last Day, and ever bear in mind, that the standard which regulates its decisions, is nothing else than this—"as our works have been." Often did the apostles encourage their fainting heart, when on this vexed ocean of life, with the prospect of their lofty thrones; and Paul loved to scan the dimensions of his ample crown. And did not the High Priest of our profession ever sustain Himself by the anticipation of the joy that awaited Him, when He would see of the travail of His soul? In like manner, then, set thy affections on things above, dear friend of Christ, and let thy walk be the solemn walk of one who, though he dwells on earth, is always looking into heaven; yea, rather, who dwells in heaven, and from thence looks down on earth! "God hath begotten us into a good hope—a lively hope—a blessed hope." And let the joy of thy hope be the strength of thy heart.

Yet, whilst admonishing them who may have fallen, shall I not add, better—far better not to fall—therefore "watch"? Yes, beloved, "watch," and "watch" with sleepless vigilance. "Watch" your paths, and "watch" your hearts. "Watch" with much supplication, and as one who has a

treasure to "watch." "Watch" as the astronomer watches for the stars of night. "Watch" as the soldier "watches," lest the enemy be sealing the ramparts. "Watch" as the shepherd "watches," and suffers not the wolf to seize his expected prey! Can ye look on sin with indifference, brethren!—then be alarmed! Have you left off from searching your hearts?—be sure that the coals of temptation are around you. Are your closest exercises become brief, insipid, cold?—the poison is in your veins. Do you number your days seldom, and weary less fondly to be home? Is the lapse of time unheeded? And can you step from one year into another without a pause of thoughtfulness; or even desecrating the moment by idle festivity and mirth? Alas! the darkness grows darker, and the world that is, must be blunting the power of the world to come.

Al! beloved, it is a small root, the root of backsliding, when first it strikes itself into some narrow crevice of our inner man. But, however small, let it awaken godly apprehension, and stir up the whole spirit to jealousy, and vigilance, and wrestling. What is only a little spark to-day, which a child may put its foot on, by to-morrow may the conflagration that lays waste the city and the plain. "The Lord is with you, while ye be with Him. And if ye seek Him, He will be found of you. But if you forsake Him He will cast you off for ever."

II. Let us now regard our text as the language of the *Unawakened*.

For a season men care not to think of God or eternity. The world is their portion, and the devil is their master. But to all, I am persuaded, there cometh once at least in their life, a time when their enjoyments are felt to be less satisfying than they were, and their security is shaken by anxious apprehensions. Minglings as to the end of that path they have chosen stand over them; and their calm is invaded by fears which they cannot define, yet will venture to explore.

By an impression, of which they can give no account; or by a process, every step of which they can minutely recall; by the simple ministration of the word, or by an unexpected event of life, their delusive peace is suddenly broken up. Amid the darkness of some restless midnight, or in the still chamber of death; by the departure of one year laden with all their sins, and the dawn of another bearing on its forehead, "This year thou shalt die"—it may be, whilst all is prosperity and gladness around them; or, it may be, watching her opportunity, when earth has anew become an empty cistern, and left its votary with out a hope—Conscience draws the clouds over the soul, and then, like an accusing angel, thunders through the gloom!

Now falls the spirit of the most daring, and the proud are laid low. Vain is every attempt to foil their emotions, or extenuate the danger. Hard as it may be, the awakened sinner is forced to admit that his whole life has been one grand act of rebellion against God, and that the wrath of God is kindled. It does not matter in what way he has evinced his enmity, nor how long he has persisted in his hardness. Enough is it for him to know, that merit has been none. And how can he expect mercy, if his Maker be now both Judge and Avenger?

Oh! what terror now rushes over his spirit, as he thinks of the days which are gone!—all witnesses to his guilt; and that beyond the present he may not have another hour to live! The man is at an extremity, and the ground feels as if it were giving way beneath him. Remorse has now dire possession of his soul; and as one on the brink of a sea and eternity, he cries aloud, "My harvest is past, my summer is ended, and I am not saved!"

The cry of a soul lamenting over worldly disfigurement and disasters, cannot fail to startle. And the cry of the afflicted backslider is more pitiable. But the cry to which I now refer is bitter by far, and carries in its accent as much despair as agony. It is the cry of a spirit that feels itself confronted with an infinitude of danger, comprised into a moment's space, and wraps in one appalling thought! It is a cry that embodies remorse for a lifetime's heedlessness, and it is loaded with the dread of wrath already on the way!

Unhappy souls! your condemnation is sure, your peril imminent. Only one wrinkle more upon the face of your Judge, and your place is with the angels who fell! Your trial is concluded; the sentence is passed; and who now will stay the Executioner? Ofttimes has God sought to sway and turn you, but ye would not be subdued. Again and again have warnings flashed around you in the sanctuary, under which you might have quailed; but they did no more than please your fancy, or provoke your criticism. Many a young day has Jehovah stretched out His hand of grace to pluck you from the wicked one, and you regarded not. He counselled you as to the way of life, but "ye would have none of His reproof." Al! may He "not laugh at your calamity now," and mock at the coming of your fear? May He not refuse to plead with you any more from His mercy-seat, and without delay go up to His throne of judgment?

No wonder, *unawakened souls*, if ye tremble, and that exceedingly! When the sword is ready to smite, ye will may put the jailor's question, with all the jailor's consternation, "What shall I do to be saved?" But there is a refuge! Not in your alarm; not in your abasement; not in your promises; not in your amendment; not in your tears; no, not in yourself at all, but only in Jesus Christ, our Lord. Jesus Christ was God; but He put on our flesh, and came to earth. On earth He lived a spotless life, and then died upon a cross. But this obedience, these sufferings, that life so pure, that death so atoning, were the price He carried up to heaven, to pay into the hand of the Godhead, for the release and restoration of every sinner who believes!

with the Holy Ghost are all the sources and safeguards of righteousness; and if we will only give Him access and scope, He will overcome sin, and righteousness, and judgment! Our heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; but by one almighty touch, He will cleanse every fold of thought, and consecrate the whole man into a temple where Himself may dwell! "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new!" The desert and the wilderness rejoice, and are made glad, and the wilderness rejoices, and flourishes as a rose, and a glory brighter than that of Lebanon is given to it. "Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God!"

III. Let us now apply our text as the language of the *Despairing*.

The individuals now meant, have given all their days to pleasure or to business, "vainly puffing up in their fleshly mind." Motionless and supine they have dropped easily down the stream of life, and seen only verdure on its banks. No fear has disturbed their repose, no future has engaged their anxiety. Insensible even to the progress of years, and suspecting nothing less than their close, they reach that time when they had resolved to halt on their course, and seek after God. They are brought to the dust of weakness, and the shadow of death is over them.

But as it was not to be expected that they, who in health deferred repentance, because the shrunk from the thought of death, would act otherwise when the dark messenger has knocked at their gate, so we find it to be. He comes; but he is an unwelcome as he is resistless. He gives the warnings of his approach in the wounds of disease, or the sorer tokens of his advance, in the debility of age; but they make light of his presages, and misjudge alike his speed and his sternness. As he shortens his distance, and verifies his threat; as he shakes a nearer dart, and evinces the decision of his aim; oh how they talk of their vigorous frame, or drown every misgiving in revelry! They summon the skill of the wisest to their aid, and bid the world cheat them with its sorceries of old!

Nature, however, grows sick, and relaxes under the weight of years. The blood runs weakly in the veins, and strength ebbs away through the force of disease. The system is wound down. Life is about to close.

Conviction has found entrance at length, and seizes the spirit with a deadly grasp. *Am I dying!* is the voice that echoes in every pang—that is whispered in every farewell—that is knelled in every hour as it strikes—that shouts through the darkness, and which is not silent even in the dawn!

A breath of terror now passes through that soul, which could heretofore scoff at the name of retribution, and disdain a world to come. A presentiment of danger shrouds it in impenetrable gloom; and with an awful accent it homoeously thins; "My harvest is past, my summer is ended, and I am not saved!"—the shriek of a man on whom hope has all but let go its hold, as he surveys the depths and shivers over the flames of hell!

Apathy at length awakens into feeling; heedlessness recounts its errors; hypocrisy throws off its mask; and pride is covered with shame! In amazement, life looks to every rampart, and makes trial of all expedients. But what does it matter? Death has his mandate from on high, and with him is no infirmity of arm nor mitigation of purpose! In view of every barrier, in spite of all contrary, the veteran posts himself before his prey. The eye may roll wild as he approaches; but who ever daunted him? The countenance may grow pale in dismay, as his cold touch is felt; but he will not falter. There may be wailing and weeping around; but only let the order to strike be given, and none shall deliver.

Overcome at last, the soul again braces itself for a survey of the path along which it is ready to be driven; and again it draws back in horror from the edge of that tremendous scene which opens before it, exclaiming with redoubled vehemence, "My harvest is past, my summer is ended, and I am not saved!" For another night, it may be, the man rallies his strength and abides in the flesh. But by morning Death has done his work—clean and irrevocable. Amid all the despair and outcry his presence had created, he stood relentless, with his warrant from on high. He thrust his icy hand into the fountain of life, and it was frozen at his touch! The burning pit refuses to groan; the weary eye is closed; and in a twinkling the spirit is conveyed amid all the realities which had so terribly awaked it!

Brethren, we may well shudder at a scene like this, and weep bitterly for any friend who may have died. Nevertheless, even of one whose latter end was such as I have described, be taught that we are not wholly to despair. At least, ask not me to judge him; for, who, after all, can tell what may be the character in some cases of a deathbed repentance, and what the result of a deathbed awakening. A malefactor's guilt was expiated even as he hung upon the nails of crucifixion;—and so it may have been with those we knew, who never cried after God until the shadow of the judgment-seat was around them. Death may have had a power in its stroke which it had not in its apprehension; and for aught that we know, the terror of these souls may have been "godly sorrow," their last mattering, as they passed away, the confession of their faith; and Jesus may have received them as they entered within the veil!

long enjoyment has inured you to the ways of sin. And, above all, reflect, that the true meaning of a resolution to *defer* repentance, is not even a feeble purpose to be holy some time, but a fixed, and daring, and atheistical resolution to persist in sin. Once, indeed, a thief believed, and was forgiven and died the same hour. But it is also true, that his companion in evil went to hell from his side. Let us remember, Esau, too, who only saw his sin in the hopeless forfeiture of his birthright. And did not the same moment behold Judas reed with anguish and thrust away among the lost? Beloved, ponder cases such as these, and turn to God whilst the voice of His invitation is abroad. It still breathes through the air, but its echoes are becoming feebler; and soon it may be with you the silence of utter abandonment for ever! "I was grieved with that generation, and said, They do always err in their heart; they have not known My ways. So I swear in My wrath, They shall not enter into My rest.—Take heed, brethren!"

IV. There is just one other class of individuals whom we may represent as uttering the language of our text. May it not be the cry of the *Lost*? Unlike those we described last, who pretend an ease they never enjoyed, and seal up a grief they tremble to investigate, the individuals to whom I now refer do experience undisturbed satisfaction, and are not "plagued like other men." Fair, accordingly, in their own esteem, they glide along without reflection on the Past, and spend their days without uneasiness as to Eternity. It would seem as if they could pass by the judgment-seat and open the gate of heaven, and sit down at the table of the blest, without the wedding garment.

They are cast upon their dying bed; but no fear harasses them, no pang shoos through their heart. I saw the man of God about to yield up the ghost, and the clouds lay dark around him. "Those whom I now wish you to realize are evanescence, and seem to dissolve into their grave. Endued with new steeliness for the occasion, death looks as if sent to remove a burden, rather than come to disinherit and avenge. Satan, too, stands by to keep the delusion unbroken; and, putting his hand over the victim's eye, he whispers in his closing ear that there is joy at hand! In a little "the last enemy" executes his summons, and the disembodied soul hastens impatiently to the scene of its hope. But ah! no Saviour beckons—no angels minister—no ransomed sing. All is darkness, and flame, and devil. The spirit is in custody of hell; and, apprised with desperate certainty that it has believed a lie, it shrieks, "My harvest is past, my summer is ended, and I am not saved!"

Stunned with amazement, and overborne with anguish, at first the spirit scarce understands where it is. But in another instant, the loud summons, "Render thy account!" restores it to consciousness, and sits it at the bar. How hard it pleads! It even dares to hope! appealing now to the mercy of God, and then to its own deeds of righteousness, asking, "When saw I Thee an hungry, or athirst, or in prison, and did not minister unto Thee?" But with the disdain of an accuser sitting on his throne, the Judge will lift up His hand, and say, *Depart!* The fle drops from its right hand, and the vision steals from its eye, and hope deserts its heart! Upbraided by conscience, and men, and angels, and the Lamb Himself, then howls the man who would never weep for sin on earth; and with all the intensity of utter woe, he cries, "My harvest is past, my summer is ended, and I am not saved!"

This is a scene of terror; for what cry so awful as the cry of despair—the cry of despair from the abysses of wrath! Nevertheless, looking your eye over to unconverted man, I ask, are you still determined to live at ease, and die in despair? No! my brother, my sister, you will be wise—*you must be saved!* The stake is tremendous, and many adversaries are leagued against you. But tell me, shall Satan be obeyed and God set at naught? Shall time be enjoyed, and eternity lost? Shall the vanities of earth engross you, but the fulness of life in heaven be despised? My friend, what shall thee at glory? In God's wide universe, is there, O man, no better thing than perdition?

I would draw closer yet. I see the Judge upon His throne, and the robes are opening! Behold, your names are called; your souls are placed before the bar! Justice lifts up her scales, and you are weighed in sight of angels, and of men, and all devils too. Now, are ye ready for this final scrutiny? Are you all ready? What say ye? Swearers, are you? Drunkards, are you? Hypocrites, are you? Formalists, are you? Blasphemers, are you? Worldlings, are you? Unbelievers, are you?

Alas! alas! were ye at this moment put in the balance, "wanting" would be the verdict pronounced on most of you; and as chaff would you be heaved amid the unquenchable flames!

Trifle, then, no longer—not another day, not another hour! Much, indeed, have you done for your ruin; and vengeance is all that you could look for. Yet still "the ladder" reaches down from heaven, even the word of promise,—"our Father" beckons you to ascend amid the splendours of the sky. Glad would "Jesus" be to see you taking hold upon "the travail of His soul," and building on it all your hope. "The Spirit," too, says, "Come—Come—Come!" and I will show you the Lamb. "The Bride," even the Church, also cries, "Come—come, and share the rest that we have found. And the Bible is still in your hand; and the sanctuary is still open; and the Sabbath still returns; and the mercy-seat is still within the veil; and the cross still may be seen on Calvary!

In a word, "all things are ready for thy salvation," unconverted man! Up, then, and "flee from the wrath to come!"—up, then, and "enter into rest!"

THE TRUE SHEPHERD.

I was wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew weary,
And the world had ceased to woo me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!"

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!"

At last I stopped to listen;
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
"O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!"

He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me;
He bade my love be bold,
And said how He had missed me;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
"O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!"

Strange gladness seemed to move Him
Whenever I did better;
And He coaxed me so to love Him,
As if He was my debtor;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
"O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!"

I thought His love would weaken
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
"O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!"

Let us do, then, dearest brothers,
What will best and longest please us;
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus!
We shall ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
"O silly souls, come near Me;
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true!"

—Anon.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.—A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

I am induced to give the following narrative in much the same words as it was spoken, in the hope and with the prayer that it may cheer and encourage some praying mothers who have long been crying to God on behalf of erring children.

"Three months ago," said the speaker, "I was living in the world in the midst of gross sin, without hope, fearing neither men nor devil. If I dared tell a little of what I have been guilty of, I should make the Lord's people weep. Thoughts of my mother crowd upon me now, for I had a praying mother, a dear child of God; earnest was her desire to train me to serve the Lord; she would advise, admonish me, and pray for me; she loved me fondly; I loved sin and the way of wickedness, I cruelly spurned all her fond advice, her prayers, and entreaties were lost upon me. When I became a young man, I determined to get away from her, that I might do as I liked, and, therefore, enlisted as a soldier. While a soldier I went to the very depths of sin, and in four years' time was discharged through ill-health. Then I let loose the reins, and swore and cursed fearfully. Today I saw the very spot where I deliberately stood, and swore, and cursed my Maker to his face. Oh, I owe it to the prayers of a dear mother that I am in the land of the living for surely it had been just had God cut me down."

"I had a great and intense hatred to God's people. I detested the sight of them. At last I came into this sin-stricken Spitalfields, and lodged in the lodging-house next door to the Gospel Hall. Dear Brother Jarvis (oh, I can call him brother now) came into the kitchen to preach. We determined we would not hear the preaching, and I, backed up by the ungodly lot, so opposed him, and made such a disturbance, that he was compelled to take up his hat and go out. We gloated over our victory, and gloried in it the whole week."

"The next Sunday I went to Victoria-park to see fuses, to try and get the three-penny-halfpenny for my night's lodging. Though I did my best and tried my hardest, I could not sell any. When the people would not buy any I cursed them, and blasphemed. I came back to the lodging-house restless and ill-tempered. I thought of the Gospel Hall next door; thought I should like to see it. At last I went in, and, oh, bless the Lord that I did so. Mr. Lewis preached from the text Heb. xii. 6, 'The Lord is my helper.' I began to feel very uncomfortable. I soon found there was a great difference between saying 'I am a sinner,' and feeling oneself a sinner; I did. My mind began to work, things came crowding upon it. I thought of the many prayers on my behalf by my dear, wrestling mother. I fancied I could hear her voice. My black sins came into my mind among other things; how I had despised and persecuted her, and how, when I was in the army, I treated her letter to me, and tossed it into the fire. I slipped out of the hall back into the lodging-house, and went to bed. I passed a fearful night, my sins mounting up one above the other. So it was all the week. I thought, What shall I do? I am indeed a guilty wretch. I must do better. I resolved I would go out no more on Sundays to sell fuses, and I kept my resolve on the next Sunday, though I had nothing to eat the whole day."

"That evening I went into the hall again. Mr.

Lewis was preaching about the happy death of two sisters in Christ who had attended the Gospel Hall; they had both endured much trouble and affliction, and he took for his text Ps. ciii. 30, 'So He bringeth them into their desired haven.' He drew a picture of the happy, glorious blood-bought, and blood-washed throng in heaven, speaking of how they had found their way over stormy seas of trouble, I then thought of my mother and all her trouble through me. I fancied I could see her in the midst of the glory, and I, her son was going to hell. I bowed my head, and tears flowed fast. I was in a fearful state of mind; I thought I heard the devil thunder in my ear, 'Such a wretch as you is sure to be damned; why, you know you broke that mother's heart, and killed her.' I went out of the hall, and did pray, but it was no use; I felt it was no use of my praying, I was too guilty a wretch to pray. I was, indeed, a wretched creature, wishing myself out of the way. I could not eat day after day. I thought my mother was safe and father was safe, for I heard him say with his dying breath, 'I know whom I have loved, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day,' but felt there was no hope for me. I came to the conclusion not to go into the Gospel Hall any more; I determined to put an end to my existence. On Saturday I was going off, but didn't. The next day (Sunday) I wandered about till midday, and then the thought came into my head, 'I'll just go into that Gospel Hall for the last time and say good-bye to the place.' In the evening I got inside. Mr. Lewis gave out his text, Col. iii. 10, 'Ye are complete in Him.' The words of the text alone struck me, but all he said seemed to say to me, as though he knew all about me. He showed a free, full, and present salvation of Jesus for the vilest, told us how Jesus had made full atonement for the most abominable sins, and how the blood of Jesus was sufficient for the blackest wretch in Spitalfields.

"The blood that purchased our release,
And washes out our stains,
We challenge earth and hell to show
A sin it cannot cleanse."

"I felt it was all for me, that he was preaching it for me. I didn't think of any one else. He said that the whole of salvation was wrapped up in two lines which were his creed."

"I'm a poor sinner and nothing at all,
Jesus Christ is my All in all."

Not part self, and part Christ, but all Christ. And then he said, let the poor anxious sinner write down the word 'self,' and the word 'Christ,' let him look at both, and he will be miserable. Now let him blot out the word 'self,' and look at 'Christ' alone, and there is peace. As I sat, devouring every word, I got to the Cross and said, "Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross O cling."

"I felt I was saved, for the whole of the burden was gone, and I rose from my seat a new man. Oh, what a wonderful change is this! I used to hate the Gospel Hall, and all belonging to it, now it is heaven upon earth to my soul. I used to say all the bad I could of the people attending, now I rejoice with them. These lips, which up to three months ago were cursing and blaspheming God, now long to praise and glorify Him, and now, wonder of wonders, let Jesus have the glory. Last Sunday evening I had the blessed privilege of going into that very lodging-house, and preaching to the people there, many of them my former companions, the love of Jesus."

May our Heavenly Father abundantly bless the above recital to the cheering the heart and strengthening the faith of praying mothers.

TAKING THE RIGHT TRACK.

Not many years since there was a Christian merchant in Mesopotamia, of great wealth, with the right spirit in him. A neighboring trader who did not know much about the Christian merchant, published a calumnious pamphlet about him. The Christian merchant read it; it was very abusive, and wicked, and malicious. All he said was, that the man who wrote it would be sorry for it some day. This was told to the libellous trader, who replied that he would take care that the Christian merchant should never have the chance of hurting him.

But men in trade cannot always decide who their creditors shall be, and in a few months the trader became a bankrupt, and the Christian merchant was his chief creditor. The poor man sought to make some arrangement that would let him work for his children again. But every one told him this was impossible without consent of Mr. Grant—that was the Christian merchant's honored name. "I need not go to him," the poor bankrupt said; "I can expect no favor from him."

"Try him," said somebody, who knew the good man better. So the bankrupt went to Mr. Grant, and told him his sad story of heavy losses, and of heartless work, and severe anxiety and privation, and that Mr. Grant's signature to a paper already signed by the others to whom he was indebted, "Give me the paper," said Mr. Grant, sitting down at his desk. It was given, and the good man, as he glanced over it, said "You wrote a pamphlet about me once;" and without waiting a reply, handed back the paper, having written something on it. The poor bankrupt expected to find libel or slander, or something like that written. But no; there it was, fair and plain, the signature that was needed to give him another chance in life. "I said you would be sorry for writing that pamphlet," the good man went on, "I did not mean it as a threat. I meant that some day you would know me better, and see that I did not deserve to be at tacked in that way. And now," said the good man, "tell me all about your prospects, and especially tell me how your wife and children are faring."

The poor trader told him that, partly meet his debts he had given up everything he had in the world, and that for many days they had hardly had bread to eat. "That will never do," said the Christian merchant, putting into the poor man's hand money enough to support the pinched wife and children for many weeks. "This will last for a little, and you shall have more when it is gone; and I shall find some way to help you, and by God's blessing you will do beautifully yet. Don't lose heart; I'll stand by you."

I suppose I need not tell you that the trader's heart overflowed, that he went away crying like a child. Yet the right tack is the official thing! To meet evil with good fairly beats the evil and puts it down. The poor trader was set on his feet again; the hungry little children were fed.