The Religious Intelligencer.

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REV. E. McLEOD,] "THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter. [Editor and Proprietor.

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THE JUDGE AND THE POOR AFRICAN WOMAN.

In one of the populous and beautiful towns on the banks of "La Belle Riviere," the Ohio, there dwelt and for aught I know, dwells now a just judge, honorable in life as well as in title; and also a poor lone African woman, long since gone to her crown and her throne in the kingdom above. She was queenly in the power and beauty of her spiritual progress, though poor as poverty could make her in this world's goods here upon earth, but she is doubtless queenly in position and external adorning as well as in heart, transformed and transfigured in the presence of the glorious Saviour in heaven, whom she loved so dearly and trusted so fully upon earth.

The judge was rich and highly esteemed. He dwelt in a mansion, not so fine as to repel, not so splendid as to make him the envy of the foolish, large enough to be the social centre of the town, and plain enough to make every one feel it a home, and his heart was in keeping with his house, large and open.

The poor African woman lived in a cabin on an alley all alone without chick or child, kith or kin.

Her own hands ministered amply to her own wants while she had health, and at home or abroad at work by the day, she often earned that which found its way to India, or Africa perhaps, in the spread of the gospel. Her home though poor and small was always neat and tidy. She belonged to the church of which the judge was an officer, and often sat down with him at the table of the Lord, in the house of the Lord, as she will again, O how joyously at the feast of the Bridegroom in the palace of the King, but it so happened that they had never had free conversation together about the things of the kingdom. He respected her. She venerated him. At last she received a severe injury, from which she never recovered, and for many weary months before her death was dependent and helpless, alone and bed-rid.

During this time the judge's ample table and abundant wardrobe had contributed its full share to the comforts of the poor woman. Never a day but she was remembered. But for a long time, for one reason and another, he put off from time to time a personal visit which yet he fully purposed in his heart to make her. Until at last one day as he thought of the cheeriness of his own pleasant home, the thought of the contrast between this and the loneliness and desolation of the poor woman's cabin, came into his mind, and while it heightened his gratitude for the goodness of God to him, it filled him with sadness and sympathy for her.

"Who can tell but I may cheer her a little, and perhaps by a little timely sympathy save her from repining at her hard lot? Possibly, too, I may be able to throw some light upon the rugged pathway along which she is going to the kingdom?"

The judge loved to do good; it was a great luxury to him. So, taking a well filled basket, and making sure that purse as well as scrip was stored with convenient small change, he sallied forth to visit the poor woman.

As the door opened, he was struck with the air of neatness in the cabin. If she was bed-rid, some kind hand supplied the place of her's. Everything was in order, swept and garnished neat as a pin. "Not so desolate after all," thought he.

But again, as the judge looked around, and contrasted the social joys of his own ample mansion, where the voice of children and of music, as well as the presence of books and friends, made all cheerful and happy, with the cheerless solitude of the poor woman alone here from morning till night and from night till morning, only as one or another called out of kindness to keep her from suffering, his heart filled again with sadness and sympathy.

Seating himself on the stool at the side of the poor woman's cot, he began speaking to her in words of condolence:

"It must be hard for you, Nancy, to be shut up here alone so many days and weeks?"

"O no, thank God, massa judge, the Good Lord keeps me from feelin bad. I'se happy now as ever I was in all my days."

"But, Nancy, laying here from morning till night and from night till morning all alone, and racked with pain, dependent upon others for everthing, do you not get tired and down hearted, and think your lot a hard one to bear?"

"Well, I'se 'pendent on others, dat's sure, 'deed I is, an I was aliers used to have something to give to de poor, an to de missionary, too, an to de minister, but I'se no poorer dan my good Lord was when he was here in de worl, and I'se nebber suffer half so much yet as he suffer for me on de cross. I'se bery happy when I think of dese tings."

"But, Nancy, you are all alone here?"

"Yes, massa, I'se all alone, dat's true, but den Jesus is here, too, all de time. I'm nebber alone, no how, and he's good company."

"But, Nancy, how do you feel when you think about death? What if you should die here all alone some night?"

"O massa judge! I speet nothing else but jes to go off alone here some night, as you say, or some day. But it's all one, night or day, to poor Nancy, and den, massa, I spec I'll not go all alone arter all, for Jesus says, in de blessed Book, I'll come an take you to myself dat where I am dare you may be also, an I believe him. I'se not afraid to die alone."

"But, Nancy, sometimes when *I* think of dying, *I* am filled with trouble. I think how bad I am, what a sinner, and how unfit for heaven, and I think now what if I should die suddenly just as I am, what would become of me? Are you not afraid to die and go into the presence of a holy God?"

"O, no, massa 'deed I'se not."

"Why not, Nancy?"

"O, massa, I was 'fraid berry much. When I was fust injer, I see I must die, an I thought how can such a sinner as I is ebber go into such a holy place as de new Jerusalem is? An I was miseble, O, I was miseble, deed, sure! But den by an by, after a while, I jis thought I mus trus myself to de blessed Jesus to make me ready for de kingdom jis as I did to forgib all my sins. An so I foun res for my poor soul in Jesus, an send at time I feel somehow, all better; I know now he will make me all ready pure an white for de new Jerusalem above. An now I love to think about de time when I shall come to 'pear befo the Father's throne, wid him in glory, all starry spangly white."

For a moment the judge sat in silence, admiring the power of grace. Not yet himself deeply affected by the light reflected from this star in disguise. A little pressure more was required—another chafing question—to bring out the ray destined to pierce his own soul.

"Well, Nancy, one thing more let me ask you; Do you never complain?"

"Complain! O, now massa judge, complain, do you say, massa? Why, massa! Who should such a one as I is complain ob! The Good Lor; He knows bes what's bes for poor Nancy! *His will be done!*"

Nancy said this in tones of the deepest sincerity. And a little more. There was just a shade of wonder at the question—as much as to say, "What! you an officer in the church, and a man of education, a judge, and yet think that a poor creature like me might complain of the dealings of a merciful God and Saviour like mine?"

The arrow took effect. The judge bowed his head in silence a moment, and then rose and bade Nancy good-bye, without the word of consolation and prayer, which he fully purposed when he went into the cabin.

All the way home he kept saying to himself, "Well, I never yet said 'His will be done' in that way. I never felt it. Alone, poor, helpless, bed-rid, dependent, miserable in body, and yet happy as an angel. Ah! there is a power there I never felt. But I must feel it, and God helping me I will. Not afraid to die. Trusting Jesus to purify her from all sin, and present her spotless before God. Waiting joyously his summons. O, blessed faith! I must know more of this, and I will."

Two weeks, night and day, the arrow rankled, rankled, rankled. His pain increased. Sleep forsook him, and his family became alarmed. He said nothing, but often groaned in spirit and sighed deeply. Sometimes the tears were seen to steal down his manly cheeks. All wondered, and all waited to hear what had come over the strong mind and manly heart of the judge.

At last, one day while he was bowed before God, he felt in his heart "Thy wil be done." The storm-tossed sea of his soul was suddenly calmed, and peace filled his heart—peace as a river. Now he, too, could trust Jesus to make him fit for heaven, and take him to it whenever and from whatever place it might please him.

It was the beginning of a new life for him—a change quite as great as at the time of his conversion, and as it has proved, the beginning of blessed things for his own family and church and town, and for the cause of Christ generally. Consistent and steadfast before, he has been a burning and a shining light, letting his light shine far and near ever since.

He went in the fulness of wealth and education, and influence and honor, to the poor, lone, lorn African woman, to do her good if he might with either counsel or food, or clothing or money. This was the full purpose and prayer of his heart; and yet, while he gave nothing to her, he received from her what all his wealth could not purchase or all his wisdom devise.

She, poor body had nothing to give, nor so much as even dreamed of giving aught to anybody. And yet, without a thought of it, she did give to the rich and honorable judge what was worth more to him than the wealth and honors of all the world.

And what does this illustrate to us? What but the power of spirituality? What but the power which poured upon the few illiterate fishermen of Gallilee in the Pentecostal baptism, fitted them for the reformation of the world, almost in a single generation? What but the very power now needed to transform the world and introduce the golden age of complete gospel triumph?—*Higher Christian Life.*

WHAT THE SCRIPTURES SAY CONCERNING PROPERTY.

To whom does it belong?

The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts; Hag. ii. 8.

If the property is placed in my hands by the providence of God, is it not then my own, to be used as I please?

The kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods; Matt. xxv. 14.

And said unto them, Occupy till I come; Luke xix. 13.

Is it lawful to possess much property?

The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich; 1 Sam. ii. 7.

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord. Wealth and riches shall be in his house; Psalm cxii. 1–3.

What are its advantages?

I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice and do good in his life; Eccl. iii. 13.

It is more blessed to give than to receive; Acts xx. 35.

His lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord; Matt. xxv. 23.

Many that were rich cast in much; Mark xii. 41.

What are the evils attending the pursuit and possession of property?

Behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit; Eccl. ii. 11.

He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; neither he that loveth abundance, with increase; Eccl. v. 10, 11.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows; 1 Tim. vi. 9, 10.

He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house; Prov. xv. 39.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth; Matt. vi. 19.

How are we to employ what God entrusts to us?

Honor the Lord with thy substance; Prov. iii. 9.

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life; 1 Tim. vi. 17–19.

Is giving a means of grace?

As ye abound in everything, in faith, in utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this grace also; 2 Cor. viii. 7.

Should the poor use this means?

And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he saith unto them, This poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury. For all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all she had, even all her living; Mark xii. 42–44.

Their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality. For to their power I bear record, yea, and beyond their power, they were willing of themselves; 2 Cor. vii. 2, 3.

Every man shall give as he is able; Deut. xvi. 17.

What is the effect of giving on the prosperity of the giver?

Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine; Prov. iii. 9, 10.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself; Prov, xi. 24, 25.

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over, shall men (angels) give into your bosom; Luke vi. 38.

He that giveth to the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse; Prov. xxvii. 27.

He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he repay him; Prov. xix. 17.

Should we regulate His benefactions by a system?

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come; 1 Cor. xvi. 2.

Every man according to his ability; Acts xi. 29.

Of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee; Gen. xxviii. 22.

Bring ye all the tithes (tenths) into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house; and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there will not be room enough to receive it; Mal. iii. 10.

OLD MOSES.

The following well authenticated narrative, which may have been seen already by some, is worthy of a general reading; and whoever begins it will not be likely to leave it till he reaches the end.

Mr. B. was a merchant in Baltimore, and did a very heavy business, especially in grain. One morning, as he was passing over the vessel at the wharf, he stepped upon the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro man sitting, whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distress: and he accosted him with.

"Hey, my man, what is the matter with you this morning?" The negro lifted his eyes, and looking at Mr. B. replied, "Ah, massa, I'se in great trouble." "What about?" "Kase I'se fotcht up here to be sold." "What for? What have you been doing? Have you been stealing? or did you run away? or what?" "No, no, massa, none o' dat; its because I did'nt mind the audes." "What kind of orders?" "Well, sah, you see, Massa William werry strict man, and werry nice man, too; and ebry body on the place got to mind him; and I break trew the rule; but I didn't tend to break de rule; I forget meself, and I got too high." "It's getting drunk, then, is it?" "Oh, no, sah; not dat nother." "I can get no satisfaction from you. Tell me what you are to be sold for." "For pragin' sah." For praying! that is a strange tale indeed. Will your master not permit you to pray?" "Oh, yes, sah, he let me pray easy; but I hollors too loud." "And why did you halloo so in your prayer?" "Kase de Spirit comes on me, and I gits happy fore I knows it; den I gone; can't 'trol myself den; den I knows nuthing 'bout massa's rule; den I holler if ole Satan hisself come, wid all de rules of de 'quisition." "And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?" "Oh, yes; no help for me now; all de men in the world could't help me now; kase when Massa Willum say one ting he no do another."

"What is your name?" "Moses, sah." "What is your master's name?" "Massa name Colonel Willum C." "Where does he live?" "Down on Easin Shore." "Is he a good master? does he treat you well?" "Oh yes, Massa Willum good; no better massa in de world." "Where is he?" "Yonder he is, jis coming to the wharf."

As Mr. B. started for the shore, he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that B. was a trader, and intended to buy him. Mr. B. introduced himself to Col. C., and said, "I understand you wish to sell that negro man yonder on board of the schooner." Col. C. replied that he did. "What do you ask for him?" "I expect to get seven hundred dollars." "How old is he?" "About thirty." "Is he a good hand." "Yes, sir, he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest, and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew." "Why do you wish to sell him."

"Because he disobeyed my orders. I built his quarter within a hundred yards of my own house; and I have never rung the bell, night or morning, that his horn did not answer in five minutes. But two years ago he got religion, and commenced what he termed family prayer; that is, prayer in his quarter every night and morning; and when he began his prayers it was impossible to tell when he would stop, especially, as he termed it, he got happy. Then he would sing, and pray, and halloo for an hour or two together, so that you might hear him a mile off. And he would pray for me, and my wife, and children, and all my brothers and sisters, and their children; and sometimes when we would have visitors, Moses' prayers would interrupt the conversation, and destroy the enjoyment of the whole coppany. Even after I had retired, I could not sleep. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbade his praying so loud any more. Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed; and my rule is never to whip, but when a negro proves incorrigible, I sell him. I pardoned Moses twice for disobedience in praying so loud; but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the farm would disregard my orders."

"You spoke of Moses' quarter. I suppose from that he has a family." "Yes, he has a woman and three children—or wife, I suppose he calls her now; for soon after he got religion, he asked me if they might be married, and I presume they were." "What will you take for her and the children?" "If you want them for your own use, I will take seven hundred dollars; but I shall not sell Moses nor them to go out of the state." "I wish them all for my own use, and will give you the fourteen hundred dollars."

Mr. B. and Col. C. then went to B's store, drew up the writings, and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel; and Mr. B., approaching the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, seemingly with the most awful forebodings, said, "Well, Moses, I have bought you." Moses made a very low bow, and every muscle of his face worked with emotion as he replied, "Is you, massa?" "Where is I gwin, massa? Is I gwin to Georgy?" "No," said Mr. B., "I am a merchant here in the city; yonder is my store. I want you to attend on the store; and I have purchased your wife and children too, that you may not be separated." "Bress God for dat! And, massa, kin I go to meetin sometimes?" "Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on the Sabbath, and every night in the week; and you can pray as often as you choose, and as loud as you choose, and as long as you choose, and get as happy as you choose; and every time you pray, I want you to pray for me, my wife, and all my children. If you are a good man, your prayers will do us no harm, and we need them very much. And if you wish to, you may pray for everybody of the name of B. in the state of Maryland. It will not injure them."

While Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their sockets, and his full heart laughed outright for gladness, exposing two rows of as even, clean ivories as any African can boast; and his heart's reponse was, "Bress God, bress God all de time; and bress you too, massa! Moses never tinks about he gwine to have all dese commodations! dis make make me tink bout Joseph in de Egypt." And after Moses had poured a few blessings on Col. C., and bid him a warm adieu, and requested him to give his farewell to his mistress, the children, and all the servants, he followed B. to the store, to enter upon the duties of his new office. The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

Early the next spring, as Mr. B. was one day standing at the store door, he saw an individual leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel, and walk hurriedly toward the store. He soon recognized him as Col. C. They changed salutations, and to the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B. replied that he was up stairs measuring grain, and invited him to see him. Soon Mr. B.'s attention was arrested by a confused noise above. He listened, and heard an unusual shuffling of feet, some one sobbing violently, and some one talking very hurriedly; and he determined to go up, and see what was going on. When he reached the head of the stairs, he was startled by seeing Moses in the middle of the floor down upon one knee, with his arms around the colonel's waist, and talking rapidly, while the colonel stood weeping. So soon as the colonel could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses's prayers and that during the past year he and his wife and all the children had been converted to God.

Moses responded, "Bress God, massa C.; dough I way up hea, I neber forgit you in my prayers; I ollers puts de ole massa side de new one. Bress God! Dis make Moses tink bout Joseph in de Egypt again."

The colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that was out of the question, for he could not part with him; and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty, and his children at thirty-five years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold into Egypt, God overruled it to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses. Moses eventually proved the instrument in God's hands of saving the man's soul who sold him.

Old Moses is still living, and doing well. He long since obtained his freedom, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own; and I suppose sings, and prays, and shouts to his heart's content.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Many years ago a vessel was crossing the Atlantic in the spring-time. Among the passengers was a young man returning to his country, with many rich and valuable presents for his bride elect. The voyage was prosperous, and the passengers had begun to count the days which would elapse before they should arrive at the wished-for port.

In the middle of the night passengers and crew were aroused from their slumbers by a heavy shock, which made the vessel tremble from stem to stern. The young man, half dressed, rushed to the deck, and saw, through the gloom, a boat, with a few men in it, just putting off from the ship. He hailed it, asking where the sailors were going. They answered that the vessel had struck an iceberg, and that they were going to examine the extent of the injuries. A suspicion flashed across his mind that these seamen were not truthful in their answer, but were intending to desert the ship in the only boat, and leave the remainder of the passengers and crew to their fate. Under the influence of this belief he leaped from the bulwarks, and struck one foot in the boat and the other in the water. The seamen received him with oaths, and instantly confirmed his suspicions by rowing away from the sinking ship.

In a few moments she settled, and plunged heavily into the depths of the sea, bearing all her unhappy occupants to a watery grave. That sudden leap in the darkness was a leap for life, and it ensured salvation. Days and nights of anxiety and incessant labour, of sleepless watching, hunger, and privation, were passed; but at length the worn-out survivors were rescued by a vessel bound to America, and the shipwrecked bridegroom embraced his waiting bride. He still lives, having passed the allotted term of threescore years and ten, but he has never forgotten to give daily thanks for the good Providence which directed him to make that leap for life.

How many souls are in the condition of this imperiled voyager! Their danger is as imminent; their hope of deliverance, without instant effort, is as precarious; all is dark around, but in one direction there may be dimly seen an opportunity of escape, which must be instantly improved, or it may be forever withdrawn. Yet the accumulated treasures of earth, the jewels and toys with which they would adorn a few fleeting years, the pleasures which they hope to realize in Time's brief moments, hold them back from making the exertion which might ensure exhaustless riches and eternal joy. When they hear the solemn words, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation," they hesitate, delay, and say with fatal emphasis, "To-morrow;" and, when their to-morrow comes, the waves of that dark eternity which rolls round all the world have ingulfed them, and they have sunk into a hopeless perdition.

If this young man had wavered for one moment, if the thought of the rich jewels which he had purchased to beautify his bride had tempted him below, the vessel would have been his coffin and the deep sea his grave. But one thing filled his mind in that solemn moment which decided his mortal destiny. It was not the festive scene to which he hastened, the sweet embrace, the admiration of friends at presents rich and rare; no, none of these. Life—life alone—was the sole object of his thought, and the fearful leap was the embodiment of his all-engrossing idea. And none will question the wisdom of his choice, or the propriety of his sacrifice? "All that a man hath will he give for his life." And yet, for life eternal, a position far more valuable, an object far more desirable, how few are willing to make half so great a sacrifice! How few are willing to risk those baubles, fame, and wealth, and ease, in a grand and heaven-directed effort for its attainment.

Ah, if they will not make the leap for life now, while God invites, while the means of rescue are at hand, while the way is open for their deliverance, they will soon go down in that fatal plunge, which will carry them, with all those cherished objects which have hindered their salvation, to a bottomless grave.

This moment, on the very verge I stand
Of Life Eternal, with its blissful throne,
But Time's gay tempters seize my wavering hand
And draw me downward to a deep unknown.

Spirit Divine, impel me by Thy grace
To break this spell and spring from endless woe,
On Thee alone my trembling hopes to place,
And let the world and its allurements go.

—*N. Y. Observer*

RELIGION AS A GUARDIAN.

The extent to which crime abounds is really awful. One cannot open a paper without being shocked by fearful exhibitions of human depravity. It is the age of sensations; the world likes to be startled, and it gets what it likes. The forms, too, in which these evil deeds manifest themselves have a novelty which, whilst it startles, removes them far from the common iniquities of a past generation. Crime, like commerce, art, science, seems under the influence of some mysterious law of development, and what fearful head it may reach one trembles to conjecture. At any rate, it grows apace, a noxious weed, casting its dismal influence around it, and vitiating whatever it touches. The arrangements of society, with a view to self-protection, are miserably inadequate. They do not meet the case; and by the contrast between those costly arrangements and the deeds of violence which they fail to prevent, our sense of danger is felt more painfully, and our inability to take care of ourselves made more conspicuous. In thinking of these things one naturally longs for the time when the demon of crime shall be everywhere exorcised, and when nothing shall hurt nor destroy; when the villain shall abandon his villany, and the injurious man his malice; and when the golden law of Christ—'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them'—shall be universally obeyed in a regenerated and happy world. Meantime, in the full faith that such a period will come for he is faithful that promised, let us suggest—especially to our younger readers—a lesson on religion as a blessed guardian protecting from vice and crime. The fear of God in the heart keeps its happy possessor from a thousand temptations before any one of which the man who has no such protecting fear may at any time fall. Grace is the true enlightener regarding the dark character of moral evil, and the dismal consequences which are entailed by departure from the path of Christian virtue. It is when a person discovers his own need of constant Divine protection, and his inability of himself to escape from sin and follow holiness, that he gratefully commits his way to the Lord, and goes to the throne of grace, that he may obtain mercy and find grace to help him in time of need. He who thus feels that he is a debtor to grace will cherish those feelings towards his fellow-men whose universal diffusion would make society a paradise. It is quite a mistake to suppose that religion terminates with the individual who is its subject. It never does this, for though it gives him peace, pardon, and everlasting life—things which, of course, have to do with him as an individual—yet it, at the same time, teaches him to love his neighbor as himself, and 'love worketh no ill to his neighbor.' Forgiven of God, he forgives his fellow-man, and where forgiveness is extended wrath and strife cannot also go. It is to those who fear God that the injunction is addressed, "See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.' The propriety of this injunction and its entire harmony with the state of mind induced by grace are at once apparent. The Christian really desires to be and to do that which the precepts of the evangelical system require. In his heart there is a ready response to commands addressed to regenerated men; for those commands are just such as the new nature in him understands and appreciates, and obedience, therefore, whilst it is a duty is also a pleasure. How clear then is it that religion is the guardian of its subjects. 'I fear God' is the grand rebuke of the tempter, the anointed shield from which the fiery darts of the adversary glance harmlessly aside. 'How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?' is a question which strikes the enemy dumb, for he cannot answer it, and will not reason with it. Knowing the temptations that abound in the world, the Lord has graciously provided a complete suit of armour for his people, that they may not fall beneath the power of the wicked one.—*London Christian World.*

THEY ALL TAKE AFTER THEIR MOTHER.

In the providence of God, the seven first years of my ministry were spent in a new and enterprising section of our State. It was my lot to break the bread of life to the little churches in a large district, where there was no other minister of our order. It so happened when I was on one of my missionary excursions, about eight years since, after having preached to a little church one Sabbath, an aged man, venerable and respectable in his appearance, invited me to go to his house, about one mile and a half distant, to see his wife who was sick, and was not expected to survive but a short time. I accompanied him, and upon inquiry found that he was a member of the church, but his wife was a Universalist. The old gentleman felt very tenderly for his aged companion, and said he was afraid she would die in her present belief. We arrived at the house, and I was convinced at first sight she had but very few days to linger on earth. I entered into religious conversation with her, and found that at all hazards she was resolved to die a Universalist. She was evidently a woman who had read, thought, and reflected much upon the subject of her creed, and was confident she was right. All I could say seemed not to affect her in the least. Before I left, her husband wished me to pray. I did so; and, to my astonishment, when we rose from our knees, she flew into a proxysm of anger in view of the sentiments of the prayer. This, you must know, was very disagreeable, especially when you consider that a tender spirit was evinced and kind but earnest language only used.

I left the house with gloomy feelings, and ere I passed that way again she had gone into the world of spirits. Her bereaved husband passed through the town of my residence, and called upon me. I condoled with him in his affliction. Amongst other inquiries I asked how many children he had.

'Eight,' was the reply, 'all settled in life.'

'Are any of them pious?'

'Oh, no!' said he, 'they all take after their mother.'

The old gentleman, as he uttered this expression, stood trembling, both his hands resting on the top of his staff; his locks lay curled upon his shoulders; the tears ran swiftly down his furrowed cheeks, and his feelings became too deep for utterance.

He soon left my house; but his whole appearance still remained vividly before me, and the solemn, choking accents of his voice rang in my ear, 'Oh, no! they all take after their mother.' My mind was deeply impressed with the force of this short expression. I have since become acquainted with several of his children. They are naturally bright, intelligent men. One of them has been honored with a seat in our State legislature; but his heart seems incapable of religious impressions. The same is true of the others. They are generous, kind neighbors, and are in easy circumstances in life, but against divine truth which addresses itself to the understanding and the heart, they are fully set. Their mother evinced the same spirit before them, and taught them never to believe in a God who would make any of his creatures eternally miserable. I did for a time once have some hope that one of her sons would become pious. He was evidently somewhat serious; but at last he cast away all his seriousness, and returned to his former belief, with greater apparent confidence in it than he had formerly cherished. They still follow their mother's creed; and so far as we can judge, will to their graves.

There is much force in that sentence uttered by the old gentleman; I have been watching it these eight years or more, and have seen its striking development in many families. For instance, in the city of —— lives Judge ——. He has a numerous family of children. It is delightful to mingle in that family circle; everything is pleasant, manly, agreeable and Christian. Once two of their sons, one six years old, the other four and a half, as they were drawing their little waggon in the hall fell into a disagreement. The youngest claimed the right to draw it; the other resisted for a moment, while a few words passed between them; finally, the eldest, with a noble, manly look, leaned towards his brother and spoke in the kindest tones, 'Well, we'll go and ask mother.' So off they ran, cheerful as the bird of the morning, to their mother's room. What was said by her I knew not. They soon came skipping into the hall again perfectly cheerful and happy. The youngest took the waggon, and his brother seemed to rejoice in it as much as himself. Oh, thought I, how pleasant! 'They all take after their mother.'

In the village of —— is a mother of education and refinement. In her circle of friends she is all loquacity *et incessissima* and agreeableness, with an unusual faculty for embellishing any subject, great or small. She has several sons and one daughter. Often my soul has been pained in watching the conversation of that naturally bright, interesting daughter, now becoming a young lady. I do not suppose she intends wilfully to misrepresent or tell falsehoods; but such is her habit or powers of description, in honest candor, it is very often difficult to believe her a person of truth. Many times the thought, though disagreeable, rushes into my mind, 'Poor child, how much she does take after her mother!' That mother is a professor of religion, and may yet feel anxious for the salvation of her daughter, and may God grant that she may not be ruined by following the example of her mother. But my sheet is nearly full, and I have written a tithe only of what I designed when I commenced. Enough, perhaps you will say, unless it is better.—*Mother's Magazine.*

Prayer is communion or commerce with God.

Prayer is the one condition on which all the operations of grace are suspended.

God ordained prayer, and so proclaimed his paternity to man.

Man prays, and so confesses his dependence and helplessness and sin. Prayer is the path God made, on which man travels back to him.

Prayer it the soul's outlook towards God.

Prayer is the attitude of watchfulness and reverence, and the utterence of humility and faith.

Prayer is the soul's telegram of "the situation," the cry for help in the struggle with Apollyon, the repair to head quarters for further orders.