

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD.

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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### A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

PREACHED IN YARMOUTH, N. S., APRIL 30th, BY REV. ARCHIBALD BURPEE.

There are events which take the world by surprise. They arrest universal attention, and thrill the hearts of all men with a common emotion. Their suddenness fills the breast with awe, and for a time hinders dispassionate inquiry as to the reasons of their permission by Him who "doeth according to his will in the army of Heaven and among the inhabitants of earth." Such an event has transpired within the present month, on our own continent, in the murder of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, who fell by the hand of an assassin. "Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph." Nay rather, let the tidings go to the ends of the earth that the brand of infamy may appear for evermore upon the brow of slavery, which will be held responsible for the world over, for this deed of violence and blood, which is its natural product. We seem to be carried back nearly three thousand years to the days of David, then King of Judah, and to an event not unlike the one which we now contemplate. Abner, the man of greatest influence in Israel, which had not yet submitted to David, had taken steps to reunite the tribes, and had set forth to complete the work, when Joab, David's military chief, a brave but unscrupulous man, fearing the loss of his own influence, and willing to avenge the death of a brother whom Abner had slain in self-defence, called Abner aside as if for friendly conference, and treacherously slew him. David's grief was intense, and at the grave of the murdered man he thus lamented him: "Died Abner as a fool death? Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters: as a man falleth before wicked men, so fell thou here." And the King said unto his servants: "Know ye not that this man is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel? Well might the monarch weep over the cruel murder, and well may our brethren in the United States lament the removal of their Chief Magistrate by the hand of violence. The deed becomes the more atrocious in the absence of any possible advantage to be derived from it. It could not serve the cause of the rebellion, which had already succumbed, in the fall of its capital and the surrender of its Commander-in-Chief. It could not serve the cause of slavery, for the nation is rejoicing in the sweet fruits of freedom, and cannot consent to the re-enslavement of the negro. It could not serve the cause of the vanquished, for it struck down the man whose greatest fault, in the judgment of many who love righteousness, was too much tenderness towards rebels. It could only proceed from vindictive hate and the love of violence. It is too late to pray for the murderer, whose spirit has already passed into the presence of Him who has said, "Vengeance is mine: I will repay." Repressing the indignation which arises spontaneously, let us endeavor to form a correct estimate of this solemn event, which concerns not one nation only, but all the nations of the earth. Amid the wail of anguish wrung from the heart of a nation whose shouts of victory were suddenly hushed, we hear the voice of Him who sits on the throne of the Universe—let us listen with awe and penitence—"Be still, and know that I am God."

It is a lesson we learn with difficulty, and forget almost as soon as we have learned it, that God is supreme, and the only object of implicit and unfeigned trust. This truth is spoken very distinctly in our hearing now. Our strength and sufficiency are of the Lord. "Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not be when the heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green, and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, and the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." "He hath said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' So that we may boldly say, 'The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.' "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man; it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? "It is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well-doing than for evil doing." But we incline to condition success upon the continued existence of certain persons and things, and if these are withdrawn, success is impossible. We do not in words deny the hand and government of God. We are prepared to acknowledge that he has raised up such persons, and established the system and order which we admire; but we in reality limit the Holy One of Israel by demanding the perpetuity of anything human or earthly. The disciples had conceptions of a coming kingdom, but they conditioned it upon a living, personally present Christ, and when He fell into the hands of His enemies, they were ready to abandon all hope. "We trusted that it had been He who should have redeemed Israel!"—told their view after his crucifixion. There is another wrong done to God in the fact that we transfer, unconsciously perhaps and without intending it, our confidence from God to God's instrument. How can He permit this transference, who has said, "My glory will I not give to another?" He is therefore compelled, for it is our duty, to bring down one and exalt another. Happy are we if at length we are taught to lean wholly on the arm divine. Nothing is more evident than the truth which He himself reveals; His ways are not ours. We would have continued the executive au-

thority in the hands of one who had proved himself trustworthy, and many of us rejoiced in the re-election of President Lincoln, as the expression of the divine will in regard to the wise settlement of the civil war; but God's method does not coincide with ours, and we have misinterpreted his intentions; and while we stand amazed and confounded, do we not hear his voice commanding us to be still and know that He is God?

God does nothing without reason, although we may fail in attempting to discover the reason, and our best efforts may be only guesses at the truth. All attempts to interpret providence should be made modestly; and in the remarks which follow, so far as they ascribe reasons for the divine action, I would wish to be understood as giving utterance to conjectures rather than dogmatic statements.

The wisdom and mercy of God are seen, as it seems to me, in the time of the President's death. Why was he spared so long? Why did not the assassin die the dark deed months ago? Abraham Lincoln did not surround himself with a guard, as does the Emperor of the French. He was the most accessible of public men. He was too ready for his own comfort and peace, to admit men to his presence, too patient in suffering every imaginary grievance to be poured into his ear. How easy, therefore, for the murderer to come in contact with him, and accomplish that which was in his heart! Why was it not so? The only rational answer, the only devout answer is, His hour had not yet come. His work was not accomplished;—for if man as of us all it is true "man is immortal till his work is done." So long as he was needed to put down rebellion; so long as he was needed to give effect to his policy of Emancipation; so long as he was needed to pursue a wise and conciliatory course towards other nations, his life was sacred and he was unharmed. We can see disaster in his death at any former period; his death now rather than before is proof of the divine goodness. The effect of his death by violence cannot fail to be beneficial. It seemed necessary, to give the world additional evidence of the barbarism and ferocity of slavery. Here was a Chief Magistrate of remarkable clemency, who had with great reluctance resorted to coercion to put down the rebellion; whose tenderness of the feelings of slave owners provoked many an impatient utterance from earnest and slavery-hating men; who never ceased to feel kindly towards the enemies of his country, even when compelled to proclaim Emancipation, which he did gladly for the slaves' sake—smitten down by one whom his policy of forbearance had permitted to reside without fear in the very Capital—murdered by a Northern traitor, who had never disguised his sympathy for the South and its Institutions. There can be no reasonable doubt that slavery is responsible for the deed. It would never have been committed if Abraham Lincoln had been more tolerant of the gigantic enormity. But he had nobly declared that his proclamation of Freedom should never be rescinded; that another's hand, not his must reverse the movement, which was the beginning of tardy but real justice. If such a man must die because slavery hates him, what must slavery be? Who does any man now more earnestly than ever, "let slavery perish!" It may be that God designed, in the death of Mr. Lincoln, to prepare the American people to deal righteously with slavery, to nerve the popular arm for the work of actual emancipation. His death must increase the antipathy of all right-minded persons towards slavery.

The assassination at the present juncture seems designed to prepare the American people and others to recognize the claims of justice. Mercy is an admirable quality—"Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy"—but justice is admirable too. No authority can be sustained without it. There was danger lest, the rebellion being crushed, its authors should receive too lenient treatment. There was danger lest, in the joy born of peace, the sacred majesty of lawful authority should be overlooked. Perhaps Mr. Lincoln was better adapted to the period of war than of reconstruction. He might have yielded too much to his natural feelings. He might have restored the traitors to citizenship, and emperiled all that had been secured in behalf of freedom and humanity. We cannot tell; and yet it is possible, if this be so, he died opportunistically, and the manner of his death will speak in the behalf of justice. The least punishment due to the authors of the civil war which has desolated so many homes is banishment for life. The tens of thousands systematically starved in prisons, and the butchered blacks, who received no mercy after they were captured, cry aloud for justice. The words of the Apostle are applicable in this case, and it is in no vindictive spirit that I quote them: "If thou dost that which is evil be afraid, for he (the ruler) beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

The assassination will do much, we hope, to promote a kindly feeling between the American people and other nations. It is pleasant to read the expressions of sympathy which this sad event has evoked. They come from every quarter. They seem to be the spontaneous outburst of the heart. Our legislators did themselves honor by their resolutions and adjournment on hearing the tidings. We cannot but feel kindly towards the people whom God has thus afflicted. The expression of our sympathy will awaken kindly feelings towards us, and in that way peace and good-will will be promoted.

You may think it a contradiction, but I cannot refrain from expressing another thought. It may be that God designs to scourge other nations through this death. I pray that it may not be so; yet it is possible. The new President is not yet tried. He has already said publicly: "The hour will come when those nations which exhibited towards us such insolence and improper interference in the midst of our adversity, and that is a Government of our weakness, will learn, that this is a Government of the people, possessing power enough to make itself felt and respected." This is not the speech of Abraham Lincoln. I am no alarmist. But are we nationally so free from sin that we have no need to deprecate war? It is folly to say, as some do: "Let them assail us if they dare! We will teach them a lesson they will not soon forget!" No one knows the horrors of war so well as those who have seen and been smitten by it; and nothing provokes war so readily as the expression of a defiant spirit. The truly brave are slow to

provoke a combat, for the shock of war is like the explosion of gunpowder, which is felt in all directions. To win a battle is only less disastrous than to gain one. We should suffer in the event of war between the United States and Great Britain, whatever might be the final issue. We have more interest in the removal of the ruler who presided by violence than we imagine perhaps.

This sudden death, like sudden death everywhere, teaches us the importance of being prepared to die. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh." How little Mr. Lincoln thought that death was so near! And if he had foreseen it, would he have spent his last conscious hours in a theatre? This point I touch lightly. I express however what many feel. After making all due allowance for the public expectation; for the example set by prominent persons, such as that of our own Victoria—I do regret, with many others, that the author of the Inaugural of March 4th, 1865—a document as far superior to ordinary state papers as can well be conceived in its devout recognition of God—a document containing the following memorable words:—"The Almighty has his own purposes. 'We unto the world because of offences; for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which in the Providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove; and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believer in a living God always ascribes to Him?—Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword,—as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' " I do regret, I repeat, that the author of such noble sentiments should not have been equally singular in his abstinance from the amusements so usually patronized by the great ones of earth. A man of so many undoubted excellencies could have held himself above such paltry pleasures, without injuring his popularity or his usefulness. The desire to gratify the people, in all probability took him to the theatre, but we do not the less regret it. Abraham Lincoln was but a man of like passions with ourselves, and therefore not a perfect pattern for our imitation. Of but one man could it be said, "He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." Of only one, "He did no sin." Him let us imitate; in Him let us trust.

The departed President was a noble man. He had little polish, but he was a gentleman in the true sense of that much abused word, for he loved goodness, and dealt very gently with those who hated him and his country. He was a true patriot, slow in forming his opinions, backward in uttering them, but inflexible in his adherence to the principles which he embraced. I have yet to hear of a single instance of dishonesty, or of one example of deviation from whole-hearted integrity. Witness his departure for the prayers of his fellow-townsmen, on his departure for Washington to assume the reins of government, as proof of his humility; and a wise man has said "Before him is humility," and a wiser than he has declared: "He that humbly himself shall be exalted." We have good reason to believe that true piety was the basis of Abraham Lincoln's fidelity to principle, and that he will stand among the redeemed, and hear the approving, "Well done, good and faithful servant." God gave him rare opportunities in these four years, and he embraced them. There must be good in store for that people to whom God gave George Washington and Abraham Lincoln! They were premature in their utterances who predicted the overthrow of the Republic. Loyalty to Victoria is not abated in the expression of admiration of the character of the deceased President, nor do I utter a disloyal prayer when lifting my heart and voice to the Ruler of nations I exclaim "God bless the Republic!" Should any nation come into such trouble as that from which the United States are now emerging, we could ask no better ruler for them than Abraham Lincoln. Let his memory be cherished for the sake of humanity and integrity and liberty. Future generations will rise up and bless the man who stood firm in the hour of greatest peril, who quailed not before the tempest when it threatened shipwreck to an envied nationality; and who when the storm abated and the danger was past seemed unconscious of having done anything to deserve the plaudits of the nation and of the world, and was only anxious to repair the disaster, and turn his experience to good account. Be it ours to do our duty as faithfully, and come forth as humble as he from the conflict of life, having secured a glorious victory over the world, the flesh and the devil. To no one of us will be given a position such as his. God will not lay upon us the burdens of a great nation. We shall never become the target for so much envy and malignity. Our feet will never stand on such slippery places. But we can become as truly great as he. Real greatness consists in doing our appointed work in the proper spirit. "He that is faithful"—oh, heed the inspired words, my hearers!—"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much," while "he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." We cast away our opportunities, because they are insignificant, and trifle with our merits, as if we had no responsibility. If we could do some great thing we would rush to its performance—so we think—but would we? The honesty that would pay a thousand dollars would also pay a single penny. But many despise the day of small things. The one talent, because it is only one, is buried in the earth. The reckoning will not overlook the act, and justice will inflict the punishment. Piety does not depend upon princely opportunities; and every man shall receive his reward according to his labor, whether the scene of his labor is open to general inspection, or comparatively obscure. "Well done, good and faithful!" will be addressed to every true servant. May we serve our generation according to the divine will! May we at last find ourselves in his presence where there is fullness of joy, and at His

right hand where there are pleasures for evermore. Uncrowned here, may we be crowned there. If we secure glory and everlasting life, it will be through faith in the Saviour. It is not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy we are saved. May we have mercy of the Lord in that day which will try every man's work of what sort it is. Let us redeem the time—work while it is called to-day—and hopefully await the hour when we shall be called hence.

### THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

The following sketch of this nobleman, who is the able and widely known President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the leader in a great variety of philanthropic and religious movements in London, was copied from the *Christian World*. Such noblemen as Lord Shaftesbury do honor to the British aristocracy and British nation:—

He was born in London, in the year 1801, his mother, Anne, being a descendant of the great Duke of Marlborough. He was educated first at Harrow, a name now so familiar to all who travel on the North-Western Railway, and where Byron and Sir Robert Peel were schoolfellows, while young Lord Ashley—the family name—was a baby. From Harrow he went to the aristocratic and famous Christ Church, Oxford, where he obtained a first-class degree in classics, and where Sir Robert Peel and his eminent disciple, Mr. Gladstone, were double first-class men—that is, obtained the highest honour which the University had to bestow. When twenty-six years of age he entered Parliament as a Tory, for the pocket borough of Woodstock, and was appointed to a minor office by the "Iron Duke," who was then in power, and with whom he voted in favour of Catholic Emancipation, but against the Reform Bill; and about the same time did a better deed than that of voting against the voice of the nation upon reform, by marrying the daughter of Lady Cowper, the present wife of the Prime Minister. The son-in-law and friend of Lord Palmerston could scarcely be much of a party politician. He calls himself a Conservative, we believe, but one of the bitterest attacks made upon any politician of late years, was made by Mr. Disraeli upon him, and happily he has so signalled himself as the foremost philanthropist of the age, that we think almost as little about his political views as we do concerning those of John Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, or William Wilberforce. The aspect, however, of his supposed political conduct, has attracted a good deal of notice and criticism. His relative, Lord Palmerston, has had the pleasure, or the task, of making almost all the present occupants of the Episcopal bench, to say nothing of a multitude of minor sacred dignities. We read in history of "Warwick the King-maker," and if Lord Palmerston does not pass down to posterity as the "Bishop-maker," it will not be for want of unusual practice in that capacity. The Premier is gifted with a large amount of that valuable mental quality called tact, or common sense, and he has shown it in employing the popular Lord Shaftesbury to select suitable men for the mitre. Until lately, therefore, the Palmerston Bishops have belonged, for the most part, to the "Low Church" section of the Establishment; and when murmurs began to be heard from the "Broad Church" and "High Church" parties the Premier displayed his usual prudence by elevating such men as Dr. Tait and Dr. Trench.

But it is as a Christian philanthropist that Lord Shaftesbury has attained to such a large measure of popularity and personal esteem. Being much more of a Christian than a Churchman, caring little for mitres, and fonts, and altars, in comparison with faith in the atoning blood of the incarnate Son of God, he delights to worship, and work with all who "love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth"; and though doubtless attached to the Church of England as a portion of the Church Universal, he would scout the bigotry of the narrow souls whose shibboleth is "No Church without a bishop," and heartily assents to the truthfulness of Augustine's words, "ubi Christus, ibi Ecclesia." Where Christ is, there is His Church; and hence it is that one day he will preside over the assembly which met at Southampton to uncover the statue erected to the memory of Dr. Watts; and another day he and his family will attend Divine worship in a theatre, he himself acting as curate to the preacher, by reading portions of Scripture; and on another day presiding at the meeting assembled to do honour to that notable Independent minister, the indomitable Dr. Campbell.

It is now more than thirty years since his Lordship commenced his enviable career as philanthropist, by moving the "first-reading" of the Ten Hours Bill in the House of Commons, which ultimately became law, after immense exertion on his part, arising from the most strenuous opposition from the representatives of the cotton lords, and the fears of most of the leading statesmen of the period, lest the principles of political economy and the rights of capital should be compromised if children could not legally be allowed to work twelve hours a day! Yet, strong in the righteousness of his cause, Lord Ashley, session after session, through upwards of ten years, fought the battle of the Ten Hours Bill, and by God's blessing, gained the victory. The enviable distinction is his of having obtained for himself the gratitude of hundreds of thousands of operatives, with the satisfaction now of knowing, after lengthened experience, that not one of the evils anticipated by his opponents from the measure has occurred, while it has eminently tended to remove domestic comfort, and consolidated social conditions are in close proximity. The successful struggle for the Ten Hours Bill doubtless stimulated his Lordship to valiant warfare against other social evils and the Shoe-black Brigade, the Juvenile Reformatories, and the Ragged-Schools, now so well known, bear witness to his inventive wisdom, fervent zeal, and unconquerable perseverance in the cause of a true philanthropy. Indeed, it would be difficult to mention any great works of secular or sacred benevolence, devised and carried out by the Evangelical Protestants of England during the last twenty years, in which Earl Shaftesbury has not taken his full share, and concerning many of which he could say, if his modesty did not forbid, "Quoniam pars magna fui." He presides over the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, the British and Foreign Bible Society; takes

a more or less active part in every effort made by Christians, irrespective of communion, to oppose the torrent of infidelity and irreligion; and is, moreover, a Quarterly Reviewer. A whole week he spent, in company with a City missionary, in visiting the wretched dens and wigwags which abound in the metropolis, where vice is unvarnished and misery is patent. The scenes he witnessed were strikingly described in an article forwarded to the *Quarterly Review*, which duly appeared, and was acknowledged by a cheque of £20 from the publisher, which the noble writer handed to his comrade in the visitation.

The personal appearance of his Lordship is somewhat striking. He is tall, well built, and with a set of features the very opposite of feminine. As a speaker Earl Shaftesbury is sufficiently fluent to be popular, without possessing the oratorical power of such men as Lord Derby, or Mr. Bright, or Mr. Gladstone. But, "Deeds not words," has been the motto of his life, and when the social history of England during the middle of the nineteenth century, comes to be written, the honoured name of Shaftesbury will shine upon its page surrounded with a goodly portion of that lustre which encircles the names of Rowell, Buxton, William Wilberforce, and John Howard; men "who served their generation according to the will of God," and whose memory our children and children's children, will, we trust, be loth to let die.

### TRUST IN GOD.

The Rev. Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia, in a sermon to children in the *S. S. Times*, furnishes the following authentic and beautiful illustration of his theme. None more striking can be found outside the covers of the Bible:—

"I wish to give you another illustration of this part of the subject. This is connected with the present war. It took place at the battle of Gettysburg, in our own State, two summers ago."

"In one of the regiments of the rebel army was a company of soldiers from North Carolina. In this company was a person who belonged to the religious society of Friends sometimes called Quakers. He had been forced to join the army against his own will. He protested against it, and said he was opposed on conscientious principles, to fighting under any circumstances; that he could not fight, and would not fight. But nobody would mind him; he was forced to shoulder his musket and march. He did so, but always saying that he would not fight."

The regiment to which he belonged joined General Lee's army in the invasion of Pennsylvania. But it never was called into action till they came to Gettysburg. There it was soon known that a great battle was to be fought. Just before the battle began, this Friend went to the Colonel of his regiment and said he could not go into the fight. The Colonel said he must. He said he could not, and would not. 'Then,' said the Colonel, 'I'll have you shot.'

"These can do as these please about that, I trust in God—but I cannot fight."

The Colonel had him led into an open space, and ordered a squad of soldiers to shoot him. While the soldiers were making ready, taking aim, and waiting the command to fire!—the man stood calmly there, and lifting up his face to Heaven, said, in a loud, clear voice, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' The men threw down their arms, and said they 'wouldn't shoot such a man.' Another squad was called out, and the same thing occurred with them. The Colonel was very angry. He swore a dreadful oath, declaring he would trample the man to death. He put spurs to his horse and galloped up to him to ride him down. But when the horse came up to the man, he reared up on his hind legs and turned away. This was repeated two or three times with the same result. Then the trumpet sounded to battle. The Colonel had to hasten away and lead his men into the fight, and in one of the first volleys fired by our army he fell, mortally wounded. The Quaker soldier was taken prisoner by our men. He was brought to this city, and was afterwards discharged by President Lincoln, and released from doing military duty. This man 'trusted in the Lord, and happy was he!'

### A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

A minister preaching for a few Sabbaths where he was a stranger, was very much interested in a tall, pale man in the congregation, who seemed to hear with great attention, but not with sympathy. Inquiring who he was, he learned that this man was an atheist and a violent opposer of religion, so that his appearance at church created much surprise. "It is singular," said the preacher, "but without any knowledge of his situation I have felt a peculiar desire to speak with him on the subject of his soul's salvation. How do you think he would receive it?"

"He would swear at you terribly. Why, that man will stand up and dare God to strike him dead!"

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, and what makes his case worse is, that he has a bad cough, and when a coughing fit comes on, it puts him in a rage that vents itself in the most shocking oaths."

I deferred calling upon him that week, as I had designed; but I was unhappy from a conviction of neglected duty. I determined to speak with him on the next Sabbath. But he was not in his place. Another week rolled by and he was still missing. "Where is Mr. L.?" I inquired; "I must see him. I shall not find peace to my soul till I have one faithful talk with him."

"Ah, sir, you are too late. He is dead. A week ago he suddenly sprang to his feet, exclaiming, 'My time has come!' then sinking on his knees, he cried to God for mercy. His shrieks were heard far away. In a few moments all was over."

My agony was almost too keen to be borne. Would that I had yielded to the Spirit, and not lingered in question and doubt.

"Strange," said my friend, "but he talked much about you the last week or two, and always in your favor. I know not but he would have welcomed anything you might have said to him."

There was a gleam of comfort in the reflection that he had heard the gospel two Sabbaths without scorn, and had at last cried to God for mercy; but what would I have given for some testimony from his own lips that he cast himself on the grace of the compassionate Saviour! By my own bitter sorrow I charge you, fear not to speak when the Spirit prompts.

### "NOT TO-NIGHT."

The windows of heaven had been opened, and God was showering blessings upon us. Cries for mercy from awakened sinners mingled with songs of rejoicing from the lips of those who had experienced the joys of pardon and peace. The burden of impenitent souls rested heavily upon the hearts of Christians, and importunate prayer in behalf of such from many a closet. Scores had been convicted of sin, and it seemed impossible that any one could be so hardened as to resist the power of the Spirit.

Yet there were those who dared to treat the subject as a matter to be decided at their own convenience, though they would freely admit the claims which God has upon his creatures. "Not to-night," was the oft-repeated reply which many made when urged to yield themselves to the Saviour.

These simple but mournful words have again and again occurred to my mind, as I have anxiously watched the career of those individuals. A year has rolled into eternity. Many to-day are thanking God for that precious revival, during which they found "peace in believing." But where are they who rejected this offer of mercy, and grieved the Holy Spirit by pleading, "Not to-night?" All of that number are still apparently outside the kingdom, and without any serious desire to enter in. God is a gracious God. Year after year he suffers the sinner to break his holy laws and to trample under foot the proffers of salvation; but there are limits to his patience and forbearance. God forbid that from the other world such shall be obliged to look back upon the present life, and be led to exclaim in bitterness of soul, "I sinned my doom when I yielded to the suggestions of Satan, and said to the Holy Spirit, as well as to those who besought me to become a Christian, 'No, not to-night.' "—*Ans. Messenger.*

"Nothing to do."—Let no one say, "There is nothing that I can do." Nothing, in a world so full of sin and ignorance and sorrow! Nothing, when so many schemes of practical philanthropy have been devised, and when some of them are even falling to the ground for want of hands to carry them out? Surely it needs but to be known that you are willing to work, for work to be found for you in abundance. Is there no sick or aged person to whom, if you feel that you cannot speak words of your own, you can read God's word, or some simple instructive book? Is there no one whom you can invite to go with you to the house of God? Is there no vacant place in the Sabbath school? Is there no district where you can distribute religious tracts? Is there no friend to whom you can speak kindly and faithfully about salvation? Is there no great religious society which you can help in working? It may be quite true that you are unfit for some kinds of labor; do not, therefore, infer that you are unfit for all. Ask your pastor if he can find you nothing to do; or ask an earnest Christian man whom you see engaged in diligent work. Best of all, go to the footstool of Jesus in the spirit of willing consecration, and ask, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

"The smallest effort is not lost; Each vessel on the ocean's coast Aids in the ebb tide or the flow; Each rain drop makes some lowliest blow; Each struggle lessens human woe."

How to HAVE ASSURANCE OF HOPE.—A gentleman spoke of the importance of active duty in order to assurance of hope. He knew a man who had lost all hope and had fallen into a state of woful religious despondency. He would not go from his house. He was really miserable. Christians had talked with him and endeavored to encourage him. But nothing availed to do him any good. The clergyman was sent for, and he was inquired of if he could do him any good. He told him he thought he could suggest something that would cure him. "Well, what is it?" said the desponding man; "what would you advise?" "Fill a good-sized basket with small loaves of bread and cakes, and go among the poorest families you can find, and without distinction of persons, endeavor to do good by donating bread to the hungry. Also, take along a good supply of tracts and little books, and give these away as you shall have opportunity, and talk and play with the families you visit."

After much persuasion, the despairing man was induced to enter upon his work. He filled a large basket with little loaves of bread. He laid in a goodly stock of tracts. He found a neighborhood of very poor people and began his work. He was surprised at the amount of happiness his little gifts and labors created. His tracts were well received. His services, where he propped prayer, seemed to be acceptable. He ended the day in a much more comfortable state of mind than he had been in for many a day. He really felt better—so much better that he resolved to go again the next day, and the next. So he continued to do, till his own soul was abundantly watered while he endeavored to water others. The desponding, despairing man became a most hopeful, joyous Christian.

If any of you are troubled with doubts and fears, try the same, or any similar means, and you will be surprised to find how speedily will be the cure.

CORRECTION.—Covetous people often seek to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, and to give a pittance sum to benevolent objects under cover of her contribution. The following incident has a moral for all such:

A gentleman called upon a wealthy friend for a contribution.

"Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"You mean the widow's mite, I suppose," replied the other.

"To be sure I do."

The gentleman continued—"I will be satisfied with half as much as she gave. How much are you worth?"

"Seventy thousand dollars," he answered.

"Give me then a check for thirty-five thousand, that will be just half as much as the widow gave; for she gave all she had."

It was a new idea to the wealthy merchant.

GIVING.—I have been young, and now I am old; and as I stand before God to-night I declare that nothing I have ever given in charity is regretted. O no! it is the riches we keep that perish; that which is given away abides with us forever; it impresses itself on our character, and tells on our eternal destiny; for the habit of