

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD

IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

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## The Intelligencer.

### AN EXHORTATION TO DILIGENCE.

A SERMON, BY THE REV. A. COLEY.

"That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."—Heb. vi. 12.

It is a very common mistake, against which I have a great desire to warn you disciples, that the impetus given to the soul in conversion is quite enough to carry it right on to heaven. If a cannon-ball were fired into perfectly vacant space, it would go on for ever; but you know there is an atmosphere to retard it, there are rocks to stop it, there is a world to attract it. Now perhaps if there were no tempting devil, if there was nothing to impede your progress, it might be that the impulse imparted in conversion would carry you safely to heaven; but this is not the fact, and unless you daily renew your strength, you will soon lose your strength. Unless you look to it that you are seeking daily bestowments of grace, you will be certainly become backsliders as you have ever set out towards the kingdom. If you but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises. You must remember the dangers by which you are beset. This getting to heaven is no holiday business. This getting to heaven is a thing that will require your whole strength and attention.

Now I shall try to bring before you the exhortation, the example, and the encouragement found in the text.

I. THE EXHORTATION.—Here it is—"Be not slothful." It is a strange thing that we should be. And yet any one who knows anything at all about the history of the church, or of their own hearts' experience, will know that having all sorts of inducements to be energetic, we yet have within us terrible tendencies to slothfulness. I suppose it once could go to a world where the people had never heard the story of our planet, and could sit down amongst those rapturous listeners, and tell them of God's love to man, how fallen humanity had been redeemed; how, when he had lost a paradise, heaven was bought for him—I suppose we should not meet with one who would imagine that in this world there could be any apathy about this blessed subject. They would suppose that everybody was exceedingly anxious to get possession of the inheritance provided. But oh! beloved, you know better. You know how much difficulty there is to awaken attention; how much difficulty there is to get people to be become disciples; and when they are got, to keep them from declining, from being weary in well-doing.

"Be ye not slothful." I should think you would not be if you thought of your Master. Good old Luther, when he lay in prison, said, "I wish all my brethren did but know what a Master I have served." If you thought more of your Master, methinks you would be inclined to say such a Master deserves your service. What said the Queen of Sheba, when she went to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and to prove him with her questions? "She communed with Solomon of all that was in her heart. And Solomon told her all her questions; and there was nothing hid from Solomon which he told her not. And when the Queen of Sheba had seen the wisdom of Solomon, and the house that he had built, and the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel; and his ascent by which he went up into the house of the Lord; there was no more spirit in her. And she said to the king, 'It was a true report which I heard in mine own land of thine acts, and of thy wisdom: howbeit I believed not their words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and behold, the one half of the greatness of thy wisdom was not told me, for thou exceedest the fame that I heard.' Happy are they men, and happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and hear thy wisdom." Now, my brethren, if the Queen of Sheba thought they were so happy who were the servants of Solomon, behold, we tell of a greater than Solomon. If Solomon's servants were happy, much more happy are ye who stand in the presence of Jesus, and who serve the wisest king. When you think of your Master, then, ought you not to be earnest and energetic?

Then your work: think of that, young disciples; this is a service that will call forth all your energies. You have it beautifully put in the hymn that we so often sing—

"A charge to keep I have!  
A God to glorify,  
A never dying law to save,  
And fit for the sky."

To serve the present age,  
Thy calling to fulfil;  
Oh, may all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will."

Here you have that which is the end of life, what you are to pursue as the object of your life—to glorify God. It may be done in these two ways—first, by seeing to it that your own soul is saved; and second, by doing your best to save other people's souls; so that when you pass away you shall have left some mark behind. This work is a great work.

Young disciples, don't imagine that you have done all now you have begun to make a Christian profession. You have but just put on the sandals; you have the pilgrimage to go yet. You have just girded yourself with the panoply, just entered the array, and have the battle to fight; don't cry Victory, therefore, as if the conflict were over. There is a great work before thee to do; but he that hath called thee to fight will strengthen thee. If there are difficulties, fear not, for the Captain of thy salvation will stand by thy side. Be not then afraid; look to thy bright crown in prospect, and start forth on thy journey, and whatever happeneth thy Lord will help thee to conquer. Though the work is great, thou must in nowise be dismayed. There are some things one would not like to be engaged about; but this saving thine own soul, this trying to bless thy fellows, what a work is this! I can imagine that those invisible angels who are sent forth to minister to the sons of men—that they must sometimes pause and the thought arise in their souls, Oh, that we might speak to men and tell them of Christ! But this is not allowed. Good commissions men to talk to men. He has put this honour upon you. Now all of you who have taken upon you the name of Christ must be Christ-like. Of this I am quite sure—the seraphim from heaven would speak with swift flight when he descended at Jehovah's bidding to trouble Bethesda's water. There would be no pining when he came on such a benevolent

errand. Yet what was that? Just one who headed, while it thine wilt, but let thy tongue speak word of life to those about thee: thou mayest turn earth's atmosphere into a Bethesda; the very words that come from thy tongue shall be like the troubling of the waters that shall carry healing to the soul of many a poor sinner.

Thou hast got a work to do that an angel might envy—wilt thou not do it? wilt thou not care for the souls of them that are about thee? This is a good, a great, and a noble work; and it is a necessary work. There are some employments not at all necessary. It is related of King Epictetus that when he was about to set out on a military expedition his friend Cyrus asked him what he intended to do. "I intend to attack Italy," he said. "And what then?" asked his friend. "Why then I may conquer Rome, and get the whole of that Peninsula for my own." "And when you have done that, what then?" "Why, then I will cross over into Sicily and take possession of it." "And when you have taken possession of Sicily, what then?" "Why, then I will just go and take Carthage." "And when you have taken Carthage, what then?" "Why, then I will go and take Carthage." "And when you have taken Carthage, what then?" "Why, then I will go and take Carthage."

"And what then?" "Why then I shall be able to get possession of the whole of Greece." "And when you have got possession of the whole of Greece, what then?" "Why, then," said Epictetus, "it will be time that we sit down and enjoy ourselves." "Well," said Cyrus, "and why cannot we sit down and enjoy ourselves now, without all this loss of men, and treasure, and blood, and toil?" "Ah! how were his schemes frustrated! I like many another who indulged in the mad dream of conquest he went forth to conquer, and was foiled in his efforts. He who took the sword perished by the sword; and so shall it ever be. But if thou wilt undertake thy work, young disciple, that which the Lord layeth upon thee, it shall not be a useless work; every day it shall make thy crown brighter—every day win thee bloodless victories, every day bring thee greater glory."

What a precious thing when the soul is intent upon noble objects! Oh, young people, to give your youth to holy purposes; to take so noble an object as this of glorifying God and blessing your fellows as the object for which you are living—oh, what a grand thing this is, the giving of your youth to him! It is like harnessing a steel of fire to some noble chariot. And when thou goest on with all strength and vigour of youth, what a blessed thing it will be for the world! How much evil you will prevent, how much good you will do, how many tears you will wipe away, how many sad hearts you will make happy! How many poor creatures wandering in darkness you may bring to the light! May God give you a holy emulation in this matter. Think of your work.

It was said of Dr. John Hare of Oxford, that when he came to die he called his friends and said this—"Of all the sins which I have ever committed, the sin of mispent time troubleth me most; and yet he had been a very busy man; but when he came to look at the past from his death-bed, he thought how little he had done. When Leigh Richmond was dying, a minister came and sat by his bedside, and he said to him, "Oh, if you could see the value of the golden moments now as you will see them when you stand at the rim of the grave, and look back, how earnest would be your work!" It was the prayer of Alline every morning—"Lord, thou hast given me a new day; help me to make my crown brighter and to bless my fellows." What a blessed effect such a prayer would have on each of our lives! It was said of Boston, when he came to the close of his life, that he used to say—"Hold on, faith and patience, thou shalt soon be crowned, the battle shall not last much longer." Work while thou canst, there are many things thou canst not do in eternity. When thou gettest to heaven thou canst not then be the light of the place, I grant thee that thou wilt shine as the sun—but there is One shining there who exalts ten thousand sons—the Lamb is the light of the place. It is said about heaven that there is no need of a candle. Now, on the brightest summer's day you can find some dark cellar, some obscure corner, that wants a candle; so that it is a stronger thing to say there is no need of a candle, than that there is no need of the sun. Heaven has not a dark corner in it. You cannot be the light of that place—but you may be the light of this place. Many a good thing you can do now that you cannot do then. You cannot hold up a sinking hand in heaven, for there is no sickness or sorrow there; you cannot comfort the sad-hearted there, for none will be. But you can do those things now. The Lord help you to be faithful to the great work to which he calls you. Be not slothful—think of your Master, think of your work, think of your reward.

Now I want to tell you why a great many of you become slothful, and because of that spiritual indolence which is so common with you and which leads many of you astray. There are many slothful, because they are not sufficiently aware of those crises—times when special difficulties come in upon them. You may be very busy for the world and very slothful for God. John Bunyan describes two sleeping places in his "Pilgrim's Progress," and he does it exceedingly wisely. When Christian was going up the hill Difficulty, and when halfway up the hill, he fell asleep in the arbour and lost his roll, and had a sore journey back again to recover it. The other sleeping-place was on the Enchanted Ground. The one was in the midst of difficulties, and the other where the sky was clear and the sound were like fairy land; clusters hung from every tree, and the earth was carpeted with green and flowers. This is true religious experience. The two times of greatest danger to our spiritual vigilance, are special adversity and special prosperity. In times of great pressure and the world's adversity, when you are on the hill Difficulty, if you do not go to Him who layeth on the burden, for strength to bear it, you will go to sleep in spiritual things—you will be losing your roll. And if the sky is clear and everything goes smoothly, you will be in the same danger. Sometimes when things look very smiling in this world we get wrong for the next. I have no doubt that Israel were quite willing to go on when they were at the bitter waters of Marah; but when they came to Elim, with its fountains and palm trees, they would have liked to have stopped a little longer. Let us take care that we hold nothing on earth so dear that we would make our rest here. Be not slothful. In order that you may not be so, there must be self-culture, self-discipline, self-denial. You cannot get on well without these things. It is not enough for you to have come to Christ and got your sins forgiven.

There is a great deal of after-work. You are a child of God, but only a child—abbe; and to become a man—a Christian man—there must be culture, and discipline, and self-denial.

I wonder whether you think it a touch of Popery when I talk to you about self-denial. But no man can become a great painter, a great sculptor, or a great anything, that has not learned self-denial. He must resist all that would tempt him away from his chosen walk of life, or he will never make anything great. And if you want to excel in the service of God, you must learn this duty of self-denial.

How many there are among you that become slothful to spiritual things, through carrying of weights! Have you ever noticed the beautiful distinction made in this epistle? The Apostle tells you that you are not only to lay aside every sin when running the Christian race, but every weight. There are some things that if they are not sins are yet weights. If you find anything is burdening you must cast it aside. Young people are apt to put questions of this kind to ministers when they warn them against worldly amusements of various kinds—"Where is the text forbidding it?" That is nothing to the purpose. I have no doubt I could refer to twenty texts bearing on the subject in question; but the question is, are these things hurtful to your soul? If they are, whether you can find a particular text against them or not, throw them aside, they are weights. Suppose I were to see a man getting ready to run a race, and he has a long overcoat upon his back, and his pockets filled so that he can hardly walk. I say to him, "Friend, why will you go so burdened to the race?" He says, "What law is there that a man shall not wear an overcoat?" Why, I should reply, "There is no law of England against it, but there is the law of common sense; if you want to win the race you must not do it—if you want to win the prize, you must not do it." So if you cannot find a text in every matter, young people, you can determine for yourselves what is right, by throwing aside everything that hinders your soul's prosperity, and prevents your making progress in the Divine life. Now, unless you are willing to cast the self-denial, to cast these things away, you have not learned the alphabet of the Christian disciples' duty.

Another reason for your slothfulness is, that you have not fixed upon any standard of Christian character. The Lord Jesus is the standard that you should set before you. The young disciple is at first exceedingly earnest, but he soon finds that a great many people who profess to be Christians are not so anxious as himself, so he settles down with the feeling, "I am up to the ordinary standard; as things go, I am a tolerably good Christian;" and thus he takes the dwarfed line of men, instead of the lofty altitude of the Saviour's character. Dr. Clarke used to say that Methodism gave a pretty good certainty of continued spiritual life on this account; that it had no stopping-place. We do not simply set before the young Christian justification by faith, and there leave him, but we immediately tell him of the after-work there is to do, and urge him to set about seeking that perfect love, that matured Christian character which is expected of him. When a man's heart is cleansed by the precious blood, we tell him to be continually filled with the Spirit and live in the holy enjoyment of it all the days of his life. I should like you, young people, to be ever stretching upward and onward, seeking to have more of goodness and usefulness. How you never thought of the serious warnings which Christ gives! I think if we thought more of the terrible sayings of Christ's Word, it would be useful to us. What said Christ of the church that was neither cold nor hot? "I will spew thee out of my mouth." Oh! what a terrible thing for Christ to say about a church! God grant that you be not among the number of the slothful, but earnest, anxious, always pursuing.

II. NOW LOOK AT THE EXAMPLE.—"That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." A monk, one day, was summoned to Rome, for the first time, to preach in the Pope's own chapel. He was famed for his eloquence, and he drew together the rich and the great of the city. There were cardinals in great numbers, and people in the most splendid attire. When the monk got up into the pulpit, he looked around upon the congregation, and his splendour seemed to dazzle him; but when he had looked for a moment, he cried out, "St. Peter was a fool, St. Peter was a fool!" And when he had said that, he sat down, and the congregation was broken up in dismay. The Pope sent for him, to know what he meant by a sentence so singularly heretical. His reply was, "When I looked around on such a splendid congregation, I thought, 'Well, if this be the way to heaven, St. Peter must have been a fool to make it such a hard way.'"

The way to heaven, after all, is not so easy. You cannot get anything good in this wicked world, without fighting for it. Yet I do not mean to say that the way to hell would be any easier. You need take no pains in getting to hell, but you would have plenty of pains in going there. There is no difficulty in getting your garden full of weeds, but you must work if you would have it full of fruit. And so, if you would get to heaven, you must be a follower, not an admirer only, of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises. Many a man admires the martyrs who does not mean to follow them. The noble army of martyrs were faithful to their duty and to truth. They were not fanatics. They did not seek after suffering out of a spirit of bravado. When holy Bradford lay in prison, and Queen Mary sent offers of money to him if he would give up his gospeling, what said the good man? "If I might have her Majesty's favour, without losing that of my Lord, gladly would I accept of it; but it is too dear a price to give God's favour for that of the Queen." Give me a man who really fears God, and I know he will fear nobody else. It is a grand thing for a man to have the presence of Jehovah. Those are striking words of St. Basil to an empress who tempted him to sin, and threatened punishment, because he would not comply with her—"How can you make me fear confusion, who have long since learned that nothing I have in my own I of exile, when I know that the remotest province of your empire is no farther from heaven than Constantinople? Or how can you make me fear even death, when to meet death would be the entrance to glory?" The martyrs were sustained by their faith. When Polycarp came to the stake, they wanted to fasten him with a chain, "You need not do that," said he, "for my Master, who brought me here, will keep me in the fire." Sometimes their peace, on such occasions, swelled

into ecstasy, as when holy Bradford said, "What am I, and what is my father's house, that the Lord for me, as for Elijah, should send a chariot of fire?" and so he went up into the fiery chariot to heaven. These were men who through faith and patience inherit the promises. They showed their fidelity to the truth by sealing it with their blood. Oh, how many of our privileges do we owe to the faithfulness of such men!

But notice further, you must be followers of those who showed their fidelity to the Word, by their diligent study of it. How much you owe to the translators of the Scriptures, who toiled at their work night and day! Think of the marvellous story of the venerable Bede, who died, just as he had finished the last word of the translation of the Scriptures, over which he had toiled in faith and patience for many years. Think of the diligent students who have left us commentaries and expositions, diligent missionaries and ministers, some of them men who have gone to distant parts of the earth and become martyrs of toil, as others have been martyrs of fire. Young men, and young women, give yourselves to this blessed service of God, and see to it that you are fitted to that portion of it to which you may be especially called.

Then you must be followers of those who keep on with their duty under all circumstances. What a beautiful description that is which John Bunyan gives of one Mr. By ends, and he tells you he was related to one Mr. Face-both-ways, and to one Mr. Fair-speak, and to some other people with strange and significant names. He tells you that By-ends had a great love for religion when she went in silver slippers, when the sun shone upon her and the people applauded; but he had no liking for being with her when the mob hoisted and yelled; no liking for Christ, when the mob cried, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" But that won't do; you must follow Christ at all times, if at all. You must be followers of those who did their duty when duty was costly. There are many good things that are rather popular now. For instance, it is a popular thing to stand on a missionary platform, or to do what you can to help on missionary toil. But it was not so always; and you must be followers of those who did the work when the world frowned upon it. It is a popular thing now to help on Sunday and day-school education; but when Robert Barker and others began to teach poor children, the world scowled on them, and difficulties met them everywhere. Now, if you are true-hearted disciples, you must be willing to do your duty when the world frowns as well when it smiles. You must be willing to take your stand by the right when it is not popular. You must go where Christ would have you go, and do what Christ put you to do, and be willing to work for God in secret, and without the applause of the world.

How blessedly many who have now received the promises showed their faith and patience! Think of Abraham waiting five-and-twenty years for the promise of Isaac. But though the time was so long, Abraham's heart never misgave him. The language of his heart was, "My Lord has said it, and I believe my Isaac will come." And the Lord fulfilled his promise. How long Monica, the mother of Augustine, waited for her son's conversion! He indulged in all manner of wickedness, and she went to Ambrose and told of her prayers and tears for her son. "Ah!" said Ambrose, "a child of many tears and prayers shall not perish." At length Augustine was converted, and became the great luminary of the Western Church. When your prayers are long in being answered, do not give up. Sometimes the ship that is the longest on its voyage brings home the richest freight. If the promise tarries, wait for it. A promise long waited for is very precious in its fulfilment.

III. NOW, for a moment, look at the ENCOURAGEMENT. Those who endured—where are they now? Inheriting the promises. Those early martyrs—early Christians, those who were often in tears and troubles—as many of you will be—where are they now? Inheriting the promises. Oh, ye of little faith, look up and take comfort. There they stand. They used to tremble just as you do; they used to fear just as you do; they thought, sometimes, they should never get there, just as you do. But, blessed be God, they inherit the promises. Now, if you be not slothful, just as they have triumphed you shall triumph, just as they are crowned you shall be crowned.

I grant you that there is one side of this text that may seem discouraging to you, young disciples. You may think that the way to heaven is so exceedingly difficult that you may well despair of reaching it. I tell you that you will have to strive to enter, but yet it is easier than the way to hell. It is a great delusion to suppose that the way to hell is an easy way, for in very deed "the way of transgressors is hard." We sometimes talk about what we suffer for Christ's sake; but if the servants of the devil would tell of what they suffer in his service, it would be manifest that they have to endure the most. Suppose the drunkards and unclean persons were to tell the dismal tale of their misery and woe! Suppose poor fallen women were to come and tell their stories! Would not the recital shock the way of the transgressors is hard? Yes, the way to heaven is easier than that. You have a better way as well as a better end. Thank God, thank God! May God help you to walk in it.

The fight may be hard, but is not the crown worth it! The hero of earth has not to fight his way to the crown. Flee for thy life as a bird when the hawk is in pursuit. Knowest thou not that the vultures of hell are after thee? Let not sloth make thee their prey.

Sometimes it is said, "How cold the church is! I would do more if others did." What a poor argument that is! If other people do little, that is just a reason why we should do more. The Church is exactly that which those who compose it are; and if you will take this little piece of advice—each one of you to mind one, each one become full of the spirit of industry and of zeal, you will soon become, in this place, a blessed, earnest, and useful church.

God grant that it may be so. Amen.

## THE RATTLING TONGUE.

PART II.

"I will now tell you, Mary," said Mr. Leverson, "of the trial which befell me, and which—though I have no doubt it was overruled for good—was the cause of much present suffering."

"First of all, however, let me say that, next to the spiritual support I derived from communion

with God at the commencement of my work in the ministry of the gospel, was the encouragement I received in the genial and wise character of my future wife's correspondence. In my letters to her I told her all my discouragements; and in hers to me she combated my fears so bravely, and wrote so comfortably of the Scripture promises, that I always rose from reading those letters with hope renewed and faith invigorated. We were obliged to content ourselves with epistolary correspondence because we were so far apart, and also because my new duties so pressed upon me at that time that I felt unable to neglect them, even for a single week. But this did not much matter: the two years of our probationary courtship were dwindling away—eighteen months of them had passed, and I was looking forward with glowing anticipation to the day of our marriage.

Judge, then, dear Mary, of my terrible consternation when I one day received a stern but calm and determined letter from my Mary's father, retracting his consent to our engagement, and requiring me to discontinue at once all correspondence with his daughter, who, he wrote, could never be my wife. He gave no reason for this strange and cruel determination, save that circumstances had been brought to his knowledge which justified and even made necessary the course he was taking; that no doubt my own memory would furnish the key to his conduct; and that, as further explanations on the subject would be painful on both sides, he requested that they should not be entered into. There was no message from his daughter in this distressing letter, and no intimation that she acquiesced in her father's stern decision. But I well knew that she would obey him though her heart were broken in the effort, and that without his consent she would never be my wife.

"Poor grandpapa!" whispered Mary Leverson, when he had read this part of his story. The light had quite faded away by this time, and Mary could not see her grandfather's countenance; but she knew, by the tremulousness of his voice, how much he was affected, even by the remembrance of this long-ago trial. "Poor grandpapa!" she repeated, as she put her arm round his neck and kissed him.

"At first," said Mr. Leverson, resuming his story, "I was so stunned and bewildered by the suddenness and weight of the blow which had fallen on me, that I was incapable of thought. But after many days, and after casting my burden upon the Lord, and seeking his sustaining grace, I went over my past history, endeavouring to fix upon some dark spot—upon those mysterious circumstances which could justify the resolution acted upon by the father of my Mary—mine, alas! no longer. It was in vain that I racked my memory. Faulty enough I knew my past life to have been; careless, unguarded often, foolish often; and in the sight of God, and in reference to the high concerns of my soul, verily, verily guilty. But for this I had sought, and I hoped effectually, my heavenly Father's gracious pardon, and the sanctifying influences of the Divine Spirit, through faith in the Son of God; and as regarded man, I rested on my conscious integrity."

"Under these circumstances, my dear child, I made up my mind to do what, a few days before, I had thought to be impracticable: I sought out a friend to take charge of my flock; then I packed up my portmanteau and started on an anxious journey to Scotland."

"To meet only rebuffs and disappointment and sorrow! I was not allowed an interview with her who had been my affianced wife; I was told that such an interview would be equally distressing and unavailing—that Mary acquiesced in her father's stern decision, and thought it better that we should meet no more."

"Submitting to this for Mary's sake, I earnestly entreated not to be left in ignorance of the causes which had led to the downfall of my dearest earthly hopes; what had I done to deserve so severe a retribution? who was my accuser? It was useless; I pleaded in vain, and as vainly did I, at length, demand as a right that this justice should be done me. The father told me that explanations on his part would answer no useful purpose, because, as the guardian of his daughter's happiness and future interests, he had determined on his line of conduct, which nothing I could say would alter."

"He was a very unreasonable old gentleman, grandpapa," exclaimed Mary, at this part of the narrative.

"He was very unreasonable, my dear. I have not the slightest desire to justify conduct (though I trust I have long forgiven it) which had not the shadow of generous feeling about it. And yet, perhaps, I should not say this; for when, in after years, I knew more of this gentleman, I found him to be not only generous but kind and tender-hearted."

"Tender-hearted, grandpapa?" cried Mary.

"Yes, my dear, so tender-hearted that he must have done extreme violence to his feelings in dealing so harshly with me. It cannot be denied, however, that in this indignation against what he thought duplicity, and in his anxious care to shield a daughter whom he dearly loved from a designing and unprincipled man, as he judged me to be, and in a rather exalted idea of his own right to dispose of her hand, or to withhold it, as he saw proper, he was betrayed into much injustice, which he afterwards deeply repented."

"But I must not forget that my story is told you, my dear child, mainly to show what a 'unruly evil' a rattling tongue is, and how much mischief it can do. So I will only say that I returned home broken-hearted, the object of my journey defeated, and my hopes and plans scattered to the winds."

"Poor grandpapa!" sighed Mary Leverson again.

my sorrows, and he strengthened me—strengthened me, I hope and believe, with his Spirit's might in my inner man; so that, though 'perplexed' I was 'not in despair,' and though 'cast down' I was 'not destroyed.'

"And now I come to another part of my story. Some months—indeed nearly a year—after my sad and bootless journey to Scotland, I received a very unexpected visit from my old school-fellow and college companion, Archie Cleaver. He had come from a long distance to revive our sleeping friendship, he said, and to renew our almost forgotten intercourse."

"I was glad to see him, for I still loved him; and before he had been an hour under my roof I made him promise to give me at least a month of his society. He was able to do this, for, unhappily, he was leading a desultory, aimless life. He had no profession to demand and concentrate his energies, and no family ties to bind him to his home. On the other hand, he had sufficient property to enable him to indulge his fancies, and to hang loosely on society. He was, in short, some such person as the apostle James describes as being 'like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind, and tossed.'"

"I soon found that the experiences of the three or four years which had passed since we last saw each other had not changed Archie's natural disposition. But I was grieved to see how much he had deteriorated. He was so fascinating as ever, and as full of anecdote in his conversation; he rattled away with his rattling tongue as glibly as he had done years before. But he had lost that chastity of thought which had once been a redeeming ingredient in his character. He had imbibed sceptical sentiments, too, which, notwithstanding the restraint he imposed upon himself, out of respect to my 'cloth' (to use his own expression), could not be entirely concealed, and they grated sadly on my ears. Added to this, the tone of exaggeration which pervaded all his anecdotes and his recollection of past scenes, had become positive falsehood, though perhaps unintentional on his part. I made this discovery as I listened to his new version of events and adventures of the past, in which I had borne a part; and I stood astonished at the gravity with which he insisted on giving a colouring to those transactions, which existed only in his fertile and exuberant imagination. You may suppose, however, that because of my own overpowering grief I paid but slight attention to his attempts to amuse, and allowed him to rattle on as he pleased, almost without contradiction."

"Archie had been with me nearly a week before it turned up, in the course of conversation, that he had, more than a year previously, spent a week in Scotland; and my interest was excited by his mentioning names of places and persons with which I was familiar. I should tell you, Mary, that in my renewed intercourse with my old friend I had studiously avoided all reference to my broken engagement; one sorrow was too sacred to be proclaimed to one whose lightness of disposition would as I thought, almost certainly lead him to turn it into a jest. I held my tongue, therefore, when he began to speak of Scotland, and to give a lively description of a large party he had joined, and in which he had been introduced to a 'grim old gentleman,' named Falconer."

"Under other circumstances, and in an untrodden state of mind, I dare say I should have been amused with the description Archie gave of the company at large, and especially of Mr. Falconer, whose peculiarities he both described and mimicked with a good deal of exactness as well as humour. But it failed to amuse me, my dear, because, as you have already supposed, Mr. Falconer was Mary's father, and everything that brought him to my mind brought to mind also my lasting sorrow."

"Still I allowed Archie to rattle on, determined that I would not reveal my secret to him, and that he should never know of the pang which every word of his was inflicting."

"So he went on to tell me how, for the sake of amusement, he attached himself through the evening to 'Old Grim,' as he denominated the respectable Scottish gentleman; and how he had electrified 'Old Grim' by giving him a circumstantial history of certain practices at college which had been played by himself and his fellow collegians."

"I knew too well what this meant, Mary; for I knew how the thoughtless, but not intentionally vicious fun, of which, in my first college days, I had been not only a witness but a partaker, was capable of being misrepresented and perverted into deliberate and gross transgression."

"Did you introduce my name into your wild stories, Archie?" I asked.

"I dare say I did, Frank," said he; "in fact I remember that I did; for I made the old fellow laugh, in spite of himself, by my description of our ride to A—, and of our being benighted, and keeping it up at the 'Crown,' and our falling in love with the —; but, my dear Leverson, what is the matter? Archie added, breaking off from his narrative, as he noticed its effect upon me."

"Never mind my looks, Archie! I said, exerting myself to keep down my feelings; 'and so you will persist in giving your version of that very foolish and trivial affair!'"

"Archie laughed. 'I wouldn't abandon my version of it for the world,' he said, in his usual style of exaggeration; 'it is such fun to remember the tribulation you were in.'"

"But," said I, "you know that your history of that adventure, as you call it, is a figment of your own imagination, almost from beginning to end." "Perhaps it is," he replied; but only think, Frank, what a number of good stories would be lost to the world if the world were to inquire too curiously into their foundation."

"True," said I; "and so you gave Mr. Falconer (you mentioned that gentleman's name, I think), you gave him your version of that adventure, as you persist in calling it?"

"Did I not? And you should have seen—"

"Excuse me for interrupting you," I went on, "but I wish to ask you a question or two, Archie. You are sure that you mentioned my name in connection with that story?"

"Of course; no doubt I did; why, you were the hero of it, and I could not do less than give you your due prominence."

"I am much obliged to you for your consideration, Archie; but—well, I dare say you gave the story with at least its usual embellishments!"

"Thick and slab," he said, laughing; "I never was in a better one for fun."

"And it did not strike you, Archie, I suppose," said I, "that what was fun to you, in that