

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.

A VISIT TO MORAVIANS.—THEIR WORSHIP, FUNERALS, ETC.

The Moravians, or as they are sometimes called, United Brethren, are a body of devoted Christians generally said to have arisen during the last century, under a German nobleman, known as the Count of Zinzendorf. But according to their own account, they derive their origin from the Greek Church in the ninth century. The Moravians stand first on the list of those who have engaged in Missionary exertions. Their zeal and perseverance in establishing their mission in the cold and bleak region of Greenland, are among the greatest wonders in missionary history. Other missions established by them are nearly as remarkable, and their success has been wonderful. They are truly evangelical and pious, and take the Bible only as their standard of doctrine. They are Episcopal in their church discipline and government. Among the peculiarities of this pious and devoted people, is, that they live together in community; the single men and single women, widows and widowers, apart, each under the superintendence of elderly persons of their own class. In marriage they may only form a connection with those of their own communion. The brother who marries out of the congregation is immediately cut off from Church fellowship.

A community of this singular and pious people exists in a place called Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania. A literary and Christian gentleman (C. P. Dissey, Esq.) has recently visited them, and communicated some interesting information to the press. We think the subjoined portions of Mr. Dissey's letter will be interesting to our readers:—

THEIR FESTIVALS AND SACRAMENT.

The Moravian brethren have many "seasons" or "festivals" of their ecclesiastical year, and especially observe the Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Lent, the Passion Week, Easter, Ascension Day, Whitsunday, and Trinity Sunday. Besides these special religious occasions, they have "Memorial Days" on the anniversaries of certain important events in their Church history. Among them are the martyrdom of John Huss, in the year 1415, four centuries and a half ago, and the extraordinary blessed celebration of the Holy Communion in the parish church at Betheldorf, August 14th, 1727, etc. Then a new covenant of love and peace, to use their own language, was entered into between the members of the congregation by singing the statutes, and a remarkable baptism of the Spirit granted. The celebration to-day, August 13th, was a solemn memorial of this event, and is denominated the "Congregational Festival."

The "Trombones," as is the custom, ushered in the festival by proper airs upon their instruments, played at an early hour from the lofty belfry of their church. At half-past ten o'clock in the morning services began with the litany, which is prayed, and is very solemn and impressive.

After the litany, prayer, and singing, followed the sermon from the pastor, the Rev. Mr. De Schweinitz. He remarked that this was a sacramental festival of the "United Brethren," or Moravians, and that, one hundred and thirty-eight years ago, August 13th, 1727, at this same hour, the "Brethren" at Betheldorf were engaged in similar devotional services, and organized a congregation according to the discipline of the ancient church. He claimed its descent from the reformer John Huss, who was martyred July 8th, 1415, and from him and his followers sprang the Church of the United Brethren. In 1467 they obtained a regular ministry from a colony of the Waldenses on the frontiers of Bohemia, when three of their number were consecrated bishops.

During these morning exercises, similar ones were going on at the "old church," almost joining the new, and in the German language. Many of the Moravians at Bethlehem do not understand the English, but their preachers use both tongues. Early in the afternoon the administration of the Lord's Supper was observed in the German language, and at four o'clock the love-feast was held by the English part of the congregation. These feasts are derived from the *Agape* of the Apostolic Church, and among the Moravians generally celebrated as preparatory to the holy communion. By the ancient Christians they were kept as a token of mutual love and benevolence; and St. Paul alludes to them in his Epistles. They were in use until the middle of the fourth century, and then prohibited from being held in the churches by the Council of Laodicea, having been abused. In later days they have been revived in the purity and simplicity of their primitive institution by the Moravians and Methodists.

The services on this occasion consisted in the singing of hymns and anthems, alternately, by the choir and the congregation. Printed orders are often used expressly for this feast, and the simple meal of which the congregation now partook together consisted of a light biscuit and coffee, and not bread and water, as with the Methodists. And there was no relation of Christian experiences, as is the cheering custom in our love-feasts. Singing was the striking characteristic of the meeting. Members appointed for the purpose—two men and two women—with large baskets, distributed the biscuit, handing one to each person, and then served the coffee from white earthen cups on wooden waiters. Sometimes the love-feast concludes with an address from the officiating minister. The holy men at the altar shook hands, and a Moravian near by gave me a friendly grasp, when the doxology was sung and the benediction pronounced.

In the evening there was the sacramental communion, when five ministers entered the church in their white robes of office, the trombones playing a mournful, soft, soothing air. This is a very large church edifice, without side galleries, and will accommodate twelve or fifteen hundred people. There are no pews, but movable simple benches with backs. The men and women sit apart, and one of the ministers informed me that this was the case "with every Moravian church in the world." This was Mr. Wesley's original plan.

The services opened with singing verses of penitence and contrition, followed by a prayer for absolution. Then, the congregation rising, another hymn was sung, and the bread consecrated in our usual manner—"Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night," etc. It was distributed by the ministers to the congregation, each row standing up as they approached. The bread was unleavened, and prepared in many thin pieces, like wafers, each communicant retaining his portion until the whole were served. During this time the hymns were continued, accompanied by the organ, and treating chiefly of the sufferings and death of our Lord; and all having received the bread, the minister repeated: "Our Lord Jesus Christ said, 'Take, eat, this is my body which is given for you;' when the whole congregation partook at the same moment, and immediately knelt in silent prayer. I suppose some five hundred thus communed at the same instant, and to see this large number humbly, silently, and devoutly fall on their knees before God, was most impressive. Then they rose, singing hymns of thanksgiving; the wine was consecrated, and the assistants, ministers passed through the congregation, administering it to the communicants standing. During this period, too, hymns were sung, sometimes in English, and then in German, treating of the remission of sins in the blood of Jesus, with its healing and sanctifying power. Still the service continued with sacred songs of brotherly love, communion with the Saviour, and thankfulness for his incarnation, passion, and death. With the blessing, the holy exercises of the day concluded, and thus, delightfully and with profit, I spent a Sabbath among the Moravian brethren.

THEIR GRAVE-YARD AT BETHLEHEM.

Here I am, leading a blind minister through the lanes of this vast and beautiful cemetery, and he instructing me in the revered histories of the dead, while we linger about their silent graves. This is brother Claudius, once the beloved and pious pastor of the Moravian church on Staten Island, and much earlier a faithful missionary among the Cherokees, until they were driven from Georgia. He has since labored in the West, and strange to relate, while attending a funeral he commenced reading the services as usual, but when reaching the grave he suddenly became blind, and has remained incurably sightless ever since! How mysterious! Still the man of God told me that, although the light of day had thus suddenly faded away from him, the "inner light" to use his own beautiful expression, increased in brightness. Thanks be to God for this inner light to the soul!

The Moravians, as we all know, take the greatest care of their cemeteries in respect to beauty, order, and plainness; and this "God's acre," at Bethlehem, with its trees, flowers, and evergreens, is the most venerable, extensive, and beautiful of all.

They place the graves in straight rows, burying the married men by themselves, and so with the married women, and the children. The tombstones are all uniform, of white marble or stone, about four feet square, and placed flat upon the earth—simple, plain tablets. So, too, the inscriptions are simple and alike. We walked to the spot where some of the converted Indians are interred. My sightless companion had labored among their tribes. We lingered near one with this legend:—

"In memory of
Jochop, a Mohican Indian, who in his baptism, Apr. 16th, 1742, received the name of John, one of the first fruits of the mission at Bethlehem, a remarkable instance of the power of divine grace, whereby he became a distinguished teacher among his nation. He departed this life, in the full assurance of faith, at Bethlehem, August 26, 1745."
"There shall be one fold and one shepherd."
All the other inscriptions, I noticed were very short:

"Christian
Gottfried,
a negro,
Dep.
Jan. 4th, 1756.
No. 197."
The next grave is:

"Isaac,
an Indian,
Born 1728.
Dep.
Feb. 18th, 1756.
No. 203."

The town of Bethlehem was founded in the year 1741, a century and a quarter ago, and here is the grave of
"David Nitschman,
Founder,
of Bethlehem, who felled the first tree and built the first house.
Born Sept. 13th, 1676,
in Moravia.
Died April 14th, 1758.
This second memorial was erected June, 1853."

My informant relates that he was sixty years old when he felled that tree.

The bishops' tombs are just as unostentatious as those of the other brethren. Here we read:

"William Henry Vanicek,
Episcopus Fratrum,
Born Nov. 14th, 1790,
at Bethlehem.
Dep. Jan. 19th, 1855.
Aged 62 yrs, 2 ms, 5 ds."
"Present with the Lord."

The bishops are humbly buried by the side of the "Negro," "Indian," and other Moravian brethren. In the married sister's row, we notice:

"Agnes
Cruikshank,
late Martin.
Born April 29th, 1749,
at St. Thomas.
Departed October 18,
1826."

"Christ bid her full asleep."
"Julia Floth,
late De Souville,
a native of France.
Died April 4th,
1863."

The children's grave-stones have the most epitaphs, and are strikingly beautiful. We copy some of them:

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
"Transplanted into heaven."
"Asleep in Jesus."
(On this little grave beautiful flowers were placed.)

"A bud on earth, a flower in heaven."
"He gathers the lamb with his own arm, and carries them in his bosom," etc. etc.

The funerals of the Moravians are peculiar, very impressive, and attended from the church, where

proper exercises take place. Close by is the "corpse-house," where the body having been placed, it is brought out and met by the congregation on a beautiful lawn, overshadowed with a large willow tree. The funeral procession then moves to the cemetery, a few yards distant, the "Trombones" playing some solemn religious air. Having reached the place of interment, the corpse placed beside it, the minister says:

"Lord have mercy upon us,
Christ have mercy upon us," etc.

Then follows the Lord's Prayer, with a solemn litany:

"Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,
By thy human birth,
By thy prayers and tears," etc.

"Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God."
And while the brethren sing,

"Now to the earth let these remains
In hope committed be;
Until the body changed attains
To immortality."

the corpse is committed to its last resting place in this venerable cemetery. Again they sing:

"The Saviour's blood and righteousness,
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Thou well array'd I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear."

Then follows the benediction. Connected with their funeral ceremonies, the Moravians have another peculiar and solemn custom. When a member dies, the "Trombones" ascend the tower of the church, and play some suitable music to give notice of the solemn event.

I lingered long among these silent and heaped up graves, and imagined what a crowd of immortal souls will fill this single venerable spot in the great resurrection day—but not innumerable, for each of the dead is known unto the Lord, his judge, and each name entered upon the eternal register! Not one shall be lost, as all must appear before the judgment bar, and none can escape the all-searching eye and the last trumpet's sound. Those who have died in Christ shall rise first (1 Cor. 15: 23), and tens of thousands of angels shall collect the faithful and present them to Christ. O, what transporting joy to the myriads of blessed spirits in the heavenly state, once more to find those bodies which they left pale, sickly, suffering, and dying—to find them again, I say, clothed in immortal beauty and splendor, and light and radiant, like the holy angels!

What a solemn, sacred, beautiful spot is this, so shaded with evergreens, which silently say, that those who here rest are not dead, but calmly sleep! Over the gates of their graveyards the Moravian brethren have a beautiful custom of inscribing some passage of Scripture—that at Nazareth, a mile distant, has inside in English: "The body rests in hope," and outside, "I live and ye shall live also," (German).

There are no magnificent, costly monuments, or splendid tombs here, as in Greenwood and other famed cemeteries, telling us that the great, the renowned, and the noble lie buried beneath their green sods. While beholding such memorials, we involuntarily ask ourselves, Where, false marble! Nothing but the coffin, the shroud, and dust and ashes are entombed here! I know a man, as rich almost as William B. Astor, in his millions, who has already erected his grand mausoleum at a cost of \$7000, but does not serve God nor attend the Lord's house, and when I once asked him for a benefaction of five dollars to a poor negro church, he said he was just now "too poor" to give it!

Such a man knows not what money was made for, and upon his tomb might be engraved: "Here lies Vain Glory." Solomon said: "Where much is there, many to consume it; where much is the owner but the sight of it with his eyes." Of no solid use to him. Again, the wise man saith: "Riches are as a stronghold in the imagination of the rich man," and how excellently is this expressed—they thus exist in the imagination, but not always in fact. The poor Indian and African who have bowed before God in this world, and now humbly sleep in the Bethlehem cemetery, will reach the heavenly land before David, buried in all the pomp and elegance of sculptured marble, extravagant epitaphs, with servile praise.

From the Morning Star.

CLOSET WORK THE WORK.

"Sweet closet I love thee, 'tis good to be here,
'Mid glories resplendent, and Jesus so near;
In business most noble all heaven's high court,
Where daily the saints of all nations resort."

CLOSET DUTY—THE DUTY.

Flee to the closet. Are you tempted? Hasten to the closet. Are you in trouble or trial, in affliction of any kind? Speed you to the closet. Go from the closet to the prayer meeting, from the prayer meeting to the closet. Go from the closet to the sanctuary duties; from the sanctuary duties to the closet. No one can pray well in public who does not pray much in the closet. Go to your closet; visit your closet; make the closet a special, a frequent resort. Go to your closet at early dawn, at mid-day, at eventide. Commence the day in your closet. Take the Bible, the word of life; meditate therein; get your soul on fire, the fire of God's love. Go from your closet to the family altar, to your daily toil. Go from your closet to the sanctuary, the house of prayer. No one is duly prepared for family, social, or public duties, save from the closet. Make the closet your home, your resort, your hiding-place, your delight, your joy. Young convert, visit your closet, visit it often. It is your safeguard, your hope. The first step to a downward course is the neglect of the closet.

"Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God desires to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray—
For only while they pray they live."

"If pain afflict, or wrong oppress,
If care distract or fears dismay,
If guilt distress, or sin oppress,
The remedy's before thee—pray."

"Thy prayer supports the soul that seeks,
Though thoughts be broken, language lame,
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak—
But pray in faith in Jesus' name."

Sisters in the Lord, to the closet. Delay not. Speed to the closet—run! Whenever and wherever you see any one retiring to his closet every opportunity, rest assured there is hope, solid foundation.

This closet work is the work; nothing like it. No man or woman, single or not single, with or without a family, is safe, omitting these regular, stated visitations. Here's the secret of true, firm, substantial, holy living. No one is secure or duly prepared to face a frowning world, walk erect,

stem this current, exhibit clearly, fully, heartily Christian stability and firmness, without the closet, secret retirement for devout meditation, reading God's word, self-examination, and prayer. St. Xavier, that wonderful man of God, spent hours on hours on his knees in secret devotion, often with the word of God before him. When he came forth, his face shone like an angel's. Every thought, word, action, bore the impress Divine. His soul was in a flame! He spoke with great power, "as one having authority, not as the scribes." Sinners by thousands fell prostrate with earnest cries to God for mercy. "Lord save, we perish."

Xavier on some occasions, while in the closet, was lost in God, carried to the third heavens. His servant was compelled to shake him, use physical force, to arouse him from these holy visions and meditations. This closet business, moreover, was the secret of Tennant's wonderful success. God on one occasion poured out his presence so powerfully on William Tennant, in his secret retirement, he had not strength to rise. His parishioners finding him thus helpless, carried him to the pulpit; when he arrived he crawled up with his hands and knees, and when God gave him strength to stand, O! what holy union, what power, what words of salvation flowed from his lips. His lips were touched with fire from God's fire—on fire!

Flee to the closet as your life, your safe-guard, your hope, your joy. God is there, Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, salvation. No one can discharge family duties acceptably, household ministrations, governmental relations—no one can resist the wiles of the devil manifestly, sustain an equilibrium of calm, peaceful, humble resignation and joyfulness, without gaining wisdom and strength in the closet. Wives, do you believe this? Mothers, do you? Mark well, behold, that mother, that daughter, coming from the closet, with face shining as did that of Moses, when descending the Mount of God. What now? Panoplied! armed with helmet, sword and shield? her feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace? Satan is active, under her feet, Satan finds no lodgment, all his fiery darts are hurled in vain. She is clothed with humility. The graces of the Spirit shine forth radiantly: love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith. She goes forth from the closet armed. Sisters, mothers, daughters, old and young, flee to the closet—have your regular stated seasons, adhere to them strictly, undeviatingly. Let no earthly care deprive you of these. Closet prayer is especially enjoined by Christ. "When thou prayest enter into thy closet," etc. See Matt. vi. 6. Our Saviour himself retired frequently to the mountain-top, spent whole nights in secret devotion. The most devoted men and women on earth in all ages, the most active, useful, consistently holy ones, have made the closet a special resort, the stronghold of faith. We beseech you not to neglect your closet; better neglect your meals, your breakfast, your dinner, your supper. Repair to your closet, bow the knee, read, meditate, pray, seek God, examine yourself. Pour out your whole soul to God, tell him all your heart, lay hold on the cross, cling to it, exercise renewed faith, all conquering; "lift up thy hands."

Go from this Bethesda in the strength and wisdom of the Most High as the light of the morning. Closet duty prepares for family duties, social duties, public duties—for prayer in the family circle, in the social circle, in the great congregation. Closet duties, more than all else, prepare us to think as we ought, speak as we ought, to write as we ought, to do everything as we ought.

To the closet, the closet.—Allow no earthly business engagements or pleasure to rob you of this sacred, solemn, all-important duty of secret communion with God. The more frequently you visit the closet with full purpose of heart to God's glory, the better you will like it—soon, very soon, it will be delightful, joyful, your meat and your drink, heaven's gate to glory.

Men never take so firm a hold of God as in secret. Remember Jacob. Thou shouldst pray alone, for thou hast aimed alone, and thou art the alone, and to be judged alone. Alone thou wilt have to appear before the judgment-seat. Why not go alone to the mercy-seat? In the great transaction between the God and thou, thou have no human helper. You are not going to tell him any secret. You may be sure he will not betray your confidence. Whatsoever reasons there may be for any species of devotion, there are more and stronger reasons for secret devotion. "Enter into thy closet," says Christ. He says not a closet, nor the closet, but thy closet. The habit of secret communion is supposed to be formed. The man is supposed to have a closet—some place in which he is supposed to retire for prayer—some spot consecrated by many a meeting there with God—some place that has often been to him a Bethel. The secret uses the word to mean any place where, with no embarrassment either from the fear or pride of observation, we can freely pour out our hearts in prayer to God. No matter what are the dimensions of the place, what its flooring or canopy. Christ's closet was a mountain, Isaac's a field, Peter's the house-top.

Friendly reader, have you a closet? do you visit it? make conscience of it? When? how often? It's your life, your spiritual life; neglect it at your peril! Neglect the closet, next the family altar, then the circle of social prayer, then the Bible, and then, perhaps, the sanctuary, and all the means of grace. Neglect the closet, and you know not when, if ever, you will return. Neglect the closet, and soon you will abandon it, and be left of God to darkness, if not to damning sin—perhaps to endless ruin.

To pray in secret is a solemn duty, a glorious and blessed privilege, thus to hold converse with the Most High, as a child with a father, as a friend with friend; thus to commune with him, breathe his Spirit, and receive his impress, his image upon your heart.

"Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads:
And Jesus, on his eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes."

Idleness is the badge of gentility, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of negligence, the stepmother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active; and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy.

FOREVER.

This is a simple word, yet, according to one of the old divines, it makes the most solemn saying in the Bible. What reader of the *Pilgrim's Progress* does not remember the vivid description of the man in the iron cage, sighing as if his heart would break, and exclaiming: "O eternity, eternity! how shall I grapple with the misery that I must meet with in eternity?" This is the pungent thought in the doctrine of future retribution—the one thing which harrows the soul of the ungodly, and which, by the blessing of God, often leads to repentance and faith.

Flavel, in one of his works, tells of a lady of fashion who, returning late at night from a scene of dissipation, happened to glance at a book which her maid was reading. The first word which met her eye was "Eternity," and she looked no further. But this took such a powerful hold upon her feelings and conscience, that she could find no rest until she had become an humble disciple of the Lord Jesus.

It related of a late eminent servant of God, who resided in the north of Scotland, that in his youth he was often employed in tending a flock of sheep. The pasture to which he led them from day to day was in a field pleasantly situated near a river. Once, as he lay on the bank of the stream admiring the ceaseless flow of the waters, he suddenly recollected having heard somewhere, in a sermon, that "a river is like eternity." He felt now, as he never had before, the force of the illustration. Still gazing on the constant current he said to himself: "When I die, I must go either to heaven or hell. If I go to heaven, my happiness shall be like this river—always, always flowing; and if I go to hell, my misery shall be like this river—always, always flowing." The thought clung to his mind, as hour by hour the stream flowed calmly by. It was the crisis of his life. No loud call from heaven, no alarming providence, no pathetic appeal, stirred his soul; nothing but the still small voice from the bosom of the tranquil river. At length he returned home, but he could not shake off the impression. The Holy Spirit awoke him to the consciousness of his immortality, and constrained him to ponder whether that immortality should be an endless river of pleasure at God's right hand, or a ceaseless stream of anguish from the lake of fire. Day after day he returned with his flock to the pasture, but every fresh glance at the river recalled to his mind that one towering thought—eternity.

At last he could endure it no longer. He fled for refuge to the Saviour, received the sense of forgiveness through a believing apprehension of His cross, and thenceforward found the thought of future endless existence a source of comfort rather than alarm. Subsequently he was called to the ministry of the gospel, and became a distinguished blessing to the church. The circumstances which, under Divine guidance, originated his career, gave tone to all his subsequent course. He habitually dwelt, not upon the seen and temporal, but upon the unseen and eternal.

WHAT IS WEALTH?

Wealth is something more than gold.
More than luxury and ease;
Treasures never to be told
May be found apart from these.
Men who great possessions own
May be needy none the less!
They are rich, and they alone,
Who have a store of nobleness.

Palaces are dreary domes;
Fair demesnes, but deserts wild;
If there be not happy homes,
Gentle thoughts, and manners mild.
Trust me, though his lot be small,
And he makes but slight pretence,
He who lives at peace with all
Dwells in true magnificence.

If you'd prove of noble birth,
O beware of judgments rash;
Scorn to measure human worth
By the sordid rule of cash.
Gold and silver may depart,
Proudest dynasties may fall;
He who has the truest heart
IS THE RICHEST OF US ALL.

—Harper's Weekly.

COUNSELS TO A YOUNG MERCHANT.

My Young Friend.—Your request is before me, and shall have my leisurely consideration. Before complying therewith, allow me to say that it has from time to time been my lot to submit to young men under similar circumstances, some practical hints, which have, in some cases, at least, been of service, as afterwards gratefully acknowledged.

In your case, as in others, I advise habitual early rising, persevering industry, and prudent economy, as favourable to bodily health, mental elasticity, domestic comfort, and commercial prosperity, and which, associated with the sought blessing of God, will rarely issue in failure, but in ultimate success—a gradual rising above social obligations of a penurious nature, and tending to a comfortable independence, with various other collateral advantages; and, mark my words, where another result is experienced it will be very generally found traceable to a disregard of the habits and course thus set forth.

Need I say, that my own quiet and comfortable position, is, under God, in some measure, ascribable to a plodding, practical adherence to what is here laid down?—My plan has been from very early life, to rise before six, and very often sooner, and to employ the whole day; and, while thankfully enjoying the main comforts of life, to avoid its luxuries and elegancies. I have worked hard for a good part of what I now possess, and hence am disposed to aid youthful aspirants of becoming character to an improved position, I feel justified in saying "Nay" to those of an opposite and more questionable class. I feel pleasure in identifying you with the former, and you have my best wishes.

There is in the age an unwise and unhappy tendency to elegance and indulgence in various ways beyond means and station, which, while in sundry respects harmful, operates financially as a sort of drain in continuously abstracting and absorbing resources, which would otherwise accumulate and tell to advantage, and, though small as some of those out-goings may be, yet they are out-goings; and, let young tradesmen as well as other people ponder the quaint old adage—"Many little makes a muckle." In any way to allow expenditure to

exceed income is arrant folly, and a positive wrong. A single penny laid out on cigars, snuff, stimulants, &c., &c., unless medically required, is unjustifiable, and is otherwise than financially pernicious, while it forms a sort of initiatory or introductory pathway to other and more costly indulgences and consequences. There is a beauty—a nobility one might say—and a most manifest advantage in "living within one's means," and holding sacred such cardinal virtues as are advised in the commencement of this letter. And then associating therewith the earnest cultivation and steadfast practice of "pure and undefiled religion" comprising a deeply-cherished reverence for the Sabbath, the Scriptures, and the worship of God, beauties and sanctifies the whole! O the wisdom and blessedness of young merchants and other persons in early life, of every station, gratefully accepting, and devoutly acting out,—in dependence on Divine aid—the safe and salutary rule of the Great Teacher, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness!" How it would conduce to success in relation to both worlds!—Yours ever faithfully,

THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMES THE WORLD.

—Victory over self is victory over the world. It is not the outward enemy, but the traitor within, that storms or undermines the citadel of spiritual life. Alas that the gates are so often unbarred for the hosts of evil to enter! Alas that the soul should so easily surrender, and suffer itself to be laid waste! As in the conflict of nations the conquering army reinforces its own strength by the annihilation of war taken on the vanquished foe, so does the victorious soul gather new force from every struggle with temptation.

Yet the victory is gained, not by self-confidence and spiritual pride, but by humility and self-abnegation. The humble soul alone is truly strong, and safe from fall. What outward power can abase him, who, while he reverences the nature God has given him, still is lowly in his own eyes, "esteeming others better than himself?" What circumstance or condition of life can be adverse to him whose will is merged in the will of God? Oh the strength that grows from self-renunciation! Oh the peace that flows in upon the will-subdued, when the man, though "lord of himself," through the entire mastery over his affections and passions, feels that all his "strength is in God," and in the night of him who overcame the world! To him the tide of life flows "like a broad river's peaceful might," through sunshine and through storm bearing steadily on its appointed course. His abundant peace is not stoicism. Like that of his divine Master, his heart is the home of all sweet affections. He is still a being of smiles and tears; tenderly alive to the joys of human sympathy, both in giving and receiving the blessed charities of life. At leisure from internal strife, he has a word of courage for the tempted, comfort for the sorrowing, reproof for the hardened sinner, hope for the penitent.

Such lives are led by God's best children here below. Lord, evermore grant us the peace that springs from victory over selfish aims, and the absorptions of our will into thine!—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

Idols.—There are few of us who are not shocked beyond description at the idolatry of the heathen. It is such a terrible thing that man, with an immortal soul which must be lost or saved, should dare to venerate and worship a senseless block, while the great All-Father is either altogether unknown or neglected. Moreover, it is such an absurd thing—one can scarcely help smiling at the ridiculous idea of a man, with intellect, with common-sense, bowing down and supplicating an object which he has either made himself or purchased. We should scarcely believe it if we had not been repeatedly told of it by credible witnesses. But, knowing it to be true, surely, surely we should all be in earnest about missionary work; we should be willing to give all that we can to promote the circulation of light among the dark nations, until the idols shall utterly perish, and Jesus only be worshipped.

But, so far as the casting-out of idols is concerned, have we not need of some missionary work in our own hearts. We are given to boast of our civilisation and our Christianity; but we have most of us set up idols to which we give greatly of our love and honour. And it may be questioned whether we are after all so very much wiser than the heathen in our choice.

There is an idol called *Money*! Silver and gold and bank-notes are very useful things, but they are not worthy of all the love we lavish upon them, the time and care and wear and tear which their possession cost us. *Honour* is another strange idol. What trouble we take to be thought well of. We are not among those who are anxious for the good opinion of others as are those who do. Are we not often venal towards because of our reverence for this idol? Then we all know what it is to exalt some dear one into a higher position than is wise, and make an idol of what our Father gives to be the joy of our life. But of all the despicable objects which man can make his idol, worse than any blocks of wood and stone which the heathen worship, is that of *Self*. Above all idols let us beware of self.

READ YOUR BIBLE SLOWLY.—Take time, even if you have but little time. A great mathematician once said, if his life depended upon solving a problem in two minutes, he would spend one of the two in deciding how to do it. So in reading the Scriptures; if you are pressed for time (and this ought to be a rare case), then spend the precious moments on a portion of a chapter. When you feel that the mind and heart begin to drink in the sentiment, even of a single verse, then stop and drain the heavenly chalice, because the Divine Spirit is filling thy cup. It is true, solemn, and interesting thought, that we are to wait, to linger, to tarry for the blessing to come from the Word before us.—*W. Recorder.*

SEVERE, NOT TRUE.—According to the absurd and anti-Biblical notions of Universalists, the wretch Booth, by the act of Corbett, became at once a saint in heaven. He entered into everlasting rest, received the rewards of the blessed, and dwells in glory, even while a man is execrating his deeds and his name. Shall man be more just than God? Is heaven the refuge of impudent scoundrels who are not fit to live on earth? Universalism obliterates moral distinctions, reduces sin to nothing, discovers penalty from law, and in theory dismisses justice and judgment from the eternal throne. It is an irrational, irreligious, and dangerous doctrine, and should be abhorred as such.—*Christian Intelligencer.*