

The Religious Intelligence.

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 Intelligence.

THE FULTON ST. PRAYER MEETING AND THE GREAT REVIVAL OF 1857-8.

MR. LANPHER, THE ORIGINATOR.

He had been a merchant. He knew how difficult it was to get a devotional meeting in the evening. He knew that the hour of noon was one of leisure for merchants, clerks, draymen, and men of toil. He resolved to open a daily meeting for prayer from 12 to 1. It was to be a union meeting—one of short songs, brief speeches, and limited supplications. The old, long, cold, formal routine was to be broken up. No one should be obliged to stay the whole hour. Any one could come in and go out when he pleased—stay one minute or one hour—sing, or pray, or speak, or depart.

Much of the freshness of the meeting and unflagging interest is due to the presence of strangers.

One of the rules required the leader each day to especially invite "brethren from abroad to take part in the meeting."

Scarcely a day passes in which some voice is not lifted which was never heard before in that room. The speaker merely expresses his gratification at what he sees and hears, or makes some suggestions, or proposes a subject of prayer, or narrates some recent manifestations of God's grace in the neighborhood from which he comes. His presence is felt as a stimulus and encouragement by those present. Particularly is this the case when, as often occurs, the meeting is informed that the reports, whether verbal or in print, of what God has been pleased to do in the North Dutch Consistory room and similar places in New-York, going out through the land, have wrought in some communities like a spark touching a whole train of combustibles.

ORIGIN OF MONDAY MEETING.

The idea of a meeting such as was instituted flashed on the mind of the Missionary one day while he was contemplating the destitution of the lower part of New-York. Mr. Lanpher tells his own story with touching simplicity: "Going my rounds in the performance of my duty one day, as I was walking along the streets, the idea was suggested to my mind that an hour of prayer from 12 to 1 o'clock would be beneficial to business men, who usually in great numbers take that hour for rest and refreshment. The idea was to have singing, prayer, exhortation, relation of religious experience, as the case might be; that none should be required to stay the whole hour; that all should come and go as they pleased, and that all should be free to leave when they pleased."

It was decided to open a men's prayer meeting as the hour of noon. The services should not exceed five minutes each. No sectarian topic should be introduced. Much song should distinguish the meeting. The services should continue but one hour—should begin on the striking of the hour of twelve, and close at one precisely. Much notice was given of the intended service, and a card issued at the time in a graphic manner, telling the story: "Daily Prayer Meeting from twelve to one o'clock. Stop five, ten, or twenty minutes, or the whole hour as your time admits." The place appointed for the meeting was in a small upper room used as a Sunday-School room in the Consistory building, in the rear of the Church.

THE FIRST MEETING.

At twelve o'clock on September 23, 1857, the doors were thrown open to all who were ready to avail themselves of the invitation to attend a noon-day prayer-meeting in the heart of New-York, in the busiest place and busiest season of the year. The movement was a bold one. The appointed day came, the hour of twelve was struck on the chime of Old Trinity; the Missionary was in the small upper room; but no attendance came. At half-past twelve the step of a solitary one was heard on the stairs. One was added, then another, till six persons made up the company.

On the 8th of October the meeting so increased that the small upper room was abandoned. The large lecture room was opened, and in that room the meetings have daily been held since. The new room was ornamented with cards and all instruction to the attendants of the meeting. Brethren are earnestly requested to adhere to the "five-minute rule." "Prayers and exhortations not to exceed five minutes, in order to give all an opportunity." "Not more than two consecutive prayers or exhortations." "No controversial point discussed," are specimens of their character. To the leader of the meeting the rules were laid down: "Be prompt. Commencing precisely at 12 o'clock; "The leader is not expected to exceed ten minutes in opening the meeting. 1. Open the meeting by reading and singing from three to five verses of a hymn. 2. Prayer. 3. Read a portion of the Scriptures. 4. Say the meeting is now open for prayer and exhortations, observing particularly the rules overhead, inviting brethren from abroad to take part in the meeting. 5. Read but one or two requests at a time—requesting a prayer to follow the prayer and exhortations for the same length, and in the same language, of the same length, and by the same persons, who were repeated year after year. The few young people who were compelled to attend such meetings could go to sleep, and on waking up tell by the theme how near to the conclusion the prayer was by the matter in hand. The singing was dull and the old routine so tiresome that few attended the church prayer-meeting in any congregation. But a new era was dawning.

PECULIARITIES OF THE NEW MEETING.

Brevity was its marked feature. It took some men a long time to get broken in. Men who had prayed for twenty years in the same words, with the same length, on the same topics, could not realize how short a time five minutes were, and before they got ready to pray their time was up. Often a rap on the desk from the Leader was needed. Earnestness marked the meeting. Instead of long and painful pauses, two, three, and often more persons, would struggle for the floor.

Twice as many persons wanting to speak or pray as could find time; this made each person jealous that "the five minutes' rule" should be strictly enforced. The singing was ecstatic. The best voices of the whole church came out in song, and in the hallowed old tunes that in volume and power could be heard in no place but in Fulton street. That a meeting for prayer could be enthusiastic, crisp, exciting, and that the close could be reached so soon or the hour seem so short, was a wonder. At first it was a men's prayer meeting and none others would attend. The hour was found to be exactly suited to the business customs of our city. The rule of New-York is to allow clerks and others to have from twelve to one o'clock for refreshments, and this hour was allotted by three young men to this daily prayer meeting. They came with bank books in their hands, pencils behind the ear, memorandum books just peeping out of their pockets, and other marks of trade about them, and joined heartily in the service. Crammed and wagon men drove up their teams to the curbstone, in their frocks, with the marks of their employment on them, came into the meeting, joined heartily in the song of praise, knelt down and prayed, and then passed out, jumped on their teams, and drove off to their work. The merchant from his store, the mechanic from his shop, the clerk from his cart, the clerk from his desk, the lad from the errand, the lawyer from his brief—all were to be seen in this place of prayer.

THE WORK EXTENDING.

Three rooms could not hold all the people who desired to attend. John Street Methodist Church, the oldest in America, was thrown open for daily prayer and crowded. Within a year from the time God to bless the meeting about to be held, in what was but the original six, one a Presbyterian one a Baptist, one a Congregationalist, one a Reformed Dutch, several hundred places are opened daily for prayer on the Fulton street plan in the city of New-York. In February, 1858, a noonday prayer meeting was opened in Jaynes hall, in Philadelphia, capable of seating three thousand persons. This immense room was crowded daily. The leading clergy and laymen in Philadelphia gave the meeting cooperation, and its fame for size, spirit, and success filled the land. The revival pervaded the whole City of Brotherly Love. Concert-rooms, theatres, engine-houses, bar-rooms, were open for prayer and all were crowded. Immense tents were spread, under which thousands were seated to worship God. Almost daily telegrams came from spiritual brethren in Philadelphia to the leader of the noonday meeting in New-York, telling of the great things God was doing for his church and for the salvation of souls.

Prayer-meetings similar in kind were simultaneously established at all the fashionable watering places in the land—at Boston and Charleston—at Baltimore and Savannah—at Portland and Richmond—at Chicago and New-Orleans. The whole land seemed to be blessed with a spiritual rain. At the end of the fourth month, the little cloud that arose from the sea at New York covered all the country. No paper could be opened in which reference was not made to the "unwonted or unusual revival," as it was called in all quarters. It spread among all sects. It touched all classes. It was a spectacle of unexampled confidence in God. All seemed to pray, and all to expect a blessing. The "Great Awakening" in New-England, so long the theme of wonder, was lost sight of in the new awakening, and the union of all Christians in heart and soul.

It was a revival without machinery, or the aid of men known as revivalists. There was no undue excitement. The ordinary channels of religious effort were alone employed—the Sabbath, the Sunday School, the usual preaching of the Gospel, the meetings of prayer, and what are understood by the ordinary "means of grace." There was no excitement to get up and none to keep up. There was enthusiasm, but while it was joyful, it was regulated. The doors were opened for a noonday prayer-meeting. It was to be conducted on the Fulton Street model. Men and women came to gather. Some asked for prayers. People with fervor and faith. Answers came down. So it was the land over. Laymen were at home in these meetings. No learned clergymen awed them into the sober and staid routine of the old prayer-meeting. No elder with formal rule threw a wet blanket over the fervent spirit too great for his slow order of things. If clergymen came in they sat with the congregation. Assistance from them was gratefully received. But they assumed no control. It was a layman's meeting, free and spirited. No jealousy was created between the clergy and the laity. The lay talent, so long hidden in a napkin, was shaken out, and the pastor found unexpected and abundant help in the church. The design of the noonday prayer-meeting was not to create a revival. It was to open a daily meeting for prayer. But a powerful revival was the fruit that extended round the globe. Great conventions were held in the West to guide this work. It was the theme in hotels, stores, cars, steamboats, and in all places. The meeting became the Religious Exchange of New York. All the region round contributed to its interest. A good sermon, a state of revival, interesting facts of the Sabbath School, were repeated with warm and thrilling effect. Strangers from the country or foreign lands, and eminent men, could be seen and heard at Fulton street. Letters came from across the sea. Missionaries from Jerusalem, Africa, and the islands amid the ocean, contributed to the interest of the meeting. Men would arise in the meeting and ask prayers for a friend, a son, or a wife; for the conversion of a soul, the reclaiming of a drunkard, or the end of some domestic trouble. Some, unable to be present, sent up written requests. Requests soon came in from all parts of the land—from beyond the seas—in all languages, demanding a translator. Some of these requests were of a most touching character. They gave spirit and enthusiasm to the meeting. They came full of good news, and often laid the wants of foreign lands on the altar of this American Zion. Soon thanks came in for meritorious conversions, marvellous submissions to the Saviour, deliverance from painful and dangerous sickness, and sometimes amounted to 60 a day, and could not all be read for want time. For years these requests have been a marked feature of the noonday meeting.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MEETING.

The entrance to the meeting is from Fulton and Ann streets. Large flights of steps have been built on the outside of the room to give more space within. It can be entered on either side. The room is so crowded that the Missionary stands at the door with resolute purpose to compel persons to sit close. A layman usually presides. Men of all denominations are present—Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians of the Old School and the New—not as idle spectators, but as active participants. The leader is not appointed by the meeting. He is selected by the member of the consistory whom the Collegiate Church appoints to take care of the meeting. Great care is taken to have all denominations represented in the leadership. As the City Hall bell booms out the hour of twelve, before its iron tongue has ceased its clamor, the leader rises to give out the introductory hymn. "From every swelling wind that blows" is sung to the tune of Hamburg. Such congregational singing would be popular anywhere. The audience is made up of the cream of the churches trained to sing. It is one vast choir. The tunes are familiar, and the hymns are associated with the heart's best affections. Borne on the tide of warm and deep emotion, the full swelling song of praise is wafted heavenward. The Chairman leads in prayer, and then reads a few verses from the Word of God. The requests are read from every phase of Christian experience, indicating every form of sorrow and want peculiar to man, blended often with triumphant notes of thanksgiving. These requests come through every conceivable channel—through public men—on tinted paper and on sheets of the coarsest texture—in the bold, rapid hand of business, and in a lady's neat Italian characters gilded and black edging of sorrow—filling large books till literally there is not room to contain them. A request full of bad errors, bad spelling, and bad syntax, from one "who has been a very bad girl, has led a very wicked life, and feels her need of Christ." A daughter asks prayers for her father, "aged, absent, and far from God." "For pity's sake lend me your prayers for a first-born son." He curses me, his widowed mother." "Oh, pray for my three sons, who are backsliders." "Pray for my husband, who has wandered away from duty and from God." "I have one besetting sin which stands like a mountain in my way." "I am a little girl and scarcely know how to write but oh! I want to be a Christian so much." I saw a notice in a New York paper the other day that God's people would pray for any one who sent in their requests. Perhaps God will see fit to answer your prayers and make me an angel." A village in Illinois is prayed for, and a church in Texas. A little girl prays for her grandmother. A Roman Catholic servant asks prayers. Requests come from the Great Britain and from Ireland, and from on board steamships. These requests are varied by thanksgiving rendered. The widow who asked prayers for her son who cursed her comes with thanksgiving that the prayers were heard. Good news comes from the Penitentiary, and instances multiply of remarkable and almost miraculous answers to prayer. The meetings are common sense and less judgment. Some even try to be eloquent in prayer, and put on the airs of a stump orator. Parades, fine language, and pompous declamation are an abomination. They are the flies in the ointment that spoil the fragrance. A few men that ride hobbies and have impractical theories often thrust themselves and their views on the meeting. But such instances are rare. Harmony and brotherly love prevail. Short addresses, and touching, fervent prayer, and frequently interspersed with spirited singing, make up the service of the hour of prayer. Not infrequently the emotional feelings are so wrought upon that loud demonstrations attend the service. But to continue the meeting. No such sermons are preached as are preached in Fulton street. All verbiage is stripped off, and they are direct to the heart and conscience and must be to do any good in five minutes. The flash of light is thrown on a passage of Scripture. A touching recital of a widow's sorrow is followed by a hymn beginning:

"From every swelling wind that blows,
From every sorrowing tale of woe,
There is a calm, a sure rest,
That found beneath the Mercy Seat."

Prayer is offered for an impenitent son, followed by the hymn:

"Sinner, turn, why will ye die?
God, your maker, asks you why."

A thrilling message comes from the mountains of Asia. The meeting shouts out its response in the triumphant song:

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow."

A poor sinner asks prayers to help him to find peace. Prayer is offered, and the hymn sung:

"Rock of ages, cleft for me."

So with alternate prayer, singing, and addresses, with thrilling narrative, touching petitions, tearful requests, with good news from a far country like cold water to a thirsty soul, the hour speeds away with the velocity of light, all too soon. The unsatisfied audience, sober and devout Christian, waits for next day's noon-tide hour of prayer.

THE GREAT REVIVAL.

This majestic meeting, originated with six persons in a small upper room in the city, produced marvellous results. It seemed to wake up all parts of religious New-York, and extended to all parts of the land. The religious and secular press spread the fame of the meeting. Men crossed continents and oceans to look on the unwonted sight, and went away to say that one-half had not been told of it. Meetings multiplied in all parts of the city; hotels and theatres were opened for daily prayer. The largest churches were thrown open and filled; and all was conducted on the model of the Fulton street meetings. The young were especially interested, and conversions were daily reported of large numbers who turned to God. And with the political and commercial news, along with stocks and finance, the great "religious excitement" as it was called, held a marked place in all the secular papers in the land. Stores, lofts, and chambers were thrown open and business men flocked to the place of prayer conducted under the "one hour and five minutes' rule." Kneeling on the bare floor of some loft, Bishop McTear, and other dignitaries of the church could be often seen; while on window-sills, stairs, and doorways, and on seats without backs, could be daily seen the most eminent merchants of New-York joining in the service of prayer and praise. Zealous friends leased the theatre of the well-known comedian, Burton, and called the city

to prayer. The immense building was thronged day after day. The attendant thousands made the vaults ring with the triumphant song of praise, and tears of real sorrow, penitence, and joy filled the eye. Requests for prayers came from the abandoned, from the dissolute, and intemperate, from many who had acted on the stage now concentered to religion.

Not alone in New-York, but in all the land, did the revival spread. All eyes turned to New-York and to Fulton street. The hope of a revival, the indications of one, a series of meetings established, a union meeting begun in any place—a notice was at once sent to the daily meeting in New-York, and prayer requested. Fulton street was the Mecca, the Medina, the City of the Sepulchre of the Great King to the tribes of our spiritual Israel.

The great religious interest originating in Fulton street continued to spread and reach every part of the land. Meetings were established similar to the Fulton street meeting in nearly every city and village in the United States. Religious controversies were hushed. Religious jealousies ceased. Men of every sect came up to the common altar, and laid on it their united sacrifice of prayer and of praise. The spirit of union and of prayer spread over the prairies like a fire, followed the mighty rivers from their source to their mouth, leaving verdure and fruit on either bank, girdled the seaboard with a perpetual incense of praise, and erected altars of prayer on the extreme Western frontier. Thousands were converted, and strengthened the churches of every name. Marvellous instances of answers to prayers were recorded, such as had not blessed the church since the time of the Apostles. An interchange of sympathy and affection was kept up between these meetings, and the original one at Fulton street, not only by letter, but interesting facts and incidents were communicated by telegraph, which, read to the meeting, thrilled it like electricity.

FRUITS OF THE REVIVAL IN NEW-YORK.

The prayer-meeting was opened at Fulton street on the 23d of September, 1857. In six months over two hundred places of prayer were opened in the city of New-York. The Academy of Music was engaged for Sunday evening preaching, the ablest divines in the city conducted service, and thousands were turned away nightly who were unable to cross the threshold. A large-hearted Christian man hired the great Hall of the Cooper Institute, and threw it open on the Sabbath for public worship. The leading merchants had placards hung in their counting-rooms announcing the hour and place of prayer. Religious meetings were held in unusual places, at unusual hours, and were thronged. Meetings were held on the decks of vessels, on the wharves, steps of public buildings, in theatres, hotels, and dance-rooms. Their congregations became crowded. Scarcely a Sunday school in the city that did not report instances of conversion. Hardened characters were reformed. Fighting men in fighting trim, with their hair cropped close down to their heads, rose in the prayer meeting and asked divine assistance to change their course of life. At Five Points the voice of prayer mingled with the execrations and blasphemies of that abandoned region, while at Hell Corner, in Cow Bay, in Murderer's Alley, and similar localities, daily meetings for prayer were held. Abandoned women and men, notorious in the city as leaders of our most desperate classes, shook off their abandoned life and stood up as advocates for the Gospel, joining in the song:

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see."

These instances of reform and conversion of desperate characters were confined to no locality. The recital of such instances was usually followed by fervent prayer in the meeting, followed by some appropriate hymn, such as:

"Sow in the more thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand,
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Thou canst not tell in vain
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shalt sow and reap the grain
For garners in the sky."

The interest among the seamen was particularly marked. When the sailor has anything to do with religion he does it with all his heart. Thousands of these were converted. Daily meetings were held on board of men of war and merchant ships, in sailor boarding houses, and along the shore. A converted sailor usually brought a mate with him. A sailor was invited to prayer meeting. "What do they do at a prayer meeting?" said he. "They pray, and sing, and make remarks," was the reply. "They pray, do they? I never prayed in my life." He attended, asked for prayer, and was converted. A sailor came into one of our meetings, wiping the perspiration from his brow. He had to leave his ship, cross the ferry, attend the meeting, and get back within an hour. To gain time he used to run both ways. Yet this same man a few weeks before was a dissolute and profane man. Religion changed him into an industrious, sober, and devout Christian.

Widely as the influence of the meeting has been recognized and acknowledged as a great instrument of good in all the world, the same simplicity that marked its commencement distinguishes its progress. The great number of requests sent to the Fulton street meeting and their character, forbid spiritual pride. No special grace or virtue is attached to the meeting, but parties in sorrow, in woe, and in sin, who want relief, feel that a company of sympathizing Christians assembled daily at noon for prayer, and that their requests will find a warm and sympathetic welcome. The requests for prayer come from a feeling heart. They bear unmistakable marks of anguish and agony for unconverted friends, and for the whole circle of domestic and social life. With churches, parishes, and ministers, they beseech humility, and the burden of nearly every prayer is what are we, or what is this place, that we should make intercession to God for others.

The number of conversions cannot be counted by the additions to the churches of New-York, though these were very large—larger than had been known since the Great Awakening. For men of all nationalities, from all sections of our own country, participated in these meetings, shared the blessing, of whom no mention can be made. The whole world shared in the blessing, and every altar of Christendom was revived, and from every quarter of the globe thanksgivings were sent to the New-York noonday meeting, blessing Almighty God for its origin.—N. Y. Paper.

HOW SHALL THE WANTS OF THE CHURCHES FOR MINISTERS BE MET?

Prof. Park read an essay upon this subject before the General Conference of the Congregational churches of Massachusetts, recently convened at Haverhill. The following is the report of the essay as contained in the *Congregationalist*:

1. Certain errors are to be exposed, which now hold back a large class from the ministry.

Some young men feel that they are unable to meet its demands, through moral disqualifications, and so rest. This repose of conscience is criminal. One sin cannot palliate another. They ought to cultivate eminent piety, whatever be their calling.

Some regard the minister's life as one of un-compensated toil. Sons of clergymen often dread the fires of that martyrdom in which their fathers were burned. The essayist enlarged on this point in a most touching manner, and then remarked that other professions, too, had their trials. But the minister has his precious compensations, in the comforting truths studied and preached, in the employments of his office, in the companionships enjoyed, and the heavenly reward. Again, Parishes should be reminded of an error which influences them. They seem to regard a pastor, sometimes, as little else than a disembodied spirit. He must not care for property, he must not indulge in healthful diversions, he must not allow a love of reputation—no; for he is a clergyman! As though he were not a man as well as and before he became a clergyman.

2. There must be cultivated a popular interest in the teachings of the Bible.

The liberal rewards of secular pursuits are symbols of popular sympathy and estimation. The people should appreciate and encourage profound study on the part of the preacher. While they welcome him to the sewing circle, tea party, and primary school, they should allow and demand for him time for thorough Biblical investigations. Furnish him a richer apparatus for study.

3. Accommodate the ministry to the various exigencies of the people. Two churches may sometimes be united under one pastor, aided by lay-helpers. To meet the pressing wants of the freedmen, we cannot always send well-educated clergymen. "The Philistines are upon us!" We cannot wait for a symmetrical culture, otherwise desirable; we must be masters, not slaves, of a good rule.

4. Men once converted must be converted again. The laity and the clergy must be newly consecrated to Jesus. The whole church needs a re-conversion. This will give the needed inspiration. When the battle-axe rings against the door-posts of the republic, our young men welcome death, for love to country inspires them. When love to Christ thus burns in the hearts of our young men, they will not hold back from the toils and hardships of the ministry.

Meanwhile, let us "pray" the Lord that he would send forth laborers into "his" harvest.

KAREN TRADITIONS.

A *British Messenger's* notice Mrs. Macleod Wylie's "The Gospel in Burmah," brings out some curious and suggestive facts in reference to the amount of real religious knowledge embodied in the traditions of the Karens—a people in all things separate from the Burmese, without any written language, and of course, without books, except that which had come down to them in oral tradition from their fathers.

"They have," says Dr. Mason, "traditions of the creation, the temptation, the fall, and the dispersion of nations in prose and verse, nearly as accurate as they are found in the Bible." The following is a specimen:

"In ancient times God created the world: All things were minutely ordered by Him; He appointed the fruit of trial; He gave minute orders. Satan deceived two persons; He caused them to eat of the fruit of the tree of trial.

When they ate the fruit of trial. They became subject to sickness, old age, and death. Had they obeyed and believed God, We should not have been subjected to sickness; We should have prospered in our doings; Had they obeyed and believed him, We should not have been poor."

In their traditions also there lived a remembrance of a by-gone age of knowledge and happiness which had once been theirs as a people, with the belief that it would be theirs again, when strangers should come to them with glad tidings from over the sea. Here is a wall of sorrow over the departed golden age, mingled with the hope of its return:

"O children and grandchildren! formerly God loved the Karen nation above all others; but they transgressed his commands, and therefore we suffer as at present. Because God cursed us, we are in our present afflicted state, and have no books. But God will again have mercy on us, and again he will love us above others. God will yet save us again."

"At the appointed season God will come; The dead trees will blossom and flower; When the appointed season comes, God will arrive;

The mouldering trees will blossom and bloom again."

There are two distinct tribes of this wandering and mysterious race, but it is only one, the Szans or Burman Karens, who possess these traditions. They are met with in every part of the country, and it is believed extend into the territories beyond.

On these striking facts a correspondent pointed out the value of this as an independent testimony to the truth of Scripture can scarcely be overestimated. Had this existed in manuscript, infidel objectors would have said it was only a copy from the writings of Moses, and of no more value than they are; but it is clearly not from Moses that the tradition has descended, for his writings were longed only to the Jewish people; but it is clearly an oral tradition from the time of Noah. Now, a manuscript may be forged; but a tradition which is incorporated with the life, the hopes, the very existence of a people, and the same in every month, without the aid of written books, was never yet invented by any man. We might as well talk of inventing a tree."

"O BROTHER, SAVE ME!"

These were the words of one who was most deeply convicted of sin. I never saw another person in such agony of mind from the same cause. She was the child of pious parents, instructed and prayed for constantly; and now, after raising many objections, she saw that she was guilty and stubborn, and in danger of punishment. She had been directed to Christ, and had endeavored to follow the direction, yet no relief came. She had come to feel that it was because the way was not made clear to her as it should be, and was waiting for the return home of her only brother, with the feeling that he would be a better guide.

When that brother arrived he was informed of the fact, and a moment's thought determined him to go to his own room without seeking her. As he passed the door of the room where she was waiting for him, and stepped upon the stair, she discovered his purpose, and springing after him, she drew him back, crying out:

"O brother, save me! save me! If you don't I shall die!"

It was a solemn moment. A moment, perhaps, as near the turning point as human nature has power to see. The brother pushed her away almost roughly, saying, with a voice that was tremulous with fright as well as affection:

"And so you will come to me rather than to Jesus! I can do nothing at all for you."

Thus left to herself—the last food refuge torn away—she sank down with a feeling of despair that was accompanied by anger at her brother. But after a few moments she saw that he had only told the truth. He could do nothing, and it was strange that she could have asked him. It was all because she was really (though till that moment unconsciously) unwilling to be saved by Christ. By God's grace the brother had indeed made the matter plain; and it was not an hour before she had made a full surrender to Christ, and was at peace. She could trust Jesus, and love him, too. Reader, go you to Christ, if you have not already. Say to him, and only to him, "O brother! save me!" Then you will find relief. The burden of sin falls not off but before the cross.—*Congregationalist*.

ARE YOU TIRED?

Reader, I believe there are many persons who are weary and tired of everything in this life, and yet have nothing to cheer them in looking forward to the life to come. Are you one?

I believe there are men who are thoroughly unhappy in their own hearts, although they will not confess it—unhappy because they know they are not living as God would have them, unhappy because they know they are not fit to die. Are you one?

There is rest for the weary even in this world, if they will seek it. There is repose for the tired and heavy laden, if they will apply for it in the right quarter. There is real, solid, lasting happiness to be had on this side of the grave, if people will inquire for it where it is to be found.

Where is this rest? Where is this repose? Where is this happiness? It is to be found in Christ. It is given by him to all children of man-kind who will confess their need, and humbly ask him to relieve them. It is enjoyed by all who hear Christ's voice and follow him. "Come unto me," he says, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "We which have believed," says his servant Paul, "do enter into rest." Matt. xi. 28; Heb. iv. 3.

Reader, I invite you this day in my Master's name to come to Christ and be his disciple, if you want to be happy. Cease to seek happiness in the vain things of this world. Give up the pride, the self-will, the sinful stubbornness of your own ways. Come to Jesus as a humble sinner, and cast your soul on him, and then the rest I have spoken of shall be YOUR OWN.—J. C. Ryle.

THE LITTLE GRAIN AND ITS PERILS.—A grain of wheat lay with thousands of its fellows in the farmer's granary, exposed daily to perils from a host of sleek-coated little thieves who came there to dine. Many a little grain germ which looked as promising as itself was destroyed in this early stage of its history. But it was spared, and in due time was taken out by the farmer and cast into a black hollow of mould. If it had been in danger before in the sheltered storehouse, still more was its life imperiled now. For scarcely had the farmer left his field before a troop of black marauders came tramping over the soil, and sadly damaged his harvest prospects. But again the little grain escaped, and after a time, a tender blade shot up from the moist earth, rejoicing in the bright warm sunshine. But with that sunshine came a swarm of greedy insects, which its beams had warned to life, and again the little grain's life was in danger of perishing. A fierce hail-storm, too, beat to the ground the many sturdier stalks, but still it was preserved, and in process of time appeared the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. The blight and mildew had rendered worthless many of its companions, but its shocks of corn were full and beautiful. What a miracle of escape seems, when we trace the history of a handful of ripened grain down to its first beginning. Yet how faint a type of the perils which beset an immortal soul from its twilight dawn until the life-light sets forever in eternity.

PRAYING HIM DEAD.—A correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* says:—"In times of little liberality, when some men thought they did God service by persecuting those who did not exactly receive their creed, nor worship God in their way, a certain great man in Scotland grievously persecuted his tenants because they had religious meetings in private houses out of the order of the Establishment, though he never molested them when they spent their money in the ale-house. A holy, simple woman, one of those people, went out one morning to the house of the great persecutor, and desired to speak with him. The servant desired to know her message, and he would deliver it, for she could not be admitted. She told him she could deliver her message to none but his master; and it was a matter of great importance, and concerned himself intimately and alone. The servant having delivered this message, and stated that the woman appeared to have something on her mind, his worship condescended to see her. 'What is your business with me?' said he, in a haughty, over-bearing tone. To which she answered, 'Sir, we are a laute d'pair folk at ———, who are striving to save God accord' to our own conscience, and to get our souls saved; yee persecute us, and I am come to beg yee to let us alone; and