

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.

"MIND HOW YOU VOTE!"

Nothing is more exciting than an election in an old-fashioned cathedral city, where party feeling runs high, especially when the contest is likely to be a close one, owing to the numbers being nearly equal. Such was the case in a certain city in the West of England. Go where you would, "Vote! Vote! Vote!" met your eye in all directions, and everything seemed to have been laid aside for the time to secure the return of the favoured person—but who that person was to be, puzzled all the electing electors.

It was not therefore to be wondered at that every name upon the register was closely scanned, and deputations sent to secure promises ere the polling day arrived. But with all this planning and scheming a large number remained upon the list of "doubtfuls," and the issue of the contest, therefore, depended upon which way these would vote.

Among those of whom nothing could positively be settled, was a blacksmith, named Paul Andrews, who, if not blessed with much of this world's goods, had the good fortune to possess a family of ten children. He was well known as an honest, pious, hard-working man. Longfellow might have seen him when he said:—

"His hair is crisp, and black, and long—
His face is like the tan—
He wears a coat of honest sweat,
He earns what he has earned,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owns not any man."

True he found it a hard struggle to feed, clothe and educate his rising family. But like a hero, "week in, and week out" he was always diligent to his calling.

Of course he could not help taking a part in the general topic of the day, and often, when a neighbour dropped in, would lay aside his hammer for a while to discuss the "coming election." Among those who stepped in one morning was Harry Evans, the bricklayer.

"Ah, good morning," he said, "I see the canvassers are very busy hunting up the stragglers. Have you made up your mind, Paul, who you'll vote for?"

"No, not at present. Indeed, I'm not sure that I shall vote at all; I want to know a little more about the parties first."

"That's what I'm waiting for. You know it's not often that things run as close as they are likely to do this time, and I've determined to reserve my vote for the highest bidder. Catch me letting it go for nothing, now I've the chance of making something by it!"

"Shame upon you!" said Paul. "The idea of a freeman talking about selling his birthright to the highest bidder. I really thought better of you than that."

"I don't care what you think, but I've made up my mind only to vote for the man who tips up the most. My motto's 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' That's my reform bill. It's all stuff talking about the interest felt for the working-classes in the House of Commons. Give me the man that does something for us here. I can then expect he'll do something elsewhere."

"Yes, do something that will prove a curse instead of a blessing. For, depend upon it, those who will buy you here, will not object to sell you again when it suits their purpose."

"I'll take good care they don't do that, I'll warrant. I'm too wide awake to be caught sniping."

"But what can you do after you have given them the power to bind you hand and foot? If we don't take care to send the right men, how can we expect that right laws will be passed? Whatsoever we sow, that we shall also reap; you know the old book says."

"You forgot that this is the harvest, and we ought to make hay, while the sun shines."

"Nay," said Paul, "the harvest is not yet. 'Tis but the seed-time, and who knows but that a single vote may turn the scale here?"

"If I thought that likely to be the case, I'd hold off a little longer, for when votes are scarce they become the more valuable."

"Yes, and we become the more responsible for using them. And I'm decidedly of opinion that to offer, or to take a bribe, is as dishonourable to man, as it is to be displeasing to God, for a vote bought at the expense of a conscience, will be a dear bargain in the end, especially if it be true that every man must give an account of the deeds done in the body."

"Really, I didn't think that a vote was such a serious matter as you make it out to be."

"If by a single vote a measure may be passed in the House of Commons involving the destinies of millions unborn, you cannot, I am sure, go about it too seriously. Would to God, my fellow-citizens, would realise the responsibility of the trust committed to their care; they would then see that good and true men ought alone to be trusted with the interests of our beloved country."

"But after all..."

The conversation was, however, put an end to by the appearance of three amply dressed gentlemen entering the blacksmith's shop. The first of which, after making a polite bow, said:—

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Paul Andrews?"

"Yes, sir, that's my name," said Paul.

"We have called upon you to solicit the favour of your vote and interest on behalf of Mr. B.—I presume you have received a copy of his address by post?"

"Yes, I have, and so far as I can gather from reading it, I must beg to decline promising, until I have some further information."

"We shall be happy to answer any inquiries on his behalf, at least so far as we are able; unfortunately Mr. B.—is not able to pay you a personal visit for a day or two," said the speaker, who turned out to be the candidate's lawyer.

"I should much like to know whether Mr. B.—is prepared to vote for such places as the British Museum, and the National Gallery to be opened on the Sunday?"

"Yes, I believe he would, for he is quite interested in all the efforts that are being made for the elevation of the working-classes."

"And I suppose he would also oppose the closing of public-houses on the Sunday?"

any man, who under the pretence of being the friend of the poor, would seek to lead them, sooner or later, to become mere beasts of burden. God save the poor man's day of rest from the hands of those who, with the false pretence of 'freedom,' and the cry of 'pleasure and recreation,' would seek to enslave, and reduce us to the drudgery of seven days labour for six days' pay, which is the case wherever Sunday labour has to be done. May Mr. B.—be delivered from the delusion that by closing public-houses he would rob the poor man of his beer. For, if this was to take place, the poor man would then have a better chance of ceasing to be poor."

"But Mr. B.—is in favour of the repeal of the 'malt-tax,' which you know would be a great boon to the working-man."

"Rather say it would help to make him poorer still. I think gentlemen overlook the mark, for I happen to belong to a large and increasing number who have repealed the malt-tax, by ceasing to drink the beer, and I have done this without waiting for the great boon you name."

"Oh, I see you belong to that class who believe that men can be made sober by Act of Parliament," said the lawyer with a quiet sneer.

"And pray don't we make them, and keep them sober by Act of Parliament, when they are sent to gaol for a season? If that be right, would it not be better to take away the sanction and support of law from that which is producing evil, and place it on the side of good, then we might hope to be saved the necessity of sending men to gaol at all. However, gentlemen, I cannot promise my vote, and therefore, to save your time, as well as my own, allow me to say, 'Good morning!'"

As soon as the canvassers had withdrawn, Harry Evans, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, said:—

"Well, you are a stickler. If all the voters were to be like you, we should neither get drink nor money at an election."

"The sooner that comes to pass the better," said Paul. "Men can never be too sober to vote right. I wouldn't give much for the man who is floated into the House of Commons through the bungling of a barrow."

"Well, I must be off, or I shall get into a mess," said Harry, feeling that the longer he stayed the less chance he had left for making his case good.

He had not been gone long, before another batch of canvassers presented themselves; these, however, were introduced by Mr. J. K.—, a person for whom Paul was in the habit of doing a considerable amount of work.

"Good morning, Paul," said Mr. Jackson. "I have called to see if I can influence you to promise to vote for Mr. C.—. I suppose you have read the address we sent you a day or two back?"

"Yes, I have read it very carefully."

"And I hope we may say you are one of us."

"Quite the opposite, I can assure you. As a matter of conscience, I am altogether opposed to him, on political as well as personal grounds."

"As for that I don't see that you need trouble yourself much either way. You have only one voice, and I shall expect that out of regard to me, as a good customer, you'll let us put you down on our side."

"Honesty is the best policy in votes as well as in everything else," said Paul, "and I shall not sell my birthright for a mess of pottage to any man."

"Well, then, you must take the consequences," said Mr. Jackson, with a significant shake of the head. "If you won't stand by me, I shall not stand by you."

"I'm sorry to offend you, but the good God who has hitherto preserved me, must in this matter, as in others, be my guide. I dare not offend Him to please you."

"It's all cant," said Mr. Jackson. "Come, let us leave him to his folly. He'll repent of it before long, I know."

Left alone to himself, Paul began to think over what had taken place. The more he reflected, the firmer became his convictions, that come what might, he would stand firm amid the prevailing corruption. But the thought of his poverty, and the wants of his children, every now and then pressed heavily upon his spirit. Yet amid this gloom, God did not leave him without the assurance that out of all these difficulties, a way of escape should be made. Faith, mighty faith, in an overruling Providence had hitherto sustained him, and now when flesh and heart well-nigh failed, he resolved that in his smitely he would "cast his burden upon the Lord," and from that smitely spot, accented as pure a prayer as ever went up from the gorgeous cathedral. And ere the morning passed away, sweet peace took possession of his spirit, as if thus determined "to wait upon God and be of good courage."

The day of election at length arrived, and with it, the wild excesses of parties inflamed with passion and drink. Paul had in the secrecy of his own room pleaded with God to keep him steadfast to his convictions, and faithful to his trust. He found it difficult to withstand the entreaties of many of his customers who, with specious arguments and sometimes tempting offers, tried to prevail upon him to go to the polling-booth and vote for Mr. B.—. The day wore away, and the hour for closing the books had nearly arrived. Hour by hour as the numbers polled were announced, the excitement became intense. At two o'clock Mr. B.—was a few ahead. But at two o'clock Mr. C.—had a majority. And up to three o'clock every part of the city was ransacked to bring up for fire means or fuel, the few that remained unpollled. To these all eyes were directed, and certain rumours began to spread among the active workers, that the only chance of securing these votes by liberal offers for each of their votes. But of course this was a difficult task to be accomplished without endangering the seat, should the contrary be discovered. However, select agents who could be safely trusted were dispatched with orders to leave no stone unturned to bring to the rescue any wavering.

It was not long before Harry Evans was seen to enter the booth and give his vote with a satisfied air. Those who were standing near jostling him by saying:—

"What's the price, Harry?" He however soon disappeared after recording his name.

A different scene however was taking place at the same time at Paul Andrews' smithy. He had just begun to hope that no one would again trouble him about his vote, when the three gentlemen who had before paid him a visit stood before him. For a moment or two neither of them spoke. At length the lawyer began to look about as if he was in search of something, until Paul said:—

"Have you lost anything, gentlemen?"

"No," said the lawyer, "we haven't lost anything, but we are in want of a piece of iron for a particular purpose, this piece will suit us exactly. I suppose you won't object to sell it?"

"You are quite welcome to it," said Paul, looking at it as the lawyer held it up, "fix your own price, for it's not worth much."

"Perhaps this will be deemed sufficient?" said the lawyer, at the same time placing a ten pound note on the anvil.

Paul took it up. After looking at it for a moment or two, said with a voice trembling with emotion:—

"Gentlemen, I am a poor man, and have a family of ten children to maintain. Ten pounds at the present time would be of great service. But I cannot consent thus to sell my conscience. If I take that money as the price of a worthless piece of iron, you will of course regard it as the price of my vote. Take it back, and learn that a poor man can resist a bribe, and that a religious man deems a good conscience too valuable to be bartered away for money."

The lawyer and his friends were thunder-struck at the honest avowal of the poor man's decision, and taking up the note, gladly accepted any further condemnation of their wicked designs.

"Thank God, they're gone," said Paul, "and His name for enabling me to stand firm in the evil day. And going into his house he told his wife what had taken place, and there and then before God he prayed for grace to sustain whatever might befall them in the future."

Four o'clock arrived, and soon by the shouts of the people and the ringing of the bells, it was evident that all was over. Mr. B.—was declared defeated by one vote. The streets for the rest of the day and night were crowded with drunken and riotous "freemen," shouting "down with B.—" others replying "C.—for ever."

When, oh, when, shall English voters, learn that party and godliness are the true stability of our country's happiness!

Some weeks after the excitement was over, and Paul was beginning to fear the worst consequences would attend him, as he had lost several customers by his faithfulness, he received a letter, by post, directed in an unknown hand. On opening it, he found a £50 note with the following lines:—

"Please accept the enclosed from one who cannot help admiring a poor, but honest man, struggling to keep a conscience."

Paul never learnt to whom he was indebted for the seasonable relief. And when trade again began to revive, and ultimately after another of his customers, returned, he more than ever felt convinced that with *votes* as well as everything else,

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

THE ODOR OF THE ONTMENT.

BY MISS J. D. CHAPLIN.

The world is full of philanthropists, now as well as in the days when Jesus walked on the hills and sailed on the sea of Galilee. Some of these have high and holy aims, reaching far into eternity, and, impelled by love to God, their work and their results are left with Him. Others are mercenary, doing so much labor for a given reward, and regard all as a failure unless they reap a great harvest the first year, and astonish the world with loud cries of "harvest home." They will not work for God, unless the result and the time of proving it be left for their wisdom to decide.

In the days of Mary, the proud Pharisees gave titles of all they possessed, even of their mint and cummin; they observed to the letter the Jewish laws; even going farther than was required, in their display of charity, they built sepulchres for the prophets whom their fathers had slain. But where was the love, which alone can sanctify any gift laid on God's altar? It was wanting; for even amid their holiest deeds, they were watching for the life of Him on whose head was poured the hallowed perfume.

The utilitarian philanthropists of our day also do much which avail little; like the boy's rockets, their good deeds shoot up, make a great light and whizzing, and then fall—they lack the principle whose pure wings would carry them to the throne of God.

How has Jesus rebuked this spirit which attempts or values only great things, in his commendation of Mary and her perfume offering. No wonder those around cried, "Wherefore this waste?" Was the service of the temple to be kept up by it? Would this mere odor, grateful to the sense, but vanishing in air, feed the hungry or clothe the naked? Nay; and therefore, in their wise estimate of cause and effect, it was lost. It did even the recipient no good beyond the pleasure it gave as the delicate tribute of a loving heart; and surely in their eyes it reflected back no blessing on her who broke the box.

This was the judgment of the carpenter world, and also of the lifeless disciples; but O, how different the decision of Him who saw in the depths of that heart, the motive which prompted to the offering. He needed not charity from her; He needs it from us, for the universe is his. But He asks from all, what He received from Mary—that purity of motive and depth of love which can yield the sweetest or costliest things alike to Him.

The gold cast into the treasury that day is not mentioned, nor yet the garments given to the poor, nor the bread to the hungry; but the "odor of that ointment" has permeated the air through all the long centuries between Mary and us; and to-day we feel it rebuking the spirit of the haughty giver and encouraging those who have little else but love to lay upon the shrine.

A little act, which may appear without benefit to any, may work great results; may make for itself a channel, which shall go on widening and filling, till the last drop of charity is cupped into the River of life. Let no one dare to despise the "cup of cold water," the widow's mite, or the odor of the ointment; for they are all beautiful in his eyes, who needs neither us nor ours to carry on his plans; but who accepts what is in the heart, for service.

A simple word of kindness or act of love in a mother, may make such an impression on the mind of her child as shall work wonders when her head is lying on its last pillow. A simple flower sent to one sick or disheartened may rouse hope and energy which shall tell on the happiness of many. A kind word may keep from breaking a heart very strong thereafter to toil and love.

A lowly woman in the early days of missions felt her heart burn with love to the souls of the

heathen. In her retired New England home she read and prayed and loved. It was very little, nothing in her esteem. But her feet were fitted with home duties, so that she could not go abroad with the story of Calvary; her hands were full, and her heart weary of the toil and care which pressed upon her. Her husband was laboring for Christ with little reward and sometimes little thanks; and her lot, while her great heart aspired for a higher one, was to toil at home and only to look hopefully eastward for the rising of the sun on the brightened heathen.

Who ever craved an offering to lay on God's altar without receiving it? He will now, as he did in Abraham's day, provide Himself a sacrifice. He gave this loving mother a son; and in the fulness of his heart she gave him back to God, asking for him, not as at his right or his left hand, but only that he might tell the heathen of Him who came to seek and save the lost. It was like Mary's alabaster box; a costly gift for her, but which the people of that day thought a very useless one. Light was only beginning to dawn, even on Christian minds, in regard to the great work of missions; and while the mass were sceptical as to their results, not a few looked upon the effort to convert the world as sacrilege; as trying to take God's work by force from his own hand and doing it for Him. Some conscientious but narrow souls even felt that it was dictating to God, as to whom He should or should not save; and trembled lest through their false zeal some might slip into heaven who were not of the elect!

As the boy grew up, noble and lovely, and the fact was known that he was "given to God," the old cry, "Wherefore this waste?" was set up. The prudent looked on his broad shoulders and strong arm, as so much capital for the father, who amid their plenty had always been very poor.

They asked, "What will you do in your old age without a son to lean on?" And he replied, "I may never see old age." They hinted that it would be a waste of home and muscle; that a "slender man" could teach and talk as well as he, &c. But his only answer was, "He was given to God by his mother, and if God accepts him, I shall not interfere. I may be poor in old age; but poverty will not be a new thing to me, and so will not greatly terrify me."

Did the meek, loving mother know the cost of that silent offering, made at midnight with the unconscious babe in her bosom? Did she believe that God would take her at her word and mark him as a chosen vessel? Yes, with the inspiration of love she saw it all. The odor of the gift rose to Heaven, and then came back upon her own spirit, bringing the peace known only to those who have given their dearest things to God. And in the long years that came and went, as toil browned her hand and care lined her brow, she looked on that boy—ever before her conversion—as not her own. So when the call came to him, she was not startled by it, she had not then to weep, and pray, and struggle till she found submission. She was all those years waiting for the call; and when it came, had only to present herself anew to the Master, rejoicing with Hannah of old, when leading Samuel to the temple,—

"That taught to pure and beautiful was born To bring before her God."

That consecration, unknown to mortal, made without regard to the opinions of men, was as the odor of a precious ointment. Like Mary, she little dreamed how deeply it was to interest thousands, and to be remembered when she was gone; how it should be wafted on God's breezes on and on till she should meet the myriads who, from that whispered offering have been gathered home. She little thought of the crowns and the palms of victory, of the song, "Worthy is the Lamb," and the Hallelujahs, which were to echo over the heavenly plains, in reply to her simple words of love. And none of us know the "weight of glory" which may come to us or to others by one simple offering from the heart.

The strong man went forth like a mighty conqueror, having on the whole armor of God. He called nothing his own, not even his life. The perfume of that mother's sacrifice filled the air he breathed, and its holy influence was ever around him. His life was short, but it was well spent; his work hurried into a few years, but it was more than that of most men of four score and ten. He left with his armor on, bright and shining from hard service. His weapons were taken up by those he had taught to use them; and they also, encompassed with the odor of the incense which hallowed his life, went from place to place carrying on his warfare against the powers of darkness. Hosts have since that day gone up to glory, carrying their trophies with them; and yet hundreds of the long succession still gird on the armor and wield the victorious sword, waiting for the final day when they too, and all they have won to Jesus, shall be crowned kings and priests unto God.

Then shall be seen the vast result of that mother's gift and prayers, called by the world "useless."

And if our deeds of love have such lasting results, shall those of an opposite character be lost the moment they are done? No, no. The cold or cruel word spoken to one whom Jesus loves, the harsh act or the mere neglect, all have their odor; they all live and move on, and we shall meet them another day.

God save us from withholding anything from Him; our dearest and our best, that which in our loving eye hath neither spot nor blemish, should be our first offering, let the world regard its value as it may. God keep us from speaking a word which may leave a scar on any heart, or threaten with the reproach of Jesus, "Ye did it unto me. God make us his, and like his blessed Son."

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

"What are riches? Something more than man possesses."

The greatest endowments of the mind, the greatest abilities in a profession, and even the quiet possession of immense wealth, will never satisfy avarice. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, says Dr. King, when £800,000, set the same value on half-a-crown then as when he was worth only £100.

The Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms, in Bath, to his lodgings, on a cold, dark night, to save sixpence in the hire of a sedan-chair. He died worth more than a million and a half sterling, which was inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevor, who had been one of his enemies. Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver, and paying twopenny for a dish of coffee, in George's coffee-house, was helped into his chariot (for he was then very lame and infirm)

and sent home; some little time after, he returned to the same coffee-house, on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James, it is said, possessed an income of £40,000 per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir. Agur's prayer will be the language of the wise man, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

"I AM A CHRISTIAN."

The Rhone, still swift and clear, as becomes a child of the Alps, sweeps majestically through the towered city of Lyons and the quiet town of Vienna, its limpid waters reflect nought but what is peaceful and beautiful. And as the traveller hastens through sunny breadths of vineyards down to the Mediterranean, he forgets, in the loveliness of the present, the fearful story of the distant past. The vine clamber luxuriantly round the cottage doors and windows; it festoons every gateway; it creeps close to the brink of the rushing river; it redeems the monotony of the trim poplars; it creates an impression of wealth, comfort and blessing, and stirs the heart to gratitude and praise.

In this beautiful land, under this genial sun, occurred, in the year of our Lord 177, a most cruel persecution of Christians. Words are weak to tell the fierceness of heathen hate and the hardness of heathen hearts. A child is now torn from his parents, to be trained in the Papal faith, and Europe is convulsed by the deed. But at the time of which we speak, religious liberty and toleration were unknown. The Roman Emperor was at the head of the Religion of the Empire. He, as a god, was worshipped; and whoever refused to worship him was liable to death. The Emperor may have been a monster of all vices, a murderer, a parricide, drunk with the blood of wife, or mother, or child; no matter; he must be worshipped as a god.

Christians knew when they should worship, even Jesus Christ, and His Father in Heaven; and they would worship no more man, however exalted his position. This led to their being hated and hunted as enemies of mankind, and rebels against the State. Christians were charged with crimes the most horrible,—with eating their own children and with indulgence in the foulest intemperance. Torture the most excruciating was used to extort damning confessions from their own lips. The heathen thought that they were guilty of certain horrible crimes, and that they wanted them to make them plead guilty. Slaves, fearing insupportable torments, accused their masters; witnesses would say anything; but nearly all true Christians maintained their own innocence and consistency.

One man, Sanctus, a leader among the Christians was asked who he was? what he was? what his crimes were?—whether he was a free man or a slave? His only reply was, "I am a Christian." Torment was heaped upon torment, woe on woe; but still he answered "I am a Christian." Name, city, race, everything, was for him comprised in the great fact that he bore the name of Christ.

When the usual routine of torture was gone through, and when the Governor and his officers had exhausted their devilish contrivings, they fastened red hot plates of brass to the most tender parts of his body; but he continued unshaken and unshaken, firm in his confession, refreshed and strengthened by the celestial fountain of living water that flows from Christ. His body was at length one continued wound, scorched, mangled, shrivelled, so as scarcely to bear the human form; but to the last extremity he found that there is nothing dreadful where the love of the Father is, and nothing painful where the glory of Christ prevails. His torturers renewed their tortures, applying again their instruments of death to his sorely wounded body; but he revived, stood up like a strong man, and confessed, "I am a Christian."

Then came a great day of fasting, and all the people crowded to the amphitheatre to see Christian men and maidens torn by wild beasts. The multitude sat impatient for the sport. At last Sanctus is brought in, maimed, bruised, and bleeding from recent torture. He is led first to pass between two rows of men armed with scourges, each of whom lays a stroke upon his naked and most miserable body. He is then flung to the wild beasts which tear him and drag him about, but do not kill him. At last a red-hot iron chair is brought into the theatre. Sanctus is placed naked upon it and kept there till his ransomed spirit forsook that torn and sorely wasted frame. To the end, so long as his tongue could utter a syllable, he responded to the shouts of the furious mob, "I am a Christian."

Few men ever endured, even at the hands of Spanish or Italian Inquisitors, tortures so varied and so prolonged. No one ever passed more triumphantly through them all.—*Pres. Witness.*

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

The first part of my story, said a gentleman to his friend, happened at the death-bed of my mother. Her life had been a long catalogue of troubles; but I have been told that she always had a happy countenance, because God was ever near to comfort and to strengthen her. I was her only son, and she loved me as another only son. Although I was but eleven years old when she died, I can distinctly remember her taking me into her room, and weeping a prayer to God that I might be saved. When we rose from our knees, she told me that "God was soon going to take her home," and she was afraid I did not love him. Then she kissed me, and I heard her say, as the tears rolled down her cheeks, "God bless him!—God bless him!" The next week I stood at her death-bed. Her eyes were closed, and she lay silent and still, as one waiting for her Lord. I loved her, and could not bear to think that she was going to die. As I kissed her, she opened her eyes, and looking at me, said, "Edward, do love God, and then you shall one day join me in that land whither I am now going. When I'm dead, remember my words, Love him." She said no more, the eyes closed—the spirit had left its tabernacle of clay, and had winged its way to fainter worlds on high. I cried very much for a little time; but my boyish grief soon abated, and I was as gay as ever.

Years passed away, and I made friends with some bad boys, who led me into sin and almost ruin. We used to gamble, frequent race-courses, theatres, and other places where "bad" young men resorted. We were one evening sitting smoking in a music-hall, when the dying words of my mother flashed across my mind: "Love God!"

Love God!" rang in my ears. I tried to stifle them; but no! it was still the dying words, "Love God!" I went home, and, for the first time for many years, the hardened sinner prayed! I need not continue the story; God had begun a good work in my soul, and he has carried it on until now, when a few grey hairs crown my head and the days of my pilgrimage are nearly over. But I'm ready for the summons, whenever it shall come to call me home, to join in the same everlasting hymn of praise that she is singing, and to crown him King of kings and Lord of lords.

Reader, see what prayer does! Do you pray?

READERS OF THE BIBLE.

The Emperor Theodosius wrote out the whole New Testament with his own hand, and read some part of them every day. Theodosius II, dedicated a great part of the night to the study of the Scriptures. George, prince of Transylvania, read over the Bible twenty-seven times. Alphonsus, king of Arragon, read the Scriptures over together with a large commentary, fourteen times.

Sir Henry Wotton, after his customary public devotions, used to retire to his study, and there spend some hours in reading the Bible. Sir John Hartop in like manner, amidst his other vocations, made the Book of God so much his study, that it lay before him night and day.

M. de Renty, a French nobleman, used to read daily three chapters of the Bible, with his head uncovered, and on his bended knees.

Lady Frances Hobart read the Psalms over twelve times a year, the New Testament thrice, and the other parts of the Old Testament once.

Susanah, Countess of Suffolk, for the last seven years of her life, read the whole Bible twice annually.

Dr. Greville used to read fifteen chapters every day; five in the morning, five after dinner, and five in the evening, before going to bed. Mr. Jeremiah Whitaker usually read all the Epistles in the Greek Testament twice every fortnight.

Joshua Barnes is said to have read a small pocket Bible, which he usually carried about with him, 120 times over. Mr. Roger Cotton read the whole Bible through several times a year.

The Rev. William Romayne studied nothing but the Bible for the last thirty or forty years of his life.

A poor prisoner being confined in a dark dungeon, had no light except for a few moments when his food was brought to him; he used to take his Bible and read a chapter, saying he could find his mouth in the dark, when he could not read.

Henry Willis, farmer, aged eighty-one, devoted almost every hour that could be spared from his labor during the course of so long a life, to the devout and serious perusal of the Holy Scriptures. He had read with the most minute attention all the books of the Old and New Testament eight times over, and had proceeded as far as the book of Job in his ninth reading, when his meditations were terminated by death.

BE NOT FAITHLESS, BUT BELIEVING.—The Lord has said; despise not. The Lord has risen; doubt not. The Lord is exalted; fear not. The Lord reigneth; hesitate not. The Lord returneth; delay not. Believe, and that with all simplicity and with all joy. Believe, and bring before him the wants of thine own heart and daily life—the daily requirements of thy soul; trust, and look upward. Believe, and bring before him the wants of thy friends, both for body and soul; trust, and look upward. Believe, and bring before him the wants of the church; trust, and look upward. Believe, and bring before him the wants of the world; and still trustingly look upward. "The night cometh, and also the morning." Soon the Lord shall