

# 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.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

### ERB SETTLEMENT SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Bro. McLeod.—The Erb Settlement is a small thriving neighborhood of some nine or ten families in the Parish of Sussex. Quite a portion of the people are members of the F. C. Baptist Church, of Lower St. John, but on account of the distance, they are subjected to the necessity of going a long way to cross the bridge, or else remain at home on the Sabbath during the spring and fall. In consequence, a prayer meeting and Sabbath school were instituted among themselves. Both have been carried on successfully winter and summer for about two years. The Superintendent, with others who are interested in the Sabbath School, desirous of rewarding the children for their faithfulness in the past, and encouraging them for the future, decided to have a concert, accompanied with tea, and an address by the writer, who was invited to attend.

The manner in which the pieces were recited was highly creditable to all concerned. Much praise is due to Miss Bates (school mistress), who rendered valuable service in training the children for the concert.

After the recitations, temporary tables were erected in the school house, the place of meeting, which were literally loaded with almost every good thing, and to which all present were cordially invited, making a company we suppose not less than eighty persons. After all had done ample justice to the good things spread before them, I have no doubt as many more could have been as well supplied.

On being over, the Superintendent called the meeting to order, when the writer gave a short address; subject—"The origin and progress of Sunday Schools," after which an ample supply of apples were passed around among the people.

A few minutes of social conversation was enjoyed, and then a large majority of those present joined in singing the Doxology; after which the company dispersed well pleased with the evening's entertainment. A few days after, one of the brethren passed among the people, and in a short time raised the needed for a ten dollar library, which has already been purchased.

Yours truly, Wm. Knollin.

### PROGRAMME OF RECITATIONS.

1. Commandments—by Benjamin McKenzie and Henry Erb.
2. Heaven, or the better land—by Sarah Erb and Amelia McKenzie.
3. The Boy and his angel—by John Carson.
4. The Drunkard's dream—by Eliza Erb.
5. The Judge—by Annie Carson.
6. The Family's choice—by Martha McKenzie, Julia Secord, Henry Erb, and an anonymous.
7. The Broad and Well Spread Table—by Mary Sproul.
8. Oath of a scholar—by George Carson.
9. God sees hears and knows me—by Elizabeth Asbell and Francis Asbell.
10. Young Samuel—by Augusta Sproul.
11. Love between Brothers and Sisters—by John Erb.
12. Dialogue—by Eliza Erb and Annie Erb.
13. Hymn—by George Erb.
14. Our Lily—by Rhoda McKenzie.
15. My Bible—by Amelia McKenzie and Sarah Erb.
16. Gentle Words—by Matilda Erb.
17. Who shall live in Heaven—by Miles Erb.
18. Hymn—by William Carson.
19. Child's Prayer—by Mary Erb.
20. Hymn—by Charles Wheaton.
21. Early Instruction—by Elizabeth Asbell and Francis Asbell.
22. Hymn—by Louisa Carson.
23. The Skater's song—by Julia Secord.
24. Hymn—by Thomas Robinson.
25. The Lady and the Pie, or know thyself—by Amanda Secord.
26. Hymn—by James Erb.
27. The little boy, and the star—by Mary Secord.
28. Joseph and his brethren—by Ann Sproul.
29. My Mother—by Julia Secord.
30. My Mother is dead—by Howard Erb.
31. The African's distress—by Amanda Sproul.
32. The voice of God—by Ann Sproul.
33. First Murderer—by George Sproul.

Singing by the Choir.

Table of Entertainment, by parents, Lecturer, Rev. W. M. Knollin. Fruit, by Superintendent, McKenzie.

### MARTIN LUTHER.

When a little boy, Martin carried the faggots for his father, John Luther, to kindle the fire in his little iron smelting furnace, in Germany. God designed him to become the bearer of fuel for his own great fire of the Reformation, to smelt the hearts of millions and re-cast the life of the world. But as yet this boy's own heart and his own life were in the crude and corrupt state of nature, hard as unmeltable as the ore of the mine and as full of impurities, to be expelled only by the fires of Divine love. His mother loved and pitied and indulged him, but his father was severe and never spared the rod. That he was not an angel in his youth we may know, for he tells of himself that he was whipped fifteen times in one day in his first school. But all this did not heat grace into his heart, though it may have beaten letters into his head. He made brilliant progress in study, and at twenty years of age received his degree at the university as a Bachelor of Arts. Up to this time his heart was in the world. His father designed him for the law, and his own ambition no doubt aspired to the honors within easy reach in that line of life. God designed otherwise. But at that critical time when the very next step would be a first in a life-long profession, one of his fellow students died to him as a brother beloved, one Alexis, was assassinated. The report of this tragic affair coming to Luther's ear, he

hurried to the spot and found it even so. Often before, conscience, and the spirit in his heart, had urged him to a religious life, in preparation for death and the judgment. And now, as he stood gazing upon the bloody corpse of his dear friend Alexis, and thought how in a moment, prepared or unprepared, he had been summoned, from earth, he asked himself the question, "What would become of me if I were thus suddenly called away?"

This was in A. D. 1505, in summer. Taking advantage of the summer's vacation, Luther, now in his twenty-first year, paid a visit to Mansfeldt, the home of his infancy. Even then the purpose of a life of devotion was forming in his heart, but not yet ripened into full and final decision. The only life of religion known to him, and at all meeting his convictions, was that of the convent, the life of a priest. Whether it was because the purpose was only yet in embryo, or because he dreaded his father's displeasure, or shrunk from dashing his father's hopes and giving him pain, it seems he kept the matter back. The fire burned on in his own breast, but the young Bachelor of Arts kept it hidden, even from those most deeply interested in him all upon earth.

On his way back to the university, however, he was overtaken by a terrific storm. "The thunder roared," says D'Aubigne; "a thunderbolt sunk into the ground by his side; Luther threw himself on his knees; his hour is perhaps come, Death, judgment, eternity, are before him in all their terrors, and speak with a voice which he can no longer resist. 'Encompassed with the anguish and terror of death,' as he says of himself, 'he makes a vow, if God will deliver him from this danger, to forsake the world, and devote himself to his service.' Risen from the earth, having still before his eyes that death must one day overtake him, he examines himself seriously, and inquires what he must do. And while at the word of the Lord, he returns with redoubled power. He has endeavored, it is true, to fulfill all his duties. But what is the state of his soul? Can he, with a polluted soul, appear before the tribunal of so terrible a God? He must become holy—for this he will go into the cloister, he will enter a convent, he will become a monk and a priest in the Augustinian order. He will there become holy and be saved."

This scene has been compared to that on the Damascus road centuries before, and they are not without certain similarities, both in the men, and in the circumstances and results. But there were broad differences: for while Saul of Tarsus was relieved of his blindness after only three days of darkness and desolation, Luther had yet before him months and months of monastic groping, before his eyes were opened to receive the Lord Jesus as the All in All. And while at the word of Ananias the scales fell from the eyes of the young devotee of Judaism at once, in a moment, the eyes of the young devotee of Romanism were opened, not entirely at the first touch of the Master's fingers, but rather like him who first saw only men as trees walking, and afterwards, when touched again, saw clearly.

It was a terrible blow to his parents when Luther entered the convent at Erfurt, and an astonishment to all his friends, and, as it proved in the end, a painful experiment, and a vain one, to gain salvation. Christ alone could pardon sin, but Luther had that yet to learn. He thought to merit salvation. Christ alone is the sinner's righteousness and sanctification, but he fully believed the way to become holy and just, was to shut himself up within holy walls, amongst a holy brotherhood, and perform holy offices. God designed him to be the foremost reformer of his Church, and therefore led him through all the processes of the Church, to show him their emptiness and vanity: led him at last to Rome itself and made him see the blasphemous hollowiness of all its ceremonies, and the vile corruption of the men he held in such veneration. But it is not part of our design now to follow him through all this wearisome course, or to recount the painful revelations of vanity and corruption made to him step by step as he was led along. It is rather with Luther's experience as a Christian than as a Reformer, that our present purpose is concerned. The object before us is to see how the Lord brought him out of bondage into liberty, and out of darkness into light, and brought him at last out of church processes, and out of the ways of his own devising, to take the Lord Jesus as the all in all, rather than to show how he was trained to break the bondage and dispel the darkness of an enslaved and benighted church.

Buried in the convent at Erfurt he toiled and suffered two terrible years in vain for salvation, became emaciated, pale, hollow eyed, downcast, hopeless. The lovely and noble Staupitz, Vicar General and head of the Augustinian order in Thuringia, was the first to shed any ray of light upon the dark and troubled mind of Luther. Staupitz pointed Luther to the word of God and to the grace of Christ, and inspired him with some gleams of hope, that hope might some time be his. But although the floods of wrath from the windows of heaven were stayed, and the fountains of hell from beneath were closed, the waters gone over him had not yet subsided, the dove of peace found yet no resting place in his soul, and the bow of the covenant of promise had not yet sprung forth to his view. Indeed his struggles and watchings and fastings brought him to the brink of the grave. He was seized with an illness that threatened his life. One day a venerable monk came into his cell. Luther opened his heart to him. Despair had seized upon him. The pains of hell had hold of him. The good old man pointed him to his *credo*. Luther had learned the apostle's creed in his childhood, and had said it over thousands of times, but when the monk repeated to him in the tones of a sincere faith the words, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," they carried a light and a consolation, never before felt, to the sufferer's soul. "Ah!" said the monk, "you must believe not merely that David's sins or Peter's are forgiven: the divine behest that, 'The commandment of God is that we believe our own sins are forgiven.' St. Bernard says, in his discourse on the annunciation, 'The testimony of the Holy Ghost to your heart is Thy sins are forgiven thee.'"

Luther believed, and joy filled his soul. He rose quickly from the depths of despair and from the bed of sickness. Life from the dead was given him in a two-fold sense. The forgiveness of sins was ever after a living article in his faith, and not a dead letter in the apostle's creed. He knew and was a witness to others that the greatest sinner may be forgiven. But as yet, the great underlying principles of justification by faith, was to him

one of the deep and hidden things of God. The noble Staupitz and the good old Monk already before him, knew as much as Luther had now learned, and more. And all this Luther himself might have known, and yet lived a monk all his days. But God had greater things in store for him, and greater lessons to teach him. All this and more he might have taught life-long, with the burning zeal of a Paul, and the commanding eloquence of an Apollon, without causing the foundation of Rome to tremble, or freeing the church from a single fetter or chain, and without even enjoying himself, the liberty of the children of God, or the blessing of full trust and full salvation. Mark what follows.

The assassination of the dear Alexis had awakened him. The thunderbolt on the Erfurt road, struck the death blow of his indecision, and Staupitz and the good Monk with his *credo* and his faith, had shed the first rays and comforts of salvation upon his pathway. This was all they could do. For all this God used them, but now he was about to make his Holy word the means of leading Luther out into the light, and onward into the open field of truth not yet reached by either the prelate or the monk. Luther had no Bible. He had access to one in Latin chained to a stone pillar in the convent, a striking emblem of the Bible at that day. Locked up in a dead language, and chained to a cold monastic pillar of dead stone. And yet thank God neither itself dead nor yet bound. Another Bible he could see also in the Latin by going to the library of the University to read it. That was the first copy of the Bible he ever saw, and the first word of the Bible he ever read, from the Bible itself, was the story of Hannah and her child Samuel lent to the Lord forever, and this charmed him. Yet another copy of the sacred word was within his reach by going to a brother monk's cell to read it, in Latin also. A Bible all his own, was a prize too great for his fondest dreams. And yet God gave him one. Staupitz brought him a Bible, a Latin Bible, and presented it to him to be all his own. O, what a treasure. How eagerly he searched it. What delight it gave him. That was the first stone of his great work. That Latin Bible was called of God, and was yet to undo the Latin bolts and bars, and break in under the monastic chains, and give a good honest German liberty to the blessed Word of God, and bring home its hallowed light to thousands of darkened hearts and homes, and to millions of benighted souls. He himself was first to learn from it the fullness of the blessings of the gospel of peace, and then became the foremost Bible teacher of the world.

Soon he was ordained a priest, and then very soon appointed professor of philosophy in the University of Wittenberg. Staupitz recommended him to Frederick, Elector of Saxony, and the Elector sent him his commission. At once beside the duties of his own professorship, he began giving lectures during an unoccupied hour, upon the Bible, first upon the Psalms, then upon Romans. It was a new thing under the sun. His lectures were clear, warm, stirring, eloquent, powerful. His fame spread out. Students gathered in. Soon by appointment of the Elector, and by the persuasion of Staupitz, and by the hand of Carlstadt he was made "Doctor in Theology." Biblical doctor and sworn to defend the gospel with all his strength. Now at last he was in the very chair, and the very work designed for him from the first.

But these are the events of his outward life. The life within is that which concerns us. We have seen how Luther came to the faith of the forgiveness of sins. We will now trace the steps of his final and full reform of soul through faith in the Lord Jesus. One day, while studying Romans for a lecture to the students, the words of the prophet Habakkuk as quoted by Paul, Rom. 1: 17—"The just shall live by faith," struck their light through his soul. Here was the grand principle of life and righteousness. He saw it, grasped it, exulted in it, and began teaching it with all the force and fire of his eloquence and genius. There were, it is true, applications of this great principle which he was not yet prepared to see, or to make, both to the church and to his own heart and life. But the principle of justification by faith was no longer a hidden one to him, and it infused a new life and a new power into his soul and his teachings. He applied it with unsparing clearness to the forgiveness of sins. He saw how God could be just, and yet justify him that believeth in Jesus, however great his sins might be. Selected not long after to represent seven convents in matters of difference between them and the Vicar General at the court of the Roman Pontiff he set off, led by the hand of God into Rome itself, to witness, with his own eyes and ears the blasphemous hollowiness, and putrid corruptions of the church. On the way he was again taken ill, and again brought to look down into the grave and up to the Judgment bar of God. His sins troubled him. The old Erfurt horror of darkness returned upon him. But in the midst of it the words of the prophet, "The just shall live by faith" came again to him with a new force and filled him with the light of heaven. And yet again, while looking upon the ruins of ancient Rome, and almost overwhelmed by the conviction that the Rome which was then would one day be also in ruins, the holy city would pass away, he in ashes, the same words came to his relief and comfort again, "The just shall live by faith." The church shall live though Rome should die. Christ lives, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against his church. Luther had not yet learned to take the Lord Jesus for his sanctification. He had one process for the forgiveness of sins, that of faith, and another for the pursuit of holiness, that of works. He believed in Jesus, and trusted for the sake of Jesus who had died, and risen again for his justification, his sins were all freely forgiven. But he longed for a holy heart and a holy life, and sought them by means not by faith. The truth that Jesus is all to the sinner, that in Jesus he has all if he takes him for all, he had not yet perceived. Christ a propitiation he accepted, but Christ a sanctification he rejected. Struggle with having Christ, and believing in him, and having in him the fountain of holiness, indeed our own holiness, just as really and fully as he is our own sacrifice, for sin, we should go about to work out, or seek for holiness of heart imparted to us from God aside from, not in Christ. Yet so it is. So it was with Luther. At Rome he performed all holy offices, and visited every sacred place, hungering and thirsting after righteousness. One day he sought to secure a special indulgence promised to all holy pilgrims who should climb Pilate's stair case, so called, on their knees. This Pilate's stair case was said to have been trans-

ported bodily by miracle, in the night, from Jerusalem to Rome. As Luther crept painfully from stone to stone upward, suddenly he heard, as he thought, a voice of thunder in the depths of his heart, "The just shall live by faith." These words had often before told him that the just are made alive by faith, but now they thundered through his soul the truth that even so, "the just shall live (be kept alive) by faith." By faith they shall be kept by the power of God; by faith they shall make progress onward and upward; by faith their sins shall be forgiven; and by faith their hearts and lives shall be made holy.

Ah! well might the historian say of Luther that "this was a creative word for the reformer," now for the first time he was freed from all false processes of salvation, and fully established in the true. Faith now, as the condition, and Jesus as the salvation he saw was the whole. Full salvation was in Jesus, and Jesus was the soul's full, through full trust in him. When this word resounded in this new force through his soul, it is no wonder that Luther sprang to his feet upon the stone steps up which he had been crawling like a worm, horrified at himself, and struck with shame for the degradation to which superstition had debased him, and fled from the scene of his folly. Luther himself says, "Then I felt myself born again as a new man, and I entered by an open door into the very paradise of God. From that hour I saw the precious and holy Scriptures with new eyes. I went through the whole Bible. I collected a multitude of passages which taught me what the work of God was. Truly this text of St. Paul was to me the very gate of heaven."

### BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

When and by whom were the books of the Old Testament first collected and arranged? By Ezra, about 450 years before Christ. The five books of Moses had been kept with the Ark of the Covenant (Deut. xxxi. 24-26), and Joshua had written the portion of the Scripture bearing his name "in the book of the law of God" (Joshua viii. 34, and xiv. 26).

What are the most prominent translations of the Bible that have been made? The Septuagint, the Vulgate, the Douay, and the English or King James's Bible. What is the meaning of the word Septuagint? Seventy. The translation was so called because it was made by seventy, or more strictly, by seventy-two men; six having been chosen from each of the twelve tribes of Israel for this purpose.

When and where was this translation made? At Alexandria, in Egypt, about 200 years before Christ. It was a translation of the Old Testament only, from the Hebrew into the Greek. How was this translation regarded by the Jews in the time of Christ? It was regarded with peculiar reverence. Our Saviour and the apostles in their discourses generally quoted from this version.

What is the Vulgate translation? It is a Latin translation of the Septuagint, not of the Hebrew, and so called the Vulgate because, being the only version which the Roman Catholic church holds to be reliable, it is in that church the common version.

When and by whom was this translation made? By Jerome, about the year A. D. 400. It was hastily made, and became very incorrect by many changes.

What of the Douay Bible? It is an English translation of the Vulgate, with notes and comments, and it is the only English Bible approved by the Roman Catholic church.

From what did it receive its name? From the place where it was first published—Douay, a town in France.

When was it published? In the year 1610.

Why does it differ so much from our English Bible? Because it was made, not from the original Hebrew, but from the Vulgate, which was from the Septuagint, and was very imperfect. It could not be as correct as a translation made directly from the Hebrew.

Why is our English version called "King James's Bible"? Because it was made during the reign of James I., King of England.

When was it begun and when completed? In the year 1607 the work was commenced, and was finished in about three years, and published in 1611.

By whom was the translation made? Fifty-four of the most learned men of the kingdom were appointed for the task. Seven of these did not serve, leaving forty-seven as the number who were actually engaged in the work.

How was the labour apportioned among this number? They were divided into six classes; to each of which a certain portion of the Bible was given to translate, not from the Latin nor from the Septuagint, but directly from the original Hebrew and Greek.

How will our English translation compare with other versions of the Bible? It is said by the most competent judges to be better than any other.

What was the earliest division of the Bible? That which is supposed to have been made by Ezra. The books of the Old Testament were divided into three classes, "the law," "the prophets," and "the writings, or the Psalms." To this our Saviour refers, Luke xxiv. 44—"All things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me."

What books were embraced in these three divisions? "The Law" included the first five books: "the Psalms," or "writings," included the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon. "The Prophets" included all the remaining books.

When and by whom was the Bible first divided into chapters? This is generally said to have been done by Cardinal Hugo, A. D. 1240. But as early as the middle of the third century, the four Gospels had been divided into chapters.

When and by whom were the chapters divided into verses? By Robert Stephens, in the year 1551. It is said that he performed the greater part of this laborious task while on horseback, on a journey from Paris to Lyons!

### THE WITHERED RIGHT HAND.

An old tradition reports that the man with his right hand withered was a stone-cutter, whom the affliction had compelled to beg for bread. Whether true or not, such a case brings out how valuable, or rather invaluable, the right hand is to every man that eateth his bread by the sweat of his brow; it illustrates how helpless and how useless man would be without it; and reminds us how thankful every one should be who possesses a right hand healthy and strong. But the outward works of Jesus Christ were confessedly typical of that deeper work in the soul, which was the great end of his coming into the world; and the withered hand has its spiritual counterpart both in the man of the world, and in the relapsing child of God.

1. Every *unrenewed* soul is a man with his right hand withered: because man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him; and this great end of his being remains unanswered. Other things you have done, which are secondary; but the first end of your existence you have never accomplished. "You have come short of the glory of God," your arm is shortened, and cannot reach it; it is dried, and you cannot even stretch it toward that glory. The common works of life you can discharge; but these are only the left-hand acts of the immortal soul; while its great and high objects—its right-hand efforts—you have never risen to at all. You have never once truly enjoyed God; never done one work, spoken one word, or conceived one thought for the glory of God. Your spirit within you, your real strength and life, is withered and powerless; you are "without strength;" incapable of spiritual energy or action.

2. The *relapsing* child of God has his right hand withered. Take it for illustration of the minister of the everlasting gospel. The right hand is the received emblem of might; "the strength of the right hand" is the special designation of power. The ambassador of Christ preaches in wisdom and with acceptance; he rightly divides the word of truth; he keeps nothing back of the counsel of God; and brings nothing forward that can give occasion for the reproach of the adversary. All is unexceptionable, and yet all is fruitless. The ministry may lack fruit, and yet be blameless. But this ministry also lacks power, and in this want it fails in its most essential element; because the true preaching of the gospel is not in word, but in power. It may indeed be a saviour unto death rather than unto life; yet being a sweet saviour of Christ unto God, even in them that perish, it still possesses the character of power. But wanting power, the ministry fails in the very essence of the embassy; all other features may combine to adorn him, but the preacher's right hand is withered. The curse on the unfaithful shepherd of old is perilously near him; that his "arm shall be clean dried up, and his right eye utterly darkened."

The root of this withering lies deep. If the visible strength alone were wanting, that might soon be supplied. But it is not only power with man that the messenger lacks, but power also with God. Jacob has power with Esau and his four hundred men, and bows his heart to love and friendship; because he has had power in solitude with the Angel of the covenant, and has prevailed. His right hand hath been strong to wrestle in secret, and therefore it is exalted openly. But the failing power in the pulpit, indicates a failure of strength in the closet; the right hand withered beneath the mantle soon betrays its weakness in the sight of all.

Now is it really different with any child of God. For the suppliant, for the believer, for the convert, with God, for the soldier of the cross, the right hand must abide in strength.

There is the hand that was once vigorously stretched out in prayer, now "hanging down;" unequal to continuous stretching heavenward, perhaps unable for any upward lifting at all. No wonder that the shepherd's arm is dried up, when the Aaron and the Hurs upon the mount along with him have their right hands withered, and incapable of rendering any support.

Then there is the right hand of faith, that lays holds upon eternal life, that embraces the exceeding great and precious promises, that stretches the rod over the sea, and divides the waters of the deep, that grasp and obtains the all things possible to him that believeth. When this right hand is withered, the believer's strength is gone. He is unarmed and useless for any great work of the Lord.

There is further the right hand of free dedication unto God in Christ. "One shall say, I am the Lord's and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob, and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel" (Isa. xlv. 3). In a season of soul-refreshing, of springing up like the grass, and like the willows by the water-courses, one of the sweetest and most fruitful spiritual exercises is a free and cordial self-dedication to the Lord. By the power of the Holy Ghost loosing him from other ties, the believer yields himself up to God in Christ; with the whole consent and entire surrender of heart and soul, of mind and will. The man subscribes with his right hand unto the Lord, and the Lord accepts and owns the dedication. But by and by the right hand withers, is palsied and stiff, it can no longer write the very heart's name and the soul's desire before the living God, that he may receive and seal the self-surrender.

There is one more, the right hand of the soldier of the cross, of which David sings, Thou teachest my hands to war, and my fingers to fight; the hand to use the sword of the Spirit, and every finger to fight with the arrows of the Lord's bow. When his right hand abides in strength, the soldier of Christ was a good warfare, and turns to fight the armies of the aliens. But when it is withered the sword of the Spirit, the word of God, drops from his feeble grasp, and the arrows rest useless in the quiver; the enemy is not resisted, and he fleeth not; the good fight is fought no longer, and the battle against iniquity overtakes it not.

There is another withered right hand which characterizes, not the child of God, but the soul that has a name to live, and is dead. "The right hand is a right hand of falsehood," is the character of those in Israel of old, who lifted up their hands to swear by Jehovah, but not in truth or righteousness. Would that the description had lost its force in the midst of us; but it is sadly true of many in the gospel church, that their right hand is a right hand of falsehood. You take your place at the holy table of the Lord:

and you stretch forth your right hand to the bread which is the communion of the body of Christ, and to the cup which is the communion of the blood of Christ. But your own communion is with the world, and not with Christ; your fellowship with Belial, and not with God. You stretch forth your right hand, and by the bread which is the communion of the body of Christ, you solemnly engage to be the Lord's; to hold yourself henceforth as not your own, but bought with a price. Yet you have no resolution, no serious intention, no sincere desire to renounce yourself and the world; and to present your body a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto the Lord.—*Copernicus*, by the Rev. A. M. Stuart.

### BUT WHEN?

Reader, I dare say you mean one day to be a decidedly religious man. You hope one day to be a really serious Christian. You think it quite right to be a pious person. But when is this to be? I say again, When?

Are you waiting till you are sick? Surely you will not tell me that is a convenient season. When your body is racked with pain, when your mind is distracted with all kinds of anxious thoughts, when calm reflection is almost impossible, is this a time for beginning the mighty work of acquaintance with God? Do not talk so.

Are you waiting till you are old? Surely you have not considered what you say. You will serve Christ when your members are worn out and decayed, and your hands unfit to work? You will go to him when your mind is weak and your memory failing? You will give up the world when you cannot keep it? Is this your plan? Beware, lest you insult God.

Are you waiting till you have leisure? And when do you expect to have more time than you have now? Every year you live seems shorter than the last; you find more to think of, or to do, and less power and opportunity to do it. And after all you know not whether you may live to see another year. Boast not yourself of to-morrow—now is the time.

Are you waiting till your heart is perfectly fit and ready? That will never be. It will always be corrupt and sinful—a bubbling fountain, full of evil. You will never make it like a pure white sheet of paper, that you can take to Jesus, and say, "Here I am Lord, ready to have thy law written on my heart." Delay not, better begin as you are.

O, lingering reader, are not your excuses broken reeds? Be honest; confess the truth. You have no good reason for waiting.

Take the advice I give you. Resolve this day to wait no longer. Begin at once to seek God. Repent of your sins. Break off your evil habits. Believe on Christ, and be saved.—*Rev. J. C. Ryle*.

### INTEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Parliamentary reports state that the number convicted of drunkenness in England Wales in 1862, was 54,123, while in 1863 it was 62,250—an increase of more than 9,000 in one year! The police force of England and Wales cost \$7,890, 110, one-half of which is stated to be made necessary by drunkenness, also that one-half of the criminal cases in courts come from the same source. This presents a truly alarming prospect for the future of England!

But is that of America any better? We fear not. For many years temperance efforts have flagged. Another generation has come up, and we suspect with unsafe views and habits in regard to intoxicating drinks. This last remark applies especially to our cities and particularly to the young men of the cities.

Not long since we heard, in an ecclesiastical meeting, a report on the subject of temperance, by a city pastor, the chairman of a committee appointed the year before for that purpose, which expressed convictions the most startling and appalling. Yes, conviction forced upon him by the things he saw and heard in a city population. The rural villages are in a better state, but there are alarming influences at work affecting the whole country, which need to be resisted. Among the most dangerous is the growing habit of physicians of prescribing brandy, gin, wine, ale or cider as remedies for diseases—generally chronic diseases—requiring a prolonged cure. What can be more adapted to produce an appetite for spirits? An eminent medical professor said to us a few months since, "Doctor—of the city of—many years ago became famous for curing dyspepsia. His prescription was beefsteak with brandy for dinner and no supper." The Prof. added, "Going without supper cured the dyspepsia and brandy made drunkards—yes, many ladies among the best families of the city were made drunkards by that celebrated prescription." Such a result seems the certain consequence of such a practice. Should not physicians hesitate long before making a prescription fraught with such terrible danger—tenfold more than the disease to be cured, when, perhaps, equally effectual relief might be found in a safe way? Can the patient pray, "Lead us not into temptation," while wilfully rushing right into the jaws of an almost irresistible temptation?

With this new ally of intemperance stalking through the land, let the preacher lift up again the warning voice from the pulpit; let the lecturer again portray the terrors of the insidious destroyer; let the people everywhere organize to resist, before the monster shall reach again his former power to ruin. As yet in the rural districts he has got it; let, at least the country resolutely refuse his domination. It can be accomplished only by effort, expense, and self-denial speedily put forth.

GOLD DUST.—In the United States mint at Philadelphia, when the visitor reaches the gold-working room, the guide tells him that the singular floor is a net-work of wooden bars to catch all the falling particles of the precious metal. When the day's labor is done, the floor, which is in sections of parts, is removed, and the golden dust is swept up, to be remelted and coined. About thirty thousand dollars annually are in this way saved.

Life's highest improvement and success, like, in this respect, the sweepings of the "gold-room," depend on the "spare moments"—the careful use of the fragments. No worker for time and eternity, ever reached high success without the wise economy, in which Christ gave us, by precept and example, the perfect illustration.