

# 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.]

Vol. XII.—No. 36.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1865.

Whole No. 608.

## The Intelligencer.

[From the (London) Revival for July.]

### RICHARD EMMOTT—THE CONVERTED INFIDEL.

A STRANGE TALE, BY JOHN ASHWORTH, A LONDON CITY MISSIONARY.

As you enter the town of Oldham from the Mumps Railway Station, near the baths in Union-street, there is a small cottage numbered 60. For many years the windows of this cottage had been filled with cigars, tobacco, fruit, sweatmeats, sporting papers, and infidel publications; but on the Sabbath the window was decked out with all possible attention, to allure and corrupt the young or old people in the neighbourhood.

Having a Sabbath engagement in Oldham, I informed the gentleman, in whose house I was staying on the Saturday evening, that I should probably be absent early in the morning to take a quiet walk through the streets, and have a little conversation with the stragglers and groups of street-loungers, and try if I could induce some of them to get washed and attend a place of worship.

Passing out of Union-street about seven the following morning, I came to this open toy-shop. A middle-aged woman was on her knees washing the doorstep. Wishing to speak to her, I stopped down and said—

"My good woman, have you any money in the Savings Bank?"

The woman rose from her knees with the floor-cloth in her hand, and, looking me in the face, said—

"Whatever made you ask me that, feller?"

"Well, Mrs., I replied, 'I have been asking that question of many Sunday shopkeepers for the last twenty years, and I have never found one that had saved anything; they are all a poor, poverty-stricken lot, and I am anxious to know if you are like the rest I have seen.'"

"Us agin saved? Nay, not us. I wish we had," she again replied.

"Just then a tall, thin man came across the street, and, looking me rather fiercely in the face, said—

"What are you saying to my wife?"

"Well, sir, if this be your wife, I have been asking her if you have any money in the bank?" I replied.

"Ah! you are one of the black-coats, are you? Where is your white choker?" he asked.

"I do not happen to have one at present, but I have a black coat of good Yorkshire cloth. Just rub your hand down the sleeve and feel how smooth it is."

This playful expression on my part rather changed his temper; but again addressing me with an important air, he observed—

"You have caught a tartar this morning, and one that has had many a twist with such chaps as you; for, if there is anything I delight in, it is to choke a parson. I wish I could choke them every one so that they could never speak again."

"What sort of a tartar are you?" I asked.

"My name is Emmott, a well-known Secularist of thirty years standing."

"Then I am not surprised at your keeping a Sunday shop and wanting to strangle parsons," I replied.

"Say what you will, I shall keep this little shop open when I like, and I have good reason for keeping it open on the Sunday, and I can clinch it with an argument you cannot touch."

"Well, what is your clincher?"

"Why, that I can make about two shillings out of the goods in that window to-day, and two shillings are two shillings. If I were to go to the guardians for two shillings, I might have to stand waiting two hours, and be snubbed in the bargain."

"Well, sir, I admire your spirit as regards going to the guardians, for I have no patience with persons going for parish relief that can help it. Some are forced to go, but many go that might do without it, if they would only make an effort. But I think your argument a very lame one, for Sunday shopkeepers are far more likely to find their way to the poorhouse in the long run than persons that honour the Sabbath."

"Why, how do you make that out?"

"Well, sir, here you have your fruit, toffy, and penny cigars, to say nothing about your infidel books, tempting Sunday-school scholars, and inducing them to do what their parents and teachers warn them against doing. You sell these cigars and tobacco to mere boys, helping them to form degrading habits, and thereby injuring their neighbours' children. The consequence will be that respectable people will not trade with you any day, for, depend upon it, society is a social compact. Despise and snub society, and it will despise and snub you; respect and smile at it, and it will respect and smile at you. To make this more clear, did you ever see a six-foot looking-glass?"

"Yes, many a one."

"Well, the next time you see one, stand before it, clench your fist, and with a look of defiance, say, 'Who cares for you?' and you will see one with clenched fist and defiant look saying, 'Who cares for you?' But if you smile and say, 'Good morning, my friend, I wish you prosperity,' you will see one smiling in return and wishing you prosperity. Now, sir, this is society; and what you measure to it, it will measure back to you."

"A man must, in this respect, reap what he sows."

"During this conversation, we had entered the house. He folded his arms, leaned against an old mangle, and seemed in a deep study; then, looking at my face, he said—

"Do you hear what that man says, lass? I think there is some weight in it, for I have been snubbing and defying society for the last thirty years, and it has nearly snubbed us both into the workhouse. I think I will try smiling. Here goes!"

Emmott swept toffies, tobacco, cigars, and infidel papers all out of the window, putting them on the top of the mangle, and pulled down his blind, his wife staring at him with the greatest astonishment all the while.

While Emmott's wife was gazing at him in wonder, I was watching his proceeding with pleasure; and when he had finished, I said—

"Well done, and depend upon it, you will be commercially a gainer. Now, if you keep a correct account of your dealings, I shall, all well, be coming this way again, and I dare venture to make up all you lose, if you will give me your gains. And now what do you say to going to some place of worship?"

"Nay, nay! Your looking-glass argument has knocked me down, for I believe it, but no churches or chapels for me. Oldham folks will be amazed

enough to see the shop shut up, but they will never see me in a church. I see by the bills on the walls that John Ashworth, of Rochdale, is going to preach in the chapel at the end of the street. I did think once of going to hear what that chap had to say. I have read his 'Wilkins,' 'Sander-son,' and 'Niff and his Dogs,' and long for a chance of just meeting that meddling fool!"

"Well, sir, if you will get ready, I will call on you about the time, and we will go together."

"No, no! Churches and chapels are no more to me. I wish they were all in ruins; besides, my Sunday jump is in the pop-shop, and I shall not go in these rags."

When I returned to the house at which I was staying, and, during breakfast, recounted to the gentleman and his wife the adventure of the morning—more especially my conversation with Emmott—they were greatly surprised and pleased. I expressed a wish that he might be visited by his Sunday trading, and I thought it possible that he might yet be induced to attend some place of worship. This was done by Messrs. Mortimer, Hilbert, and others, for they all became interested in Emmott's case.

How mysterious are the ways of Him whose paths are in the deep! With infinite love and pity He looks on our fallen humanity, and though there is no other name by which we can be saved, but the name of Christ Jesus, yet many and various influences are at work intended to bring wicked men to seek salvation in that name, and to trust in the goodness of God. Bruce, the traveller, when dying in despair on the arid sands of the Abyssinian desert, was led to trust in God's providence from seeing a small green plant blooming amidst the sands. Linnaeus, the naturalist, fell on his knees before the common English gorse, and thanked God he had been spared to see this additional evidence of his wisdom. I knew a poor woman who almost broken-hearted with sorrow, sat weeping beside a well; a little girl was plucking daisies and bluebells, and singing "Come to Jesus"; the woman heard the child's song, knelt down and sought comfort from that Jesus of whom the child was singing, and from that day became a happy Christian.

The singing of a lark was amongst the influences that melted down the haughty spirit of Emmott. Soon after my visit he was walking through Oldham park; a lark was just rising from the ground; he watched it as it rose higher and higher, warbling its sweet notes as it ascended, till it became a mere speck in the clear blue sky.

"Yes," said Emmott to himself, "yon little bird is filled with song and joy, while I am miserable and wretched. This winged creature, a mere thing of instinct, warbles and backs in the sun-bath, answering the purposes of its existence, and is happy; but I, a rational creature, am gloomy and sad of heart. How is this? If there be a God, He must have as much regard for my happiness as for the happiness of that bird. That bird sings its song without snubbing or insulting its fellows, or denying its Maker. It needs not to look into the six-foot glass to teach it that like must produce like.

These reflections brought tears, and Emmott commenced himself offering up a prayer that he might answer the purpose of his existence, and become a happy man; and, strange as it may seem, that prayer was the verse of a hymn taught him by his mother—a mother that had offered many prayers for her wayward son, but for thirty years he had never even thought of it—but now that mother's verse—

"Come, Holy Spirit, from above,  
Impart thy gift of grace to me;  
Visit me with celestial fire,  
And with thyself my soul inspire."

became the involuntary language of a burdened soul.

The Sabbath following found Emmott in the house of prayer. Again and again he sought the sanctuary, and in tears of penitence besought Him whom he had denied and insulted to have mercy upon and pardon the most guilty of all guilty sinners. He was in this state of mind when he sent me the following letter:—

"GO UNION-STREET, OLDHAM, OCT. 24, 1864.

"Kind Friend,—A little thought, when you came to my door the other Sunday morning, that I should have so soon to plead for God's mercy—me that so often had denied his existence—but such is the fact, Oh Mr. Ashworth, that I could but undo the injury that my principles and conduct have done, I might have some hope of yet being happy. Had it not been that the Lord directed you to my house, I should have been lost. Will you pray for me, and, if you can, soon come to see me?—Yours very sincerely,

"RICHARD EMMOTT."

On my calling to see Emmott, I was much surprised to find him so greatly changed. He requested me to remain with him as long as I possibly could, and take down in writing what he wanted to say. He then gave me the following sketch of his wayward life, which I give in his own words:—

"My earliest recollections are connected with Skipton-in-Craven. Then I went to the Sunday-school, but left when, ten years of age. When about twenty I lived in Bradford, and it was then I became an infidel, from reading Carlisle's 'Destructive.' I joined the Chartists, bought a gun and bayonet, but had to flee from the neighbourhood to escape imprisonment. I enlisted for a soldier, and had to stand guard over the jail containing three of our leaders—Frost, Williams, and Jones. This I did not like, and deserted. I travelled six hundred miles in women's clothes, but was caught, and I am now marked with the letter D. I came to live in Manchester, and joined a company of low-lived infidels, and soon became so degraded, that my wife left me and came to Oldham. I followed her, and again found several of the same class, but calling themselves Secularists. About this time I was perfectly savage against every one professing religion, and took every opportunity of insulting them. I would not touch, or allow my child to touch the Bible, though I have flogged him because he would not tell a lie. I drove the Bible-sellers out of the market-place by turning all they said into ridicule, and laughed and mocked at all open-air preachers I could find. Many of them, especially young, inexperienced men, I have driven away, by asking obscene questions they could not or durst not answer.

I once pushed a donkey into a prayer-meeting, telling the astonished company that I had brought them a sinner to be converted, that had as much a soul as any of them."

"I was once sick, and, at my sister's request, a

minister came to see me. He was taking out his Bible to read, but I told him to put away the cursed book, and find me two flannel shirts, which would do me more good than all the Bibles or prayers in the world. He replied that God would send blessings for the body as well as the soul; but I told him he was a liar, for God did not deal in flannel, if there was a God.

"I never heard a church bell but I wished the ground would open and swallow up all the churches and chapels with the parsons, and I gloated in keeping open shop and selling sporting and infidel publications on the Sunday. Such has been my life for thirty years."

"I have been in many towns, and amongst all classes of infidels, especially the secularists. Some of these pretend to be rather more respectable than the old stock of infidels, but they are all a miserable wretched lot—a withering blight follows them wherever they go. They are an organization without a head, a body without a substance, denying the existence of a God, and are without faith in man. Rejecting the moral law, they laugh at all moral responsibility, and are only kept in order by the laws of the country. Most secularists are better than their creed, for, did they practice what they pretend to believe, society would become impossible, and I believe with Gordon, one of their late lecturers, 'That a secularist, to gain his own point, can commit the most heinous crimes, even murder, and be consistent with his principles.' It is a mere mockery that mankind holds their principles in abhorrence, and that such a race of beings are almost extinct."

"When my eyes were opened, and I saw how great a sinner I was, I felt great trouble about the injury I had done to others by the sale of infidel publications, those passports to ruin, and resolved that not one more should pass through my hands or remain in my house. I gathered them all together, with the books belonging to myself, costing in all about four pounds; I piled them on the fire, and, as I saw them consuming in the flames, I felt as if I was burning the devil, and watched their destruction with the greatest pleasure. Now, thought I, you are done for."

"Since this change came over my mind, my home is already like a paradise to what it was. Now, I have a quiet, peaceable home; before it was like a bedlam, especially on the Sunday. Then it was filled with all sorts of people, talking all sorts of wicked, filthy talk, from morning to night. Never was there such a change in a house, and I hope God will have mercy upon me, and pardon my many transgressions, and then it will be a change indeed—it will be bliss here and hereafter, and an immortality of bliss is life."

Emmott finished this short sketch of his life by requesting me to provide him with a Bible, that he might read it day and night. He also requested that I would couple my names with a date, so that he might be often reminded of the time and circumstances that had brought us together. I cheerfully complied with his request, and one true sign of a real change is, the book he had once mortally hated he now loves. But is there not another sign of an amazing change? No sooner does Emmott emerge from the gloomy cavern of infidelity, and catch a ray of heavenly light, but he begins to talk about an immortality of bliss!

The change that Emmott was so troubled and anxious about came at last. He had been very attentive at the means of grace on the Sabbath, and requested he might be allowed to attend a week-night meeting for Christian experience. From one of these meetings he returned in the deepest distress, and for four days sought mercy in prayers and tears. "O Lord, wilt Thou not pardon me? If Thou wilt not, I cannot be surprised, for I have laughed Thee to scorn, and thousands of times insulted the very name of thy dear Son that died for me. I have named thee the chief of sinners, but wilt Thou not save me? Oh, Lord, do for Christ's sake, that died for sinners, do save me!"

That heart-breaking prayer was heard, and again the power of Christ's blood was made manifest in being able to save the chief of sinners, for Emmott became a child of God, a sinner saved by grace.

In a letter I received immediately after, in which he gives this prayer and his deliverance, he says:—"For a moment I felt as if I had left the earth, and that my spirit was soaring aloft to heaven. I felt my faith to be as strong as Samson. My wife says I am as happy as a king, but no king is half so happy. This is the brightest day of my life, and I now truly begin to live. I am a child of God, taught away the sin of the world. I hope I shall walk humbly before Him, and daily ask his blessing and grace to guide me, and help me to live at peace with all mankind."

Emmott's conversion produced great astonishment amongst all those who knew him in Oldham. That the sneering, mocking, scornful, selfish Sunday shopkeeper, infidel book-selling thirty-year secularist, should become a Christian, astonished and greatly pleased many, but it was like a bombshell thrown among his old companions in infidelity. Many of these called to see if what they had heard were true, and found it true indeed. But when it was reported that Emmott was expected to give a public confession of his conversion at the church he attended, many went who were not often found in a place of worship.

This service Mr. Mortimer, the minister, opened with singing, prayer, and a short address. Several of the members spoke a few words, but when Emmott rose, with evident nervousness, all eyes were turned towards him, with the most intense interest and in breathless silence. His first words were feeble and tremulous. He spoke of the amazing goodness of God in preserving his life during the many years of his wicked career, and mourned over his many transgressions, and the evil he had done to others. He alluded to the mysterious way he had been brought to see his wickedness and folly; but when he spoke of the love of God, through Christ, in pardoning his sins, he wept like a child. He concluded by declaring that he had enjoyed more real happiness in one hour since his conversion than in all the time he was an infidel.

Many that were present were much affected, and wept tears of thankfulness for this additional evidence of the power of saving grace. One poor man, an old acquaintance of Emmott, declared that "If he could be as happy as Dick Emmott, he would give all he had, even his donkey and cart."

My visit to Emmott after the public confession of his faith was to both of us a joyful meeting. He spoke of his deep conviction in God's mercy and love, and his firm conviction that he would sustain him amid all the persecution and abuse he

would probably have to suffer from his old companions. I then took up the Bible, and opening at the fifty-third of Isaiah, read—

"Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

While reading this description of our Saviour's suffering for us, tears streamed down Emmott's face. "What love! what love!" he exclaimed, "and all for guilty sinners—for such as I. Oh, what love!"

Emmott's prayer at parting was the simple, earnest breathing of a thankful heart.

"O Lord," said he, "how good Thou art! Never, never can I praise Thee enough for what Thou hast done for me. What a wicked, wicked man I have been; yet Thou, for Jesus Christ's sake, hast forgiven me. I know, I feel Thou hast forgiven me, and by His stripes I am healed. Do help me to praise Thee! Oh, do help me to praise Thee! and bless all my old companions. Open their dark eyes, and show them 'the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' Do Lord, do for my dear Saviour's sake, Amen."

On parting, with a face beaming with joy, he said—

"Do you know I am now admitted a member of the church? Yes, I am; and now, living or dying, I have the unspeakable honor and pleasure of being a member of a Christian church. Happy day! happy day! Who could have thought it?"

Yes, Emmott, who could have thought it! Let none despair, seeing that faith in Jesus can snatch from the very verge of hell such a vile transgressor as the Oldham infidel, Richard Emmott.

From the Examiner and Chronicle.

HOURS ALONE.

BROTHER HAFARI'S RESOLUTIONS.

That was a pleasant and profitable talk which I had with brother Notail last night, and it is a comfort in the new life to have a companion who understands me, with whom to talk and pray on the way. I wonder if it would do every Christian good to look out some one to talk with as he walks. It is not good to pursue the path toward heaven alone, I know, as is proved by Christ having given us so many commands about fellowship, love, union and Christian communion. The very imperfections of my nature make this companionship best; for instance, when I am too weak, too human, to realize that God sees me, and every departure from Him, I can realize that my fellow-walkers are there, and the fear of shame will sometimes hinder that unfaithfulness which even love would not prevent.

About the three ways of keeping the heart and life right, we talked chiefly last night, and rather of the two ways in which we must work, and not as much of the divine work which God does in us; and we concluded that, as there are sins of omission as well as of commission, so there should be service to God in both kinds; that is, that we should serve in what we omit doing, as well as in that which we do. We also concluded, as God's work is sure, as He does not forget or fail, that we should implicitly trust His promises, giving ourselves little anxiety about his part, but take all pains, and exert all vigilance in the performance of ours, attending to his commands with diligence, and in a Christlike spirit.

First, that our lives may be right, we are to put our hearts under right influences; and this kind of the service of commission can be done in almost numberless ways. After becoming identified with the children of God, after seeking for our intimate friends those who love and honor the Master, there are still many ways by which in our private hours we can deepen and widen our religious experiences. After prayer and self-examination, and for these we must have, and steadfastly observe, regular seasons, there is perhaps no more effective method for cultivating spirituality more effective than that of selecting for our favorite reading the works and lives of the holy ones who have gone before us through the service, and who have won, through the great Captain, obtained the victory, and are wearing in his presence the conqueror's palm. How precious are their memories, how moving their words! Reading of their struggles, and seeing in them the image of the perfect soldier growing brighter and brighter to the end of their earthly lives, one takes new courage for himself, and feels delight and thankfulness that such heroes were let to light here, and to leave with us their testimony of the blessedness of the divine service.

And hymns, too. How they stir one's soul—the grand old chorals, some of them ringing down through centuries, and hallowed by the echoes of voices now transferred, to the heavenly choir. Indeed, these move one as if with heavenly power, through the rifts of silver cloud, on a fair evening, real tones of the harp and voices of those who now praise the King in his glory, making the listener, like him who saw Bunyan's Pilgrim enter there, to wish himself among them.

But better than these passive means of grace, these methods of spiritual absorption, is it to go out and work for God, to attend to the more active branch of the service of commission; for we are not to give the most of our time to our own religious improvement and comfort; and said brother N. That would be selfishness; and I think it is a temptation to this which has kept me and many others who I know from becoming 'strong men' in Christ. I have tried too much to create and cultivate the Christian graces in my soul, that I might take comfort in them, rather than that they might honor God; to seek evidence of my conversion, that I might rest upon that, rather than upon the atonement; and waited to be a model disciple before doing active service, the surest way to prevent spiritual growth.

The common effort, as I heard a preacher say the other day, has been to enjoy more than to serve and honor God. 'This is all wrong; and now I pledge you here—' and he gave me his hand, though his voice was lost for a moment—'I pledge you here to begin at once to do some direct religious work; I'll distribute tracts, or talk and pray with the sick and poor, or do anything else which I can; and I'll not wait for work to come to me, and compel me to do it, as I have done—this is why I have been 'standing all the day idle'—but I'll go out and find it, not waiting to

feel fit to speak of religion, for that time will never come, and the only way to gain even an approximation to it is by much practice in trying to do good. I've waited to be able to do without effort what no one does but with pains."

Yes, as I said, we haven't been willing to take up crosses; though we didn't know it, we were waiting to be so ready that we should find our duties to be no crosses. And now we must do what is hard; we must, so far as selfish ease is concerned, follow Christ 'to prison and to death.' Our selfish natures are to die; our lives must be laid down, to be received again from Christ for him; and as physical death is the separation of body and spirit, so must this death be the rending asunder of soul and selfishness, the agony of an utter giving up of all, that He may remake us as he would have us. This is 'to rise with him from the dead,' 'to walk in newness of life.'

But what a blessed likeness to, and union with Christ, this forsaking, said brother N. "He will satisfy our highest and inmost longings, as those who read our unspeakable experiences—those too secret—and too deep to be uttered to mortal ears; and thus, walking closely with him, serving him, outwardly in life, and inwardly in the affections, we shall of necessity enjoy much communion with him, breathe much prayer, both 'uttered and unexpressed,' and so the prayer shall help the work, and the work the prayer, as each shall send us constantly to the 'Word,' the sun of light warmth and growth."

Then besides all the service of commission, we will render also the service of omission, by staying apart from all wrong influences, whether positively evil, or merely hindering ones, by omitting all things that strengthen any evil in us or weaken any good. And these things need not be named, for they are different for each individual, and each heart knows from an instinctive monitor, or from experience, what is the meaning for him of 'touch not the unclean thing,' and it is enough to know that by this he will be judged at last.

"Yes," said brother N. "but he is to act, not alone with reference to his own soul in this, for the spirit which 'worketh no ill to his neighbor' is to keep him from everything that will offend any weak brother."

Well, we had a long talk about our new resolutions, and our solemn pledge to observe them is registered. May we have all needed grace for it. But to-night I've been comforting myself by thinking also of God's part in the work of my salvation and service, and so of his promises. Here's one that love God, and—don't I?—yes, however feebly, 'has begun a good work in me, for I couldn't love him if he hadn't; and if he has begun it, He will carry it on, and 'perfect that which concerns me; he will 'keep that which I have committed unto his hands'; he will sanctify me, will perfect in me one day the image of Christ, and I shall be presented spotless before the throne at last.

Then welcome toil and self-denial now. It will be sweet to give him service here who gives me glory there.

And here to thee, O Saviour, who hast loved me, I come, and lay me down upon thine altar. I give my all to thee. Take thou my heart and life, and make them wholly thine; nor let me look to find in every place green pastures and still waters, but give me strength to bear the cross, and let me bring some sheaves into thy garner, when the blessed reapers cry the harvest home; that I may show much love to thee, as thou, O Lord, hast shown so much, so much to me!

THERE WAS NO CHRIST IN IT.

A western clergyman, while recently participating in a prayer-meeting in an eastern church, related a striking instance of the power and grace of God in the conversion of one of the prominent generals in the Union army. Early in February last a revival was in progress in a city where his wife resided. At her request the prayers of Christians were earnestly called out for his conversion, when what was their surprise and encouragement to see him enter the house at one of their religious meetings, he having unexpectedly arrived at home on a furlough. On the Sabbath evening after his arrival, at the close of a solemn sermon, the invitation was given to all who wished, to remain all night for prayer. The general, who during the sermon had seemed what to do, returning once and again from the door to look back, was evidently quite undecided what to do, returning at last, he left the house and went home. Conscience, however, was at work, and soon he started back for the church, resolving if the meeting had not closed, to go in. On arriving at the church, he was greeted to find the lights out and the door closed. He sorrowfully retraced his steps homeward, and retired to rest, but not to sleep.

In the middle of the night he rose and dressed, and started for the house of the pastor. The good minister, suspecting the reason of the call at that unreasonable hour was not surprised when the general said, "What must I do to be saved?" Replying to him Paul's reply to the jailer, the pastor invited him in, and for two hours engaged in personal conversation, prayer and singing, in which they were joined by other members of the family.

Before the interview closed, the general rose, and bringing his fist down upon the table with great force, said, repeatedly, and with emphasis, "It's done! It's done!" adding, "I have been loyal to my country; but now, by the grace of God, I mean to be loyal to him." Then taking a paper from his pocket, on which were drawn two parallel lines, he showed it to his pastor, telling him that the day before he had studied those lines for two hours. On being asked to explain, he said that he had gone to the woods to meditate, and while there he had drawn those lines, one of which he meant to represent the life of the mortal, the other that of the Christian. On the first line he had written the requirements necessary for a mortal, and looking them over he felt that he could meet them. He then wrote on the other what would be necessary for a Christian to do, but had to confess to himself that he could not live up to that. He then returned to the first, but the longer he contemplated it, the more apparent became its fatal defect, there was no Christ in it. He felt then that that could never meet his wants. In that midnight interview, when Christ was presented to him as the all-sufficient Saviour, he accepted him with the promptness and decision of a brave soldier, and the important work, we trust, was "done."

During the remainder of his furlough, he was

as fearless in the service of the great Captain under whose banner he had enlisted, as he had been in his country's cause; and after his return to his command, by whom he was almost idolized, and with whom, under Sheridan, he performed some of the most daring and important achievements that resulted in the final overthrow of Lee's army, he at once took a decided stand for Christ showing by word and deed the reality of the change that grace had effected.—American Messenger.

## THE GOSPEL.

The order of the gospel, says an old author, is a great part of the gospel. There must be first, coming to Christ, and then, taking on his yoke; first believing, then obeying his commandments. The way of many is just the opposite of this, for they labour and weary themselves to have the heart humbled by godly sorrow, and the soul inflamed by love to God, and the yoke of obedience submitted to, while all the time they deliberately suspend the exercise of faith, and apprehension of the pardoning grace of Christ.

This is surely as unreasonable as it is unscriptural. It would be very absurd to seek fruit from an unplanted tree, and insist upon refusing to plant it until it should give some experience of its fruitfulness! And what could be more absurd than to expect to have the Spirit of Christ working in the heart godly sorrow, or Christian love, and so renewing it again to his image, and yet, without Christ not received into the heart by faith?

The source of such notions is ignorance of the tenor of the proposal of free grace in the gospel; for one who really knows the gospel finds that in it there is nothing required on the sinner's part as a condition or qualification to make him more welcome in coming to Christ.

Let this Word then abide in you, "Come unto me, and take my yoke upon you," which in substance is this, "Come and cast your burdens on me first, and then take my yoke on you." O, it is not a blessed exchange! Cast your heavy burden on me, and take my light burden on you

and my yoke will be easy.

VISIT TO A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

I could but notice the various forms of insanity peculiar to the patients as I walked through the wards. A very few seemed contented, but others were waiting and watching for something they wished, but could not possess; while with reference to some, they seemed so well that I could not but think of "Fanny Fern," when she made the remark, that "there were quite as many out of the asylum that ought to be in it, as there were inmates that ought to be out of it."

"I am a lecturer," exclaimed a sweet blue-eyed girl, "I am reconciling all things according to the signs of the times." Poor Mollie! Apparently scarcely twenty summers had passed in her young life, yet now the dark waves of insanity enveloped her active brain with dismal darkness. She had loved, and losing him her heart held so dear, the disappointment was too much, and reason was dethroned.

"I want to see my papa," said another, as she looked up in my face. For years she had been confined there, but her intellect was darkened on earth forever. And it was a pleasing thought, that though the light of reason had fled from her beautiful eyes, she still remembered the kind father she had loved in childhood's sunny hours, when she clasped his hand, looking up in his face, and her childish lips had first learned to lip the endearing words, "My papa." She loved him and remembered him still, and that one bright idea, like an oasis in a sandy desert, cheered her life.

"O let me go home! I'll never get home!" screamed another, and my heart ached as I looked at her, stretching her arms in such a pitiful manner, imploring to get away. She was raving, locked up, and she grasped again, and again the iron bars of her window, as if her aged hand were strong enough to break the grating which held her fast. Her head was white with the snows of many winters;

"She strove in vain to break the chain," that she might be free as the wind again."

How her mind roamed back to the fields she had crossed in youthful days—the friends she had loved in girlhood! They were gone, all gone—and again she clutched the iron bars and screamed, "O, let me go home!"

"God is good!" exclaimed a sweet-looking woman, as she clasped my arm, looked in my face and smiled. It did me good to see her still clinging to her pure, confiding trust in Him who is watching over her. Her husband was dead, and her children away from her.

As I was strolling over the grounds I noticed rather an amusing patient; he seemed