

# 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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### PAST FEELING.

A SERMON: BY REV. THEO. L. COYLER,  
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Past feeling.—Eph. iv. 19.

A little boy is playing by his mother's side. Naturally he is not unfeeling. He is not insensible to generous sentiment. When a rude act wounds his parent's heart, he is smitten with genuine compassion. When he sees an object of distress, he is touched by it. He may, perhaps, give up his spending-money to relieve a beggar; or weep in sorrow for an ungarbed boy given to a schoolmate. His heart has some flesh in it. The little fellow has tears in his composition; he knows what it is to feel.

Years roll on. His situation changes; and he changes with it. Watchful parents die, or else he is removed far from them. He falls under evil influences. Wicked companions gather about him—restraint slowly decays like a rotting rope—he breaks loose into sin. The calamity befalls him which befalls the traveller from Jerusalem to Jericho. He "falls among thieves" who rob him of his virtue; he is left to the mercy of the world, the flesh, and the devil. He grows reckless, and launches his depravity out on the open sea—literally spreading sail for perdition. When on shore he drinks hard, but he feels no compunction. His oats are exploded with a gusto, as if he loved to blaspheme. All regard for man, all fear of God wears away from his heart. His soul begins to petrify. The flesh turns to stone. At length he is ripe for anything.

In an evil hour he plans a mutiny on board the ship, and with his own hand strikes down the officer of the deck, and heaves his crimson corpse into the sea as coolly as he would throw over a dog! Years pass by—dark, desperate years of rapine and blood. At length his pirate-cruiser is captured, and he is brought on shore in irons. His soul is in irons too. They try him, they condemn him, they sentence him. But through it all he is perfectly unmoved. They drag him to his cell. He spends the last night before his execution in that living tomb—and sleeps! He ascends the fatal scaffold, as fearless as a rock. No words of tender exhortation and entreaty from the chaplain by his side can melt him for a moment. His face indicates nothing but the sullen, obstinate hardness of despair. That adamant heart—that heart once tender, once alive to generous feeling, once soft enough for tears of contrition—that heart is now past feeling! It once could feel; nay, it did feel. It feels no longer. Shame, remorse, no longer that brazen countenance; the dread of death moves not a muscle of that rigid face; the horrors of hell call forth no last cry for "mercy," as he swings out into his terrible eternity! He dies as he lived; and among the nettles on his shunned and solitary grave we would plant a stone—not of respect, but of warning—and write on it God's solemn sentence, "PAST FEELING."

Now such appalling cases as this I have described are not imaginary. They are extreme cases, I admit. They are about as bad as earth can furnish, or fiends can delight to look upon. We have ourselves seen cases very much like them. The gambler, who sinks into his ruinous habit till the morning sun glided in to reproach him—the burglar, who after years of prison experience still plots his deeds of darkness—the poor outcast child of shame, who, years later, witnesses on the evening air as she passes in the streets—the ruffian, who makes merchandise of human sinews and human souls—all these are but melancholy spectacles for men to shudder at, and for pitying angels to weep over. They are the terrible examples of what human depravity can work out when man is simply given up to himself. They illustrate fully the callousness of the heart when it has become past feeling—feeling for friends, feeling for life itself or for a dread hereafter.

It was, to such persons—to those whom with a sad significance we style "abandoned" persons—that the apostle referred in the passage before us. He had just been exhorting the Ephesian church to purity of heart and life. As a warning, he points to the prodigies of heartlessness about them. He makes a beacon of the golden Gentiles who "walked in the vanity of their mind," whose "understandings were darkened," who were alienated from the life of God. These men had debauched their own moral sense. Their consciences were made drunk. They had given themselves over to the tyranny of lust to "work all uncleanness with greediness." Until at length they had become so insensible to their guilt, that Paul brands them with the fatal epithet, "past feeling."

Now I do earnestly hope that this sense of my text is not, and never will be, applicable to any one in this assembly. I trust on no brow here will ever be affixed a brand like the guilty wanderer's brand is indifferent—a brand seen and read of all men, except the man himself. If God shall lengthen out my life among you, I need never behold the harrowing spectacle of any young man in this audience so sunk, so dead to all regard for himself, regard for society, regard for the God of Heaven, that he shall not even feel a glow of shame upon his cheek when he meets the mother who bore him, or the pastor who tried to save him. Never, never come that day when any of you, my beloved young friends, shall have become so dead to the claims of God and the voice of conscience, that having grown "past feeling," you must be constrained to abandon you as past all hope!

There is, however, a sense in which the solemn words of my text may apply to some of you. I fear it will yet apply. Perhaps it does already. I refer to that heart which is dead to the truth which marks those who have often grieved the Holy Spirit. This is a most tremendous calamity. It is all the worse from the fact that its victim is insensible to its own insensibility. He does not feel how fearful it is not to feel. There are many here whom I could startle at once by telling them, on good medical authority, that a deadly disease was beginning its stealthy work upon their frames; or if I should tell them that a burglar had designs upon their house and life to-night; or that a treacherous friend would betray the secret tomorrow, which shall blast their character. But when I come and tell you plainly that you are in danger of being past feeling, you sorely open your ears to listen. What care you for it? What's that to me?

My impatient friend! It has not been always so with this. Open the leaves of your heart's

diary. Recall your past. Bring up memory to the witness-box. She will remind you of a time when your conscience was tender, and sensitive to gospel influence. As the words of warning sounded from a pastor's lips, on some past Sabbath, you listened to them, and listened with solemn awe. The truth fell like the small rain on the tender herb. You were melted. You were subdued. You were struck through with conviction of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. It was your own sin that haunted you. The specter would not

"Down at your bidding!" You were sore troubled. You wept. With red eyes, and the tear still undried upon your cheeks, you left the sanctuary. The trifling of the triflers, as they came out of church to laugh, to gossip, or to criticize, astonished you, and grieved you. Feeling so much yourself, you wondered how they could be so apparently "past feeling." Perhaps you prayed, and for a time went "softly." Your long closed Bible was opened. Some faithful friend was sought for religious counsel. And all that time the infinite Spirit of God was striving with you. Have you ever thought of the magnitude and the wonderful mercy of that phrase, "striving"? Just think of it. God striving with a sinner! It bespeaks strait and struggle. It bespeaks the anxiety of God himself to see His own wicked child. It is as if the ineffable Redeemer went down upon His knees before the wilful, disobedient one, and besought him not to commit the eternal sin.

So the Divine spirit strove with you. And under those strong pressures of truth, and uprisings of conscience and workings of the Holy Ghost, you were "almost persuaded" to become a Christian. But alas! how is it with you now? Do you feel to-night as you felt then? Does the word *sin* smite you as then? Does the word *hell* strike you through with dread? Does the word *duty* arouse you as then? Does the mention of that blessed word "Saviour" stir the fount of tears within you, as it used to do in those days gone by? Can you weep now as you wept then? Can you pray as you prayed then? Or on the other hand, do you not regard the very apparel of an unkind word to you, as a merely professional thing that I am employed to make twice every week, and in which you have no personal concern? Have you, deliberately made up your mind, that in spite of warning and entreaties, that through sick chambers and dying beds, and yawning graves, that over the very cross of Jesus, planted in your guilty path, you will press your way onward to the gates of hell?

Then I do not say that you are "past feeling." I dare not say that. God only knows your future. But most frankly and solemnly, I declare to you, that there have been cases in which men have so steeled themselves against conviction, that they were left like "Lod's wife," monuments of wrath! I do not know that this is your case; but I fear it. I cannot bear to write this awful epithet over your soul, dead in its trespasses and sin—"Past Feeling." The very thought is a dagger to my soul. Is that a dreadful moment to you, in which you are compelled to enter the chamber of a sick friend, and break to him the fatal truth, that his physician has given him up as past recovery? You would give your right hand to avoid that duty, but fidelity requires it. And I should be an unfaithful watchman for souls, if I did not proclaim to-night, my fears, that there are some here, who have grieved away God's Spirit forever, and have already passed

Occasionally a person is found who will frankly confess his total insensibility to all that is most precious to a saint, to all that is most startling to a sinner. A faithful pastor in a neighboring State, relates an instance so important, as a proof of our position, that I shall introduce it, in spite of certain antiquated prejudices against personal narratives in the pulpit. My Bible is full of personal history; and I can never afford to introduce an anecdote, or relate an incident which makes a page in the great book of God's providence.

"Once entered a farm-house," said this pastor, "on a chilly November evening, and spent an hour in personal religious conversation with its inmates. The aged father of the family—a most kind and amiable man, followed me to the door, and stopped on the porch. He took me by the hand, and most deliberately said: 'I thank you for this visit, and hope it will not be the last. As you have just commended your labors among us, I wish to give you a word of advice, based on my own experience. Let us old people alone, and devote your labors to the youth of your flock. Forty years ago, I was greatly anxious about my soul; many were then converted, but I was not one of them. During the ministry of Mr. M., many more were converted, but I was not one of them. And now for years, I have not had a single feeling on the subject. I know that I am a lost sinner; I know that I can only be saved through Jesus Christ; I feel persuaded that when I die, I am lost! I believe all you preach, but I feel more than if I were a block of marble. I expect to live and die just as I am. So leave us to our selves, and our sins, and give your strength to the work of saving the young.'"

"I remembered that incident, and watched the progress of that man. His seat was rarely vacant in the sanctuary; but he was a true prophet of his own fate. He lived as he predicted; and so he died. We laid him down at last in his hopeles grave, in the midst of a congregation over whom God had so often opened windows in heaven." He was joined to his idols; God let him alone.

"I would advise you, my hearers, to withdraw with the trembling tones of that old man's voice, still ringing in your ears. I would prefer that you should go home to ponder the honest confession and the fate of one who was 'past feeling'—a thing but his own indifference. Yet I cannot dismiss you without a few words of affectionate counsel to those who are not 'past feeling'—who feel now—to those who do not feel under the touch of God's Spirit. Consider anxious faces are the dial-plates of anxious hearts. In this silent, hushed assembly, we seem to overhear the very throbs of those hearts, palpitating with the great question—'What shall I do to be saved?'

My friend! bear away with you from this house, four solemn practical suggestions drawn from the text before us. I. You feel now, and do not want to be always past feeling. There never saved a sinner; he is

engaged in business; but their habits of sin were so entwined with their very existence that they became bankrupts or insolvents. Eight of them died under the age of forty, without a hope beyond the grave; three others were reduced to the most abject poverty. Two of those had formerly moved in very respectable circles, but they are now in the most miserable state of poverty, wretchedness and disgrace.

"One more, the last of the twelve, the worst of all, remains to be accounted for. He was a sort of ringleader, taking the head of the table at convivial parties, and sitting up whole nights drinking, and inducing others to do the same. He was an infidel, a blasphemer, a despoiler of the world of God; yet a good-natured man, and would do anybody a kindness. At length he left the town, and went to reside at a distance, where, for a time, he refrained from dissipation, was married, and every thing seemed prosperous around him; but instead of being thankful to God for his mercy and watching against his besetting sin, he gave way to his old propensity, and brought misery to his family and friends.

"One dark night, being in the neighborhood of Stonbridge, he had been drinking to excess, and in a state of intoxication he wandered out of the house, and staggered amongst the coal pits, which are in many places left open and exposed. These he passed in safety; but the road he took went over a canal; he missed the bridge, and rolled over the bank to the edge of the water. And here he seemed to have arrived at the end of his wicked course; but God, who is rich in mercy, had caused a stone to lie directly in his path, and thus spared him in this apparently last hour of his mortal existence; one turn more, and he would have sunk into eternal ruin, and his disembodied spirit been ushered into the presence of the Judge of all. The arm of mercy, however, interposed; his senses returned for a moment; he saw the water beneath him, he crawled back again into the road; there he was picked up and lodged in a public house for the night.

"This miraculous escape, it might have been thought, would have made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind; but no—it was viewed simply as a lucky escape, and he continued to pursue his career of sin as ardently as before. After an indulgence in drinking for some days, having come to his senses, he began to reason with himself upon his guilt and folly, surrounded with blessings yet abusing the whole—and in an angry, passionate manner, he muttered, 'Oh! it's no use for me to repent; my sins are too great to be forgiven.' He had no sooner uttered these words than a voice seemed to say, with strong emphasis, 'If thou wilt forsake thy sins, they shall be forgiven.' The poor man started at what he believed to be a real sound, and hastily turned round, but seeing no one, he said to himself, 'Surely I have been drinking till I am going mad.' He stood paralyzed, not knowing what to think, till relieved by a flood of tears, and then exclaimed, 'Surely, this is the voice of mercy once more calling me to repentance.' He fell on his knees, and half suffocated by his feelings, cried out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' The poor wretch was heart-broken; and now his besetting sin appeared more horrible than ever; but it must be conquered, or he must perish. Then commenced a contest more terrible than that of conflicting armies.

"The soul was at stake—an impetuous torrent was to be turned into an opposite course. He now began to search the Bible, which he had once despised. Here he saw that crimson and scarlet sins could be blotted out and made white as snow; that the grace of God was all sufficient. He refrained from intemperance, commenced family prayer, and hope again revived, but his deadly foe still pursued him, and he was again overcome. "Now his disgrace and sinfulness appeared worse than ever, and with melancholy feeling he cried out in anguish of spirit, that he was doomed to eternal misery, and it was useless to try to avert his fate. His cruel enemy took this opportunity to suggest to his mind that he had so disgraced himself that it would be better to get rid of his life at once (frequently the end of drunkards). The razor was in his hand—but the Spirit of the Lord interposed and the weapon fell to the ground. Still his enemy pursued him, and seemed to have new power over his sin of intemperance. He would sometimes refrain for days and weeks, and then again he was as bad as ever. Hope seemed now to be lost, and especially when, one day, having been brought into great weakness, through intemperance, death appeared to be very near, and his awful state more terrific than ever. Not a moment was to be lost; he cast himself once more at the footstool of his long-insulted Creator, and with an intensity of agony cried out, 'What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit? Shall the dead praise thee? Shall I declare thy truth? Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me: Lord, be thou my helper.' He sank down exhausted; he could say no more. That prayer was heard and a voice from heaven seemed to reply, 'I will help thee, I have seen thy struggles, and I will now say to thine enemy, Hitherto thou hast come, but no further.'

"A physician was consulted as to the probability, or possibility of medicine being rendered effectual to stop the disposition to intemperance. The poor man would have suffered the amputation of all his limbs, could so severe a method have rid him of his deadly habit, which, like a vampire had fastened upon his very vitals. The physician boldly declared, that if this poor slave would strictly adhere to his prescription, not only the practice, but the very inclination for strong drink would subside in a few months. Oh, could you have seen the constance of that poor man when the physician told him of this: hope and fear alternately rising up, while he grasped the physician's arm and said, 'Oh, Sir, be careful how you open that door of hope, for should it be closed upon me, I am lost forever! The physician pledged his credit, that if his prescription was punctually followed, the happy result would ensue. The remedy was a preparation of castor oil, and eagerly did the poor slave begin to devour the antidote to his misery. Every bottle was taken with an earnest prayer to God for his blessing to accompany it. He commenced taking this medicine on the first week in March, 1816, and continued till the latter end of September following; and to the honor and glory of the Lord God Almighty, who sent his angel to whisper in the poor man's ear, 'I will help thee, for the glory of God be it spoken, that from the latter end of September, 1816, to the present hour, (upwards of twenty-three years) not so much as a spoonful of spirituous liquor, or wine of any description, has ever passed the surface of that man's tongue."

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SINNER'S FRIEND."  
At a public meeting of the Norwich City Mission, one of the speakers gave the following deeply interesting narrative of the recovery of a wretched individual who appeared lost, almost beyond hope. In the town (Maldstone) where I reside, (said the speaker, Mr. J. V. Hall) were twelve young men who were accustomed, early in life, to meet together for indulgence in drinking and all manner of excess. In the course of time, some of them

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The speaker concluded by saying, "The narrative which I have thus detailed might appear almost as a fable, a tale, got up for effect, but every syllable is true; and, to the glory and honor of the Lord God Almighty, the man who has been so marvellously delivered is now in perfect health, the happy servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; and he who has been plucked as a brand from the burning, and delivered from the power of Satan, now stands before you, and it is from his lips that you have heard the goodness of that God, whose mercy endureth for ever!"

The life once dedicated to the indulgence of depraved appetites, is now spent in seeking to further the glory of God, and the temporal and eternal welfare of man. The individual has written a little work, 'The Sinner's Friend,' of which upwards of half a million copies have been put into circulation, the design of which is to call sinners to repentance; and while he addresses that ungodly generation which pined him in his low and lost estate, he seeks to warn his fellow sinners to flee from the wrath to come; and, in this, the day of grace and merciful visitation, to turn to that God who will have mercy upon them; and notwithstanding their manifold transgressions will through the merits of the Lord Jesus, "abundant mercy pardon."

In the foregoing extraordinary case, the Lord has not only raised up this man as a monument of everlasting love, but has also mercifully verified the truth of his own word—"He shall tread upon the lion and adder (besetting sins). He shall call upon ME, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him; with long life I will satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

All these blessings have the Lord poured out upon this individual, in full confirmation also of the Redeemer's words, "He that cometh to ME, I will in no wise cast out." No; not though his sins had overtopped the highest mountains—for "The blood of Christ cleanseth from ALL sin."

Come then, sinner—fear not—come to CHRIST, and He will save you.

\*Then (Dec. 1851) in his 78th year, tall of life, health, and free-holy fire—Christ Jesus ever in his heart, a million times welcome guest.

SIFTED WHEAT.—Gothold one day looked on while a farmer's wheat was being threshed, and observed that the men not only stoutly beat it, but trod upon it with their feet; and finally, by various expedients, separated the good grain from the chaff, dust, and other impurities. How comes it, he asked, that whatever is of a useful nature, and intended to be profitable to the world, must suffer much, and be subject to every kind of ill-treatment; but that man, who himself does with other things as he lists, is unwilling to suffer, or to permit God to deal as he lists with him? Wheat, which is the noblest of all the products of the earth, is here threshed, trod upon, swept to and fro, tossed into the air, sifted, shaken, and shovelled, and afterward ground, resifted, and baked, and so arrives at last upon the tables of princes and kings. What, then, do I mean in being displeased with God, because he does not strew my path with rose-leaves or translate me to heaven in an easy chair? By what other process could the wheat be cleansed? and how could I be sanctified or saved, were I to remain a stranger to the cross and to affliction?

INTEGRITY AND GRACE.—Only to be an honest man, in the highest and genuinely Christian sense, signifies more than most of us ever conceive. We are addressed for laxity here that we may let in grace, and do not hold ourselves to that real integrity that is wanted, to receive or obtain or be in the grace. Oh, how loosely, irresponsibly, casually do many professing Christians live—covetous, sensual, without self-government, eager to be on high terms with the world, praying, as it were, in the spoke of their own vanities and passions, making their sacrifices in a way of compounding with their obligations. Little do they conceive, meantime, how honest a man must be to pray, how heartily, simply, totally he must mean what he prays for. Perhaps he prays much, prays in public, and has it for a continual wonder that he gets on so poorly, and that God for some mysterious reason, does not answer his prayers. Sometimes we will even be a little heart-broken by his failures, and will moisten his face with tears of complaint. He has made great struggles, it may be, at times, to freshen the fire that was burning in him, and yet, for some reason, he is all the while losing ground. His faith becomes a hand, as it were, without fingers, laying hold of nothing. The more he pumps at the well of his joys, the drier he grows. It is as if there were some dread fatality against him, and he wonders where it is. Commonly it is here—that he wants rectitude. He is trying to be piously exercised in his feelings when he is slack in his integrity. He has been so much afraid of being self-righteous, it may be, that he is not righteous at all. When he is loose in the conscience, how can he be clear in his feeling?—Dr. Bushnell.

THE BOX OF OINTMENT.—It was broken and poured on the head of the Saviour. In this transaction, notice:

1. Christ is worthy of the most costly offerings we can make him. This woman used the most precious thing she possessed. The costliest things in heaven are cast at His feet—golden crowns. Every dying Christian offers the most precious thing he can to Christ, viz, his own soul. Every true and loving living Christian does the same.

2. A condemned action may be the most really honorable that can be performed, and have a world-wide notoriety. "Why was this waste?" said the scoffers. But the Incarnate One called it "a good work," and declared that remotest lands and distant ages should know and commend it.

3. See what kind of actions have highest and everlasting value. Any and every thing done, heartily and lovingly, to or for Christ. "She hath wrought a good work in me," and never would the beauty and glory of it fade. Remembrance of it adds to the rapture of heaven.

4. No contempt or condemnation of others should hinder us from honoring Christ. "And they murmured at her." But love pressed that faithful saint on and through her work of honor to her Lord. The harshness of human contempt was lost in the sweet and heavenly music of her Redeemer's commendation.

5. If that Jewish female's imperfect knowledge of the glories of the Lamb produced such precious fruits, to what ought not our hundred-fold clearer vision lead us? She saw through a glass darkly, and yet with what intensity of love! We

see, almost "with open face," how precious should be the ointment we should pour upon our Redeemer's head!

### NOTES ON SCRIPTURE.

"Quench not the Spirit."—1 Thess. v. 19.—Doubtless there is an allusion here to the fire which was to be kept constantly burning on God's altar. "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out." (Lev. vi. 13). This fire came originally from heaven, "out from before the Lord." (Lev. ix. 24). The Holy Spirit came from the Father, His sacred manifestations are, like a fire, kindled upon the altar of the renewed heart. We may quench a fire in six different ways:—1. By neglecting to stir it up. 2. By pouring water upon it. 3. By covering it with earth. 4. By excluding air. 5. By separating its particles. 6. By withholding fuel. We may quench the manifestations of the Holy Spirit by allowing the ashes of sinfulness and formality to choke up the fire, by allowing any known sin, by worldly-mindedness, by neglecting the closet, by a spirit of disunion, or by neglecting the means of grace, such as prayer, praise, searching the Scriptures, public worship, and meditation. As water and fire are antagonistic one to the other, so are flesh and spirit. We surely quench the Spirit when we wilfully oppose the force of truth, and by sinful procreations when convinced of duty. The man who, lost in the mire, is groping his way with but one candle will be quenched! Nay; he will use all means to keep it burning. Then let us take heed that we "quench not the Spirit," for his is the one light guiding us to life. Quench the Spirit, and all is lost. Christian! listen to the voice of this "warning," and take heed to the leadings and guidings of the Spirit of truth. See to it that ye walk circumspectly. Avoid every appearance of evil. Slum every motion of sin. Resist the devil and he will flee from you.

"But thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob; but thou hast been weary of me, O Israel."—Isaiah xlii. 22.—What a contrast there is between us and God! He is not "weary" of us, who are sinful, rebellious, and ungrateful; but we have "been weary" of Him, who daily loadeth us with benefits. We have not called upon God. We may have said our prayers night and morning with undeviating regularity; but we have not prayed unto God with our whole heart. A person, in addressing some children on the subject of prayer, in describing its importance and advantages, explained the difference between saying and praying prayers. A boy in the school, whose attention was arrested, was powerfully affected by the impressive words that were spoken. He reflected, that though he had daily been in the habit of saying his prayers, yet he had never prayed with all his heart unto God. He left the school deeply concerned for his soul's eternal welfare, and on arriving at home, retired to his closet, and sought the Lord in earnest soul-struggling prayer. He did not seek vainly. He obtained pardon through the precious blood of Jesus. He united himself in church fellowship with the saints, became a useful teacher in the Sabbath-school, and continued to spread the doctrine of God our Saviour by a life becoming the Gospel. May it be thus with each one of us. Let us, from this time forward, earnestly call upon the name of our God, and never let us be "weary" of him. God has set his love upon his people, but they have not returned it. He has chosen them for his own glory, but they have grown "weary" of him, and have neglected to honor him. O, base ingratitude!

"But ye, brethren, be not weary in well-doing."—2 Thess. iii. 13.—And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—Gal. vi. 9.—Christians meet with many discouragements in well-doing. They have to contend against many difficulties, are often cast down, and tempted to weariness. Here is a "way-mark" for such. "We shall reap if we faint not." The husbandman with much labour prepares the ground and sows the seed. He anxiously but patiently waits till the tiny blade first appears above the soil, and then watches the progress and development of the blade into the ear, and the corn is ripened, and ready for the sickle. He is rewarded for all his labour, anxiety, patience and watchfulness when the reaping time comes. So shall it be with the labourer for Christ. He shall reap if he faint not. O, what a prodigality of grace is here! Our labors are few, and of but little worth in God's great world; but our reward shall be large. We shall reap, not according to the measure of our labour, but according to the abundant measure of God's grace. We shall reap not *glad* a few ears of reward; but reap *abundantly* of golden sheaves. Should not this large promise encourage us to toil "more for Jesus"? Sabbath-school teachers, then, shall reap when they sow of "Jerusalem the Golden," that art well-sown by the dear children saved through thy instrumentality. Minister of the Gospel, thou shalt reap when the Master shall say unto thee, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Praying parents, ye shall reap when you stand before the throne, with all your children saved in answer to your prayers. Pray on, labour on, hope on, and hope ever.

"So go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 28.—God is constantly working in nature, in this great world of ours God intends each man to work. Jesus has given "to every man his work." Mark xii. 34. Work was designed by God for man's well-being, even in Eden, during the state of primeval innocence. Our first parents knew the toil of "sweet gardening labour," which "made easy more easy, wholesome stin and appetite more grateful." By reason of sin man is doomed to laborious toil in work. Work is not the curse, neither is it any part of the curse. The weariness, unsatisfactoriness and ungloriousness of work is the curse. The ground is cursed for man's sake. It now becomes necessary that man should toil in work, that he may be constantly reminded of his sin; to keep before us the fact, that punishment inevitably follows sin. Work is necessary for man's good physically. The idle man is not, cannot be a healthy man. The honest sons of toil enjoy more robust health than the pampered sons of sloth. Work is promotive of man's happiness mentally. The man who has no work to do cannot be a happy man. It is impossible, totally impossible. It is a truth, that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." If we work not we shall soon become corrupt both in morals and in manners. Work is conducive to man's well-being spiritually. Working Christians are healthy Christians. All work should be made subservient to our growth in grace. In all work