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. XIII.—No. 40. SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1866. Whole No. 664.

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JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, August 7th, 1866.

The Intelligencer.

UNIVERSALISM AND THE BED OF DEATH.

BY THE REV. DR. SPRING, NEW YORK.

About forty years ago, there was a man living on the corner of William and Spruce Streets who was dying of consumption. His family worshipped in the Brick Church; his wife was an exemplary Christian; he himself was a prominent member of the society of free-masons, and rarely if ever, worshipped anywhere. For obvious reasons I withhold his name, but in this narrative I designate him as Mr. B. I did not know of his illness, though I then resided in Beekman Street, and but a single block from his residence. I was made acquainted with his character and condition by his wife, who requested me to visit him under colour of a pastoral visit to the family. She told me he was a Universalist, and spoke of the Brick Church as "brimstone corner," and its pastor as the "hell-fire preacher." She did not wish me to inquire for her husband, lest he should refuse to see me; but she could not consent to his going out of the world without seeing his awful delusion. I went, and, so far as I now recollect, went the next day. I was received courteously by Mrs. B. in the ordinary sitting-room, and adjoining which, and on the same floor, was this dying man. The door of his room was open; and as I was conversing cheerfully with Mrs. B., the hollow cough of the sick man led me to remark that I perceived some of her family were sick. "Yes, sir," said she; "my husband is very ill; he has been a long time confined to the house with consumption, and now he is, for the most part, confined to his bed." I expressed a regret that I had not known it earlier, more especially as he was so near to me that I could, with very little inconvenience, have seen him often. "Perhaps he will be glad to see you now, sir; I will ask him." She returned, and invited me into his sick-room. He received me kindly, and I could not but perceive that his hour-glass was nearly run out. I was embarrassed. I did not think it wise to attack his principles, lest I shou'd excite his hostility by provoking an unprofitable controversy. I merely said to him: "I am sorry to see you so very ill, sir." "Yes, I am very ill, and have been so for a long time." "Do you suffer much?" "No, not a great deal, except from weakness, and this tacking cough; it keeps me awake at night." "And do you get no relief, and have you no hopes of recovery?" His poor wife was listening with amazing interest, and he replied, with a stolid indifference: "No, not much, I do not expect to recover." I was embarrassed no longer, and said to him; "Is it indeed so, that you are going soon to die; and stand before God in judgment? If I judge your case aright, that hour is not far distant. I hope, my dear sir, you are prepared for it." With most perfect coolness he replied: "I am ready. I am satisfied my Maker will never send any of his creatures to hell. He wills not that any should perish. I never think of hell torments. I do not believe a word of it." I replied: "It is well to be satisfied at such an hour as this. We cannot trifle with God, nor with death, nor with eternity; nor may a man trifle with himself, without peril to his soul." He made no answer but listened with prodigious interest. I remarked that I was sorry to see that he had adopted the delusion of the Universalists. "And now," said I, "do you really believe it?" "Yes, I do," was his prompt answer. "Are you satisfied with it? Are you sure it is true? I do not ask whether you wish it were true, nor whether you hope it is true; but are you *sure* it is true? The opinions of men are very apt to be influenced by their wishes. They shrink from the thought of everlasting retribution, and therefore they will not believe it. Wicked as it is, they often carry their delusion to the bed of death. But, my dear sir, what motive have you to practice this delusion upon yourself at this late hour? You may have been honest in your views of this solemn subject in the season of health and prosperity: all I ask is that you should be honest now, in this season of debility and tribulation. Do you now believe the doctrine of universal salvation to be true? and are you *sure* of it?" I perceived that these suggestions troubled him. He was pale and agitated. His steady firm tone had forsaken him. His lips quivered, and there was a convulsive motion of his face that alarmed me." "Oh!" said he, all bathed in tears, and clasping his hands together, "O sir! I am not sure of it! I am not sure of it!" He wept. Mrs. B. wept, and, for a brief moment, we were all silent. Whether I prayed with him or not I cannot now affirm. I left him with his own thoughts, resolving to see him soon, and not without hope that the Word of God would become quick and powerful.

There was no time to lose. He had been the victim of a popular delusion that was making havoc of the souls of men; his refuge failed him; his time was short, and I hastened to his bedside on a second visit. He made me welcome, and though I rejoiced in the opportunity, much did I wish that some more wise and experienced counsellor could conduct the interview.

"I do not wish to alarm you, Mr. B.; but I thought you would be willing to indulge me with a short interview this morning."

"Sir, I am glad to see you. Sit here by me, and say what you please. You will not offend me. I have given up my Universalism, and know that I am a great sinner. I have sat under the sound of that old church-bell, and have ridiculed it, and despised the Sabbath. I have been a scoffer and an ungodly man. I have no strong hope now: indeed, I have none at all. Instead of being sure that I shall be saved, it seems to me that I must be lost, and that I deserve to be damned."

"It may be you have not seen the worst of it yet. Your Universalism is not your only sin. There is wickedness that lies deeper than *that*. It is your corrupt and wicked heart that was the root of your Universalism, and that led you to cherish your hostility to God's justice."

"I know it: I have seen it, and feel condemned. This is my last call. Is there no hope for me?"

"I am glad you feel condemned, and I dare not say there is any hope for you, if you die out of Christ, and neglecting the great salvation. Listen to me a moment. You are condemned, and as a condemned sinner you lie at the footstool of sovereign mercy. God's holy law condemns you. You have cast that law behind your back; but you now feel the force of it, and it brings with it a knowledge of your sins and a sense of your guilt and danger."

"I once thought the law of God a severe law, and that he was a hard master. I justified myself, and complained of God. But I was wrong: God is perfectly right. I was among the bold opposers of all religion, and thought it hard that God should damn men for breaking his law. But I was all wrong: God is perfectly right."

"You are right in this. Both the precept and the penalty of the law are just. Conscience feels this when the commandment comes home. The hearts of wicked men rise against it; they hate God, and they hate this law: but he shows them and makes them feel that the law is holy, just, and good. Now, my suffering friend, if you see these things to be so, and feel them, do you not perceive more clearly than ever, not only that all your past hopes are perished, but that you have no imaginary goodness on which you can rely, no righteousness of your own in which you can trust?"

"Indeed I do. I have been all wrong: everything—thoughts, words, actions, all wrong. Words! Oh! how many wicked words have I spoken! It is all sin!—nothing but sin. I have no hope from what I have done, nor from what I can do. Truly I feel embarrassed. I do not know where to go nor which way to turn. I am cut off from every retreat. It seems to me I am actually going to hell, and that there is but a step between me and the everlasting burnings which I have so derided."

"I know, sir, there is nothing you will ever do that will prevent your going there. But have you never heard that the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost? that when we were without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly? 'O Israel! thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help.' Remember the thief on the cross. I know you are lost, but you are not lost beyond recovery. God's Spirit is inviting you to take refuge in Christ. The crucified One is saying to you: Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. You need pardon; and he died, the just in the place of the unjust, that he might dispense it. You need righteousness; and he was made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Do not despair, my dying friend—there is balm in Gilead. I have no expectation that you will live a week. Behold, now is the accepted time. You have no security for a single day; and oh! that it may be said: This day is salvation come to this house!"

After prayer I left him, but saw him on the following day. He was near his end, but he was calm. He could speak but little, but expressed his hope in Christ. I had not much confidence in death-bed conversions, but I dare not suggest a thought that would obscure his hope. One circumstance, at the closing interview, encouraged me. He requested me to attend his funeral, intimated that his Universalist friends would be there, and desired me to tell them, from him, that he had become convinced that the Universalist doctrine was false, and that while it would do very well to live by, it would not do to die by. I engaged to do so, and told him that, God helping me, I would publish his recantation to the world.

I accordingly attended his funeral, which was very large, and composed of various characters, and some hard-visaged men. It was a "free-mason's funeral;" and as we stood round the vault in the north-east angle of the old cemetery, the chaplain of the lodge read their appointed burial-service, and closed with the memorable words: So mote it be! The whole proceeding was sufficiently ridiculous, absolutely unmeaning, and, in my judgment, not far from impious. I did not interrupt it, but, abiding my time, felt nerved for an unembarrassed and bold deliverance of God's truth. I begged the attention of the audience, as I had a message from the deceased which he had requested me to deliver to them over his grave, and which I had promised to deliver. "There he lies, but being dead, he yet speaketh. He did not die a Universalist, but in the full belief of that gospel which proclaims to every creature, He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned. He wished me to say to you that he had no confidence in the soul-destroying doctrine that all men would be saved. It is a soul-destroying doctrine, my friends, and it is nothing else than the devil's lie. It is the worst form of infidelity, and the most subtle and alarming delusion of the age. It is the great deceiver's gospel, and, before you are aware of it, will conduct you to the world of despair." As I proceeded, and with increased fervour, I perceived a confusion and hustling in the crowd, and heard the words, Damn him! One of the ruling elders of the Brick Church—the late Richard Cunningham, who from the first stood near me—took my hand and said: "Don't be afraid, dear; they are chained. Go on." I went on, and was again assailed with the imprecation, Go to hell! "Gentlemen, I am glad that you have changed your minds. I perceive that you now believe there is a hell, else you would not tell me to go there. And when you say, Damn him, I perceive that you no longer deny that there is a damning God in heaven. So your departed brother believed; but he believed also in Him who is the Saviour of the lost. I will not reciprocate your imprecation, and say to you, Go to hell, but rather pray that 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may be with you all, Amen!"

FOURTEEN HINTS FOR THE YEAR.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B. A., VICAR OF STRADBROKE, SUFFOLK.

Reader,—Look at the short hints on this paper, and read them often. Take one every morning and and every night, and you will get through them in a week. When you have finished them begin again.

1. Think often about YOUR SOUL. You have got something within you which will live for ever. Do not neglect it. It is the most precious thing you have. Whatever else you mind in this world, mind your soul.

2. Think often about YOUR LIFE. How are you spending it? What are you doing? What company do you keep? Time flies fast. You cannot live always. You must one day die. He only lives well who is always ready.

3. Think often about GOD. There is an Almighty Being in heaven, who takes account of all your ways. You will see him one day, and have to reckon with him. Do not turn your back on him, or quarrel with him. Whatever friends you have, have friendship with God.

4. Think often about YOUR SINS. You have many sins. Do not try to deny it. These sins must all be forgiven before you die. Never rest till you have really found forgiveness. These sins must be hated and fought with. Do not give way to them. Make them give way to you.

5. Think often about our LORD JESUS CHRIST. He is the only One who can pardon your sins and save your souls. He is able and willing to do it. He died for you on the cross. He sits in heaven to be your Friend.

6. Think often about YOUR FAITH. Have you got any at all. Faith is the secret of being a Christian. The first step toward heaven is to take your sins to Jesus Christ, and trust him as your Saviour. This is faith. The life of Christianity is a continual daily looking to Christ by faith.

7. Think often about the HOLY GHOST. He dwells in the hearts of all true Christians. He makes his presence known by the effects he produces. Are there any of his marks about you? "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his" (Rom. viii. 9).

8. Think often about YOUR HEART. It is naturally very wicked. It must be converted, and made holy, before you can be in tune for heaven. Do you know anything of this? Your heart may be very imperfect. But is it changed?

9. Think often about YOUR BIBLE. Do you regularly read it? This is the only book which can tell you what to believe and what to do, how to live and how to die! Mind that you make a good use of your Bible. Study it. Believe it. Live by it.

10. Think often about YOUR PRAYERS. Have you any at all? Do you ever speak to God about your soul? To live without prayer is to live without God and without Christ. You cannot know God if you never talk to him. You cannot expect anything from him if you never ask it.

11. Think often about YOUR DUTIES TO OTHERS. Do you know anything of kindness, good-temper, truthfulness, honesty, unselfishness, patience, and doing as you would be done by? That man's religion is worth nothing who neglects these things.

12. Think often about YOUR SUNDAY. How do you spend it? That gain is not real gain which is made by breaking the Sabbath. That pleasure is not real happiness which is got by profaning the Lord's day.

13. Think often about the LORD'S SUPPER. Do you go to the table? Mind that you do it with humility, faith and charity. Do you never go. Think what a wicked thing it is to neglect Christ's ordinance. Unfit for the table, we are unfit for heaven!

14. Think often about the JUDGMENT-DAY. It is certain. It will surely come. The dead shall be raised. We must all give account of ourselves to God. None will escape. Nothing will be concealed. Be not deceived! Neither fornicators, nor drunkards, nor thieves, nor liars, shall enter the kingdom of God. None but true Christians will stand in that day. Mind that you are one!

Reader, think often about these things. They are not trifles. They are life and happiness to all who think rightly about them. May you do so this year. I remain, your affectionate friend,

J. C. RYLE.

GLEANINGS FROM FRUITFUL FIELDS.

THOMAS FULLER.

Lord, before I commit a sin, it seems to me so shallow that I may wade through it dry-shod from any guiltiness; but when I have committed it, it often seems so deep that I cannot escape without drowning. Thus I am always in extremities: either my sins are so small that they need not any repentance, or so great that they cannot obtain thy pardon. Lend me, O Lord, a reed out of thy sanctuary, truly to measure the dimension of my offences. But, oh! as thou revealest to me more of my misery, reveal also more of thy mercy: lest if my wounds, in my apprehension, gape wider than thy tents,* my soul run out at them. If my badness seem bigger than thy goodness but one hair's breadth, but one moment, that is room and time enough for me to run to eternal despair.

Lord, I do discover a fallacy whereby I have long deceived myself, which is this—I have desired to begin my amendment from my birthday, or from the first day of the year, or from some eminent festival, that so my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come I have adjourned my amendment to some other time. Thus whilst I could not agree with myself when to start, I have almost lost the running of the race. I am resolved thus to befool myself no longer. I see no day like to-day, the instant time is always the fittest time. In Nebuchadnezzar's image, the lower the members, the coarser the metal; the farther off the time, the more unfit. To-day is the golden opportunity, to-morrow will be the silver season, next day but the brazen one, and so long, till at last I shall come to the toes of clay, and be turned to dust. Grant, therefore, that to-day I may hear thy voice. And if this day be obscure in the calendar, and remarkable in itself for nothing else, give me to make it memorable in my soul, thereupon, by thy assistance, beginning the reformation of my life.

Lord, thy servants are now praying in the church, and I am here staying at home, detained by necessary occasions, such as are not of my seeking, but of thy sending. My care could not prevent them, my power could not remove them. Wherefore, though I cannot go to church, there to sit down at table with the rests of thy guests, be pleased, Lord, to send me a dish of their meat hither, and feed my soul with holy thoughts. Eldad and Medad (Nu. xi. 26), though staying still in the camp (no doubt on just cause), yet prophesied as well as the other elders. Though they went not out to the Spirit, the Spirit came home to them. Thus never any dutiful child lost his legacy for being absent at the making of his father's will, if at the same time he were employed about his father's business. I fear too many at church have their bodies there and minds at home. Behold, in exchange, my body here and heart there. Though I cannot pray with them I pray for them. Yea, this comforts me, I *am* with thy congregation, because I *would* be with it.

Lord, when in any writing I have occasion to insert these passages, God willing, God lending me life, &c., I observe, Lord, that I can scarce hold my hand from encircling these words in a parenthesis, as if they were not essential to the sentence, but may as well be left out as put in. Whereas indeed they are not only of the commission at large, but so of the quorum, that without them all the rest is nothing; wherefore hereafter I will write those words fully and fairly, without any inclosure about them. Let critics censure it for bad grammar, I am sure it is good divinity.

Lord, I confess this morning I remembered my breakfast but forgot my prayers. And as I have returned no praise, so thou mightest justly have afforded me no protection. Yet thou hast carefully kept me to the middle of this day, intrusted me with a new debt before I have paid the old score. It is now noon, too late for a morning, too soon for an evening sacrifice. My corrupt heart prompts me to put off my prayers till night. But I know it too well, or rather too ill, to trust it. I fear, if till night I defer them, at night I shall forget them. Be pleased, therefore, now to accept them. Lord, let not a few hours the later make a breach; especially seeing (being spoken not to excuse my negligence, but to implore thy pardon) a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday. I promise hereafter, by thy assistance, to bring forth fruit in due season. I am ashamed the sun should shine on me, who now newly start in the race of my devotions, when he, like a giant, hath run more than half his course in the heavens.

Lord, I find the genealogy of my Saviour strangely chequered with four remarkable changes in four immediate generations.

1. "Rehoboam begat Abiam;" that is, a bad father begat a bad son.

2. "Abiam begat Asa;" that is, a bad father a good son.

3. "Asa begat Jehosophat;" that is, a good father a good son.

4. "Jehosophat begat Joram;" that is, a good father a bad son.

I see, Lord, from hence, that my father's piety cannot be entailed; that is bad news for me. But I see also that actual impiety is not always hereditary; that is good news for my son.

Lord, this morning I read a chapter in the Bible, and therein observed a memorable passage, whereof I never took notice before. Why now, and no sooner, did I see it? Formerly my eyes were as open, and the letters as legible. Is there not a thin vail laid over the word, which is rarefied by reading, and at last wholly worn away? Or was it because I came with more appetite than before? The milk was always there in the breast, but the child till now was not hungry enough to find out the teat. I see the oil of thy word will never leave increasing whilst any bring an empty barrel. The Old Testament will still be a New Testament to him who comes with a fresh desire of information.

Lord, I find David making a syllogism, in mood and figure (Ps. lxvi.) Two propositions he perfected.

18. "If I regard wickedness in my heart, the Lord will not hear me. 19. But verily God hath heard me, he hath attended to the voice of my prayer."

Now I expected that David should have concluded thus:—

"Therefore I regard not wickedness in my heart."

But far otherwise he concludes:—

20. "Blessed be God that hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me."

Thus David hath deceived, but not wronged, me. I looked that he should have clapped the crown on his own, and he puts it on God's head. I will learn this excellent logic; for I like David's better than Aristotle's syllogisms, that whatsoever the premises be, I make God's glory the conclusion.

* A plug of lint, placed in wounds to stop the bleeding.

IN SICKNESS.

Saviour! be near me in my hour of sorow,
Shine in the midst of conflict and of pain,
Dark seems the midnight—far off the morrow;
When shall the day-star visit me again?

O doubting heart! He does not hide his face!—
He is thy guide—and will forsake thee *never*;
These very trials, tokens of his grace,
Should bind thee closer to his cross than ever.

Go forth rejoicing in your toil and anguish!
For God doth *choose* thee in affliction's fire,
This thought shall cheer thee, when thy spirits languish,
With faith and hope thy drooping heart inspire.

He'll make thee—all so vile and undeserving—
A pillar in the temple of our Lord,
For the sore-hearted ones of earth reserving
The chiefest joys his kingdom can afford—

How glorious! how glorious is salvation!
O! 'tis sweet to rest the soul upon his love,
Receiving the blessed consolation
Which the Spirit pours upon us from above!

The cross! the cross! I bow myself before it!
And worship at its foot for evermore,
Death hath no sting—for he hath triumphed o'er it;
And I sorrow—I sorrow—*never* more!

WHAT IS THE USE OF THE SABBATH?

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B. A.

READER,—I ask your attention, while I say a few words in reply to the question before your eyes. I do so, as a friend of the Sabbath, and I hope I may truly say, a friend to your soul.

You live in days when many say, that the friends of the Sabbath are inflicting a positive injury on them in calling on them to keep the day holy. They talk as if the observance of the day was a heavy yoke, like circumcision and the washings and purifications of the ceremonial law! They rail at ministers of religion for defending the Sabbath, as if they only wanted it kept for their own selfish ends! They insinuate that our motives are not pure, and that we feel "our craft in danger!" And all this sounds very plausible in the ears of ignorant persons.

Once for all, let us understand that all such statements are founded in entire misconception and are rank delusions. The Sabbath is God's merciful appointment for *the common benefit of all mankind*. It was "made for man." It is given for the good of all classes, for the laity quite as much as for the clergy. It is not a yoke, but a blessing. It is not a burden, but a mercy. It is not a hard wearisome requirement, but a mighty public benefit. It is not an ordinance which man is bid to use in faith, without knowing why he uses it. It is one which carries with it its own reward. It is good for man's body and mind. It is good for nations. Above all, it is good for souls.

The Sabbath is *good for man's body*. We all need a day of rest. On this point at any rate all medical men are agreed. Curiously and wonderfully made as the human frame is, it will not stand incessant work without regular intervals of repose. The gold-diggers of California soon found out that. Reckless and ungodly as most of them probably were—urged on as they were, no doubt, by the mighty influence of the hope of gain—they still found out that a seventh day's rest was absolutely needful to keep themselves alive. Without it they discovered that in digging gold they were only digging their own graves. I firmly believe that one reason why the health of working clergymen so frequently fails, is the great difficulty they find in getting a day of rest. I am sure if the body could tell us its wants, it would cry loudly, "Remember the Sabbath-day."*

The Sabbath is *good for man's mind*. The mind needs rest quite as much as the body. It cannot bear an uninterrupted strain on its powers. It must have its intervals to unbend and recover its force. Without them it will either prematurely wear out, or fail suddenly like a broken bow. The testimony of Mr. Wilberforce on this point is very striking. He declared that he could only attribute his own power of endurance to his regular observance of the Sabbath-day. He remembered that he had observed some of the mightiest intellects among his contemporaries fail suddenly at last, and their possessors come to melancholy ends. And he was satisfied that in every such case of mental shipwreck the true cause was neglect of the fourth commandment.

The Sabbath is *good for nations*. It has an enormous effect both on the character and temporal prosperity of a people. I firmly believe that a people which regularly rests one day in seven will do more work, and better work, in a year, than a people which never rests at all. Their hands will be stronger. Their minds will be clearer. Their power of attention, application, and steady perseverance will be far greater. What two nations on earth are so prosperous at this day as Great Britain and America? Where shall we find on the globe so much energy, so much steadiness, so much success, so much public confidence, so much morality, and so much good government as in those two countries! Let others account for all this as they please. I say without hesitation that the grand secret of it all has been the observance of the Sabbath. Great Britain and the United States, with all their sins, are the two most Sabbath-keeping nations on earth. They have given up seven years of good working days in the last fifty years to keeping the Lord's-day holy. But have they lost anything by it? No! indeed. THE TWO SABBATH-KEEPING NATIONS ARE THE MOST PROSPEROUS NATIONS IN THE WORLD.

Last, but not least, the Sabbath is *an unmixed good for man's soul*. The soul has its wants just as much as the mind and body. It is in the midst of a hurrying, bustling world, in which its interests are constantly in danger of being jostled out of sight. To have those interests properly attended to there must be a special day set apart. There must be a regularly recurring time for examining the state of our souls. There must be a day to test and prove us, whether we are prepared for an eternal heaven. Take away a man's Sabbath, and his religion soon comes to nothing. As a general rule there is a regular flight of steps from "no Sabbath" to "no God."

I know well that many say that "*religion does not consist in keeping days and seasons*." I agree with them. I am quite aware that it needs something more than Sabbath observance to save our souls. But I would like such persons to tell us plainly what kind of religion that is which teaches people to keep no days holy at all. It may be the religion of poor corrupt human nature, but I am sure it is not the religion of revelation. It is not the religion which tells us that we "must be born again," and believe in Christ and live holy lives. Revealed religion teaches me that it is not quite so cheap and easy a thing to go to heaven, as many now-a-days seem to fancy, and that it is essential to our soul's prosperity that in every week we give God a day.

Reader, I ask you to consider well what I have been saying. I believe I have advanced nothing that can be fairly gainsaid. I believe that if every church and chapel were pulled down, and every minister of religion banished from this kingdom, it would still be an unmixed benefit for the nation to preserve untouched the institution of the Sabbath, and act of suicidal folly to part with. Whether Englishmen know it or not, their Sabbath is one of their richest possessions, and the grand secret of their position in the world. It is good for their bodies, minds, and souls. Of it the famous words may be truly used, that "it is the cheap defence of a nation."

Reader, I ask you not merely to consider what I have been saying, but to act also. Be not misled by those who want to alter the character of our Sabbath. Use every lawful means to resist them. Regard the Sabbath as one of your greatest blessings, and strive to hand it down uninjured to your children's children.

* "During the excesses of the first French revolution at the close of last century, Christianity and the Sabbath were abolished in France, but the mere necessities of man's nature compelled the atheistical government to institute a day of rest of their own, which they called a decade, occurring every tenth day. What a confession of the reasonableness of the divine command!"—*Bishop of Calcutta's Sermons.*

RICHES.—"I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; the Roman word is better, *impedimenta*; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared, nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory. Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit."—*Bacon.*

PREACHING.—"All fine words and phrases in the world can never mortify one lust, nor convert one soul to God and goodness."

AFFLICTION.—"God, by affliction calls men down from their heights to sit in the dust, plucks away their gay feathers wherein they prided themselves, rubs the paint and varnish from off the creature, whereby it appears more in its native deformity."—*Boston.*