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. 1. SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1866. Whole No. 625.

ALBION HOUSE.

QUEEN STREET,

FREDERICTON.

NEW GOODS

FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE.

JOHN THOMAS,

Feels it a pleasing duty to present his grateful thanks to his friends and the public generally, for the increased support for the last three years, and trusts that unremitting personal attention in every department will insure a continuance of that confidence it is his desire to merit and maintain.

The Stock of Goods

FOR THE PRESENT SEASON,

Is now Complete in every Department,

With a full variety, comprising several lots, bought at LESS THAN REGULAR PRICES.

DRESS GOODS

In all the New Materials at present worn.

THIRTY PIECES PLAID LUSTRES,

Good value, at 12 cents.

WOOL SHAWLS—A LARGE VARIETY.

In Shepherd Checks, Tweeds, Cloth, and Blanket Wrappers.

FLANNELS,

In White, Grey, Red, Blue, Yellow, and Fancy Crimean.

Of these we have received 75 pieces, bought at last year's prices.

DOMESTIC GOODS—a large Stock.

PRINTS IN EVERY VARIETY,

Fast Colors—from 12 cents.

FURS,

WARRANTED NEW,

In Mock Ermine and Martin Blankets and Horse Rugs.

We purchase all Goods for Cash, in the best markets, from first class Merchants, in such quantities as enables them at the lowest prices, which enables us to offer

Superior Inducements to Customers!

☞ Goods sold by the piece for Cash, at St. John wholesale prices.

OUR MOTTO IS

QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.

JOHN THOMAS

Fredericton, Nov. 16, 1865.

SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street, - Frederion,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL IMPORTERS

BRITISH AND FOREIGN

DRY GOODS,

HAVE much pleasure in informing their friends and the public, that they have now completed their stock of

NEW GOODS

FOR THE FALL AND WINTER TRADE,

Consisting of

DRESS GOODS,

SHAWLS AND MANTLES.

FURS,

In Sable, Stone Martin, Fitch, Astrican, Sqgskin, Ermine—*all the newest shapes*—

TIPPETS, RIDING BOAS AND MUFFS.

BLANKETS,

SLEIGH ROBES,

HORSE RUGS,

AND CAMP BLANKETS.

Grey and White Cotons,

COTTON WARPS,

Ticking, Stripe Shirings,

AND SWANSDOWN!

PRINTS—fast colors,

AT TWELVE CENTS A YARD.

OSNABURGS,

STRIPE BAGGING,

AND HOLANDS.

CARPETINGS,

IN TAPESTRY (2 and 3 ply),

WOOL, HEMP AND STRAW.

CURTAIN DAMASKS and TRIMMINGS,

WINDOW POLES AND CORNICES,

CLARK'S 6 Cord 200 Yd REELS,

At 30 Cents a Dozen.

☞ Goods charged to Wholesale Buyers in Saint John Prices.

☞ Our stock of COTTON GOODS have all been purchased before the late advance in prices, and are now worth more than we are selling them for.

☞ An inspection is respectfully solicited.

SHERATON & CO.,

Dec. 15. Near Phœnix Square.

The Intelligencer.

(From the New York Christian World.)

A NEW YEAR'S GLANCE AT THE FIELD.

We offer our readers the congratulations of the season. We wish them truly a happy New Year. To patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian, things combine to make its opening auspicious. The terrible, the stupendous, the world-amazing war is over. The mightiest army this earth ever beheld has been disbanded. Devastated states are being rebuilt. The blockade is at end. And to crown all, Slavery, that black cloud which overhung our horizon, pouring now and then its torrents upon the land and overwhelming our institutions, has been forever dissipated. The sun rises without an obstruction. No longer can a foreigner, manacled though he may be, point his chained finger of scorn, and say: "Yes, this is a free country! a land of liberty, with four millions of slaves!" Wonderful are thy ways, O God! Could our fathers rise from the grave, we think they would utter a long and loud Amen. God's ways are wonderful in his dealings with us. We have been no less so with other nations. If temporal chains have fallen from the hands of millions of men, spiritual shackles have also been falling from the hearts of a hundred millions of immortal beings.

While we congratulate our Christian brethren on few of these things, we truly lament that the great majority seem to comprehend so little these marvels—miracles we would almost call them. We do not believe that there are in this day many who attribute such doings of our Almighty Saviour to the evil one; still when we look at the apathy and indifference of the Church, while such things are transpiring under its observation, we have cause to mourn.

Look at Italy, that land of mountains and lovely plains—that land of song and of beautiful, gorgeous skies—the garden of the world and the cradle of Christianity. Turn from nature, beautiful and sublime, to spirits dark and groveling, yet struggling with a giant's agony to burst its bonds and emerge from its gloomy caverns.

Contrast the condition of things in 1859 with that which now exists. Chained to the walls of the temples lay the Word of God, covered with the mould of ages. The travellers' trunks were made to disgorge their most precious contents—Bibles, which were at once consigned to the flames. People who dared to read, even in their own houses, the message of God's love to man, were hurried off to prisons. Now how changed! Italy is the freest of free lands upon the eastern continent. The Bible can be sold in the streets. The herald of the cross may offer salvation through a crucified Saviour in the highways and marketplaces. Thousands flock together to discuss the doctrines of the Bible, so new, so wonderful to them. Driven from their churches, they meet in work-shops, in barns, and in the open air, to listen to the message from on high. The long persecuted Waldenses have come out of their hiding places and mountain fastnesses, and offer to the inhabitants of the fair valleys the truth as it is in Jesus. The Covenanter and the Wesleyan are sounding loud the trumpet of the Gospel. A noble band, emerging from the darkness of futurics, meet and draw up a system of theology for the Free Italian Church. The people hunger for the bread of life—they clamor for it as for their lazzoroni for food. They are poor, they are ignorant. They are going through a religious crisis. "They have been forced by the Pope and his pompous Encyclicals to despise and reject the papacy; and if a true spiritual faith is not soon given them, they will reject all religion, and skepticism will spread its blighting curse over the land."

Greece.—Here the Society has two worthy men, who have been baptized by the Holy Ghost. They have taken hold of the pillars of the temple, and will shake it even to its foundation.

With the religious condition of France, and other nominally Christian European countries, our readers are familiar. In fact we find that Christians in general know far more about the Eastern Continent than they do about a great portion of their own. The religious state of South America and Mexico is scarcely known to a majority of our people.

Below us lies a land as great as our own. Physically God has wedded us to it. How is it then that, in a religious point of view, we have "put asunder what God has put together?" How have we treated our spouse? Have we clothed and fed and nourished and sheltered it spiritually? Have we not rather allowed herself to that great Mother of abominations? What have we done to reclaim and bring back to her lawful bridegroom? Comparatively nothing. The streams of Christian benevolence have risen and swollen and poured their mighty rushing waters past these lands, away on to thar off nations of the earth. The heathen have bathed in these life-giving waters, and are become clean. We would not detach even a rill from these rivers of Christian zeal. But are the fonts all dry when they have poured their contents to water the sterile lands of heathenism? Are there no vapors left to moisten nearer lands? and must South America and Mexico, and other lands we have mentioned, thirst with a thirst which is truly agonizing, and be refused those who can give to them the water of life? Only a few years ago, the whole of South America was shut up to the Gospel. Such was the influence and power of the Pope and his hierarchy, that moral barriers, high and impregnable as the Andes, surrounded the land. Bibles were burnt by the thousands at the gates. The ministers of God were denied entrance. Intolerance reigned supreme.

Now how changed! A missionary may traverse nearly the length and breadth of the land, offering free salvation through a crucified Saviour, and the forgiveness of sin without the intervention of a sinning priest.

Look at Chili. The Word of God came down to reveal the abominations of priest-craft. The flames which burned up hundreds of poor deluded women, also consumed the veil covering the eyes of the people. The tide is on fire, the flames enwrap the multitude worshipping the Virgin. They shriek and strive to fly from the scene. The burning carcasses pile up and bar the front passage. The multitude rush to and fro, and perish, for the back door is barricaded, and for what? That images and old relics may be saved, while a shout, loud and long, sounds through the creaking timbers, telling the falling victims it was glorious thus to die! It was the nearest way to the region of the bid Virgin.

That fire has done great things for Chili. She is to-day free, in spite of Ugarti, the savior of relics, and the two hundred poor deluded women whom he marshalled to stone down her legislators. But while we cite the fire as one of the means God had used, we would not forget another instrument—a man who for years has stood upon the threshold and battled day and night for freedom—the Rev. Mr. Trumbull.

Brazil.—At its head stands the Emperor, a giant in physical stature, and intellectually a ripe and finished scholar, thoroughly acquainted with the institutions of our country. He is a man who has been known to pass by his nobles to shake hands with and welcome to his empire the poor missionary of the Cross. He knows well that religious toleration alone will make Brazil a free and happy country, and in him at least the gospel and its herald have a friend. It will be our own fault if the people receive not the tidings of salvation.

United States of Columbia.—Here the State and Church have been completely separated. The political power of the priest has been destroyed. A free circulation of the Bible is tolerated. The ambassador of Christ can have access to three millions of people. The intelligent portion of the inhabitants have cast off their inherited faith, but knowing of no other to adopt in its place, they are running into infidelity and practical atheism. Messrs. Gulick and Hicks, who have labored in these States as voluntary missionaries, tell us that the people are so eager to learn the truth that they are willing to pay for Bibles and tracts. In some instances individuals have committted large portions of God's word to memory.

Bogota was, not many years ago, the stronghold of papal fanaticism and power, as is apparent from the immense cathedrals, numerous churches, and large convents covering entire squares. Here "the scarlet beast," says Mr. Gulick, "has been fed even from her gilded shrines and smoking altars. The party in power are truly anti-Roman Catholic. The liberal newspapers mock and deride the superstitious mummeries of the church with as much freedom and more zest than would the English Protestant press. But as the natural result of this reaction and of there being no other faith presented for their acceptance, they are passing over to infidelity." We know these things. What will the American church do? Will they bid us go up and occupy?

But let us pass on nearer home. Here at our very door lies the land of the Montezumas. Beautiful for situation, yet rent asunder by dissensions, arising wholly from the intrigues of priestcraft. We need not speak of that secret power which has for centuries ruled supreme, and bound with iron chains a heroic but deluded people. The noxious vapors and murky mists of the Rio Grande seem to have swallowed up the light of the Gospel, and thrown a veil of darkness all along the Mexican frontiers. Until the occupation of Mexico by our forces, the inhabitants seem never to have learned that it was no sin to read the Bible. Our army, whether its work was just or not, left behind it a few leaves from the tree of life. We have, however, as a Christian people, acted on the principle that it was of no avail to endeavour to Christianize Mexico. If not, how is it that missionary effort has been confined for years to the labors of one single lady, whose heart yearned over this interesting nation. For nine long years she wrought almost alone. Three years ago, the Bible Society listened to entreaties, and sent the Rev. Mr. Hickey to labor in Mexico.

Christians of America! we beseech you, in the name of our Master, hear the report of these servants of God. They tell us that the land is open—missionaries may reside there—the people thirst for living waters. Their eyes are open to the iniquities of Rome. Seminaries may be erected—churches may be built. Villages are waiting to be organized into Protestant communities. More than one hundred priests have declared their intention to reform, if possible, the Roman Church. Shall we aid them? or shall we sit still and permit Napoleon and the Pope, with his hierarchy, to put their iron heel upon and crush the reformation out of existence?

We have thus drawn but a faint picture of parts of the immense field in which we labor. We venture to say that the means afforded us bear but small comparison with the work now doing. God has given us those who are willing to work for small salaries. Some give their time without any pecuniary consideration. That the cause is God's cause—that the field is a most inviting one—that for the honor of the American church it should be cultivated by us, and that too before it grows up with the weeds and briars of isms and infidelity—and that it promises a sure and immediate harvest, we presume no one will question.

Let us, however, look at some of the reasons which make it incumbent on the Protestant churches of our land to help us do this work.

1st. It was through the Roman Church that the Bible came to us. She chained it, it is true; yet God overruled even this for good, and used it as a means to preserve its sacred pages from error and corruption. We have a pure Bible.

2. If this corrupt church is mentioned in prophecy, and we believe it is, she has reigned nigh unto the end of her predicted time. We must go up and occupy, before Satan's emissaries set up their throne, and lead captive those whose bands have just been loosed.

3. The best method of proving to our people and our adopted children the misery of bowing down to man and owning him as a Saviour, is to show them that nations, which have done thus for centuries, loathe and abhor the system, and are flying from it as from a sinking vessel. When Rome is dethroned by her own darlings, she must struggle hard to gain the affections of aliens and foreigners. The reflex influence on our land will be incalculable.

4. When the inhabitants of nominally Christian lands are clothed in their right minds, and sit at the feet of Jesus, the world will see a band of zealous, devoted missionaries, such as she never witnessed before. Behold the labors of those who have been disenthralled in Italy.

5. The American and Foreign Christian Union goes not out to establish denominational Christianity. She is the missionary of the American Church, and on this account she is welcomed as no other agency at present employed. Almost every letter that comes from Italy bears testimony to this.

WHAT WE WISH TO DO THE COMING YEAR.

1st. To send ten or twelve young men now in our Theological Seminaries, who feel that God has especially called them to this work, some to Italy and some to South America. They are now studying the languages of the countries where they hope to labor. We need to send at least this number of men, to take hold of the material now offering and shape it for its great work—architects, who shall show the masons and the carpenters how to build the living temple.

2d. We wish to establish in Italy a training school, for the young men who earnestly long to qualify themselves as evangelists and preachers.

3d. We wish to employ the many who have been taught of the Spirit, and are ready, with a small compensation, to go forth as colporteurs and missionaries. We now have in Italy alone between thirty and forty. We could have a hundred if the churches would give us the means.

4th. We wish to establish Sabbath schools all over the countries in which we labor. Could we do this, we are sure they would be as thorns and briars upon the soft cushions of the Man of Sin.

5th. We wish to build in Mexico the first Protestant church and Seminary.

LILIAN AT THE STAKE.

The American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, have recently reprinted from the London Religious Tract Society, a very interesting story of a little girl who lived in England three hundred years ago, in a time of terrible persecution. We copy a chapter.

November 19th, 1558.—It was evening but in the little town was much confusion and excitement. In the market-place were many hundreds of people, gazing, in the fading light of that autumn day, at a pile of fagots placed around a strong wooden stake or post, which was firmly imbedded in the ground; and though some profane and godless men cast scurrile jests regarding these preparations, those who looked on were, for the most part, gloomy, thoughtful, sad, and silent; or, if they spoke to each other, it was in subdued tones or whispers.

The truth is, that the better sort of people in England began to weary of these scenes of martyrdom, which, during the last four years of Mary's reign, had been the disgrace of the land, and the infamy of all who had joined in such persecutions. Nearly three hundred victims, of all ages, from tender youth to extreme old age, and of almost every rank in life, had been burned to death because of their religion; and Englishmen might well ask one another when and where all this was to end.

I have already said that the sympathies of some in high position had been excited toward Lilian Butler because of her youth and modesty. I may add, that admiration was also generally felt toward her by those who had witnessed the constancy with which she had refused to deny the sentiment which had brought her into trouble, and, at the same time, that patience with which she had borne the cruel taunts of her persecutors and judges.

But neither sympathy nor admiration had availed to save her life. Lilian Butler doomed to die, as multitudes of fellow-martyrs in that age and other ages had also died, "for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ."

As the hour for burning drew near, the tumult and excitement increased. Presently, torches were lighted, and, by their murky glare, the prison-doors were thrown open; and, guarded by a numerous body of constables and other officers, Lilian Butler stepped forth into the street, and walked firmly toward the place of execution.

She was not greatly altered. Long weeks of bodily confinement and mental torture inflicted by her enemies had paled her cheek and weakened her strength; but her innocent and marked beauty was unimpaired; and she moved onward, her countenance lighted up with joy and peace unspeakable, and a loving smile on her lips, it seemed to those who looked on as though some celestial visitant, too holy and pure for our wretched earth, were about to take her painless flight to her native skies.

She was clothed in white; she had desired this, and her wish had been granted. It had been Mistress Fletcher's last labor of love to make for her poor child that white linen robe of martyrdom. But because of its whiteness, was shown more plainly to all that Lilian carried in her hand a dark-looking volume, which she pressed very closely to her bosom. It was the old Bible which had been her life long companion and comforter. Think not, however, that she had been permitted access to this Book in her long and dreary imprisonment. Then it had been carefully kept from her; but now—now that she was to die—her book of pestilent heresies—her English Protestant Bible in the vulgar tongue—should be burned with her. There would be one the less in the land. There was a refinement of cruelty in this; to keep from the young martyr the Word of Life, when it would have comforted her in her tribulations, and to restore it when it was no longer needed. But Lilian felt not the cruelty. Her thoughts and soul were far, far above the reach of further persecutions; they were ascending to Him whose own words had been her stay and support and safeguard: "Be thou faithful to the death, and to thee shall be given a crown of life."

As they drew near to the dark death-pile, there stood Father Jarvest, crucifix in hand, waiting to offer once more to the resolute maiden a remission of her sentence, if she did but at the hour recant her errors, and (as he said) make peace with the true Church. But Lilian motioned him aside.

"Had I feared to die, I had listened to thee ere now," she softly said; and then she added, "I thank my God that I can say, not vain-boastingly, but in his strength, "Death is swallowed up in victory. Death, where is thy victory? Death where is thy sting?"

Scarcely had Lilian spoken these words, when faint shouts were heard at a long distance off. They approached nearer and nearer. Then there was a moving of the multitude, like the uneasy heaving and murmuring of many waters. Then more shouts, and more confusion, and more pressing to and fro. Then came the clattering of horses' hoofs, faint at first, but approaching nearer and nearer, as in furious and urgent haste. Then the crowd divided to make way for two eager horsemen, who spurred their horses up to the unlighted pile, until, reaching it, one sprung down and cast his arms around the white-robed victim, crying in hoarse tones, like one awaking from a fearful dream, "Thank God, we be not too late! Lilian, thou art safe!" while the other horseman, standing up in his stirrups, proclaimed aloud.

"Good people, you all know me, and you now hear me, when I say that this execution must be stayed."

"And wherefore stayed?" demanded Father Jarvest boldly.

"Because," retorted Sir Peter Russel (for he it was)—"because I have brought a pardon with me for the maiden," and he held up a parchment to the people's gaze; "and because Queen Mary is dead, and Queen Elizabeth reigns!"

"Queen Mary dead?—didst thou say dead?" said Father Jarvest, his face changing to many hues of fear and terror.

"In good sooth, I said dead, sir priest. She died yesterday morning early; and methinks thou will have to change thy religion once again."

The priest staid not the hearing out of the deserved taunt; and well it was for him that he speedily withdrew, and that the guards of poor Lilian also followed him closely; for in another minute rose a shout, the like of which had never before been heard in that place; and ere five minutes had passed, Lilian and Guy Fletcher had been borne triumphantly through the crowd, with cries of joy that the persecuting queen had been called to her awful account.

THE MONTREAL CITY MISSIONS.

Incidents from the Journals of the Missionaries.

GOD'S HIDDEN ONES.

How truly are God's people strangers on earth. Their next neighbor knows not their real character. "Do you know to what church this man belongs who lives in this room?" said I to a widow woman. "I do not think he belongs to any," was the reply. "He is a curious sort of a man that seems to have no dealings with any one." He just stepped forward himself, at this moment. "Are you the occupant of this room?" "Yes sir." I was invited in. It was a poor room, and I alluded to it. "How, said he, can I be poor, with such a treasure?" Here he produced his Bible. It was well marked with pencil. He said, "I am going through this Bible for the tenth time since last January." Is there another in the city that can say as much? He had lost a large fortune, a wife, and four children, and yet he was rich with this treasure.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

"Mr. B. is very anxious to see you," said a lady one day to me. "He is now aware that he is dying. He has given up all to Jesus,—his wife and children; but he has no hope for himself. He wants some sure ground of hope on which he can rest."

We took the earliest opportunity to see him. He had led a good moral life; but he had neglected the one thing needful. He told me he had been very desirous to see me. He had been looking over all his past life to see if there was anything in it that might lead him to hope. It appeared to him as if the whole of his past life had been one continual course of sin and rebellion against God. "I am sinking into destruction, and if God does not save me, I must perish." His mouth had become dry. His tongue was as iron in his mouth. At this moment his wife entered, and gave him some weak wine in iced water. His mouth being wet with a few spoonfuls, he requested his wife to leave for a little.

I then told him that as cold water to the thirsty, so was good news to the thirsty soul. I had good news for him. He was like Peter on the sea of Galilee, sinking in the deep waters, and crying. "Save Lord, or I perish," and I showed him that Jesus was a Saviour ever near. He who saved Peter would save him, if he would only look to him. "Oh, if I could only get some sure ground of hope," he cried, "on which I could securely rest, how glad would I feel!"

"Mr. B., please tell me what it was that made you love your wife so much about the time you married her?" He looked surprised, and said, "why do you put that question?" "Well, do you not remember, when you said to her, 'M——, I love you as I never loved another, and I can only be happy by having all your heart? Do you remember how you felt when she said, 'I believe you to be an honest man?' What had she then to rest on but your word? How happy that word made her, because she believed you to be an honest man! and what has a man but his word? Now, if your wife trusted your word, and it made you so happy, can you not trust the word of Him who cannot lie? Here are the sayings of the faithful and true witness."

Here I pointed out the promises of a covenant-keeping God. It was delightful to see the clear sunshine after rain, and the joy that took the place of despair.

A PREACHER OF THE GOSPEL FALLEN.

When conversing with a man he informed me that he was once a Christian, and a preacher of the Gospel. He preached in our Church in England for twenty years, and, when a young man, studied under the Rev. ——, with the intention of going as a missionary to the West Indies, and would have done so, but that his medical adviser gave it as his opinion that if sent there he would not live, being too delicate. So he afterwards served a church for the above period; but for a long time past he has been living in a manner unworthy of his early profession, and was a disgrace to religion. Socially and morally, he is now about as low as he can be.

Poor man! I spoke to him kindly, and advised him in relation to both body and soul. He listened with apparent attention, but was not much moved. The Lord have mercy upon him. Liquor did it!

SUNSET.

The sun went down amid dark clouds. At first no ray of light could penetrate them. Soon, his rays darted through. The clouds began to recede in awful majesty. Huge, portentous figures began to show themselves. They looked so firm that they could not be moved. Soon they began to break up. In a short time not a cloud was to be seen, only the clear blue sky, all tinged with the glory of the setting sun.

I reminded the dying man of these words, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee," and of the sign in the sky. He was sitting very low at the Saviour's feet—low at the cross. All his hope was in Jesus. Another evening I saw him, and reminded him of the words, "Father I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." He was very weak, and requested me to pray with him. Next day, when I called, his spirit had fled. I learned that he had been quiet for some time, and, waking up, said "I have been praying," and again, he looked up and said, "I have seen Jesus, and do not want to live any longer. Farewell!"

HOPE OF REFORM.

Mrs. —— said with tears that she had been well brought up, and was respectably connected, but was sorry to say that lately she had been doing very wrong, and desired much to see a minister or missionary.

She had taken half a pint of whiskey every day for two months; it was ruining her soul, and she wished to give it up.

I advised her to do so, and wrote out a pledge, which she signed. We then prayed that God would pardon her sins, and enable her to keep it."

A FEMALE BOARDING-HOUSE.

Calling at a house of a suspicious character, I had a conversation at the outer door with the keeper. When she knew that I was a missionary, she asked me in. I went into what appeared their room. She apologized for the appearance of the room, and seemed to feel very much that there was no other or better place for me. I then addressed myself to her and another woman who remained in the room with us. As the door was left wide open, all the inmates could hear every word that was spoken. She acknowledged that there was no peace nor any true happiness in the way on which they had entered. I endeavored to show the law of God in marriage; the wisdom and beneficence of that law; the happiness in observing it; the fearful crime of sapping the foundations of society. I set before them the horrors of their life, whose "steps take hold on hell," from whose house none ever returned, unless drawn by the gracious hand of a loving Redeemer. Through him there was hope for a Rahab, &c. The eyes filled with tears showed how deeply she felt the power of the truth.

DEPRAVITY AND LIQUOR.

House in dirt, confusion, and wretchedness, and father in prison,—not long ago a respectable man in this city; his wife confined to a bed of sickness; no person with her except a poor neighbor, who put a dead child of hers in a drawer, as they had no money to bury it with. It remained in the drawer five days, when the mother arose from her bed and carried it in a box in her own arms to the cemetery and left it in the vault. She was in liquor when I called.—Liquor has ruined them. They have ten children, who attend school sometimes.

WITHOUT RELIGION.

Mrs. F. said they were Protestants, but belonged to no church; they had lived in Montreal seven years, and had never been to any such place. She said it was no use trying to convince her; others had tried and failed. Her husband was a harder case than herself. They appear to be respectable and intelligent, and quite civil.

NO ONE CARED FOR THEIR SOULS.

Mrs. M. said they had resided in the city of Montreal for ten years, and during that time had not had one visit from either minister or missionary. She would be glad to have the Scriptures read, and prayer offered in her house.

DOES YOUR LIGHT SHINE?

"Holding forth the word of life."—Phil. ii. 16.

The keeper of the lighthouse at Calais was boasting of the brightness of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea, when a visitor said to him, "What if one of the lights should chance to go out?" "Never; impossible!" he cried, horrified at the bare thought. "Sir," said he, pointing to the ocean, "yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to all parts of the world. If to-night one of my burners went out, within six months would come a letter—perhaps from India, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of—saying, such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim, the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah! sir, sometimes in the dark nights in stormy weather, I look out at sea, and I feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out? Burn dim? O never."

Was this lighthouse-keeper so vigilant? Did he feel so deeply the importance of his work? And shall Christians neglect *their* light, and suffer it to grow dim—grow dim when, for need of its bright shining, some poor soul, struggling amid the waves of temptation, may be dashed upon the rocks of destruction? No. "*Hold forth the word of life.*" "*Let your light shine.*" This is the way to save souls. "Holding forth the word of life," says the apostle; why? "that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain."

Why not to-day?—Reader, you hope very likely to be a real Christian sometime, and fit to go to heaven. You hope to repent and believe on Christ, and have a good hope before you die. But why not to-day?

What is to prevent you? Why should you wait any longer? Why not this day awake and call upon your God, and resolve that you will sleep no longer? I set before you an open door. I set before you Jesus Christ the Saviour, who died to make atonement for sinners, Jesus who is able to save to the uttermost, Jesus willing to receive. The hand that was nailed to the cross is held out to you in mercy. The eye that wept over Jerusalem is looking on you with pity. The voice that has said to many a wanderer, "Thy sins are forgiven," is saying to you, "Come to me." Go to Jesus first and foremost, if you would know what step to take. Think not to wait for repentance and faith and a new heart, but go to him just as you are. O, awake thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light. Why not to-day?

Sun, moon, and stars are all witnessing against you; they continue according to God's ordinances, and you are ever transgressing them. The grass, the birds, the very worms, of the earth, are all witnessing against you; they fill their place in the creation, and you do not. Sabbaths and ordinances are continually witnessing against you: they are ever proclaiming that there is a God and a judgment, and you are living as if there were none. The tears and prayers of godly relations are witnessing against you; others are sorrowfully thinking you have a soul, though you seem to forget it. The very gravestones that you see every week are witnessing against you; they are silently witnessing, "Life is uncertain, time is short, the resurrection is yet to come, the Lord is at hand." All, all are saying, Awake, awake, awake! O, reader, the