

# 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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Fredericton, Nov. 18, 1865.

## The Intelligencer.

(From the New York Observer.)

### WORSHIP.

BY THE REV. EDWARD N. KIRK, D. D.

No. I.

Man may have access to his Creator, Father and Saviour. Christians believe this momentous truth; Pagans, Mohammedans, all mankind believe it, except two classes: those whom utter ignorance and moral degradation sink below the conception and desire of it, and those whom the pride of a cultivated but unconsecrated intellect leads to despise it.

But while the Christian and Pagan have totally contrasted conceptions of its nature, object and spirit, the mere fact that they—embracing the whole human race, with the most fractional exceptions—have felt the necessity of worship, and used it according to their conceptions of it, shows that it is a want of the human heart, or that man is a worshipper, despite his pride or his scepticism.

That which he supremely admires, even if it be himself, is his God. Whatever expresses his highest admiration and delight is, consciously or unconsciously, intentionally or unintentionally, an act of worship. That on which he most depends, be it his Maker, his neighbor, his fetic, or himself, is his God; and every expression of supreme confidence is an act of worship, since worship is nothing else than the utterance of the deepest trust and homage of the heart, of its highest and most fervent adoration and love.

The history of genuine worship is full of interest, embracing three stages—the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian.

#### THE PATRIARCHAL.

This was simple in its form, so far as we are permitted to know. Of Adam's worship we hear nothing, unless his conversations with God can be called such, which is doubtful.

The first view of primitive worship we obtain is an impressive scene. It presents two kinds of worship: the one accepted, the other rejected of God. And the only explanation we can find of the different results of the two, is in the two facts—that Abel offered his faith, and Cain offered his in unbelief; and that Abel's was a sin-offering in blood, or an innocent life for his sin—the other was a mere thank-offering, as from one who had not sinned, and who rejected the divine method of atonement for sin by the suffering of vicarious innocence. All we know of Enoch's worship is that he walked with God: his whole life was an act of communion with his heavenly Father.

Noah offered burnt-offering on emerging from the ark. The altar and its typical sacrifice of blood had become an essential instrument of religion. Abraham's intercessory prayer for Sodom opened to us a very impressive view of that part of worship; as does that of his servant (Gen. xxiv. 12) in reference to finding a wife for Isaac. Great simplicity seems to be the chief characteristic of the worship of that period. Jacob's wrestling at Peniel has been variously explained. But it can be a struggle of truth, in which faith is tried by a kind of resistance.

#### THE MOSAIC WORSHIP.

This itself passed through several stages: being adapted to the nomadic condition of the peoples, and then accommodated to their permanent residence in Palestine.

We must discriminate between God's intention and man's view of the Old Testament service. He was a Spirit, then as now. And he sought spiritual worshippers then as now. This the prophets abundantly show. The radical mistake of the Jews was on that point. They satisfied themselves with impressive ceremonies instead of personal holiness; with gorgeous rites instead of personal communion with God. Sacrifice was, in their view, a substitute for obedience. Their presence in a magnificent edifice was religion. They clung to the symbol after its usefulness had ceased; to the type and shadow, when the antique type and substance had come.

It was true, God had given them that seasons worship: but never as a substitute for personal holiness and communion with him. This they should have seen in their ancient records. Abraham was justified by his faith, not by circumcision or sacrifices he had offered. Samuel told them that obedience was better than sacrifice. David declared that the sacrifices of God are a broken and contrite spirit. Isaiah declared that the fasting which God approved was, the emancipating of slaves.

There are two inquiries concerning this worship of importance to consider: why it was instituted—why it was abolished. Why was the Jewish ritual instituted?

Man begins his education in spiritual things by the aid of material instruments and the pictorial symbols of the infant school. Hence the Law was a schoolmaster leading to Christ, and was the shadow of good things to come. It prepared the minds of men, for instance, by the almost impossible avoidance of ceremonial defilement, to teach our constant exposure to the defilement of sin; and by the ceremonial efficacy of the temple services, to exhibit the cleansing efficacy of Christ's atoning sacrifice: by the priest, to show his priesthood; by the sacredness of the Most Holy, the purity of heaven.

This form of teaching was suited to the low spiritual condition of the race at that period. We do not know what the primitive language of man was; and particularly whether it had a vocabulary purely spiritual. But all existing languages have few words descriptive of spiritual objects which were not originally descriptive of material objects, or whose root is not a word expressing a material object. "Spirit" is an example; meaning wind; or breath, originally. Attention, imagination, recollection, all come from words signifying material things on earth; and in part, it explains the Mosaic ritual.

Another result was secured by an imposing system of rites and restrictions. It subverted the interests of true religion by securing the religious and political separation of the Jewish race from surrounding tribes sunk into the grossest idolatry. And hence we find the Jews, faulty as they were, far superior to their neighbors. The vital power of those institutions is seen, also, in the preservation of a national sentiment in the Jewish race, depending for its sustenance on no common national life nor any local attachments. Then,

Why was this system not perpetuated? Because the end of its institution had been secured, and its further existence would hinder spiritual worship. It was designed to be preparatory and temporary.

The rough shell that forms this autumn on the bud of the horse-chestnut tree, a covering for the flower of next spring; the coat of gum that seals it hermetically against the frost of winter, must dry and burst, and fall off when the sun returns to the equator; so we see that the ceremonial system continued until God had become incarnate. The Temple, the Ark, the Shekinah, were representatives of the unseen. But in Christ alone did "the fulness of the Godhead dwell bodily."

The old priesthood and the sacrifices continued until the true Atonement had been made, and the true High Priest had entered into the holy of holies, with his own precious blood.

But when men had seen Christ, they had entered the true temple, and had a vision of the Father. From that time men were to worship neither on Gerizim nor on Moriah; but anywhere and everywhere, in spirit and in truth.

#### THE LIFE-BOAT.

The shutters are fast closed, the warm hangings closely drawn; a bright fire crackles and sparkles in the well-polished grate; tea and toast, and molasses, hot and inviting, on the table; father, mother and little ones ready to sit down, in comfort and happiness, together. All looks cheerful and bright within. But hark! how the wild wind is roaring without, rattling the windows, and shaking the house till it seems to rock again, while every now and then the fierce driving hail rattles against the window panes, and causes the younger children to look up affrighted. "What a night for any poor wanderer to be out!" and "God pity the poor sailors who may be exposed to this storm!" they all exclaim.

We wonder how many of our young readers "pity the poor sailors" enough to pray heartily for them. We should like you to feel interested in those who may be said to have their home upon the deep. Children who live in cities and towns, far away from the sea, can form little idea of the perils to which seafaring people are exposed. Those who live on the seacoast sometimes have to witness heart-rending scenes without being able to do anything to help the poor sufferers. "Oh, what agony it is to stand and see a fellow-creature buffeted with the angry waves, and to know that he must in a few minutes sink, to rise no more till 'the sea shall give up its dead.' To the pious mind comes, also, the fearful question, 'Is he prepared to die?' Dear children, pray that they who do business on the mighty waters may be enabled to give their hearts to God; and that they who stand in peril every hour may be prepared for heaven when they die.

Now I want to tell you something true, and which I think will induce you to take a very deep interest in those who bring from far distant lands the necessities and luxuries which help to make our English homes so pleasant; as well as in those who sail round our coasts, bringing the coal and the iron, and the many other things which have become so necessary to our daily comfort.

Long ago, I lived in a town situated on one of the most dangerous and rocky part of our shores. I could not tell you all the sad scenes I have witnessed; but one or two always stand out with distinctness in my memory. One terrible winter day a barque was seen drifting helplessly, at the mercy of the wind and waves, past our harbor. The men were clinging to the masts, and as they became benumbed with the cold, and blinded by the driving sleet and snow, dropped one by one into the raging sea. On shore people were anxiously watching them, but were unable to render the least assistance. What despair must have entered the souls of those perishing sailors, unless they had a hope of a life beyond, 'blooming with immortality.' Let us hope some of them were ready to die.

Another event which cast a gloom over our little town, happened not in the cold of winter, but in the warmth and beauty of August, when people are scarcely expecting violent storms. Some hundreds of boats are annually gathered to catch the large shoals of herrings which appear there about this time. They usually ply their busy task in the night. On one of those nights a severe storm came on suddenly, and each boat had to fly for shelter to the nearest port. All, save one, succeeded in finding refuge. This one was upset in endeavouring to reach the harbor, which was entered by a narrow passage. Only two out of the crew were cast up by the waves, the rest being entangled in their nets. One of the two was washed on shore, and saved; the other was hurled upon a rock, on which was fixed an iron pole, to which he clung. But alas! the waves, like huge mountains, were rolling over him, and it was evident, that unless speedily rescued his fate must be that of so many of his companions. Quickly a dozen noble men volunteered to man a boat and attempt to save him. They thought a few strokes of the oars, and they would reach him, so near was he to the shore. But before these few strokes were made, a large wave caught the boat, tossed it up like a feather, and in a few minutes more all these brave men were in eternity along with the one they tried to save. They sunk before the eyes of the people, who were trying to throw ropes to save them. Imagine, dear children, if you can, the weeping and wailing which was heard on all sides. The last act at home of the gallant man who took the lead in the attempt, was to do some little deed of kindness and love to his ailing wife, which you may be sure she fondly remembered. Another of them was a fine lad, almost the sole support of a widowed mother. I will remember the wonderful composure of that Christian woman, when the rescued body of her son was carried in and laid upon her bed; and again, when a day or two after, she received tidings that her youngest son had been washed overboard and lost in the same storm that had carried away his brother. There was another whose wife had just then gone on a long journey to carry a little orphan child to its relatives, and she only came home from her errand of mercy to find herself a widow.

I will tell you another incident connected with one of these sudden storms that so often visit our coast. A young man, captain of a small vessel, one Sunday evening entered the chapel, along with some of his thoughtful companions. He came not to worship, but to laugh at the preacher, and at the solemn truths he uttered. But God had mercy on the sinner. His Spirit found him out. That night the truth reached his heart. He became truly grieved for having grieved God, and before long

he could testify that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven all his sins. At now he was eager to show his gratitude by endeavoring in every way in his power to promote God's cause. It was well it was in his heart to do so, for his career after this was a brief one. A short time afterwards, his vessel was lying at a place a few miles from his home waiting for a fair wind. As it was Saturday, he thought he would like to run home, and once more worship on the Sabbath in the place and with the people now so dear to him. He spoke of the great pleasure the holy exercises of that day had given him. On Monday the wind changed, and he set off by train to take charge of his vessel. A hasty farewell to his parents, and to another friend, into whose Missionary box he dropped half a crown as he left, and he was gone. His ship, with many others, left the harbor; but a fierce gale came on in the night, and day-light saw the shore strewn with wrecks. No tidings were heard for a day or two of Captain—'s vessel. His father continually wandered along the coast, seeking some trace of the ship; and at last, in a little creek, into which the tide seemed to have quietly floated him, he found the body of his son, the hands clasped as if in prayer, and looking as though he had just fallen asleep,—asleep in Jesus, as no doubt he was.

Have I succeeded in exciting in your hearts an interest and sympathy for the 'poor sailors' I trust I have; and also for their relatives, who have to suffer so much grief, and anxiety, and loss.

I will now tell you of something which has very painfully interested myself. To-day I have been looking at the 'Wreck-chart of the British Isles' for the year 1863. Wherever an accident occurred during that year a black dot has been marked against the place. In some parts of the map there are long double rows of these dots, and in other parts they are so thickly crowded together that it would be a difficult matter to get another in. What a fearful amount of suffering and loss do these small marks represent! The report says: 'Many a widow and orphan can point out on this chart the site where some perished all that was dear to them in this life.' The number of persons who perished in 1863 from wreck was six hundred and twenty. What significant words are these. How many dear children left fatherless, how many widows, in consequence, have had to toil early and late to bread for their little ones, who used to be provided for by a husband's loving labor.

But I must now tell you that besides these dark spots, we here and there find some remarks to which we are very glad to point. These indicate the life-boat stations. 'During the fearful gales of October, November, and December, in 1863, nearly five hundred lives were rescued by life-boats written, have never been surpassed. And now, why have we thus endeavored to interest our dear young readers, in this subject? We have already said, we want you to pray heartily every day for the sailors. But then we must remember that prayer and effort, to do good, ought to go hand in hand.

"Work away!  
For Father's eye is on us,  
Never off us, still upon us,  
Work away!  
Work and pray!  
Pray! and work will be complete;  
Work! and prayer will be the greater;  
Love! and prayer and work the better;  
Will ascend upon their way!"

Perhaps you imagine that there is nothing you can do besides praying. But there you are mistaken. There are societies for helping the shipwrecked. They provide for them necessary clothing, and find for them the means of returning to their friends. There are also sailors' 'Homes' to be supported, where seamen can live comfortably while away from their homes. And these need to be helped. And then we sadly want more life-boats. I lately read of a dear old lady, ninety-three years of age, who when confined to her couch with a broken leg, made warm winter cuffs, which were sold for the good of the 'Shipwrecked Mariners' Society.'—*English Magazine.*

#### ON "BEING LET GO."

Acts iv. 23.

"And being let go, they went to their own company." This simple statement presents a beautiful example of the instincts and tendencies of the divine nature. We always find that when a man is released from some special engagement, he is set free from some special demand upon him—a word, when he is "let go"—he will most probably seek the company of those who are most congenial to his tastes. When parade is over, the soldiers betake themselves to their various associates and pursuits. When a school breaks up, the pupils do the same. When the warehouse or counting-house is closed, the young men betake themselves, some to the religious assembly, some to the reading-room, and some, alas! to the tavern, the theatre, or the gambling-house. "Being let go," they are almost sure to go "to their own company." It is when a man is fully at leisure that you see what his bent and tendency really are. When he gets free from present claims, you will be able to judge of the pursuits and companions of his heart's selection. Two men may stand side by side in the same company, from eight in the morning till six in the evening; but mark them when the clock strikes six—observe them when "let go"—and you will find one making his way to the bar-room, and the other to some place of worship or religious instruction. Thus it is always. "Being let go," we soon find out "our own company."

Reader, how do you act, when "let go"? What company do you seek? Do you betake yourself to those who, like the assembly in Acts iv., occupy themselves in holy worship, prayer, and praise? or do you own as your companions the giddy and the thoughtless, the profane and the immoral, the scoffers and the skeptics, the infidel and the atheist? You take your seat in the midst of your own company. "Would I, at this moment, like to hear 'the voice of the archangel and the trump of God'?" Are you with your sins in the peace with God? Let me beseech you, dear friend, to make close, earnest, personal work of it this very hour. Do not trifle with the interests of your soul, and with a boundless eternity. God is in earnest—Christ is in earnest—the Holy Ghost is in earnest—Satan is in earnest—and will you trifle? Will you delay? "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) May God the Holy

Spirit lead you, now, to believe in the love of God, and lean fully, and without the shadow of a doubt, upon the perfect sacrifice of Christ. Then you will seek the "company" of the redeemed on earth; and when "let go" from every weight and hindrance, down here, you will join "your own company" in the mansions above.

#### THE HUMAN HEART A MINIATURE OF SODOM.

"But the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." (Gen. xiii. 13.)

The city Lot had chosen was no place for a man of God, and he could not but know this. It was a city of the ungodly, a city of the profane, a city of sinners, whose wickedness was of no common kind or height. Their crimes had stretched to the most daring excess, till they had earned for themselves and for their city a name by which succeeding ages have always named the worst excesses of wickedness.

Nor is this man's testimony against Sodom. It is the testimony of him who cannot lie, who would not exaggerate, and who would not bring up carelessly an evil report against his own creatures. How fearful is such a testimony from the lips of God! How terrible must have been Sodom's iniquity when God can thus describe it, and when, in describing it, He seems as if unable to find in the language of men words strong enough to paint the enormity. Oh, to what extremity of evil can man go! What infinite abomination can come forth from that fountain-head of evil, a human heart! Look at Sodom, O man, and learn what thy heart is. There thou seest it held up to view by God that thou mayest learn what it contains. These enormities of Sodom are but the full-grown sins of thine own nature. They are but ripened fruits of that very tree whose roots are within thyself. And as the acorn contains the entire oak wrapped up within its narrow shell, so does that soul of thine contain every villainy in which Sodom revelled.

Nay, do not start back astounded. I am not accusing thee of the actual indulgence of these hideous abominations. I simply say that the seeds of all of them are in thee, and that if time and opportunity were allowed, thou wouldst become what these men became, and thy heart would unfold itself in the same hideous overflow of evil. All the sin that was in Sodom, God sees in thee. Thou dost not see it. Man does not see it. He has no microscope to detect the minute animalcule of evil. But God sees it. God abhors it. The smallest symptom or principle of evil He cannot away with. The merest germ, though unexpanded and undeveloped, He abhors. For He can appreciate its true villainy and, besides, He knows what it will one day become. He can trace it to its full expansion. In that soul of thine He sees a miniature of Sodom.

Look again at Sodom, O man, I say. It is no city of devils. It is the abode of men. It is not hell. It is earth. These plains are shone upon by the same sun that shines on thee. They are watered by the same streams out of which thou drinkest. Yet in that city are done deeds at which hell might blush; deeds which devils never knew. They are the deeds of men; thy fellow-men; men of like flesh and blood as thou art! What thinkest thou of thy nature now? What canst thou say in behalf of a human heart? Is it the innocent, pure, amiable thing which thou hast often imagined it to be? Ah, is it not vile beyond conception? And wilt thou apologise for it again? Look at Sodom, O man, and cease to plead for the innocence of human nature. Look at Sodom, and see the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Look at Sodom, and see how desperately wicked is that heart of thine. Look at Sodom, and learn what a hell thou wouldst make of thy heart—what a hell thou wouldst make of thy city—what a hell thou wouldst make of earth (even without a devil), did not God in his love restrain thee.

#### THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

I was spending a day not long since in a pleasant farm-house, which was fitted up with a taste and neatness not always found in such homes. The farmer sat down in the parlor, and conversed with ease and intelligence on various topics of interest in the religious and literary world—showing a perfect familiarity with what was doing in the great world outside the bounds of his little farm. He was a man of only common education, yet his information was far more extended than is customary in the people of his calling. The secret of his superiority became very apparent in the course of the conversation. He was frequently referring to some remark or paragraph in his religious newspaper which bore upon the subject upon which we were speaking—sometimes taking up a recent number, which was just at hand, and reading a few lines. One could not listen to him without obtaining valuable information and food for after thought.

An excellent religious newspaper was the educator that made this farmer so much superior to those whose lands lie upon either side of him, and who were content to jog on year after year, in the same dull round of monotonous duties, without a thought of anything beyond them.

He had taken this paper many years, and what was more important still, he read it every week thoroughly and carefully. Cut off from much society, he had a little world of his own in the pleasant family sitting room where he experienced the most delightful intellectual enjoyment.

What a blessing that religious newspaper was to him, and what a blessing such a paper is in every circle where it is introduced! You cannot do a greater kindness to any family than to send such a messenger of good things into its fold fifty times a year. I wonder that newspapers are not oftener presented as New-Year's gifts to our friends; for certainly there can be none which yield such large returns of profit and happiness for so small an outlay.—*Sunday-School Times.*

#### CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

As individual Christians, it becomes us always to test our hopes and assurances by the blessed truth, that Christ is ready to be to each of us a loving Friend, an ever-present help, a never-failing Counsellor. Our religion is not to be something external, whether it consists in multitudinous forms, or in reliance and appliances which are purely human, and ignores the direct means of our salvation, the forgiveness and gracious assistance of the Saviour of our souls. The natural tendency of the human heart, even when it is not unimpressed by divine truth, is always to rest in something outward, to deceive itself by confounding properties of conduct and correctness of belief with inward graces, and a fulfilment of the whole duty of a Christian. Religion touches too much only the outside of the life of the spirit. It is so often not a self-conscious experience, a positive and immediate perception of the livingness of the Saviour's presence, a steady enjoyment of his love and care, a life of confidential communion with him. The reality and the blessedness of Christ's religion consist in its personalness. No one can reckon himself to be a Christian who has not had a personal experience of Christ's pardoning grace; and there can be none of that deep, abounding joy, that never-waning light and peace which there might and should be in the life of every follower of Jesus, if he is not left to be an ever-present Saviour. It is this that the church and its members need to feel more fully, because it will lead them on to a more sanctified life, because it will fill them with a more whole-hearted devotion to his cause. Christ for us and in us, Christ as the ruler of our minds and wills, the Christ of our conduct, the guide of our activity, Christ all and in all, nothing less than this, may be and should be the staple of our religious endeavors, and of our daily life.—*The Moravian.*

#### "THAT IS TOO SIMPLE."

I was attending a protracted meeting in an adjoining town, and had been endeavoring, according to the ability given me by God, to assist souls in finding Jesus. A brother, who had for years been stumbling at the simple way of faith, called on me, desirous of instruction respecting it. I endeavored to simplify it in various ways, but all had no effect, and I was on the point of giving up, thinking that I could not in any way help his mind. At length, in reply to my remark that he must make the unreserved surrender of himself to God, and that it was his privilege, when all was consecrated, and duty, when he did this, to believe that he was then the Lord's—that the offering required at his hand was accepted when presented through the merits of the atoning blood of Christ—he exclaimed, "O, that is too simple; I must do something more than that." Just then an illustration struck my mind. It was this:

"Brother, suppose you had a watch, and it would not keep good time. You try to regulate it, but all effort is vain. Now, what would you do with it?"

"I would take it to a jeweler, and have it repaired," was the reply.

"Very well, but would you stand constantly by his side, and assist a little here and there?"

"O, no," said he, "I should place the watch in his hands, and go about my business."

"Yes, yes, brother B.; now do just so with that heart of yours. It is out of order; it does not keep good time, it is not in harmony with the great heart of Christ. Take it to him; he is the great repairer of hearts; he knows precisely how to regulate it. It was for this very purpose he came on earth, that he might put hearts in order. Place it in his hands, and as you remark respecting the watch, 'go about your own business.'"

"That is it! that is it! I will do it," he exclaimed with much earnestness.

The way of faith is simplicity itself. Look at the case of the man who came to the Saviour, crying, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' Listen to the reply: 'I will; be thou clean.' He sends a blind man to the pool of Siloam, there to wash off the clay which He had put on his eyes. He washed, and came seeing.

But the virtue of Siloam's pool? Nay, verily, but in the faith that led him there to wash." Naaman was one of those who suppose they must do some great thing; they are the work can be accomplished. He is bidden by the prophet to bathe seven times in Jordan. The prescription is "too simple," and he turns away in a rage. "If by having one of my legs amputated I could become a Christian, I would be one to-day," said a skeptical friend with whom I was one day conversing in regard to the interest of his soul. The way of salvation by faith was "too simple" for his reception; and so he turned away from the offer of salvation, choosing, if saved at all, to be so by his own works instead of by grace through faith.

A JOULIAN CHRISTIAN.—A poor man lived near Deacon Murray, referred to in the tract "Worth a Dollar," and occasionally called at his house for a supply of milk. One morning he came near the family was at breakfast. Mrs. Murray rose to wait upon him, but the deacon said, "Wait till after breakfast." He did so, and meantime the deacon made some inquiries of the man about his family and circumstances. After family worship, the deacon invited him to go out to the barn with him. When they got into the yard, the deacon, pointing to one of the cows, exclaimed, "There, take that cow, and drive her home." The man thanked him heartily for the cow, and started for home; but the deacon was observed to stand in the attitude of deep thought until the man had gone some rods. He then looked up, and called out, "Hey, bring that cow back!" The man looked around, and the deacon added, "Let that cow come back, and you come back, too." He did so, and when he came back into the yard again, the deacon said, "There, now, take your pick out of the cows; I ain't going to lend to the Lord the poorest cow I've got!"

My STAFF.—"Did you ask me if I had a Bible?" said a poor old widow in London; "did you ask me if I had a Bible? Thank God, I have a Bible. What should I do without my Bible? It was the guide of my youth, and it is the staff of my age. It wounded me, and it healed me, it condemned me, and it acquitted me. It showed me I was a sinner, and it led me to the Saviour. It has given me comfort through life, and I trust it will give me hope in death."

Three things only are essential to happiness, namely: something to do; something to love; and something to hope for.