

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. 35.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1866.

Whole No. 659.

ROYAL MAIL STAGE.
UNTIL further notice, the Stages of the Subscriber will leave Woodstock, Fredericton, and St. John, every morning (Sundays excepted), at eight o'clock, connecting at Fredericton with the Mail Stages to and from St. John, which leave these places every morning (except Sundays), at 7 o'clock.
Passengers leaving Woodstock in the morning, may be in St. John the following morning early.

THROUGH TICKETS.
Through Tickets from Woodstock to St. John, or from St. John to Woodstock, will be given to persons passing directly through for \$5.00.
Single Fares on the route \$3. Way Fares in proportion. Freight and Parcels carried on reasonable terms.
Agencies—Woodstock, H. McLean & St. John, Israel Atherton, Union House; Fredericton, at the Subscriber's Office.
GEORGE R. ATHERTON.
Fredericton, Feb. 16, 1866.

BOARDING HOUSE.
THE Subscriber has opened a BOARDING HOUSE, No. 31 German Street (near King Street), where he is prepared to accommodate Females and Transient Boarders.
[June 3.] A. YERXA.

A GREAT BILL FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.
REDUCED PRICES.—The Subscriber having determined to reduce his stock of Staple and Fancy Goods, Millinery, Jewellery, &c., as much as possible during the next two months, has made a considerable reduction in the price of the following Goods, viz: LADIES' DRESS GOODS, in Batons, Challis, Belton, Printed Mullins, &c., at least 20 per cent. PLANTS at reduced prices. Great reductions in Grey and White COTTONS, Striped Summer Shawls at cost. Ladies' Trimmings and Hats at 25 cents upwards; Ladies' Straw Bonnets and Hats at less than cost; Flowers and Feathers marked down 50 per cent. less; Jewellery 30 per cent.; Gent's Silk Hats less than cost; Skeleton Skirts also reduced in price; Scotch TWEEDS, marked down. In this Department has been marked down several kinds of Goods in order to clear them out. A large lot of PAPER BAKING PANS, one cent a yard and upwards. A. LOTTIMER, aug. 10.

SHERATON & CO.,
Queen Street, Fredericton,

Have now completed their Summer Stock of

NEW GOODS.

50 Packages, containing

A Splendid Assortment of

Fancy and Staple

DRY GOODS!

DRESS GOODS,

From 10 Cents a Yard up—comprising:

GRENADINES, MUSLINS, BARGES,

Lustres, Alpaccas, &c.

A Splendid Assortment of

Shawls and Mantles!

BLACK AND COLORED

DRESS SILKS,

FROM 70 CENTS!

SKELETON SKIRTS,

All Sizes—from 8 to 30 Springs.

GREY COTTONS,

Good value, at 10 Cents a Yard.

Prints, Ticking, Hollands,

OSNABURGS, &c.

CARPETINGS,

Damasks, Towelling,

And every other description of

Furnishing Goods.

Rich Leno Curtains,

At \$1.80 a Pair!

Superior White and Blue Warps,

Together with a general assortment of

GLOVES,

HOSIERY,

And Small Wares.

AN INSPECTION IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

SHERATON & CO.

Fredericton, June 29, 1866.

LEMON'S VARIETY STORE.

SPRING GOODS.—From England, per New Lampedo and Mavroun—A nicely assorted stock of Cut and Pressed Glassware, consisting of Tumblers, Salt Cellars, Sugar Bowls and Creams, Water Bottles, Wines, Port and Sherry, Soda Tumblers, Decanters, Finger Bowls, &c.

White Garnet, in Teas and Coffees, Vegetable Dishes, Toilet Sets, Plates, Bowls, Saucers and Soup Tureens, Side Dishes, Tea Sets, &c.; China Tea Sets, also China Teas, Coffee Sets, &c., by the dozen.

To arrive per Metropolis—50 dozen Albata and Electro Plated Tea, Table and Dessert Spoons; 45 dozen Knives and Forks, in Stone, Bone, Horn and Buffalo Handles, Carvers, &c.

Per Violet from London—180 Cane Seat Chairs; 45 Rocking do; Tin Water Coolers, Cake Boxes, Toilet Ware, 2 Bed Room Sets, painted; 1 Oak Set, consisting of 1 Low French Bedstead, 4 Chairs, 1 Rocker, 1 Bureau with Glass, 1 Towel Rack, 1 Sink, 1 Sewing Table.

2 Bureaus, 2 Sinks, 12 Washstands, 13 Black Walnut Parlor Chairs, 37 Looking Glasses, 200 lbs. Paraffin Feathers, 1 Perambulator, 2 Fancy Wood Cabs, 6 Cane Child's Chairs, 12 Bed Rooms, 1 Box Table, 1 Box Glassware and Lamp Fixings, in Hand. Table and Side Lamps, Butter Dishes, Lamp Chimneys, Sugars & Creams, Spoon Holders, Salt Cellars, &c. About six 1 Box Table Glassware and Lamp Fixings, in Hand. Table and Side Lamps, Butter Dishes, Lamp Chimneys, Sugars & Creams, Spoon Holders, Salt Cellars, &c. Let of other Goods received this Spring not enumerated. We desire to have our Stock examined.

June 8.

LEMON & SON.

A. B. Atherton, M. D.,

(Formerly Senior House Surgeon to Boston City Hospital.)

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:

CITY HOTEL, - - Fredericton, N. B.

May 20, 2m

The Intelligencer.

TRUST THE PILOT.

Several years since, at a small seaport, one of those easterly storms came on which so often prove fatal to vessels and their crews on the adjoining coast. The wind had blown strongly from the north-east for a day or two, and, as it increased to a gale, fears were entertained for the safety of a ship which had been from the commencement of the north-easter standing off and on in the bay. The officers were apparently undecided as to which way to direct her course, and had once or twice refused the offer of a pilot.

On the morning of the Sabbath many old weather-beaten tars were seen standing on the highest point of land in the place eagerly watching her through their glasses, and mothers were listening with trembling to the remarks that were made on the apparently doomed vessel. Her destruction was inevitable unless she could make the harbor. At length a number of resolute men put out in a small schooner, determined, if possible, to bring her into port.

A tremendous sea was rolling into the bay, and as the little vessel made her way out of the harbor the scene became one of deep and exciting interest. Now, lifted up on the top of a dark wave, she seemed trembling on the verge of destruction; then, plunging into the trough of the sea, she was lost to view, not even the tops of the masts being visible, though probably twenty feet high. A landsman would have exclaimed, "She has gone to the bottom." Thus alternately rising and falling, she at length reached the ship, hailed her and tendered a pilot, which was refused. Irritated by the refusal, the skipper put his little vessel about, and stood in for the harbor, when a gun discharged from the labouring vessel, and the signal for a pilot run up the mast-head.

In a few minutes the vessels came side by side; and the pilot, springing into the ship's chains, was soon on her deck.

The mysterious movements of the vessel were explained. She had taken a pilot some days before who was ignorant of his duty, but who persisted in his efforts to take the ship in. When she was first hailed from the schooner the captain was below; but on hearing the false pilot return the hail, he went on deck, and at once reversed his answer by firing the signal gun.

The new pilot requested the captain and his trustees to take the wheel; gave orders for the stations of the men; and charged the captain, on the peril of his ship, not to change her course a hand-breadth but by his orders. His port and bearing were those of a man confident in his ability to save the vessel; and as the sailors exchanged looks with each other, it was evident that hope was reviving in them. All the canvas the ship could bear was now spread to the gale, and, while silence as of death reigned on board, she was put on the port tack directly toward the foaming breakers. On, on she flew, until it seemed from her nearness to the breakers that destruction was inevitable.

"Shall I put her about?" shouted the captain in tones indicative of intense excitement.

"Steady," was the calm reply of the pilot, while the sea was boiling like a cauldron under her bows.

In another moment the same calm, bold voice, pronounced, "About ship," and her head was turned from the breakers, and she stood boldly off on the other tack. "He knows what he is about," said the captain to the man at his side.

"He is an old salt, a sailor every yard of him," was the language of the seamen one to another; and the trembling passengers began to hope.

The ship now neared two sunken rocks, the places of which were marked by the angry breaking and boiling of the sea, which seemed to be driving her directly on them.

"Full and by," was uttered in tones of authority by the pilot, who stood with folded arms at the bow, the water drenching him completely as it broke over her bulwarks.

She then proceeded to relate her whole story. The Bishop thanked God for the wonderful leadings of his grace.

This remarkable occurrence was immediately attended with many important consequences. That Christian woman who had hitherto kept her religion a secret, now that she had taken the first step and gathered courage, freely and openly avowed her faith, and became herself a preacher of the gospel. Through her influence her domestics, also her neighbors and friends and her entire family, were induced to receive baptism. The two young men became preachers to the youth. First, they spoke of the Bishop's disinterested love, ever active in promoting the good of mankind; then of the new, comforting, bliss-conferring truths which they had heard from his lips. The youth flocked to the Bishop. Many were instructed and baptized by him.

On the kind arms I fall; Be thou my Strength and Righteousness, My Jesus and my All!

THE MODEL OF PRAYER.

When we are tempted and desire to overcome, the best weapon is prayer. When you cannot use the word and the shield, take to yourself the famous weapon of all prayer. So your Saviour did. Let us notice his prayer.

It was lonely prayer. He withdrew even from his three best friends about a stone's cast. Believer, especially in temptation, be much in solitary prayer. As private prayer is the key to open heaven, so is it the key to shut the gates of hell.

It was humble prayer. Luke says He knelt, but another evangelist says He fell on his face. Where then, must be thy place, thou humble servant of the great Master? There is no hope of any real prevalence with God, who casteth down the proud, unless we abase ourselves that He may exalt us in due time.

It was filial prayer. Matthew describes Him as saying, "O my Father," and Mark puts it, "Abba, Father." You will find it always a stronghold in the day of trial to plead your adoption. A child always has a right. Be not then ashamed to say, "My Father, hear my cry."

It was persevering prayer. He prayed three times, using the same words. Be not content until you prevail. Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving.

It was earnest prayer. "He prayed more earnestly." What groans were those which were uttered by Christ! What tears, which welled up from the deep fountains of his nature! Make earnest supplication if you would prevail against the adversary.

It was the prayer of resignation. "Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Yield, and God yields. Let it be as God will, and God will it that it shall be for the best. Be thou perfectly content to leave the result of thy prayer in his hands, who knows when to give, and how to give, and what to give, and what to withhold. So pleading earnestly, importunately, yet mingling with it humility and resignation, thou shalt yet prevail.

FAITHFUL AND PRAYER-HEARING.

A beautiful illustration of the faithfulness of God to his own, and of the answer of prayer, is found in Neander's Church History, fourth volume. Pomerania, a Prussian province lying on the Baltic, was a pagan country till the twelfth century. Many secret Christians, about the time the first missionaries went there, were living among the people—captives taken in war with Christian nations, or converts made by Christian merchants and sailors. "Among the number of these was a woman belonging to one of the first families of Stettin. Having been carried away captive in her youth from a Christian land, she had married a man of wealth and consideration, by whom she had two sons."

Although true to her faith, yet she did not venture, in the midst of a pagan people, to appear openly as a Christian. None the less sincere on that account was her joy when Bishop Otto came to the city where she lived. These feelings, however, she dare not express, nor to go over to him before the face of the world. Perhaps it was not without the exertion of some influence on her part that her two sons were led to pay frequent visits to the clergy, and to make inquiries of them respecting the Christian faith. The Bishop did not fail to make the most of this opportunity by instructing them, step by step, in all the leading doctrines of Christianity.

He found the young men had susceptible minds. They declared themselves convinced, and requested that they might be prepared for baptism. This was done, and the Bishop agreed upon a day with them, when they should return and receive baptism. They were baptized, with all the accustomed ceremony of the church, without any knowledge of the transaction on the part of their parents. After this they remained eight days in the Bishop's house, in order to observe, with due solemnity, their octave as neophytes. Their mother, in the meanwhile, got notice of what had been done before the whole time of the octave had expired. Full of joy, she sent a message to the Bishop, requesting to see her sons. He received her seated in the open air on a bank of turf, surrounded by his clergy, the young men at his feet, clothed in their white robes.

"The latter, on beholding their mother at a distance, started up, and bowing to the Bishop, as if to ask his permission, hastened to meet her. At the sight of her sons in their white robes of baptism, the mother, who had kept her Christianity concealed for so many years, overcame by her feelings, sunk weeping to the ground. The Bishop and his clergy hurried to her in alarm; raising the woman from the earth, they strove to quiet her mind, supposing she had fainted from the violence of her grief.

"But as soon as she could command herself, and find language to express her feelings, they were undeceived. 'I praise thee,' were her first words, 'Lord Jesus Christ, thou source of all hope and of all consolation, that I behold my sons initiated into thy sacraments, enlightened by the faith in thy divine truth.' Then, kissing and embracing her sons, she added: 'For thou knowest, my Lord Jesus Christ, that for many years I have not ceased, in the secret recesses of my heart, to recommend these youths to thy compassion, beseeching thee to do in them that which thou now hast done.' Next, turning to the Bishop, she thus addressed him: 'Blessed be the day of your coming into this city; for if you will but persevere, a great church shall here be gathered to the Lord.

"Do not allow yourselves to grow impatient by any delay. Behold! I myself, who stand here before you, do, by the aid of Almighty God, encourage by your presence, reverend father, but also throwing myself on the help of these my children, confess that I am a Christian, a truth which till now I dared not openly acknowledge."

Then he motioned to his wife. She understood, and went to the shelf and brought down a little saucer in which her husband kept his money. There were six groschen (about seven pence) in it, all that remained of his store. He took them out with trembling fingers, and laid them in my hand and said, "The heathen must have these, that they also may know how to die in peace."

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Among those thus pledging themselves was a young man employed in a manufactory, but, being busily engaged during the day, he had forgotten the pledge until late in the afternoon. As he had no time now to go out and seek for some one to accompany him, he concluded to try some of the operatives in the mill. There was a decent, well-behaved young Irishman in the upper story at work alone. He went to him.

"John, we are having some good meetings at our church, and I have promised to bring some one with me this evening, and I want you to go."

"Why," said John, laughing, "I am a Catholic; I don't go to your church, and have not been to any for a long time."

"No matter; I want you to go this evening to oblige me."

After some further persuasion, John replied: "Well, if it will be any favor to you, I will go."

He took his seat near the door, feeling quite out of place and entirely uninterested, except a feeling of curiosity to see how these heretics conducted their meetings, so different from his own church. But there was an all-pervading influence in that house of prayer which he never felt before. The Spirit was there! His feelings of curiosity soon gave place to an interest in the appeals made, the prayers offered, the songs of praise—all so different from what he had ever before witnessed. His interest increased until the close of the meeting, when he resolved to attend again the next evening. Thus he continued night after night, with growing interest, until, within a week, he found a living Saviour, whom he had heretofore sought, if at all, among the dead forms of a corrupt church.—*Observer.*

THE PASTOR'S PRAYER.

For years there had been a spiritual death in the little church at H—. Professors of religion neglected the house of God; no meetings for prayer were held and the family altar was neglected. The dust had gathered so thick upon many Bibles that it might have been written on them, "God is not in this house." The day of rest was profaned. Professing Christians would spend the Sabbath morning in the house of God, and the afternoon in visiting their neighbors; and some even spent the afternoon in hunting and fishing. Wordings grew bold in sin, and rejoiced at the inconsistencies of Christians.

But in the summer of 183— a new spirit seemed to come among the people. Without any apparent cause, Christians became interested in the welfare of the church. On the Sabbath they were regularly in their places; their visiting and sports were given up for the house of God. Soon the pastor's heart was made glad by hearing the deep drawn sigh from one, or seeing a tear roll softly down the cheek of another, or the head of another bowed with tears of penitence. Even the heart of the careless worldling was touched by the truth. The seceder was silenced, and went away to pray. The Bible was taken down from the shelf, and in many households the family altar was set up. Instead of leaving their pastor alone to pray, Christians gathered around him, and united their prayers with his for a blessing.

Before long, some who spent their evenings at the tavern were found in the pastor's study, asking, "What must I do to be saved?" It was plain that the Spirit of God was there. No extra

meetings were held, yet the seriousness kept increasing; the "still small voice" was speaking to the hearts of men. In almost every family some were anxious, while here and there one began with trembling to rejoice in the love of Jesus.

Before the leaves of autumn had fallen, sixty souls were gathered into the communion of the church. But the good work did not stop. The little church was too small to hold all who came to worship. It was made larger, and yet it was filled. The number of worshippers increased, and at length formed two congregations. Another church was built, and another minister called to help the faithful old pastor in his arduous, but glorious work. For years this interest continued, until hundreds were rejoicing in redeeming love.

Though nearly all were surprised when the revival began, yet one had expected it: one soul had been praying and wrestling with God for the Spirit's influence. The pastor said; so it was unto him. His heart had been made sad at the coldness among the people of his care. When he thought how little his labors had been blessed, he was discouraged. In his trouble he called upon God, and God delivered him.

Some distance from the parsonage there stood a small orchard. This orchard the man of God made his wrestling place. Here, he afterwards told one of his deacons, he went, in the twilight and before the dawn of day, to plead for the outpouring of the Spirit upon his people. For weeks and months, with scarcely an omission, the break of day and the evening twilight found the faithful pastor in this Bethel on his knees, pleading with the Hearer of prayer. Though more than thirty years have passed, and the good old pastor has long since gone to his rest, yet the influence of those prayers is still felt at H—.

Instead of one little house of worship, three churches now stand as monuments of the power of prayer. Instead of a few lukewarm followers of the Master, hundreds of warm-hearted, working, praying Christians are united with the churches there, and hundreds have gone to the upper and better Canaan, to shine as stars in the good old pastor's crown of rejoicing. Truly God heareth the "prayer of the righteous."—*American Mes.*

EVIDENCES OF CONVERSION.—The only satisfactory evidence which one can have that he has passed from death unto life, is a change in the whole tone of feeling and manner of life. A young Scotchman, more than a century ago, gave this answer to one who asked him if he was a Christian, which we think affords abundant evidence that he had experienced the great change: "It is now about twenty years since I was awakened out of the sleep of sin, and I trust also out of a state of death. In looking back over these two years, I cannot but observe a great change. Formerly I was indifferent about ordinances; now I would not think of being away from them except in cases of necessity; and I have great delight in hearing the gospel, and in taking part in the other services of the sanctuary. I come to hear, expecting Christ to speak through his servant to his people, and in particular to myself. I look for this in the way of conviction, of comfort, and of reasonable instruction as regards duty. And the Lord has thus graciously dealt with me from time to time."

"Formerly I had no love for secret prayer; now I know not how I could live without it, even for one day. I take delight in it as a duty, as profitable also to my soul; and my gracious Lord has given me to experience many answers of prayer, and among these very precious spiritual blessings. Formerly I did not know what heart corruptions were; now I feel them very sensibly, and I am often sent to Christ, beseeching him to help me overcome them, that I may be wholly and unreservedly his."

"Formerly I understood not what it was to have recourse to Christ for anything; now he is mine and I am his, and through him I can do all things. I pretend not to be assured absolutely as to the issue; but I am willing to wait in the hope of the mercy of the Lord Jesus unto eternal life. To him, therefore, be all the glory and honour, now and forever."

THOUGH your SINS BE AS SCARLET—"We have some little difficulty," said a scientific lecturer, "with the iron dyes; but the most troublesome of all are the Turkey-red dyes. On see I have dipped this into my solution; its red is paler, but it is still strong. If I steep it long enough to efface the color entirely, the fibre will be destroyed; it will be useless for our manufacture. How then are we to dispose of our red rags? We have their indelible dye as it is, and mix them into red blotting-paper. Perhaps you have wondered why your writing pad is red. No you know the reason."

I could hardly sleep that night for the acquisition of so striking, though unintentional an illustration of the riches of grace, as the power of "the precious blood of Christ." The Spirit of God led the prophet Isaiah to write—"though your sins be as blue as the sky, or green as the olive-leaf, or as black as night"—because the very color which modern science with its appliances finds to be indestructible. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

THE LOSS OF THE SOUL.—What—if it be lawful to indulge such a thought—Where would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where would we find the tent to be wept as such a spectacle? or could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light and the moon her brightness? to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth? Or were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for them to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too pining, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe!—*Robert Hall.*

FEAR NOT.—Should I be asked, What is the grand remedy against unbelief of every possible kind? I answer, in one word, Communion with God. "He," says good Dr. Owen, "who would be little in temptation, must be much in prayer. The mercy-seat. Epi the blood of Christ. Cry mightily to the Spirit of God. To which I add, wait at the footstool in holy stillness of soul; sink into nothing before the uncreated Majesty. If He shine within, you will fear nothing from without. What made the martyrs fearless? Their souls were filled with Christ.—Jesus lifted up the beams of his love upon them, and they smiled at all the fires which man could kindle."

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