

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. XIV.—No. 41.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1867.

Whole No. 717.

NEW GOODS.

The Intelligencer.

For Spring and Summer
TRADE, 1867.

SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street, Fredericton,
have received from London, Glasgow and
Liverpool—

Fifty Packages,

COMPRISING A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

DRY GOODS,

THE NEWEST STYLES IN

DRESS GOODS,

Shawls and Sacques,

Parasols, Straw Hats,

And Millinery Goods.

Trimnings and Small Wares,

Grey and White Cottons,

COTTON WARPS,

TICKING, OSNABURGS,

Towellings and Table Linen,

Lace and Leno Curtains,

Door Mats,

CURTAIN DAMASKS,

CARPETINGS,

HEARTH RUGS,

Floor OIL CLOTHS,

From 1 yard to 4 yards wide.

An inspection is respectfully
solicited.

SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street,
Fredericton, June 7, 1867.

ALBION HOUSE.

APRIL 27, 1867.

NEW GOODS.

Imported direct per Steamships Pan-
theon, Thames, Acadia, and Ship
New Lampedo.

Comprising a large Stock for the present
season, personally selected, in the best
English Markets.

40 Cases and Bales

BEING NOW OPENED.

A large lot of PRINTS,

DRESS GOODS,

Coburgs, Lustres,

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New Dress Fabrics,

Black and Coloured SILKS,

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PARASOLS, with Carved and Club Handles,

SILK UMBRELLAS,

Straw Hats,

in Black and White.

Newest Style Bonnets, Beaded,

RIBBON, BLONDS, FLOWERS,

Crystal Trimmings,

BELT CLASPS and PEPHAM BELTS,

quite new.

Shawls and Mantles!

in Peplum Style, quite new.

With a large variety of other Goods, which
will be sold at prices that cannot be equal-
led in this Market.

Respectfully soliciting your patronage.

JOHN T. OMAS.

Fredericton, May 8, 1867.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA.

CLOSING ADDRESS BEFORE THE CONVENTION AT
MONTREAL, BY THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLASS.

Rev. Mr. Douglass said—Mr. President and
Christian Friends—By the appointment of the
Committee of arrangements for this Convention,
I have been requested, on behalf of the Christians
of Montreal, to pronounce that word which
is ever the cry of sympathy from hearts
and tears, from almost every eye—the word *fare-
well*—and to accompany it with the parting ben-
ediction which our holy Christianity supplies, viz:—
"The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the
Communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all
and for evermore." We say grace be with you,
because you have been the ministers of Grace Di-
vine to us, kindling in many hearts a new ardour
for a holier life and firing us with a high resolve,
to consecrate our every power to the Master Di-
vine, whose we are and whom we would serve.
Never! never! while memory holds its throne,
will we forget the gushing, glowing, thrilling
testimony which was borne by your honored Pres-
ident to the precious and peerless grace of our
triumphant Redeemer, when he told us that the
world had grown dark and heaven's own sweet
sunlight would never more bring images of beauty
to his lightless eyes, yet that Jesus revealed the
beauty of an inner light, that his heart was a
throne of a personal rejoicing, and that his spirit
drank of the wine of a perpetual refreshing. "All
hail, thou conquering and comforting Nazarene,
gladly will we face life's storms and sorrows, if
thou art with us, as thou art our dear brother
—and thou wilt, for thy grace is sufficient. Yes,
Sir, your testimony, and the loving testimony of
these dear brethren, is work done for God. The
pyramids, hoary with the age of forty centuries
crumble at the touch of Time, and the long-during
mountains shake under the footsteps of the Ages; but
work, spiritual work, is indestructible as eter-
nity, and the mind, "Work done for God it dieth
not," and that work you have done in our midst.
And then, Sir, we again say, may the grace of
the Lord Jesus Christ be with you, when we con-
sider the mighty destiny of those you represent
in the present, and those who shall arise in the
coming future. It was said by a speaker during
this Convention, that your young men should see
visions. Yes, Sir, they shall see visions many
prophecies and kings desired to see, but never saw,
the splendid visions which greet the eyes of the
young men in this Convention in all their vast
moral magnificence. Of all the heritages which
God ever gave to man, this grand American Con-
tinent is one of the most stupendous and rich in
its exhaustless resources. God hath built up this
Continent a very Alhambra of beauty, and a Ca-
naan of fruitfulness. He hath scooped out by His
Quintine hand the valleys and filled them with the
waters of our interior seas. He hath rolled out
the great prairies of the West, those flowing lands
that are to be the homes of uncounted millions.
He has lifted up the Alleghenies on these carbon-
iferous foundations, which are destined to give
light and heat to the hearts and homes of far-off
generations, and times, and with prodigal hand
has sowed the land with plenty and with gold.
Yes, and this vast heritage God hath consecrated
for evermore to justice, to liberty and to Chris-
tianity, where, we believe, the race will yet work
out the unsolved problem of highest loyalty to
God, and justice and benevolence to man. O, ye
young men of this American Continent, repre-
sentatives of mighty millions, how great are your
responsibilities! Already the vanguard of the
Asiatic hosts of China have planted themselves
on your Pacific coast, and their thither thrust
treads their pilgrimage to your land. Already
there stand among you the thousands of Teutonic
name, who are but the earnest of the coming mil-
lions, fraught with all the potency inherent in the
Germanic mind—a mind that, through the rational-
istic haze, is still crying after God. Already the
Celtic sons of the Emerald Isle are a growing
power in your midst, and, though crushed and
cursed by the dark apostasy, yet, in their kindly
nature, there slumbers the seed-powers of genius,
of poetry, of eloquence, and of consecration to the
right; while, around us, this day, one million of
Franco-Americans are chained in darkness and
await the Gospel of our God. O the magnitude
of the thought! Before the eyes of some of the
young men in this house to-day are closed in
death, this Continent will tremble to the tread
of some hundred millions of men, and the
some men interested with all the tremendous en-
ergies of our race, Christian Americans holding
the truth as it is in Jesus, the work which lies
before you is to permeate, to interpenetrate, with
light Divine and subdue and bring the millions to
Jesus. Give ear, O ye heavens, catch up the in-
telligence. O ye mountains, and hills, and roll it
along the valleys, that there are thirty thousand
young men scattered over this Continent who are
bound together to work for God. May God bathe
them with fire from above and make them
mighty ministers of good. It is in the light of
this fact that we thank God and take courage for
the future. While I have been sitting in the Con-
vention, looking around and listening, oh it has
come to my heart what mighty moral forces are
here. Here are men from the chief cities north
of the Lakes; men from the rice swamps of the
Carolinas; men from the golden gates of Cali-
fornia; men from the bleak shores of Nova Scotia;
and from that gateway of Empire which lies be-
yond the turbid waters of the Mississippi and
towards the setting sun. Montreal, the chief city
of Canada, has been marked by many gatherings,
influential and impressive; but a representative
gathering, the equal of this, she has never witness-
ed since her deep foundations were laid, and the
profound prayer of every Christian heart is that
the honored brethren here present may go from
our city as the disciples did from Jerusalem of old,
endowed with the Holy Ghost and with power
from on high. Oh! the world's cry has ever been
a cry for Power. All along the battling ages this
has been the master pursuit. We have had the
power of the Athlete and the power of the
man-of-war, with Herculean strength, could
reel the oak and vanquish and destroy; but thirty
power has bowed its head before these Imperial
forces evoked from the elements of nature by the
heaven-endowed intellect of man. We are wit-
nesses of the power of wealth how it drives the

mighty engine of commerce and controls the
diplomacy of Cabinets. Ah! it cannot build up
broken hearts or counterwork the diplomacies of
hell, or redeem from the tyranny of the great de-
stroyer. Never has the world witnessed a higher
display of the power of Patriotism than that which
was displayed throughout the Continent; it kindled
the soul; it woke the millions; it sent forth
its victorious legions; it wiped off from the escu-
cheon of the nation the black dissonance of three
hundred years. There is a power in patriotism.
Yet it cannot emancipate the soul from evil, or
destroy the dominion of sin. But the world
awaits a higher power, and it is coming. We see
the signs of its stately approach in our midst; a
power whose home is the bosom of God; whose
expression is the manifestation of Jesus; and whose
energy is far reaching as the quickening power of
the Spirit of God. It is the priceless power of all
triumphant love; it is power for the weak as well
as for the strong; for the lowly as well as for the
lofty. This, this is the power which will expel
the demon of national animosity, and bind, as it
is doing, the manifold of this Continent in bonds
of brotherhood that shall never be broken. Your
hearts and our hearts say God speed the golden
time. Men and brethren—Going out from our
midst, we invite, we challenge you to a holy rival-
ry in love. Dwellers in this northern land, never
can we hope to carry the ensign of civilization
across the continent, with you, or fling out the
white sails of commerce to cover the seas, or build
up a colossal power which shall transcend that of
the Caesars, and influence the world's great des-
tines; but we invite you to the holy rivalry of love,
to acts of consecration, to works of faith. We in-
vite you to put the crown on the brow of our Im-
mortal and crown him Lord of this broad land.
Brethren, beloved in the Lord Jesus, we bid you
farewell. May the benediction of Him who stood
upon the summit of Olivet, when about to pass
into the heavens, be realized by each one of you
in your homeward journey. "Lo I am with you
always." Then, though sundered far, by faith, we
will meet around the common mercy seat. Then,
though we meet no more on earth, "We will
gather at the river, and worship all the happy
golden day, when the night of weeping is gone,
and the morning of joy has come for aye." Again,
I say farewell, to meet above.—*Montreal Herald.*

(From the New York Observer.)

THOUGHTS UPON HEAVEN.

By Rev. Rufus W. Clark, D. D.

THE SAINTS FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HEAVEN.

WE cannot expect, in our present state of being,
to obtain adequate views of the impressions that
the soul will receive, when the grand scenes of
immortality first burst upon it. There are de-
partments of knowledge that relate to the future
life, that can be known only by experience. We
sensations of death; of leaving the body, and en-
tering into the presence of God; of gazing for the
first time upon the splendors of heavenly cities
and glorified spirits; can be neither felt nor de-
scribed by one who has not experienced them. But
with the light of the sacred Scriptures, and the
aid of the Holy Spirit, we may learn enough of
that momentous and thrilling period of existence,
to influence us here; to render us thoughtful,
and cautious in our walk and conversation, and
to stimulate our aspirations for the rewards of im-
mortality.

One of the first impressions that will strike the
soul, on entering upon its eternal state, will be
the conviction that its condition is now irrevocably
fixed. The past has been full of changes and un-
certainties. Memory will recall the scenes of
childhood and youth; the vicissitudes that at-
tended its footsteps on "entering the narrow path
of life; the influences that led to our conversion;
the part that we then narrowly escaped. We
shall remember our severe battles with temptation,
and the periods of sorrow, when we walked through
the deep waters of affliction, that threatened, at
the time, to overwhelm us.

But now our condition is fixed. No more
changes, except such as belong to the law of pro-
gress in the soul; and this thought, to the Chris-
tian, will be a glorious thought. He will rejoice
that all the perils, connected with his existence;
with a world of sin, temptation and death, are
over. No more anxiety in regard to the future.
No more doubts as to the pardon of our sins, and
acceptance with God; to inherit the soul. No
more doubt as to its deep shadow over the plans
and hopes of existence. With unspeakable joy
the Christian exclaims: "I have reached a perma-
nent and glorious home. After a series of deep
anxieties, my soul is at rest. The peace of God
that passeth all understanding, has entered into it.
The best friend of the Christian, is now his
hath foundations whose bulwarks and towers God
his mansions and palaces are built to stand forever.
No conflagration can consume them. No decay
can touch them. From the heights of the city I
behold the vast kingdom of the Almighty. One,
that no revolutions can sweep over, or in the least
degree disturb."

Another vivid impression, on entering Heaven,
will be produced by the new and immortal life
that is commenced. Here, at the period of con-
version, old things passed away, and all things be-
came new. There were new objects of pursuit,
new desires, and new sources of enjoyment. But
there, the spiritual change will surpass all earthly
experiences. The faithful servant of God will find
himself suddenly clothed with a celestial body,
like unto Christ's glorious body. St. Paul gives
us some hints respecting it; "It is sown in cor-
ruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in
dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weak-
ness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural
body, it is raised a spiritual body." It is one bet-
ter adapted to thought, to vigorous mental effort,
to activities and services of every kind, than the
natural body. It never grows weary; is subject
to no disease, or injury, or decay. It feels in
every nerve and organ the thrill of the immortal
life. It bears the impress of a heavenly royalty,
and is radiant with celestial beauties.

The soul inhabiting this body will be amazed
and delighted with the new consciousness of its
own powers and faculties; powers redeemed,
sanctified and ennobled by the atonement of
Christ, and the blessed influences of the Holy
Spirit. A deep impression will be made by a dis-
covery of its new and vast capacities for knowl-
edge, and for happiness. It will be seen that
the perceptual faculties have a keenness and pow-
er of penetration into the essence of things, into
the beauties and glories of divine truth, that they
never, here, possessed. Then the mighty power

of holiness will be felt, diffusing itself over the
whole moral character, quickening every good
principle, adorning every virtue and drawing
every thought and affection towards the source of
all blessedness. And, oh, the rapture that will
attend these discoveries. Then will be revealed,
as never before, the priceless value of the soul.
The words of Jesus will then be understood,
"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole
world and lose his soul; or what shall a man give
in exchange for his soul?"

The first impression made upon the mind on enter-
ing into the presence of God, will also be most vivid
and overwhelming. The great Teacher has said,
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see
God." Whether we are able or not, to define with
precision the meaning of these words of Christ, we
must allow that they have a meaning, and a most
important one. For we are urged here and else-
where in the Scriptures, to cultivate purity of
heart, and holiness of life, by the promise of seeing
God. But the difficulty is in determining, in
what sense, or manner, the Deity will be seen.

He is presented to us in the Scriptures as a
spirit, and in his spiritual nature, or essence, as
omnipresent. But though as a spirit he is invis-
ible, yet he certainly can take any form that we
may choose. The angels are called spirits, and
yet the Scriptures represent them as possessing an
external organization, suited to the kingdom in
which they dwell, and the services in which they
are employed. And surely, there is nothing in-
compatible with our idea of a spiritual Deity, to
suppose and believe that he will in some glorious
form, reveal himself as he becomes visible to the
redeemed, who will at last stand in his own
presence. Our conception of Heaven, the abode
of saints and angels, is that of a distant place,
where God appears in his glory, as he never ap-
pears on this earth. But even here, he has made
special revelations of himself to his favored chil-
dren. He appeared in his glory to Abraham on
the plains of Mamre; in his holiness to Isaiah; in
the wondrous beauties of his character and the
majesty of his being to the Psalmist David, and
in remarkable visions to the prophet Ezekiel. At
different periods in the history of the Christian
Church, he has graciously revealed himself to em-
inent saints, who have described their views of
the most eloquent and thrilling language.

But to glory in his first time in his heavenly
glory; to gaze upon his divine attributes, whose
splendor renders us stars unnecessary, in the
celestial realm; to wake up to the consciousness
that "this God is our God," how overpowering
and overwhelming will be the impressions. We
what intense enthusiasm and floods of gratitude,
will the Redeemed unite in the anthem, "Bless-
ing, and honor, and glory," and power, be unto
Him that sitteth upon the throne."

The soul will be so absorbed by the contempla-
tion, and so filled with the spirit of worship, that
it will lose all sense of any local temple, and view
God as "all in all." The words of St. John will
have a fulness of meaning never before seen or
felt. "And I saw no temple therein; for the
Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb are the temple
of it."

THE SOUL'S SEARCH.

"Seek, and ye shall find." All your life is a
search. We are a race of seekers. The eyes
planted in the front of the head are a symbol of
our inquisitive constitution. With some of us the
soul is consciously taken, is fixed, and em-
bodied in one; the perfecting of character and the
glory of God. These call them by whatever name,
of whatever sort or sex, of whatever nation or
rank, are the men that God loves and honors.
They are the saints, modern or ancient; as good
if they walk our streets to-day, as they held
possession with Enoch in Canaan, or knelt
with St. Cecilia, or wept with Paul on the shore
at Miletus. And because they find the Christ the
only way into the Father, they are the true Church
of the living Lord. All of us, I hope, have been
privileged to know such.

Then there are others who seek nothing so
valuable, nothing so "generous," nothing so holy,
They seek how much they can call their own, by
whatever means—of how much benefit they can
have to themselves, from how large a place in God's
universe they can keep, other men off, and how
much they can raise in rivalry and neighbors.
These have never mastered their baser and greedier
instincts, and so have never known the dying joy
of being blessed for their benefactions, and have
never tasted of the peace that passeth understand-
ing. Very often God "punishes us by letting us
have what we seek." And so such persons seem
to succeed. Men of that stamp are affluent and
respected; or rather, the accessories, under which
the soul is concealed, are respected. It requires
a spiritual judgment to move their consciences,
and show how real ruin is compatible with appar-
ent success.

There are, none, I suppose, who can be said
literally to seek nothing; but there are those—
and these, too, you have seen—who come so near
to this, that, looking on, none can guess what it
is they seek. The aims are so infinite and so vari-
able as not to be easily detected. One thing this
morning, at this evening, all-trilling and all-
ineffectual. Find what the magnet is that draws
one on, and you have discovered the character.
His supreme desire fixes his value. To know
what he seeks is to know what manner of man he
is; better than by knowing in what way he seeks it;
just as you can judge a traveller's destination
better by seeing which way his face is set, than by
observing his mode of conveyance.

To the seekers of mere material and selfish
concerns, one serious consideration is presented by
the process of history. The kind of search is
degraded; it is but a day's work, and it is a
degraded life. In our educational and intellectual
wakenings, to show its shame, and because the
practical tendencies of the time force upon matu-
rity a mere and more hard and selfish charac-
ter. In more imaginative periods, romance threw
about idleness at least the graces of fancy, and
made it poetical. Now it is either shrewd or
stolid. It is the idolatry of the arithmetic, the
stock-list, and the palate; not of the noble and
heroic. The noblest element has vanished. It is
bare animalty. If you are going to worship the
giant, then return to the imaginations of Egyptian
and Grecian genius, to the fair humanities of the
old religion. Give us back at least the simplicity
of feithfulness with its sensuality. Rebuild the
Pantheon. Relight the fires on Pagan altars.
Repeople the woods with dryads, and the waters
with nymphs. Anything, rather than the gross

surfeit of appetite, and the blinking creed of
dollar! And if you cannot do that, take it as a
sober hint that God's providence does not mean
to have materialists in the world at all. Seek
something worthier of your humanity. Seek a
larger and purer spirit from the Father, who grants
such gifts by his Son, and ye shall find.

Do not say the object of this infinite and im-
mortal search is vague or obscure; and that you
do not know what to seek, because the precept
does not define it. As well say you do not know
where the upward look of the pleading and weep-
ing eye of the Magdalen is directed, because the
Master's form is not painted on the canvas above
her head. As well wonder why the name of the
Unnamable, whom the vast dome is reared, and
whose spirit pervades every arch and pillar spoke is
not stamped in gilded letters on the front of St.
Peter's. There are meanings at once so plain and
so august, that to encase them in syllables is to
belittle their dignity. The design of the whole
framework of our human being is as evidently
God's worship, as that of the cathedral. Know
ye not that ye are the temple of God? And yet
what proportion of the souls pressing forward to
man's estate and dangers and duties in this Chris-
tian community, what proportion of the young
men that enter Christian sanctuaries, have seized
on the grand purpose so manifestly held out to
them? I have taken a religious stand,—I do not
say before men, but before themselves,—and so
determined their lives towards the glorious end?
The question is not put querulously, nor as from
a pulpit's formality, but as from one erring man
to his fellows, in a common need of strength.
Character, spiritual righteousness, is the end.
Christ is the way. "Seek, and ye shall find."

There is something in this inspiring call for
every stage of our spiritual progress. The young-
est child that hears me is not too young to be a
seeker unto Christ, for Christ took younger chil-
dren into his arms. The matured manhood or
saintly womanhood, among you ought to be
seeking still, and forever seeking,—because the
best and truest is boundless, and the highest
soil stands at an infinite remove from God. They
that have not yet steadfastly set their faces as
though they would go up higher, are encouraged
and "solaced." They that have gone some way
are bidden to press on. They that have mastered
the worst enemies are cheered forward to be more
than conquerors through Him who hath loved them
—whose face they have beheld, whose
breath they have felt. Nor is it said to one of
them more than to another, "Seek, and ye shall
find."

From all the foundations of religious feeling,
whose living waters pour as if an angel troubled
them,—from all trees of wise thought, whose
leaves are for the healing of the nations,—from
all the lights in the starry heavens of the elder
time, the ages of faith,—from the spirits about us,
on the right and on the left, purer and calmer
than our own, and shaping our uncertain steps,
from our own failures and mortifications,—from
prayer and communion, from Bible and Provi-
dence, from Church and life,—above all, direct
from that mighty and loving heart of Jesus, out
of which flows the spirit without measure,—let us
continually and faithfully seek,—seek amidst
above summit of gracious attainment,—seek deep
below depth of God's unfathomable love. So
shall we not lose the way, and miss our Father's
house, nor come halting and maimed there, but
erect and healthy souls, save as we are banded
in gratitude at the mercy that forgives, in peni-
tence for the sins to be forgiven, and in reverence
at the vision of Him who makes his people whole.

F. D. Huntington.

HELD UNTO DEATH.

A few years ago a sloop laden with coals was
beached on the shore of the Solway, near Wigton,
on the Scottish coast, in order that her cargo
might be carried away during ebb tide. While
the vessel lay high and dry on the sand,
some men were sent to "beneath her to make
some necessary repairs." While the work was
going on, some persons outside observed the hull
keeling slowly over to one side, and gave the alarm
to the workmen. "All escaped but one," the ship
in leaning over caught his limbs before he had time
to creep out, and locked them fast between the
hull and the sand. The man lived and spoke, and
took counsel with his neighbors, but remained
pinned to the spot. All hands went to work.
They tried first by lightening the ship of her cargo,
but this method proved too slow; they ed by
digging in the sand, but this method also failed;
they tried by attaching hawsers to the ship's mast,
and setting a great number of men to pull, but
their united efforts failed to heave her over to
the other side. The men were not able to liberate
their comrade. In their abortive efforts a precious
hour—the precious hour, for there was but one—
had been lost, and now the tide of the Solway
came rushing in like a race-horse. All that were
free fled before it, and left their imprisoned com-
panion to his fate. The sea soon advanced from the
front of the ship, and set the captive free, but be-
fore it lifted off his burden it had quenched his life.
The water drowned him, and then let him go.
Deliverance came too late, and his lifeless body
was washed up in the surf.

Calumnies greater in extent frequently occur
among our brethren, but I do not remember one
that was so execrating in its nature, and cut so
keenly into the people's heart. The living man
saw the tide approaching, but could not get out
of its way; felt the water wetting his hair—
felt it cold, covering his brow, and yet must needs
lay still—lay still till it stifled him, and with this
the whole town turned on the beach, spectators. I
suppose there were few who slept deeply on the
following night. It is right that man should be
shaken in the depths of his being by witnessing
a brother so miserably perishing.

We see multitudes caught at fast between their own appetites
and the fiery flood which they appear to feed on,
caught and held till a tide, mightier than that of the
Solway, comes up with its awful rescue. They
cannot wrench themselves away. It is better in
such a case to lose a limb, and save the life; but
alas! neither the man who perished in the waters
of the Solway, nor the men who perished by drink,
have strength, even though they have the will, to
tear off the limb in order to save the life. Where
physical disease and moral depravity clasp and
close in upon each other, the soul is overlaid and
quenched between. Although the prisoner were
willing to part with the right arm, he cannot get
it severed. It holds him till the tide rise; and he
dies.

With an earnestness equal to that displayed by
the neighbors at Wigton, and with a skill superior,
we might save our brother. We could, if we would,
by the power of law in all the earlier stages,
and by the power of law, if the madness proceed
to extremities, the community should arise in its
might, and rescue man from himself.—William
Arnott.

(From the Morning Star.)

"A BRUISED REED SHALL HE NOT BREAK."

Christ does not put on love as a judicial dress.
It is a part of his being. He cannot adorn his
character with any more beautiful garb than his
own gentle and genial spirit. Love is his effulgent
glory, and love, in the effulgence of its glory,
beams forth from Christ on the heart that, out of
its conscious poverty and feebleness, tremblingly
looks up to him. To the gentle spirit of Christ
the strong and self-reliant make a less peculiar
and constraining appeal than do the weak and de-
pendent. It hears sooner the faint cry of the half-
dead than the loud anthem of the whole church.
Not that the latter is less in merit, but that the
former is more in need. It hears the voice that
cries from the dust before the voice that sings in
the sanctuary of praise. The one appeals to his
sympathy, the other only awakens his joy.

None are so well received in his palace as those
who scarcely dare knock at its door. None are
so kindly greeted with welcomes as those that
condemn their assurance in crossing its threshold.
The weakness of our hearts makes them passive,
as physical prostration the invalid; Jesus can
easier take the feeble in his arms than the strong.
They struggle less as he holds them to his breast.
They covet the shelter more, they rely less on
natural, and less on imparted, spiritual power.
His warm heart comes between them and despair.
Their very helplessness and their wistful looking,
though colored with the darkness of their spirits,
seem for them his tender consideration. This
gentle nature fits to help the feeble and despair-
ing who are perishing by the roadside. It might
not stir if it saw, even in a storm, a resolute soul
forcing its way along superior to the pressure of
the blast. But Christ will encourage and cheer
the heart that will not so much as lift up its eyes
to heaven, and that reproaches itself for praying to
him with downcast eyes.

In his plan of redemption provision has been
made for the salvation of the weak and depend-
ent. "For whom did Jesus die?" It may be said
for minds enfeebled by age; for souls shattered
by sorrow; for spirits crushed beneath the woes
of life; for children; for minds of every class
as well as for those of every age, frail in hope,
and inclined to despair. At the battle of Gettysburg,
a general, conspicuous in all the war for his Chris-
tianity as well as for his patriotic zeal, and the
valuable victory of that conflict, in the midst of the
battle turned aside from the carnage, dismounted from
his horse, ran into a tent in which an humble
officer lay wounded and dying. There, by his side
and in his ear, read from the fourteenth of John a
few words of Jesus, knelt and commended the
soul of the dying hero to Christ, went out from the
tent, mounted his horse and was soon again intar-
ing for victory on the field.

What if, by some prescience, in planning for
that battle, the occasion of this incident had been
foreseen, and Gen. Howard had arranged to do that
Christian deed; how the goodness of that provision
would have lived in song and won the admiration
of men! But the plan of redemption, which
embraced all that Christ has done and is to do
for our salvation, from the first, did contemplate
succoring his needy ones, and specifically design-
ated the purpose of Jesus to bow down to the
lowly, to graciously consider the wants of the
weak, to patiently bear the infirmities of the feeble,
to meet, love, bless and encourage the helpless and
dependent. Was it not foretold of him that he
should bear our sorrows? And where is there
keener grief than that of a heart that dares not
look up to heaven and will not bow down to the
earth; that longs, with passionate desire and sup-
pressed prayer, for the friendship of Jesus, and
rebukes as presumption any expectation that he
will respond to its wish?

In all human experience we shall not find more
intense pain than that of this melancholy timidity
and weakness. It is not then in sweet accord
with the beneficent intents of his redemption to
lift this sorrow from human spirits, the "bruised
reed" nor to "break" the "smoking flax" not to
quench it. Though our cry ascend not from the
mouth of transfiguration, but rather up from the
lowest vale, for him to hear is