

# 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. 28.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1867.

Whole No. 704.

## NEW GOODS.

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.

Trimings and Small Wares.

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COTTON WARPS,

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Towellings and Table Linen,

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Door Mats,

CURTAIN DAMASKS,

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HEARTH RUGS,

Floor OIL CLOTHS,

From 1 yard to 4 yards wide.

An inspection is respectfully so-

lited.

SHERATON & CO.,

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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,

Printed Muslins,

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 THOMAS.

Fredericton, May 8, 1867.

## The Intelligencer.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF COMMUNION WITH  
GOD.

BY ROBERT BOYD, D. D.

A life of walking with God must be a happy one. Away from God man's soul is in a state of unrest. Man is not made to find happiness in himself or in the world; but it is so constituted that the neglect of his Creator forms his deepest misery, while his favor forms his highest bliss. We are not independent. We cannot stand alone. We do not carry around with us a fountain of satisfaction and happiness from which we can draw, when troubled with the soul's deep cravings after good. It is not in the cramped up narrow circle of our individuality that we can ever find that blessed life; but only in connection with the God and Giver of every perfect gift. The soul is a greater and a nobler thing than we think. It is not mere things that can satisfy it. Try to fill it with honors, titles, riches, and the vastest material possessions, and it resents the insult by enlarging still more the boundary of its desires. Man is a spirit, and nothing can give him rest, peace, satisfaction, but the love of the Father of spirits—the living God himself.

When the soul is drawn away from the Great Central object of its love, its Creator, it is left to wander in darkness and uncertainty. It gets divided into a hundred different objects and pursuits, each promising much in the end; the chase after each new idol becomes hot and eager, till it is found to be a cheat and a lie; and then comes the reaction of grief and disappointment, when the heart almost despairs of ever finding a resting place, and gives utterance to its yearnings in the cry, "O, who will show us any good?" Then the great danger is, that the soul will sink down into a stupid indifference as to the great duties of life—a dogged, stubborn silence of the heart, in which but little is feared and little hoped for; and which remains one of the most dangerous and which the plague rages, and which little disturbs but the rattle of the dead-cart on its dreary round of duty.

Happy is the man, who, feeling his soul restless as the heaving, turbulent sea, and satisfied that none but God can give him rest, turns to him with his whole heart. Leaving the world's vanities behind, he grasps by faith eternal realities, and knows that in finding God through Christ, he has found all his soul can need. His mind then becomes calm as the little lake I have seen surrounded with hills, secure from the tempests that beat upon the mountain's brow, and reflecting from its tranquil bosom all that was fair and lovely in the heavens above. In God's love you will find a peace that will flow on to all your craving after a higher life, enable your immortality, and with all his unspeakable perfections become your portion forever.

It is often the excuse of worldly minds when urged to high attainments in piety, that they have so many of the active duties of life to attend to, the care of providing for a large family, that they have little time for walking with God. But Enoch was the father of a family of children, and yet his soul soared heavenward, and hence gathered fresh strength for the duties of earth. It is a delusion to think that we must retire from the active duties of life and from its responsibilities, in order to be very pious characters. People have thought that if they could retire to some still, sequestered spot, where they could devote nothing to do but pray, and read, and meditate upon divine things, they could live an uncommonly holy life. They forget that religion does not consist of certain mental processes and high-wrought feelings, but in obeying God, and obeying him where he puts us, not where we choose to put ourselves. Our religion is to show itself in seeking to make the world better, not in running away from it; in conquering difficulties that lie in the way of duty, not in fleeing from them to avoid the difficulty; in keeping ourselves unspotted from the world while in it, not by going out of it; in short, in working for God where the work is hardest and most needed; in fighting the battles of truth where the conflict rages the fiercest; in seeking not our own ease and enjoyment by a life of solitude and concentration upon our own states, and frames and feelings; but by mingling with the great mass of humanity, in deepest sympathy with him who came to seek and to save the lost.

The piety of Enoch led to deeds of active and self-denying zeal. He did not sit down in pleasant meditation, seeking only his own happiness and enjoyment, and leaving the wicked around him to perish. He was a faithful preacher of righteousness. He warned men to flee from the gathering tempest of Almighty displeasure. He preached Christ unto them. This we learn from Jude. "And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying, 'Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgement upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him.' What more pointed and searching truths could be uttered in the ears of sinners, than those which that good man uttered? There was no yielding to fear of man, no seeking their favor instead of their salvation, no shrinking from bringing out the whole testimony of God. He came from pleading with the Lord to pleading with his fellow-men. His sweet intercourse with Jehovah imparted to him a courage which neither earth nor hell could shake. To get near to the heart of God by prayer is the surest way to reach the heart of our fellow-men. Godliness is the only true source of effective brotherly-kindness. The man who would lead men back to God must come to them with his Spirit.

Of Enoch it is said, "He was not, for God took him." His work on earth was ended. He was ripe for glory. Angels longed for his society, and the faithful who had preceded him to glory stood in joyous expectation to give him a welcome. Without going through the suffering of a death-bed—days and nights of languor and pain, his Heavenly Father took him home. There free from a sinning heart and a sinning world, he could walk with God in the perfection of holiness. That walk is still continued as the ages roll on; and as from age to age he has been seen numbers of blood-washed souls added to the sinless congre-

gation, doubtless his gratitude to the God of all grace has increased, and his song attained to a loftier rapture.

"On we haste, to home invited,  
There with friends to be united  
In sure bond than here;  
Meeting soon, and meet for ever!  
Glorious hope! forsaken never,  
For the glimmering light is dear."  
—American Paper.

### "LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

"Looking unto Jesus" and not unto our brethren, not even to the best and most beloved of them. If we follow a man, we run to the risk of losing our way; but if we follow Jesus we are certain never to go astray. Besides, by putting a man between Christ and us, it happens that the man imperceptibly grows in our eyes, while Christ becomes less, without the man, and if the latter fail us, all is lost. But if on the contrary, Jesus stands between us and our dearest friends, our attachment to our friend will be less direct, and at the same time, more sweet, less passionate, purer.

"Unto Jesus," and not to the obstacles we meet on our path. From the moment that we stop to consider them, they astonish and unnerve and cast us down, incapable as we are of comprehending either the reason why they are permitted or the means by which we may overcome them. The Apostle began to sink as soon as he looked at the boisterous billows; but so long as he continued looking to Jesus, he walked upon the waves as upon a rock. The harder our task and the heavier our cross, the more it behooves us to look unto Jesus only.

"Unto Jesus," and not unto our weakness. Have we ever become stronger by lamenting our weakness? But if we look unto Jesus, his strength, shall fortify our hearts, and we shall break forth into songs of praise. "Unto Jesus," and not to what we are doing for him. If we are too much taken up with our work, we may forget our Master; we may have our hands full and our hearts empty; but if we are constantly looking unto Jesus, we cannot forget our work; if our hearts are filled with his love, our hands will be active in his service.—Rev. E. Monod of Paris.

### HOW TO BEGIN THE DAY, OR TAKING TIME TO PRAY.

BY MRS. PIERRE PALMER.

"I think you could not have taken time to pray this morning." These words were said by my own dear friend to a little girl she had taken to perform light services in the household. On the day referred to, the child had been usually neglectful, and things connected with her little every-day duties seemed to have taken a disagreeable turn, and as the hours of the day were thus kindly reproved her youthful charge by saying, "I think you could not have taken time to pray this morning."

The child looked embarrassed, and then frankly acknowledged that such had been her hurry that really she had not. The next day as the hours flew swiftly and pleasantly by, unusual prosperity seemed to mark all the ways and doings of the child. The change was too manifest to escape the observation of the Christian lady. Toward evening the little girl exclaimed:

"Mrs. B. have you noticed how nicely everything has gone on to-day?"

My friend had with grateful feelings noted the difference, and was glad to say, "Yes indeed."

"Well I took time to pray to-day," said the child.

May not some of our readers, who long since passed the days of childhood, thus account for some unprosperous, unhappy days, when both spiritual and temporal prosperity seemed wanting?

Instead of commencing the day in a spirit of sacrifice, and devoting its first hour in devotion to God, by offering that which costs something in ease, the hour has been sacrificed to the indulgence of the flesh, un mindful of the command, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." That is, give the service of God, and the homage due to him as your King and Lawgiver, the prior claim on your time. Show him how much you honor him, by sacrificing the first fruits of each new day. And then after having all things adjusted, and all your redeemed powers afresh presented to the Lord of the universe, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, you may expect that all needful for life and godliness will be added.

O take time to pray! Don't let the world and the flesh get such a mastery over you that you cannot get the choicest part of the day for uninterrupted fellowship with God. You need strength with every new day, for new and untired emergencies. Your entire Christian course ought to be onward and upward. Each day you may be passing a way that you have not passed heretofore. New tests of faith and new experiences in the Divine life is just what you ought to expect, and every day you will need a fresh supply of grace to glorify God in your body and spirit by serving your generation according to his will.

Never, unless physical disabilities prevent, partake of temporal food until your spiritual nature has first been refreshed with the bread of life. It is written, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Honor the God of the Bible by making it your first book in the morning and your last book at night. If possible read at least a chapter on your bed-room knees each morning, to open the Scriptures to your understanding. Thus may you be enabled to begin each day in getting nearer to God, knowing more of the mind of the Spirit, and better fitted to walk worthy of him in all his pleasing.

Luther in his most pressing labors felt that the time spent in communion with God was greatly important. When pressed with his gigantic toils for the heavenly Master he could say, "I have so much to do that I cannot get on without three hours a day of praying."

Gen. Havelock would rise at four, if the hour for marching was six, rather than lose the precious privilege of communion with God before setting out.

Daniel, though a man of great business, being charged with the concerns of a mighty realm, found time to retire three times at least daily, for prayer and fellowship with the King of kings.

David, amid all his diversified cares, found time to get alone with God at morning, noon and night.

On another occasion he says, "Seven times a day do I praise thee."

Sir Matthew Hale says, "If I omit praying and reading God's word in the morning, nothing goes well all day." Alas how many who desire to please God and live holily before him, serving their generation according to his will, make many failures by not beginning the day right, or in other words, "taking time to pray."

### THE SUCCESSFUL PASTOR.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

"The sermon always sounds better to me on Sunday, when I've had a shake of my minister's hand during the week." This was a very natural remark of a very sensible parishioner. We always listen with a more open-hearted readiness to every thing which falls from the lips of one who has won our friendship or showed us a grateful attention. Even the instructions from God's Word and the precious invitations of the Gospel come more acceptably from one we love than from him who treats us with indifference, or neglect. After all, the great power of a good pastor over his people is his heart-power. Intellectual brilliancy may awaken the pride of a congregation in their minister; but it is his affectionate sympathy, and personal kindness to them, that awaken their love for him and keep it burning.

When a pastor has gained a strong hold on the affections of his people, he may preach ever so pointedly against popular sins, and the people will receive his unpalatable truths without flinching, or heaping a reproach at him. On the other hand, we have known fearless denunciations of wrong-doing, to be ousted from their pulpits simply because the radical thunderers had no grip on the affections of their flock. The sermon against slavery, or rum-drinking, or dishonesty, was a mere pretext for black-balling him; the secret reason was that they did not love the man. Conscience sometimes requires a faithful ambassador of Christ to put a severe strain on the "tether" that binds him to his pastorate; at such times it is a happy thing for him if that tether is securely fastened to a hundred family-altars and fire-side. The great mass of the ministry are not men of genius; and even if they were, they could not afford to dispense with that heart-power which can only be acquired by personal kindness and sympathy with their people.

We could name a certain successful pastor who for a quarter of a century has kept his church full and prosperous; he has sided with most of the moral reforms of the day, and his vineyard has been irrigated with many a copious revival shower. Yet he never could be accused of brilliant talents or profound learning. He has, in their stead, a warm heart, good sense, tact, winning manners, and fervent piety. He is not a powerful preacher, but he is a powerful pastor. He knows where all his congregation live, and visits them. He never comes as a stranger, or in a ceremonious manner; if the parlor is cold, or locked up for repairs, he drops into the nursery, takes a youngster on his lap, chats with the mother, inquires about the spiritual welfare of the family, and probably offers a fervent prayer with them before he departs. That family are pretty certain to be at church on the next Sunday. If a business man in his congregation has met with a reverse, he calls in at his counting-room, gives him a warm shake of the hand and a kind word of encouragement. The unfortunate merchant feels the warm pressure of that hand; the next time he goes to church he is ready to put into that hand the key to his own heart.

(From the New York Observer.)

### CITIES OF THE BIBLE.

THE CITY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

"And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." (Acts 11: 26.) More than 1800 years ago, in that heathen city by the sea, in scorn and contempt, probably, was first spoken that name which has come to be the highest title that any human being may bear! Christians! "kings and priests unto God"—does any earthly crown give half so much as that!

Antioch was the capital city of Syria. It was founded, 300 years before Christ, by Seleucus Nicator, king of Syria, who called it Antioch in honor of his father, Antiochus. It was situated about twenty miles from the coast of the Mediterranean, on the banks of the river Orontes. The city was built partly on the left bank, partly, on an island in the river, and partly, also, on the steep slope of a mountain. Its population was mixed, consisting of native Syrians, Greeks, a number of Jews whom the king had transported there, and many Romans who had gone there to indulge in the luxury which they could not so easily command in their own country.

Antioch soon became a splendid and wealthy city. It was adorned in various ways, both by Syrian kings and afterwards by Roman emperors. Some of the most magnificent buildings were on the island portion of the city. One of the kings constructed a great street with colonnades extending the whole length of the city. Antioch, at the time we first hear of it in Bible history, was a city of much importance,—the third in the Roman Empire,—ranking next to Rome and Alexandria. It was called "the Queen of the East." But with its increasing wealth came great wickedness. The inhabitants were pleasure-seekers and idolaters. It is said that they were fond of inventing wicked names; and this is probably why the name Christian came to be given to the disciples there. We may imagine how they spoke it—those proud, pleasure-loving heathen: "there are the Christians!"—raising a scornful laugh against the humble followers of that meek and lowly Christ. They had much to bear,—those early Christians—very much that we, in our day of gospel liberty, know nothing about; and yet how weak we are, how how we shrink and falter beneath our light and easy cross!

St. Luke tells us how the gospel was introduced and received in this city. "Now they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen, travelled as far as Phenice and Cyprus and Antioch, preaching the word to them that were Jews only. And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus. And the hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed and turned unto the Lord." (Acts 11: 19.)

How wonderful! that some of the earliest works of that Holy Spirit, whom Christ sent after He had gone away, should be done in that city of idolatry and vice!

The news of this great work soon reached Jerusalem; and the apostles sent Barnabas to Antioch to examine into the truth of this strange, joyful story. "Who, when he came and had seen the grace of God, was glad." Then, finding that the harvest was great and more laborers were needed, Barnabas went to Tarsus to seek for Saul. "And when he had found him, he brought him unto Antioch;" for no doubt Saul was willing to go and help preach the Christ whom he himself had found so precious. There they spent a year laboring for their Master, and causing many to come forward boldly and bear to be called "Christians."

From that time Antioch stood as a shining light among the cities which received and spread the gospel. From there St. Paul went on three missionary journeys. And after the time of this faithful apostle, many noble men at Antioch were martyrs in Christ's cause;—rejoicing, like St. Paul, that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name.

Ignatius, the second bishop of the Church there, suffered martyrdom, and another died in prison. Chrysostom, another great and good bishop, was born at Antioch, and labored nobly there for Jesus. Ah! here was a reason for this city to be proud! Her riches were nothing, her splendor was nothing, her power nothing; but when such men's names were written in her history, then might she feel exalted among the cities of the earth!

Antioch afterwards passed through various changes, until it became a ruin. It suffered many terrible calamities. Fifteen times it was besieged and plundered. Three times it was visited by famine, and once by plague. Six or seven earthquakes have overthrown it; and only sad ruins of its old beauty now remain. The town is now called Antakia; and is a wretched and miserable place. Hundreds are there instead of the splendid buildings; and 10,000 wretched inhabitants dwell where once were 500,000, wealthy and powerful and prosperous. Earthquakes still frequently occur there. Among the ruins is still standing a gate named after St. Paul. The remains of great walls, fortresses, aqueducts, &c., all tell of the departed glory of Antioch. Heavy rains sometimes wash away the rubbish and disclose ancient marble pavements; and curious gems and rings are often found.

But there is a beauty and an interest in the history of Antioch which can never come to ruin; it speaks in the name of Christian. Let us put away from our lives all pride and vain glory, which will surely come to ruin; and let it be our highest ambition—the way ever so weary, the cross ever so heavy—to be "called Christians."

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### BLACK MOLLIE'S ANSWER.

Was ever a cavalier better answered than by this ignorant child? Often in case of the untaught little ones of Christ is his promise made good—"It shall be given you in that hour what ye shall say!"

Mollie was a little black girl, about eight years old, who lived in the family of our neighbor, Mr. Reeves. She seemed to be a child of rather uncommon abilities, and her quaint and decided remarks were often such as to give cause for earnest and deep reflection on the part of her hearers.

Mr. R.'s oldest son, George, was very fond of playing Mollie with questions, and pretending to hold different opinions from hers. He would spend a long time in arguing to convince her that something she had said or done was not just right; but it must be confessed that he very seldom came off victorious.

Mollie had such a quiet, but, withal, decided way of putting things, that there was no gaining her.

One day George was lying on the lounge in the dining-room, watching the movements of Mollie, who was having the table for supper. Presently he accosted her with the inquiry—

"Mollie do you ever pray?"

"She started with a surprised air, as she replied—

"Yes, sir, every night."

"Do you suppose God hears you?"

"Yes, I know he does."

"Well do you think he hears your prayers as quickly as he does those of white children?"

For full three minutes the child continued her work without speaking; then, stopping in front of the lounge she slowly remarked:

"Mr. George, I pray into God's ears, and not into his eyes. I reckon my voice is just like any other little girl's; and if I say what I ought to, God doesn't stop to think anything about my skin."

That was enough for George. He soon after left the room, and has never since taken the trouble to inquire into Mollie's opinions.

Will it be at all amiss for us to remember the curious but significant idea that we ought to pray into God's ears and not into his eyes?—S. S. Times.

### THE WRITING ON THE ROCK.

Agnes upon ages ago the tide was out, and the muddy beach lay smooth as this sheet of paper before me. A cloud passed over the sky, and a shower of big rain or hail came down, and pitted the mud as thick as leaves on the trees. A strong wind drove the drops, so that the impressions were a little one-sided. They had written their short history as plain as my pen can write; and even the direction from which the wind blew was recorded. Some great frogs and lizards which used to live there, came hopping over the mud, and left their tracks also deeply printed on the shore. By-and-by the great waves came softly stealing up, and covered the whole surface with fine sand, and so the tracks were seen no more for ages upon ages. The clay hardened into solid rock, and so did the sand; and after all these thousands of years had passed away, some mason came upon the curious inscriptions. Men of science, who are skilled in reading these stony leaves of God's great book, read, as plainly as if they had been present, the story of that passing shower. It had been written on the softest clay, but it was read on solid rock.

So your hearts to-day are like the soft clay. Everything stamps them, but the stamps are not so easy to remove. They will be there when you are grown up to be a man or woman. O, what deep, dark, prints the bad words of evil associates make! But how lovely it will be to recall the record which kind and loving actions make upon the soul!

There is another place, where all our actions are written down, which we should never forget. It is the book God keeps in heaven. We can

never bear to meet that record unless we have Jesus Christ for our Saviour. Then we shall know that nothing there will ever appear to condemn us. We shall rejoice when God calls us to come and appear before him.—Presbyterian.

### A USEFUL WOMAN.

A touching incident has been related to us, which we are sure will be the prompter of serious thoughts in the minds of all who shall hear of it. In a distant city there dwelt a lady of refinement and culture, who is celebrated for her musical accomplishments. She is owned to be peerless in musical circles, and the first performer in private or public. But her talents are consecrated to Christ, and she is a devoted laborer in the saving of souls. By the providence of God she was led to connect herself with a mission enterprise in the city, and when she went to offer her services she asked for the care of the worst class in the school. The superintendent was struck by the novel request, and knew not whether to attribute it to pride and self-confidence, or to a gracious and praiseworthy courage. He pointed her to a class of fourteen boys, who were standing, lounging, talking and larking in a corner of the room, and told her there was material for the fire and hammer of God's word. Nothing daunted, she accepted the charge, and went over to see what could be done. The superintendent introduced her, and left at once for other duties.

"Lads," she said, "do you think that I am a lady?" A glance assured them of that, and assent was given. "Then I should like to see you take off your hats." Hats were removed. "Then, boys, if I am a lady, I would prefer not to have tobacco used where I am." Instantly every quid was removed, and either pocketed; thrown away, or buried into the face of some distant wall.

It was well known that all of them were poor, and she spent the rest of the morning in dissuading them from that odious vice. One lad said to her, "If you truly lived where we do, you would swear too." At the end of the session she promised them a book if they would abstain from swearing during the week, and tell her so next Sunday. Next Lord's day they were all in their places, and every one acknowledged that he had been guilty of swearing, though all had tried to give it up or avoid it. For some weeks this trial was carried on, and some success attended the effort. One said he had let an oath slip out twice. All along instructions had been given, and this gifted woman had visited the poor lads at their homes. She had gained influence over them, and her class was orderly. Upon one Sunday morning, as she was going to her seat at the organ to lead the worship of God, one of the class accosted her, and said: "He had not sworn during the whole week, and had said his prayers every day." There was a fullness and richness in the voice that day when she began, "We praise thee, O God;" there was a mellowness and softness in the notes of the instrument, and "the stop that prays" was touched. She longed for the return of the next Sunday, that the progress of the good work might be witnessed. But on opening the paper one morning of that week, she saw the sad tale, that the poor boy had been caught in the machinery of a mill where he was at work, and killed!

What was done in that poor soul? Who shall tell or conjecture? Was it the breathing of the wind which bloweth where it listeth, and which wafted the perfume from a flower of the Lord's planting? Was that soul imbued with the new principle of grace? Why not believe and hope such was the case? Such things are enough to encourage effort, and to cause thankfulness for the efficacy of Almighty grace. But the great day alone can clearly declare the result in such cases. It may be that the black and heavy fly-wheel was the passing chariot of Immanuel, which in an instant broke off the hard shell of carnal nature, broke open the prison of corruption, and let the new man, created by the Holy Spirit, free. These things are enough to make the laborer for Christ serious and earnest! for day by day the last opportunity may be afforded to us say, "Behold the Lamb of God!"—Episcopalian.

THE TREASURES OF THE WICKED.—Every man is treasuring