

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. 36.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1867.

Whole No. 712.

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.

Trimmings 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 so-

lited.

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 Lampdo.

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,

Alpacas,

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 3, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

THE SURETY TRUMPET OF ADMONITION.

A SERMON, BY REV. CHARLES H. STURGEON.

"Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath
settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel
to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity: therefore
his taste remaineth in him, and his scent is not changed.
Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I
will send upon him wanderers, that shall cause him to
wander, and shall empty his vessels, and break their bot-
tles."—Jer. 48: 11, 12.

(Concluded.)

II. We shall pause a minute, and then speak of
THE BELIEVER.

It is one of the commonest and most dangerous
of all evils that can happen to a Christian, to fall
into a state of carnal security, in which he grows
self-confident, insensible, careless, inactive, and
worldly. Beloved in the Lord, my fellow Chris-
tians, I speak to you this morning very earnestly,
the more so because I have experienced, and I fear
at the present moment am suffering from the dis-
ease of which I am about to speak to you. John
Bunyan tells us that on many occasions he pre-
ached as man in chains preaching to men in chains,
that is to say, the evil of which he warned them of
he felt in his own soul. It is much so this morn-
ing with me; but before I plunge into the sub-
ject, let me utter one note by the way of caution.
These lips shall never say a word against the full
assurance of faith, and against the holy confidence
which the Holy Spirit gives to the people of God.
You cannot be too confident in God; you cannot
be too sure of your salvation, if you base that sal-
vation upon the work of Christ; therefore, not a
syllable against holy quietness and assurance for-
ever, which are the special privileges of the elect.
The danger I am to warn you of I will now en-
deavour to describe. A Christian man finds himself
for a long time without any remarkable trouble; his
children are spared to him, his home is happy, his
business extremely prosperous—he has, in fact, all
that heart can wish: when he looks round about
him, he can say with David, "The lines are fallen
unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly
heritage." Now, the danger is that he should
think too highly of these secondary things, and
should say to himself, "My mountain standeth
firm, I shall never be moved." Some of God's
children are tossed to and fro, and vexed every
morning; but if we are not the flesh will whisper,
"There must be something better in me than in
theirs. Perhaps they are chastened on account of
sins which I have not fallen into; I am a special
favorite." And, then, though the man would
never dare to put it in words, yet an indistinct
feeling creeps over him that there is no need for
him to be so watchful as other people; he would
be sure not to fall if he were tempted, in fact he
wonders how some of his brethren can live as they
do live, he is sure he could not do so. He feels
that he could fight with any temptation, and come
back more than a conqueror. He has grown so
strong that he feels himself a Samson. He knows
much more now than he used to do, and thinks
himself too old a bird to be caught with chaff, as
he might have been some years ago. "Ah!"
thinks he, "I am a model Christian." He does
not say as much, but that lurks in his mind. His
heart is much hampered with earthly things, and
his mind much bloated with self-confidence. He has
not been poured from vessel to vessel; he has not
been sternly tried by providence, or sorely tempted
by the devil; he has not been led to question his
own conversion, he has fallen into a profound
calm, a deep, dead pace, a horrible lethargy, and
his innermost heart has lost all spiritual energy. The
great disease of England is consumption, but I
suppose it would be difficult to describe the causes
and workings of consumption and decline. The
same kind of disease is common among Christians.
It is not that many Christians fall into outward
sin, and so on, but throughout our churches we
have scores who are in a spiritual consumption—
their powers are all feeble and decaying. They
have an unusually bright eye—can see other peo-
ple's faults exceedingly well—and sometimes
they have a flush on their cheeks, which looks
very like burning zeal and eminent spirituality.
Life, but it is occasional and superficial. Vital
energy is at a low ebb; they do not work for God
like genuinely healthy workmen; they do not run
in the race of his commandments like athletic
racers, determined to win the prize; the heart
does not beat with a throbbing moving the entire man,
as a huge engine sends the throbbing of its force
throughout the whole of the machinery; they go
slumbering on, in the right road, it is true, but
loitering in it. They do serve God, but it is by
the day, as we say, and not by the piece; they do
not labor to bring forth much fruit; they are con-
tent with here and there, a little shrivelled cluster
upon the topmost bough. That is the state of
mind I want to describe, and it is produced in
ninety-nine out of every hundred believers by a
long course of prosperity and absence of spiritual
trouble.

The rapid results of this consumption are just
these: a man in such a state soon gives up com-
munion with God; it is not quite gone at first,
but it is suspended. His walk with God is broken
and occasional. His prayers very soon suffer. He
does not forget his morning and evening devotions
—perhaps, if he did, conscience would prick him,
but he keeps up that form. However, he has lost
the soul of prayer, and only retains the shell.
There is no wrestling prayer now. He used to
rise in the night to plead with God, and he would
wrestle till the tears fell fast, but it is not so now.
He does pray, but not with that divine energy,
which made Jacob a victor at Jabbok's brook. By
degrees, his conversation is not what it used to be.
He was once very earnest for Christ, and would
introduce religious topics in all companies. He
has become discreet now, and holds his tongue.
He is quite ready to gossip about the price of
wheat, and how the markets are, and the state of
politics, and whether you have been to see the
Sultan; but he has no words for Jesus Christ, the
King in his beauty. Spiritual topics have de-
parted from his general conversation. And now,
strange to say, "the minister does not preach as
he used to do;" at least, the backsliders say so.
The reason why I think he is mistaken is, that the
Word of God itself is not so sweet to him as it
once was; and surely the Bible cannot have alter-
ed! He was wont to read it and feast on the
promises; he used to carry a pocket Testament
with him wherever he went, and take it out that
he might have a sip by the way; where is his
Testament now? As for going to hear the word
of God now, it is dull work; he does come, he

would not like to be away—if David's seat were
empty, he would begin to be pricked in his con-
science—he is there, but he is there in vain.
There is little savor about the word to him.
Hymns which used to be delightful for their melo-
dy now pall upon his ears, and he is now noticing
the tune, or whether somebody else sings correct-
ly; while the prayers, in which he used to join
with so much fervency, are very flat to him now.
He is pining over his ledger even in the house of
God. These are the gray hairs which come upon
a man, and sometimes, for want of self-examina-
tion, multiply rapidly, and the man knows it not
till spiritual dotage has come upon him. After
while, the professor slackens a good deal in his
liberality; he does not think the cause of God is
worth the expense that he used to spend upon it;
and as to his own personal efforts to win souls,
he does not give up his Sunday school class, nor
his street preaching, nor distributing of tracts,
perhaps, but he does all mechanically, it is a mere
routine. He might just as well be an automaton,
and be wound up, only the fault is, that he is not
wound up, and he does not do his work as he
should do; or, if he does it outwardly, there is
none of the life of God in what he does. Do you
know such a man? He who speaks to you knows
him, and has wept over him. That man has
sometimes been himself. I do not think I am
less earnest than the most of my fellow-Christians,
and, indeed, I could not bear to be like some of
them, but still I am very far from being contented
with myself. I pray God that I may never sink
down to the dishonorable depths of indolence
which some Christians live in; sooner may my
right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue
speak more my Master's word: I were utterly
unworthy to be his minister, if such were the case.
But oh! I would be baptized in fire, and live in
it as in my element, breathing the immortal
flame of zealous love to Jesus; but I cannot as I
would. This heavy heart, this sluggish clay, still
makes me more heavily, when I would fain fly as
a seraph in my Master's service. Brethren, do
you never feel the same? I know some of you
do, for I can see the traces of it. Very much of
this sluggishness is brought on by long-continued
respite from trouble.

"More the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempests rolling overhead."
It were better to be in perpetual storms, and to be
driven to and fro in the whirlwind, and to cling
to God, than to be a founder at sea in the most peace-
ful and halcyon days. I would sooner be blown
to pieces in battling with the devil and his crew,
than be put out of commission, and left to lie
rot, plank by plank, and timber by timber, in in-
glorious ease.

Dear friends, the great secret danger coming out
of all this, is that when a man reaches the state
of carnal security, he is ready for any evil. What
heart-breaking news is sometimes brought to us
who are set over the Christian church. Such and
such a man, whom we knew as a high professor,
and who has sat with us at the table of fellowship,
and seemed to be greatly advanced in spiritual
things, has fallen into some act of vice which is
positively disgusting, from which the soul revolts;
and this is the very man with whom we took
sweet counsel, and went up to the house of God
in company. If the history of these great offend-
ers could be traced, it would be very much like
this: they began well, but they slackened by de-
grees, till at last they were ripe for foul sin. We
have heard of two negroes, who were accustomed
to go into the bush to pray, and each of them had
trodden a little path in the grass. Presently one
of them grew cold, and was soon found in open
sin; his black brother warned him that he knew
it would come to that, because the grass grew on
the path that led to the place of prayer. Ah! we
do not know to what we may descend when we
begin to go down hill; down, down, down, is
easy and pleasant to the flesh, but if we know
where it would end, we should pray God that we
might sooner die than live to plunge into the
terrors of that descent. Who would think that
David, the man after God's own heart, should
come to be the murderer of his friend Uriah, to
rob him of his wife? O David, art thou so near
to heaven, and yet so near to hell? There is a
David in every one of our hearts, and if we begin
to backslide from God, we do not know to what
extent we may slip. Just as in certain constitu-
tions there is a readiness for cholera and other
pestilential disorders, through their bad state of
health, so there is a state of mind in which a pro-
fessor is most likely to be betrayed into foul sin.
When the seed of temptation is floating in the
air, the backslider is the man who will receive it,
and mature it in his soul, till it brings forth evil
fruit. God save us from this by His Holy Spirit!

I must pass on to observe God's cure for this
malady. His usual way is by pouring out settled
wine from vessel to vessel. If we cannot bear
prosperity, the Lord will not continue it to us.
We may pamper our children and spoil them; but
the Divine Father will not. If we cannot bear
the sweets, he will give us the bitters. When the
Lord takes down his rod—(earthy parents may play
at chastening their children, but God does not)—he is
in earnest, and I warrant you smart when God lays on the rod; but we
make the rod ourselves; we force our Father to
smite us, because we cannot be obedient and hum-
ble without it. Staying for awhile in the valley
of Aosta, in Northern Italy, we found the air to be
heavy, close and humid with pestilential exhalations.
We were oppressed and feverish—one's life
did not seem worth a pin. We could not
breathe freely; our lungs had a sense of having a
hundred atmospheres piled upon them. Presently,
at midnight, there came a thunder-clap, attended
by big drops of rain, and a stiff gale of wind, which
grew into a perfect tornado, tearing down the
trees; then followed what the poet called "sonorous
hail," and then again the lightning flash, and
the thunder peal on peal echoing along the Alps.
But how delightful was the effect—how
we all went out upon the verandah to look at the
lightning, and enjoy the music of the thunder!
How cool the air and bracing! How delightful
to walk out in the cool evening after the storm!
Then you could breathe and feel a joy in life.
Full often it is thus with the Christian after trouble.
He has grown to be careless, lethargic,
feverish, heavy, and ready to die, and just then he
has been assailed by trouble, thundering threaten-
ings have rolled from God's mouth, flashes of
lightning have rolled from providence; the property
vanishes, the wife dies, the children were
buried, trouble followed trouble, and then the
man has turned to God; and though his face was
wet with tears of repentance, yet he has felt his

spirit to be remarkably restored. When he goes
up to the house of God, it is far more sweet to
hear the word than aforetime. He could not
pray before, but now he leans his head on Jesus'
bosom and pours out his soul in fellowship.
Eternity now exerts its heavenly attractions, and
the man is saved from himself. Have you never
dreamed that you were trying to walk and could
not—you felt as though you could not move a
foot—some one was about to overtake you who
would do you serious mischief, and you longed to
run, and could not stir an inch? That is the state
of mind in which we get when we would but can-
not pray, when we would but cannot repent, when
we want to believe and cannot, when we would
give a world for one single tear—would almost
pave our souls to obtain a quiver of spiritual feel-
ing, but were insensible still!

"If anguish is felt, 'tis only pain
To find 'I cannot feel.'"

Do you never sink into that petrified condition?
It is horrible! horrible indeed! horrible! If you
can be its victim, and yet be happy, I tremble for
you! If you see your danger, and betake your-
self to earnest prayer, you shall come off more
than a conqueror, but it will need more than man
to do this, it will need God within us to keep us
from such a tremendous peril.

What ought we to do if we are prospering? We
should remember that prevention is better than
cure, and if God is prospering us, the way to pre-
vent lethargy is to be very grateful for the pro-
sperity which you are enjoying; do not pray for
trouble—you will have it quickly enough without
asking for it; be grateful for your prosperity, but
make use of it. Do all you possibly can for God
while he prospers you in business; try to live very
closely to him. It ought not to be so difficult for
us to cling close to Jesus when providence is fa-
vorable to us. Some saints have dwelt at ease
year after year, and have been all the better for
it. They have had few troubles, and yet lived
near to God, and why not you? If you will take
care that your wealth is laid out for God, that
your prosperity is spent in his service, you may
have a succession of bright days. Watch the
very first symptoms of declining, and fly to Christ
the Great Physician. He will give you the balm
of Gilead, which will prevent the mischief, and
you may bear the heats of prosperity as safely as
the chill blasts of adversity.

But if you have fallen into such a state, I should
say to you, since you cannot use a preventive,
now take the cure, and the one cure is the Holy
Spirit. Go to the cross of Christ again, Christian,
if you have fallen from your first estate, go as you
hope you went at first, go with your deadness,
and sloth, and lethargy, and put your trust in the
precious blood, and ask the Lord Jesus to fill you
with the Spirit once again, that you may be re-
newed. Try to get a due estimate of your in-
debtedness to God's grace, try to see the danger
of your lethargy, think more of eternity and less
of time. Rend yourself away a little from your
worldly engagements, if possible; if you can, get
a day of fasting and of prayer, certainly of prayer,
but the fasting will help you to school your body
as well as your soul; fetch the proud flesh down
somewhat, make a desperate effort. It were bet-
ter for you to do this now, than for God to do it
by sharp affliction. Trouble yourself that he may
not trouble you, humble yourself that he may not
humble you. Put away your fancied security,
and by strong crying and tears, turn again to your
former state of nearness to the living God. May
the Lord help you, dear friends, in this.

I have thought that our text describes the state
of our country just now, for we are getting into a
perfect whirl of excitement, gaiety and frivolity
are leading to sad sin in high places, and this is
leading to our prosperity. I hope God may
never send us war or pestilence, but religion never
prosper more than in troublous times. There
was never an age when England was so religious
as during the civil war: perhaps no time when
more people were in church in the City of London,
since London was London, than during the
Plague, for then they all crowded to hear the gos-
pel, and they would again, if such a thing should
come. We are growing nationally rich, and na-
tionally luxurious; I fear that prophets of evil
will soon be sent to us to utter bitter threaten-
ings. May God have mercy upon us, pardon the
horrible crimes done in the name of trades-unions,
and at the same time teach our princes to reign in
righteousness, and our great men to care less for
vice and vanity, and more for the cause of the poor.

I am always afraid lest this should become the
state of our church too. We have had thirteen
years of such prosperity that we have all won-
dered at it; and there is one remark that our
dear friend, Jonathan George, made when this
place was building, which I have never forgotten,
and which often comes up in my mind; he re-
minded us of this text, "Thou shalt fear and
tremble for all the good that God shall make to
pass before thee." We have had so much good,
so many conversions, so much brotherly love, so
much zeal for God, that I am always afraid lest
we should fall from our present happy state; and
the sure way of doing so is by ceasing to labor for
God—ceasing from zeal and industry. By the
way, there are many of you who do not come to
the prayer-meeting as you ought to do. Some of
you are getting very lax at week-night services,
and I know what will come when that is the case.
When week-night services are badly attended,
farewell to the life of godliness. If you have
good excuses, I need not remind you of them, you
will recollect them yourselves; but many of you
have no justifiable excuses, but you are becoming
cold and indifferent. We are very much in the
position, as a church, as Esther was to the Jews.
If she did not do her part, Mordecai told her God
would do it by somebody else, and put her away.
And so it is with us, if we lag and loiter in work
for Christ, he will put us away as a Christian
church, depend upon it—not from his eternal
love, for that he never will do, but from our po-
sition of honor and usefulness. May it please him
to remove me, his unworthy servant, and give me
to rest from my labors, before such a catastrophe
as that should overwhelm us. My brethren, may
we never be settled on our lees. May God always
call us to fresh labor, and inspire us with new
zeal; or, if he do not do that, may he send clap
after clap of thundering affliction. Better that
the church should lose its leaders than lose its
life. Better that the pastor's coffin should lie
there before you, better that many should fall into
poverty, than that the church should become like
so many other churches—a mere sleeping-place
for those who need comfort, and a place for Sab-

bath repose. Eternal God, thou who knowest
what our heart feels, keep us from this evil, and
never suffer us, as a church, to become like lake-
warm Laodicea, which thou didst spew out of thy
mouth. Owing thee so much, O Jesus, may we
love thee much in return, and be found faithful
when thou shalt come to reward thy people and
to be glorified in thy saints. God bless us, dear
friends, according to this our desire, for Jesus'
sake. Amen.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

There are many scrupulous members of Christ's
church who do not even aim to learn of Christ to
be meek and lowly in heart.

Following Christ is first in spirit, and then out-
ward. It is first a "casting down imaginations,
and every high thing that exalteth itself against
the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivi-
ty every thought to the obedience of Christ." No
amount of outward painstaking or unpleasant re-
ligious labor can be a substitute for an inward
conformity to the mind of Christ. And this can-
not be attained without much prayerful medita-
tion on his character and precepts. In our busy
age there is a great lack of this. To follow Christ
minutely, constantly, and in all the details of life,
the mind must have very clear conceptions of his
peculiar spirit, and the heart be very fully under
the impressions of the loveliness and blessedness
of that spirit.

The mode of doing many things displays the
same partial obedience. It is our duty to give to
the needy—to contribute of our substance for the
relief of temporal and spiritual necessities. But
we may take up the cross, give away the money
that would have gratified many of our desires,
and yet not do it as our Master would have done
it. He was a cheerful giver, willing to give even
his life for us. We are not following him when
we give grudgingly, scantily according to our
means, haughtily, or without sympathy. "Draw
out thy soul to the hungry," is the divine in-
junction.

One may crucify his pride in forgiving a peni-
tent brother; and yet not, like Christ, love him
also. We may restrain our wounded sensibilities
so much as to avoid offending those who are not
agreeable to us, and yet not be kind to them, as
he was to his enemies. We may be very conscien-
tious in observing some of his commands, and
yet go about doing hurt by carrying scandal and
promoting strife; whereas, if we follow him, we
shall go "about doing good."

One prays in secret, and it is sometimes carry-
ing a cross to do it, there are so many cords
drawing him out of his closet. And yet that is
not following him who "offered up prayers and
supplications with strong crying and tears," who
was earnest in petitions and intercessions,
and fervent in thanksgiving and praise.

One prays in his house, but not in his family.
But the Lord prayed not merely alone, but with
his little family continually.

Following Christ, then, is something still in
advance of bearing the cross. And cross-bearing
is of no value without it.—The Cross Bearer.

THERE'S ROCK AT THE BOTTOM.

When Willie was sixteen he accidentally dropped
a valuable watch in the well. His father was
absent from home, and without consulting me, he
resolved to recover the treasure. Providing him-
self with a long-handled rake, he gave it in charge
of his sister Jennie, two years younger, and bid-
ding her lower it to him when he called, he
stepped into the bucket, and holding fast by the
rope, commenced his descent. The bucket de-
scended more rapidly than Willie expected, and
struck heavily against the side of the well; the
rope broke, and he was thrown into the water.

"Mother, I shall be drowned!" was his des-
pairing cry, which Jennie repeated with a wail of
anguish. But I knew the depth of the water, and
shouted to him as calmly as I could, "Stand upon
your feet, Willie; the water isn't over four feet
deep."

"But I shall sink in the mud," said the poor
boy, still striving to keep himself afloat by cling-
ing desperately to the slippery stones.

"No, Willie, there's rock on the bottom. Let
go the stones and stand."

The assurance of hard foundation and the im-
possibility of holding much longer to the slimy
surface of the stone wall gave him confidence. He
felt for the bottom, placed his feet firmly upon it,
and to his great joy found the water only reached
his shoulders. I sent Jennie into the house for a
new strong rope, and fastening one end securely,
lowered the other to be tied into the bucket, and
we drew him up.

"Oh, mother," said the dear boy, when he was
rescued, "those were precious words to me,
'There's rock at the bottom.' I shall never forget
them."

Two years after, in a commercial panic, my
husband's property was swept away, and we were
reduced to poverty. At first I bore bravely up.
I did not prize wealth and luxury for my children.
I chiefly mourned for my husband's disappoint-
ment and his crushed hopes, and strove with un-
flinching cheerfulness to chase away the gloom
which settled so heavily upon him. I endeavored
to assist him, not only by the utmost economy
in the household expenses, but by devising plans
for the future. Willie and Jennie were old
enough to earn their support, and even to assist
in the education of the young children. I suc-
ceeded in putting them in the way to do this. I
felt strong and brave, and wondered at my hus-
band's despondency.

But now reverses came. The bank in which
Jennie had deposited her quarter's salary, which
might possibly meet our necessities, suddenly
failed, and her salary was lost. I could bear this
too; she would soon be able to replace it. Next
the school in which she taught was disbanded,
and Jennie had to take much lower wages; but
she still earned a little, and I said cheerfully,
"We will not murmur; half a loaf is better than
no bread."

Next, Willie's hand was disabled by an acci-
dent, and he lost his situation. My courage be-
gan to give way, but rallying myself for an effort,
I resolved to brave the reproach of friends and
the world's dread laugh, and seek remunerative
employment for myself. It sorely tried my wo-
man's delicacy, yet it brought the needed aid, and
I battled with my wounded sensitiveness and again
screwed up my failing courage.

But the last blow came. Sickness suddenly
laid me prostrate. "I shall give up now; we
must sink together," was the language of my des-
pairing soul.

"Dear mother," said Willie, when he heard
my lamentation, "do you remember what you
said to me when I was at the bottom of the well?
I have often thought of it of late. I know we are
in deep waters, but God has promised they shall
not overflow us. And his word without founda-
tion? Let us plant our feet on his promises,
and stand firmly. We can not sink, for there's
'rock at the bottom.'"

I heard, and took the lesson to my heart. I
saw that I had been clinging to the slippery stones
of human strength and self-dependence, and so
when the providence of God bade me let go my
hold, I was in despair. But the bank of heaven
had not failed; and though I stood in deep water,
it would not overwhelm me, neither would I sink,
for 'there's rock at the bottom.'"

So, from the chamber where pain and illness
still hold me a prisoner, I send to each burdened
and weary child of God who is tempted to feel
that all is lost, the key-note of my new and grate-
ful psalm. Whatever your sorrow or strait may
be, plant your feet on the rock of ages, and with
me "thank God and take courage."—The Telescope.

THE DIVINE AND HUMAN IN CHRIST.

The following statement of the bearing which
the various incidents in Christ's life have upon
the doctrine that he is both divine and human, is
from the new volume by Pressence on "The Re-
deemer," recently noticed in our columns:

And now that we have considered the great
doctrine of the divinity and humanity of Jesus
Christ in itself, and have perceived that it alone
responds to the promises and the revelation of
God, and also to the needs of our hearts, let us
rapidly survey some of the proofs by which, in our
view, this doctrine is victoriously established. And
first, the history of Jesus Christ at every one of
its phases exhibits to us divinity and humanity
closely united in his person. Go back to his ad-
vent into our world. See this little child lying in
a swaddling-clothes in the manger, resembling all
new-born babes, feeble, frail like them, poorer
than the poorest; that is the man. But what
rays of glory surround him? The armies of the
skies have sung his birth, the very stars have de-
clared it, and wise men were seen coming from
the East to worship him: that is the God. He
submitted himself to the conditions of slow and
gradual development pertaining to our nature, and
an evangelist could say of him that he increased
in stature and in grace. He also has passed
through that first period of human life, at once so
humiliating and so touching, in which thought
and language are unfolded step by step; that is
the man. From his tenderest years his holiness
was disclosed by means of his gentle and his
obedience to his parents. At twelve years of age,
in the temple, he confounded the judges and the
doctors of the law at Jerusalem, and revealed his
perfect communion with his Father, that is the
God.

He has no place where to lay his head. He
traverses the villages of Judea and Samaria, and
men see him sit down wearied with his journey.
He is hungry; he is athirst; he falls under the
weight of his cross; the roads of the soldiers cover
his face with blood