

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD, JR.

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

Peter.

Proprietor.

Vol. XIV.—No. 13.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1867.

Whole No. 689.

BOARDING HOUSE.

THE Subscriber offers accommodation on the most reasonable terms, to both Permanent and Transient Boarders, in the commodious premises formerly occupied by Rev. J. Perry, situated in the alley of Charlotte street, and near the Country Market. Entrance immediately opposite Campbell's Hotel. No pains is spared to keep a quiet and comfortable house, and a few miles can be reached in a few minutes.

JOHN YANWART.

SOME OF THE GOODS TO BE FOUND FOR SALE AT

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ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT.—Tea Sets, Breakfast and Coffee Cups, Side Dishes, Plates, all sizes, China, Glass, Wood, Soap, Wash Boards, Pickle Dishes, Sauce Tureens, Soup Tureens, Chamber Pans, and other articles, all at low prices. Also, a large stock of Groceries, such as Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Rice, &c. &c. Also, a large stock of Dry Goods, such as Cottons, Silks, &c. &c. Also, a large stock of Hardware, such as Axes, Saws, &c. &c. Also, a large stock of Miscellaneous Goods, such as Toys, &c. &c. All at low prices.

Fredericton, March 22. LEMON & SON.

NOVEMBER 21, 1866.

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NEW GOODS.

For Fall and Winter Trade,

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WOOL SHAWLS,

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Real Aberdeen Wincies,

OF ALL GRADES AND COLORS.

Coburgs, Lustres,

AND

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Flannels, Gingham, and

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

RIPIE BEAVERS, (for Mantles).

FURS,

AND

Black Monkey Muffs,

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PRINTS,

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Which are 20 per cent. less than Spring Prices.

A LARGE LOT OF

WOOL HOODS,

Clouds, Crossovers, and Comforters.

SCOTCH FINGERING, AMERICAN YARNS, AND

BERLIN WOOLS—in all colors.

All Goods marked at Cash Prices.

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"Quick Sales and Small Profits!"

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, November 21st, 1866.

MEN'S COARSE HOOTS.—A Superior Article of my

own Manufacture. A. LOTTIMER, Queen St.

Fredericton, N. B.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE.

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Millinery, Jewellery,

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Great Reduction in Prices.—No Hump.

The Subscriber has determined to sell without reserve

his entire stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Mil-

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in order to carry on the Boot and Shoe business more ex-

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The stock consists in part of Dress Goods, Flannels,

Cottons, Shirtings, Tickings, &c. &c. Tweeds and Doanings;

Shirtings, &c. &c. Also, a large stock of Millinery, Hats,

Capes, &c. &c. Ribbons, Laces, Flowers, Buttons, Velvets,

Silks, &c. &c. Jewellery in great variety.

Purchasers will find it to their advantage to give him a

call, as bargains may be expected.

A. LOTTIMER, Queen Street,

Fredericton, N. B.

Feb 7.

The Intelligencer.

THE GIFT WITHOUT RESERVE.

MARX XII. 41-44.

In this narrative Jesus sits to see what each worshipper casts into the treasury of God; and among those that gave to God only of their superfluity, He saw one poor widow; and she gave all that she possessed. Let me suppose that to-day Jesus sees us all pass before Him. Let us try to realize what would arrest His attention.

First, a young man, one on whom fortune smiles, passes before Him. He is full of strength and confidence, and life opens before him as a field for noble strife. It is, if you will, a generous nature; and his dream is of a great career. That is his future. It seems as if I could read the secrets of his heart, and discover his plans. He feels himself made for high things; art and the noble elevating studies of science are the objects of his love; and he hopes that one day some little glory will enircle his own name. Or, perhaps, his vision do not stretch so far; he desires to better his circumstances, to attain to a position that will allow him to realize the desires of his heart. The course he has traced out he knows to be difficult; crowds of rivals surround him, and time presses—he must act, ever act. And this is for him the object of existence, the must be of life. Now in all this I see clearly man's share; but I look in vain for God's share. I question him; and he answers me, that this part he is keeping in reserve, but that one day he hopes to offer it. Of that work, that success, that future, that fame of which he now dreams, he hopes one day to offer a part at least to God. Ah! pass, my young brother; go thy way with thy offering; for Him thou hast only reserved thy superfluity—thy life, thy life thou hast kept for thyself.

See! there comes another. She, too, is young and full of confidence—and not without reason; for, her future is filled with mysterious promises. Who shall tell us the dreams without number in which her thoughts lose themselves? She sees herself happy, admired, envied, according to her tastes and the desires of her heart; so she pictures life. She feels, it may be, some high aspiration—wants which dress and the mere frivolities of the world cannot satisfy. But however elevated her tastes, it is for herself that she is deciding to live. Meanwhile, conscience speaks; she feels that God may well claim some part in her life. And this part she keeps in reserve—yes, in reserve. When she shall have enjoyed all the pleasure of which she dreams; when she shall have drunk all those cups of joy that the future has in store for her; when she has known all that she wishes to know, then she will find refuge in God. Ah! pass, my young sister; pass with thy offering; go thy way amid the admiring smiles of the world. There is one who is grieved as He sees thee depart; it is He who sits at the door of the temple. He asked, waited for thy heart; and thou hast given Him only thy superfluity.

A man of business comes; God has blessed his enterprises, and they have prospered. His fortune is considerable; and, strong in himself, and confident in his resources, he comes forward in his turn. Would he not give himself to God, how much good he might do, how many works of charity he might sustain, how many unfortunate he might succor and raise, how many young persons he might snatch from moral corruption, and thus prepare for the kingdom of heaven! Will he do it? Will he give himself? He believes in God; he knows that God claims a part in his life; and this part he reserves. "By and by," he says, "by and by," when I have increased my fortune, when I exercise more influence, when I see behind me the rivals that now surround me, then I will consecrate to God a liberal tithe. Ah! you, too, man of business, pass with thy offering. God asked the gift of your life; and you have only offered Him superfluity.

But wait! an old man comes, who has but a few years, perhaps a few days to live. This remnant of existence, of energy and strength, of a worn-out heart—to whom will he give it, if not to God? To whom could he more safely confide it? Everything is slipping from his grasp. Everything around him recedes from his view. Everything within him speaks of the vanity of his desires, and the approaching end. From those trembling hands, that will soon be icy cold, what is he about to give to God? He has only a small part of himself to offer, with which he will accept it. He will not refuse this labourer coming in at the eleventh hour. But this old man will not give himself. No; in his will, perhaps, he has marked a part for God; but beyond that, what remains to him of life? He will live for himself. Go, my brother; go with thy self offering. Go with thy superfluity.

When will the poor widow come? When will he come who is about to give himself to God? Jesus waits for him. Alas! He has long time waited. Perhaps he for whom the Saviour waits is found among our readers. Perhaps the reader is resolved no longer, as formerly, to offer to God only an outward service, to which his heart is a stranger. If it be so, let him come; though he have nothing to offer but his poverty, nothing to bring but his moral and spiritual misery; though he be a sinner stained, defiled with guilt, let him come and give himself to that God who invites him! And God will regard him, and turning from so many worshippers who have to-day brought only their superfluity, in secret He will bless him now, and one day receive him to himself in peace.

But you who still hesitate, you who will not give to God of your superfluity, you who grasp at a miser's hand the best part of your treasures, think ye that having refused to Him, they will be yours forever? To-morrow they may be taken from you; and then how bitter will be your regret that you have not consecrated them to God! For, had you consecrated them to Him, you would never have lost them. That which is given to Him is found again; and thus is realized the strange saying—"He that loseth his life for my sake shall save it." Your youth, in its repudiation of the world and consecration to God, should have been restored. Your strength, employed in the service of the best of masters, should have been given back. That fortune which the world esteemed as lost, you should have recovered with usury. Your affections placed on Him should have undimmed forever. It is the Master who has said it. Whoso hath forsaken that which he held as most precious in this world, shall receive even here a hundred-fold, and shall inherit ever!

life. Glorious loss which is, after all, only assured gain!

But, though you have refused your best gifts to God, death will take no denial at your hands. You must give them up to Him. Death will come. Listen! he has already begun his journey, he is on the way, he is drawing nigh, he is about to knock at your door; and what good will your grained treasures, your worldly affections, your prudent and selfish calculations, do for you then? How will you then wish that you had given only the superfluity of your heart, your time, your life to the world, and kept the reality for God! Yes; death is coming, is coming; and he will not be content with your superfluity. He will ask for all; and you must give him all. Embrace as you will your treasures, he will force you to loose your hold. The good that you wished to have kept for your special use, you must leave. Oh, the misery of riches! the deceptfulness of having! Is it worth while to live for this? So much toil, so much suffering, so many projects and plans, to result in nothing! Nothing, did I say! Ah! if there were only nothing. But there remains an account to render. God is not mocked, my brethren! How would you have Him judge a life in which only a derisive homage has been rendered to Him? How would you have Him receive those who would live, and have lived, without Him? Is it such service that He can or will accept? "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord," to servants who have served only their own interests and their own glory; to men who have lived only for themselves? Their future, Jesus Christ has told us. It is to them that He will say, "Depart from me, ye cursed! I never knew you."

In conclusion, I feel some scruple—some fear that I have not been sufficiently faithful to the narrative I have chosen for my subject. What do I see in this story? A poor woman giving all that she possessed. I have shown what we ought to imitate in this example—the inward sacrifice of which this gift was the faithful expression. It is so; for in the giving of all that she possessed, this poor woman had been actuated by pride of possession, her act in God's sight would have had no value. It is the motive that we must regard; it is by that she becomes to us a model. That which we learn in her school is not to give all that we possess, but to give ourselves. All this is true, and yet there is something more in this story. The poor woman gave ALL. I cannot shake myself free from this fact, not even by taking it in its spirit. In vain I say that we are not at all obliged to make such sacrifices, and that we must understand it spiritually. I am not content with my explanation. She gave all. And that is the fact which I would leave with you without note or comment. I do not say, Give as she gave. I feel that that may not be your duty. But she gave all. Sublime folly! it will be said. Yes, but it is with such like follies that the world must be saved. This folly is not a duty for all; but does it not rise before us a better reproach? Show me the Christians to-day who impoverish themselves for Christ's sake! I can show you a man who has given all for his country's sake; I can tell of a mother who sent her three sons one after the other, to die for the independence of their country. What shall I add, my brethren? I humble myself, and bow down my head. Alas! shall I never see again the heroic age of the church? Is it elsewhere only that the world must admire such devotion as this? O God! amid the temptations of the world, in this age of ease and material well-being, give our consciences to hear, as an accusing voice, the words of thy Son; "She of her wealth did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

—Translated from the French of Eugene Bertier.

SECRET PRAYER.

Our Saviour, in language the most emphatic, has enjoined upon us this duty: "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret; and thy Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." How distinct is this command. And yet it is to be feared that, by many professed Christians, it is more neglected than almost any other.

1. Let us contemplate its IMPORTANCE. When midnight spread its gloom over Judah, why was our Saviour found a lonely wanderer in its most unfrequented streets? Luke tells us it was his custom to retire to those solitudes for private devotion. We have many instances given in which he prayed with his disciples; but every day he left the crowds with which he was surrounded and went alone to hold communion with God. Christian, is it not important that a duty should be fulfilled which is enjoined by the Saviour's lips, and enforced by the Saviour's example. And remember, that this is secret prayer; the prayer of retirement; the communion of the soul with God, when that soul is withdrawn as far as possible from every external influence.

The example of pious men in all ages of the world shows the importance of secret prayer. Witness Daniel, three times a day retiring to his chamber for prayer. Read the biography of any eminent Christian, and you will find that it is in secret prayer that his strength has been obtained. O, there is a host of worthies who rise at once in attestation of its infinite importance. And another host may be seen of languid, spiritless, desponding professors, whose lives are passing unprofitably and wretchedly away because they do not strengthen their faith and animate their zeal by the devotions of the closet. Here lies the cause of so many doubts and fears of the Christian; or that paralysis of Christian feeling which makes so many professors an incubance and a burden to the church.

There are peculiar sins to be confessed, which it is not proper to confess to the public, social prayer. The Christian needs to go to God in all the confidence of a private interview, and there to unfold the inmost secrets of his heart. He has peculiar temptations from which he needs to be guarded; peculiar trials, under which he needs support; and he must in private go to God, that he may seek relief for these private wants.

Secret prayer affords the most direct intercourse the soul can have with God. In the hour of retirement and solitude the soul is most perfectly cut off from all external influences. It can then be more easily ushered into the immediate presence of its Maker. There are the occasions in which the soul breaks free from the trammels of earth, and soars, as it were, on angels' pinions, to the bosom of its God. And it is from such visits as these, that the soul returns to earth refreshed and renewed, and showing to the world

around, by the glow of its feelings, that it has, like Moses, seen God in the mount.

2. THE MANNER in which this duty should be performed. When our Saviour says, "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father," he does most undeniably mean that we should seek actual retirement; that we should go to some place alone, where we may pray to our Father in secret. It does not do to say that we can pray anywhere; that we can, in the bustle of business, withdraw our minds and have sufficient communion with God. The Saviour's command is positive, that we must seek retirement, and there in secret make known our requests to God. Surely, if Christ found it necessary to withdraw from the crowd, and even from every friend, that his devotion might not be disturbed by passing scenes, it is the most egregious folly for the frail disciple of Jesus to pretend that secrecy and retirement are not essential in his own acts of devotion. Yes, follower of Jesus, you must actually go to the place of retirement. It may be to the chamber; it may be to the grove; but it must be to some place where, alone and uninterrupted, you may commune with God.

There should be stated times for secret prayer. The habit should be formed of going at particular hours of the day into the presence of God. Unless the Christian has resolution to form a plan, and to abide by that plan, he cannot make advances in the Christian life; he cannot enjoy religious freedom. If you say, "I will daily enjoy the privilege of secret prayer," and yet do not set apart some particular portion of the day, which you will appropriate to this duty, you will find that your resolutions are made but to be broken. The evening twilight appears to have been the favorite hour with our Saviour for this purpose. Daniel selected the morning, the noon, and the evening, as his seasons of private devotion.

The very design of secret prayer is to enable the Christian to approach God with the least possible restraint. We should at such times, with great particularity, acknowledge sin. Has any temptation excited irritated feelings? In your closet confess that individual sin to God. "Have you neglected duty? In potential prayer allude to the time and to the circumstances, that your heart may not be sheltered by the vagueness of more general confession. In your closet review your actions, and speak to your Maker distinctly what you mean, when you confess you are a sinner. In the solitude and silence of the soul's retirement with God we may become acquainted with ourselves. This is the way to make confession of sin which is acceptable to God.

We should also in secret prayer, pray for particular blessings. You are a parent. Your son is at a distant school surrounded by new and trying temptations. In retirement plead for him by name. State distinctly the temptations to which he is exposed. Thus may you pray with a degree of fervor and distinctness which would be impossible and even improper in the more public circles of social prayer. In the prayer taught by our Saviour to his disciples, the petitions are general: "Thy kingdom come," "give us day by day our daily bread," "forgive us our debts," "lead us not into temptation." But when he retired to the garden, in solitude, his prayer was, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Here he unveiled all his secret sorrows to a Father's view. Imitate your Saviour, and daily in secret prayer remember your friends, calling them by name. Remember your own particular temptations, and your own particular sins, and thus will your Father who heareth in secret, himself reward you openly.

3. CONSIDER THE ADVANTAGES of secret prayer. There is no exercise of the Christian which has so powerful an influence in promoting spirituality of mind. Secret communion with God seems to introduce us into his immediate presence. If we go to the closet with the distinct confession of sin, and asking particular blessings, we can hardly fail of receiving an influence into our own hearts which will be abiding. There never can have been a case of one who perseveringly frequented his closet, and there found rest to his soul, who was not a spiritual man and a growing Christian. And the Christian who does not pray in secret must be a languid and a careless disciple.

There is no prerogative from sin so potent as this. An hour of temptation may overcome the Christian. He may be left to the commission of sin, the thought of which now makes him shudder. Temptations may be thrown in your way, and you have no safety—you have no protection but in prayer. He who comes from the audience chamber of God, from communion with his Maker, has both so bright and strong that temptation will in vain assail him. Standing in the very verge of heaven, breathing the very atmosphere of that pure world, he will be enabled to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." The path to the commission of sin lies invariably through the neglect of secret prayer.

There is no exercise which can so purify and tranquillize the mind. It is this which gives that "closer walk with God," which insures "a calm and heavenly frame." This is the mount upon which the Christian may stand above earth's vapors and smile at earth's storms. When Jesus went to the garden, as the hour of death approached, he was in agony. But he came from the retirement of that garden calm and composed. Thus, Christian, may you obtain a composure of mind, and a calm, steady enjoyment, which no opposition or trials can rattle. And how happy is the heart thus fixed on God! There is no joy so joyful as this; how full does the heart become of worldly cares. How often depressed with anxiety. How will trifling obstacles disturb and irritate. The remedy for all this is secret prayer. There is the spirit alike independent of great calamities and of petty vexations.

"MY GOD, BY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?" Oh, Saviour, tried by powers of Hell! By God, forsaken by man betrayed! What anguish Thine, no tongue can tell.

That bowed in death thy sacred head! Once orphaned Thou—now on Thy throne! Sure, suppliant cry must e'er prevail; Since Thou hast trod the press alone! The mourner's plea can never fail.

When my poor soul is sunk in woe, And friends I loved from me depart, On bended knee, to Thee I'll go, And plead with God Thy Broken Heart!

FAITH'S PRAYER OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

The circumstances in which Jonah's agitated soul had to fight the good fight of faith, were these:—He had to struggle, first, against horrors in their own nature unparalleled. He had to struggle, secondly, against those, regarded as the messengers of an angry God. And he had to struggle, thirdly, against the faintness, the heart-sick faintness of spirit, which they could not fail to produce.

It was in these circumstances that Jonah's faith rose in its strength and triumph—that "faith not of himself, but the gift of God." For, however tossed and afflicted we may be, even tossed and afflicted inwardly, which is far the worst, we ought still to pray; to pray of course in faith, for there is no other kind of prayer binding on us; no other kind of prayer allowable; no other kind of prayer, real prayer. The very verge of destruction is ground for prayer; and that not random exclamation, but believing and assured petition. And it is expressly in such a case that the hearer of prayer receives the true pure glory due to his name—the glory due to his omnipotence, his all-sufficiency, his infinite wisdom, his amazing grace, his faithfulness which is in the heavens.

And, indeed, what can stand in any stand in such an hour but the prayer of faith? The case is supposed to be in every light desperate. The circumstances are altogether hopeless. They indicate an angry God. They dry up the soul's springs of strength. There is no entrance of any light, any hope, any relieving influence, except from a new world or region, different from sense, and far transcending it; yet equally near, or rather nearer. That region is the region of faith. Let it be opened. "Oh! let thy eye open unto me the gates of it." Let it be entered. Let its truths, and powers, and promises, and hopes tell upon the soul. Let the Word of God, in short, come in. Let God by his word, his beloved word, command the tempest of the soul, forbid the destruction threatened and feared; and a new power comes to bear upon the case, fitted to carry it almightily through to a happy issue; fitted in the meantime to sustain the heart till an issue of peace and of deliverance comes. Such a time is the very crisis for faith. It is of all times the best for making a clear, thorough, unmistakable experiment in the line and direction of true faith. When every prop is driven out from beneath your feet; when you see not your signs; when all you know is that God is infinitely holy, and you are wholly sinful; when your marks and tokens of grace seem to have misgiven, and you are left without one single trustworthy feature in your case to lean upon, or keep company with, or draw hope from till the day should dawn; when inwardly all strength is gone, and outwardly all things are against you; then is the time for the trial, whether God's solitary unsupported word alone be enough; whether God's unattested word,—certified or countenanced by no one, by nothing in the world without, and nothing in the world within, yet contradicted by trembling conscience within, and by terrific providence without, whether that word of your God be still true and tried, and to be depended on. It was easy for you to believe in Christ's promise when you did not see the evil of sin; when you felt not the rigour and righteousness of God's law; when you knew not the deceit and wickedness of your own heart; when you had no insight into, no experience of the masterful, unconquerable power of your own corruptions. But now is the time for faith, for the trial of your faith; now, when assaulted, baffled, overwhelmed by the guilt of it; seeing the frown of the Lord's displeasure because of it; feeling the pursuit of the Lord's anger in the avenging of it; and reading its hatefulness in the mirror of God's pure and holy law, of God's pure and holy nature, of God's dear Son's pure and holy character and example; and, above all, of that dear Son's cross. Now is the time for the proof of your faith's genuineness, your faith's truth and power. Now is the need for a faith that shall be "not of yourself, but the gift of God."—The Rev. Hugh Martin on the "Prophet Jonah."

THE NOBLE CAPTAIN AND THE LOST "LONDON."—The day, will long be remembered with sadness in many homes, both in England and Australia, on which that noble captain and two hundred and forty passengers and crew, when the only boat that remained left the ill-fated ship, the sailors urged their captain, to leave the vessel, but the brave man waved his hand, and said, "I will go down with the passengers, but I wish you God speed and safe to land." Captain Martin did well so to die. The summons reached him at the post of duty, as it is to be hoped it will reach each of us. The post of duty assigned to Christians may be varied as the several callings of human life, but so long as they are found occupying until He comes, all is well. At whatever hour and in whatever circumstances the Master approaches the post at which He has placed a faithful servant, and says to him, "Come up higher," all is well if that servant is found watching. Very beautiful is that anecdote of Dr. Doddridge and the Christian tanner. The Doctor stepped unexpectedly behind the good man when he was in the tan-yard, and gave him a pleasant tap on the shoulder. The tanner looked behind him and started. "Doctor," said he, "I am ashamed that you should find me thus employed." The good Doctor replied, "May Christ, when He comes, find me so doing." "What! doing this?" "Yes," returned Doddridge, "faithfully performing the duties of my calling." In truth, no one can desire better. Happy in the conviction that he is in that part of the vineyard where the Master has placed him, the merchant may attend to his merchandise, and the manufacturer to his product. The schoolmaster may go on teaching, and the lawyer attending to his clients; the preacher may continue at his sermons, and the author at his books; the physician may pursue the study of the laws of health, and the curer and derangerment of the human body; the agriculturist may plough the field, the miner work in a dark underground world, and the light of the sun may shine down; the sailor may sail the seas, or the well-worn workman may spend life in the humblest occupation—what matters the occupation, if it be one concerning which the occupier can sincerely say, "this is what Christ told me to do, and all my aim is to be found doing it my very best." He who walks up the vineyard to see what progress I have made! When He cometh, may I be found where He has put me, and watching—only that.—Friendly Visitor.

ANECDOTES OF FATHER MOODY.

From an excellent article on the late Father Moody, of Maine, published in the Congregational Quarterly, we abstract the following characteristic anecdotes:—

Meeting a beggar, and taking out his purse and finding it difficult to untie—his wife having purposely made it so, to prevent his giving before a little reflection—he concluded that the Lord intended that he should give the whole. So he handed over to the beggar both his money and his purse.

Reminded on a Saturday morning that there was no wood, he replied, "I must go into my study, and God will provide for us." By the time a good Quaker called in, and inquired for Mr. Moody. When he appeared, the Quaker proceeded to say, "Friend M., I was carrying a load of wood to neighbor A. B., and just as I got opposite thy door, my sled broke down; and if I will accept the wood, I will leave it for thee." It was received as a gift from the Lord.

While on his way to Boston on a certain occasion, he met, in the morning a poor man led to jail for debt. He ascertained the amount for which the unfortunate man was sent to prison, and paid it, though it took the last cent he had. The poor man was liberated, but Mr. Moody was in Boston toward evening with an empty pocket. A kind friend who accompanied him told the people of Boston what had taken place. Before retiring for the night, Mr. Moody received a sealed package. Upon opening it, he found just the sum he gave the poor man in the morning. He turned to his friend and said, "I cast my bread upon the waters in the morning, and behold, it is returned to me in the evening!"

One cold, frosty morning, a poor woman, shivering with cold, nearly barefooted, came to the door, telling a pitiful story, and asked for an old pair of Mrs. Moody's shoes. Mr. M. went to the bedroom, and took the only pair of shoes his wife had, and gave them to the poor woman. Soon Mrs. M. was about the house in search of her shoes; but they were not to be found. In due time Mr. Moody told her what had taken place. "Dear Mr. Moody," said she, "how could you do so when you knew they were all the shoes I had in the world?" "O, never mind it, dear wife, the Lord will send in another pair before night, I doubt not." Before noon they made their appearance.

A wealthy parishioner held on to his corn, in a time of great necessity, to obtain a higher price for it. Mr. Moody announced as his text one Sabbath, "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall fall upon the head of him that selleth it." As he proceeded with his discourse, he applied it very closely to the guilty man who sat before him, apparently indifferent, looking him directly in the face. Mr. Moody grew warmer and warmer, and more pointed and direct in his remarks; but the guilty man only held his head the higher, and put on still more careless airs. By and by, Mr. Moody imitating Nathan the prophet, exclaimed, "O, Ingraham, you know that I mean you; why don't you hang down your head?"

IMITATION OF CHRIST.—It is reported in Bohemian story that St. Wenceslaus, their king, one winter night, going to his devotions in a remote church, barefooted, in the snow and sharpness of unequal and pointed ice, his servant, Redivivus, who waited upon his Master's piety, and endeavored to imitate his affections, began to faint through the violence of the snow and cold, till the king commanded him to follow him and set his feet in the same footsteps which his feet should mark for him. The servant did so, and either fancied a cure or found one, for he followed his prince, helped forward with shame and zeal to his imitation, and by the forming footsteps in the snow. In the same manner does the blessed Jesus. "For since our way is troublesome, obscure, full of objection and danger, apt to be mistaken, and to afflict our industry, he commands us to mark his footsteps, to tread where his feet have stood, and not only invites us forward by the argument of his example, but he hath trodden down much of the difficulty, and made the way easier and fit for our feet.—Jeremy Taylor.

ARE YOU ASLEEP?—You, and I, and every Christian who is asleep, are very much like the Apostles at the gate of Gethsemane. There was their Master sweating great drops of blood, in awful agony; but where were they? Helping him? Casting their prayers into the treasury? O, no; not they! Watching against his adventures, and guarding him against surprise? No; not they. There is the bold Peter, who said he never would forsake his Master, but his head is on his bosom. There is John, who has sincere affection for his Lord, but his eyes are fast closed; and James, also, is fast locked in the arms of sleep. And it is very much the same with us. Christ is yonder, interesting, and we are down here sleeping—the most of us. Christ is up yonder showing his wounds, and pleading before the Father's throne that he would visit the sons of men, and give him to see the travail of his soul; and here we are, not watching against his enemies, nor helping him by our prayers; but are busy here and there, wasting precious time, while immortal souls are being lost. We are sleeping like men in the midst of harvest, when the grain is waiting for the sickle. Our sickles are laid by, and we stretch ourselves beneath the shadow of some spreading tree and sleep; though clouds are gathering, and the rain which will spoil the corn is certainly coming on, we hired to do the day's work, still sleep on.

HALF OF THE WIDOW'S MITE.—A gentleman called upon a rich friend for some charity. "Yes, I must give you my mite," said the rich man.

"Do you mean the widow's mite," asked the solicitor.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"I shall be satisfied with half as much as she gave," said his friend. "How much are you worth?"

"A score thousand dollars," he replied.

"Give me, then, your check for thirty-five thousand; that will be half as much as the widow gave—for she, you know, gave her all." The rich man was cornered. Covetous people often try to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, and under the cover of her contribution give meanly to the Redeemer's cause. Her example, indeed, rightly interpreted, would pluck selfishness out of the soul, and fill to overflowing the channels of true benevolence.