

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD, J.

"THAT GOD

IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1867.

Whole No. 718.

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JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Oct 18, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

THE ADVENTURES OF BISHOP MACKENZIE.

LIVINGSTONE'S COMPANION.

"It's all very well for you to laugh, sir, but it's no laughing matter; though, I s'pose the longer we live the more we see. I've seen many things in my day, but what I've seen lately beats everything else hollow; for I never did expect to see a bishop taking out of anchors and a' bawling in o' cables, and a ship managed by the likes o' you and me, sir." This spoke a gruff old-quarter-master to a missionary on board the little steamer Pioneer, then drifting almost helplessly between the eastern coast of Africa and the Comoros Islands. The bishop was Mackenzie; Doctor Livingstone was with him, and almost everybody else on board was down with fever. The stoker held out longer than most, but at length he too fell ill; and then, to the unspeakable astonishment of the ancient mariner already quoted, to the other laborers the bishop added that of the stoker, and was seen to emerge from the engine-room as black as a sweep—he had been stoking for several hours.

A bishop of this kind was likely to meet with a good many adventures on his way through the world, and to bear himself, whether in good or evil fortune, in a sufficiently resolute and energetic manner. In truth, Mackenzie's life will always be worth telling; and, thanks to Dr. Livingstone and Dean Goodwin, the materials for a sketch of his career are ample.

Mackenzie was born at Portmore, Peeblesshire, on the 10th April, 1825, and was a younger brother of the Forbes Mackenzie whose name is popularly associated with the liquor traffic in Scotland. As a boy, he was clever at figures, but clever at little else; and he seems to have been almost ludicrously deficient on the side of imagination. It is absolutely on record that after ascending a mountain he "forgot to look at the view which he went on purpose to see." As he said himself, with characteristic frankness, "I just sat down a little and ate my cake, and came down again."

He might be indifferent to such things when a boy in the Scottish Highlands, but they struck home to his heart and the loneliness of Africa. At nineteen Mackenzie came into residence at Cambridge. His fame as a clever young Scottish mathematician had preceded him; and he was looked upon, accordingly, as one of those terrible Northern invaders who, like Mr. Niven, of Aberdeen, in the present year, come, see, and conquer—desperate, dogged, determined men, who can live if needful upon a crust, and who have gone through a rigorous course of training in their own land, from which the spirit of an Elton boy would shrink with well-bred horror. In January, 1848, accordingly, Mackenzie was Second Wrangler.

At Cambridge, both before and after he took holy orders, Mackenzie was essentially a busy life. He was interested in athletic sports, and was himself a boating man; and hence he gradually acquired an influence amongst all classes of undergraduates. The most earnest student could not despise a man who had been second Wrangler; the most fidgety coxswain on the river had a certain respect for his broad shoulders and strong arms; the most spiritual of devotees revered one who labored so zealously in all Christian work. Nearly six feet high, excellently well made, with countenance winning, like that of handsome, and small but bright, quick, impetuous eyes, Mackenzie was a familiar figure for many years at Cambridge, and was very welcome to all kinds of people. A calm and prosperous career seemed before him; but gradually, as he meditated upon the future, the missionary spirit—that spirit which is the chivalry of religion—arose within him. Mackenzie's mind was soon made up; and in 1855 he sailed to Natal, with the rank of Arch-deacon. He flung himself into his new work with characteristic ardor, and with that kind of genial enthusiasm which was his special charm. Praying in Kaffir kraals—riding through swollen rivers to preach at distant stations—he was necessarily occupied; but it seemed as though no amount of toil could exhaust his iron constitution or dishearten his zeal. His house was burnt down; he quietly set to work and built another. A man not to be easily beaten, was this arch-deacon; and one, too, who had a marvellous power of winning the love of his neighbors. The soldiers voted him the finest person ever known; the Kaffirs got to consider themselves as members of his family. Troubles he had about church matters; but in the practical part of his vocation he laughed at the very idea of difficulty. Meanwhile, there had been growing up in England a new interest in African Christianity. The return of Dr. Livingstone seemed to stir the heart of the whole nation; and when the great explorer, though himself a Presbyterian, appealed to the old Universities for help, everything that was generous and manly in Oxford and Cambridge responded to the chord he struck. It was at this juncture that Mackenzie revisited England; he was almost immediately recognized as the proper man to head the expedition that was being organized; and, readily accepting that charge, with all its glory and all its danger, he forthwith began to travel over England, addressing public meetings and collecting funds.

It was a forlorn hope that Mackenzie was leading, at the best. Livingstone, to be sure, had raised an expectation that commerce and Christianity might go hand-in-hand; but the great traveler was himself over sanguine, and at any rate, the resources at the disposal of the missionaries were pitifully and pathetically insufficient for the work before them. Even Mackenzie, before many months had gone by, perceived these truths; but for himself his path was clear, and if it led him to an early death in the wilderness, we must not rashly assume that his efforts were therefore altogether wasted. After many tedious days, he set off from Cape Town with his companions for the Zambesi. The first sight of that famous river was to him and all his staff a bitter disappointment. Sad indeed was the change from the bold and glorious coastline between the Cape and Natal to this dull and sandy shore, fringed with mangroves and dwarf palm; and the naval officers who accompanied him, men not inclined to exaggerate difficulties, openly ridiculed the idea that the Zambesi could ever be made suitable for commerce on an extensive scale. However, there might be some comfort to be got from the doctor, whose little steamer, the Pioneer, was safely waiting for them,

as they thought, inside the bar. There, sure enough, lay the Pioneer, and there, sure enough, was Livingstone, but he had not expected them for months to come. In fact, when the bishop shot across the dangerous bar to meet him, he at once declared that he would do his utmost to help them, but that they came at an awkward time.

It was May Day that they entered the Zambesi; and they steamed on with infinite toil and difficulty, at first past groves of mangrove trees, and then between vast plants of gigantic grass from six to eight feet high, with here and there a palm, and here and there a clump of trees around the house of some Portuguese settler; and then, by-and-by, they caught a distant glimpse of the great mountain Mombala, golden in the sunset, snowy white at morning with its clouds of vapor; and so, by degrees, into a pleasant land, well timbered, and then, by a sudden turn, into the river of their hopes, the Shire—entering which, their troubles were renewed. They were constantly getting aground on sand-banks, and getting off by means of hawsers, at which the bishop was the first and latest to pull. It took them four-and-twenty days to do twelve miles; but at length they reached the highlands in which it had been determined to establish the settlement. Landing, they marched onwards in a notable fashion. Mackenzie says of the doctor, "Livingstone was tramping along with a steady, heavy tread, which kept me in mind that he had walked across Africa;" and Rowley says of the bishop, "He went onwards with his detachment—pastoral staff in one hand, and a gun in the other; and as we turned to have a last look, we saw the bishop marching on with huge strides after the bearers, the gun depressed, and the pastoral staff elevated and well in view."

Two braver men never set out upon an enterprise more heart-breaking and forlorn. All over the land two curses had spread—the curse of savagery and the curse of slavery. Mackenzie struggled against them both; but though his noble courage sustained him to the last, his shrewd Scottish sense must soon have perceived what a desperate task lay before him. On this very march they met with Portuguese slavers carrying their captives to market, with the horrible slave-yoke fastened round their necks. Flesh and blood could not stand it; they fell upon the slavers and rescued the unhappy natives, who were positively stricken when they found that they had not exchanged one slavery for another, but had been rescued to life and liberty by kindly, unselfish men. And so, matters went on, more and more hopelessly. Livingstone had to leave the missionary party; and then Mackenzie, already committed to a warlike policy had to march out with his clergyman, and to battle against native slavers. There was a sharp fight; the bishop again delivered the captives, and "for one little thing (a girl named Danna), we could find no carrier; so after she had trailed along some distance, the bishop shouldered her and carried her into Magomera," the settlement. It was all beautiful, no doubt; but it was hopeless. They did what they could; building a "Palace," for instance, at which Mackenzie, as usual, labored hardest of all, so that "day by day you saw him with axo, spade or pickaxe working as hard as any laboring man in England." They founded a church; they were good, kindly, generous, self-sacrificing, devoted, if ever men were in this world; but around them still stretched the wide waste, the desert of barbarism. The summer months went by; the autumn came; no rain as yet had fallen, but already they heard the rolling of thunder incessantly reverberating amongst the hills. At last Mackenzie had to leave Magomera, to keep his tryst with Livingstone at Malo, the place where the little River Ruo falls into the Shire.

Not a year had passed since his consecration at Cape Town; and, hoping against hope, he was writing home to England for help—notably, to the Oxford and Cambridge University Boat Clubs. To the end he was faithful and enthusiastic; and now the end was near. Livingstone, it had been arranged, was to go down in the Pioneer, and bring up one of Mackenzie's sisters, his own wife, and some other ladies. Two days before Christmas the bishop set out upon his journey; and by this time there were fever and famine in the settlement itself. Accompanied by a gallant clergyman who had come out to join him, Mr. Burroughs, and by three natives, Mackenzie found the journey down harder than he had fancied. The mountain streams were now swollen by heavy rain, the clothes of the whole party were wet night and day; and at length, whilst pushing in a canoe through Elephant Marsh on the Shire the trailcraft of the natives was of no avail; the canoe was overturned, their ammunition was almost entirely lost. Still pushing on, they reached the rendezvous only to find that Livingstone had left it and gone down the river some days before. The precise time of his departure was uncertain; and so they waited, daily and hourly looking out for the returning smoke of the Pioneer. It was the 10th of January, 1862, when they reached Malo; and in a few days the bishop, having no longer the excitement of travel to sustain him, fell seriously ill. Even his bodily energy failed him; day after day he sat listlessly in his tent. Then, longing for his sister, he told Burroughs that he thought it would break his heart if she did not come. When such a man talked of his heart breaking, everything else must needs have been broken already. In a day or two more he was down with the fever, and they had not a single drop of medicine left. By the 24th he was incapable of collected conversation; his mind began to wander. On the 31st he died.

Over his grave Livingstone, returning, planted a cross; and now, who shall plant a cross over the grave of Livingstone? Both had their faults and errors—both the dead bishop and the heroic traveler whose death is still uncertain; yet, as we look through the long roll of noble lives that Africa has cost us, we shall find, perchance, that these two were the noblest of them all. Nor shall we rashly and hastily call that even such sacrifices were in vain.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

PAST EXPERIENCE.—We cannot see by the light of yesterday, nor submit upon yesterday's food. We need supplies every moment. So long as we feel our weakness, and lean upon an almighty arm, we are safe, but no longer.

Most persons perform the greater part of the voyage of life before taking in their ballast; hence so many shipwrecks.

I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods, who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

THE DOOR THAT IS ALWAYS OPEN.

A friend of the Chaplain had been speaking to children, and at the end of the services, a young man, much affected, came to him and said, "I will tell you an incident that you can relate when you talk with children."

There was a pious mother in New Hampshire—a widow, with an only son. The mother's heart was bound up in this boy. Everything that she could do to make him happy was done; and above all, she sought to keep him from bad company, and to lead him to Jesus that he might become his disciple. The boy had a loving heart, and knew God had given him one of the best of mothers, but he unfortunately found bad associates, and gave himself up to their counsels to the great grief of his suffering mother.

Finally the lad was induced to run away. He directed his course to the sea-coast and shipped on board a vessel for a long voyage. From this he exchanged to another, so that it was full three years before he returned to his native land. During this time, as it often happens, the "prodigal" boy came to himself. He remembered the prayers of the devout old mother in New Hampshire. He sought and obtained a Bible, to read over again the Scriptures which she had so often read to him. With a broken heart he asked the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father, and determined to take the first opportunity to return to the house of his mother, and relieve the anxiety that he knew must be crushing her heart. Perhaps she had died under the dreadful blow which his conduct had inflicted upon her! How this terrible thought quickened his conviction of his sins and his penitence before God. Immediately upon reaching port and securing his discharge, he started for his New Hampshire home. It was late in the evening when he reached his native village. With what a beating heart he turned his course to his mother's cottage! He could see no light from the windows as he approached the house. What tumultuous thoughts filled his heart! "Was she still alive? Would her worn face, if living, show the consequences of his misconduct? How would she receive him?"

He thought she had probably retired for the night if still at home. He would go round to the outer door, he said to himself, and see if it was open, but would not make a noise to disturb her, if she had gone to her rest. He passed on to the door of the sitting-room, and trying carefully the latch, it answered at once to his touch. The movement was so quiet that the only occupant of the room remained undisturbed. There sat his mother by the fireside with the Bible closed upon her lap. She had evidently just risen from her knees. The tender, tearful face told sooner and surer than words for whom that evening prayer had been offered. Stepping quietly across the room, the boy (or rather the young man, for three years and rough exercise had made a great change in his appearance), knelt down and buried his face in his mother's lap. He could only say, "Mother forgive me!" He felt the touch of her trembling hand upon his head, and the silent dropping of her tears. She pressed him to her heart, and, kneeling by his side, thanked God that a mother's prayers had been answered.

After recovering a little from the mingled joy and sorrow of the hour, the boy turning to his mother, said to her,

"Did you know that your door was unlocked?"

"O, yes," was the answer.

"Don't you think it a risk to have your door unlocked so late in the evening, as you are so far from the village?"

"That door," the mother answered, "has not been locked for three years. Since the night my boy left me I have never shut the bolt. I have continued praying for him, and expecting his return. I lock the door open, so that if he came in the night, as I thought, he might, he would know that I was waiting for him."

The broken-hearted, but doubly forgiven son—forgiven of God and of his injured mother—could only respond with tears to this touching evidence of the unquenchable power of a mother's love. He had grievously sinned, but the door of forgiveness and of affection had never been closed. Even in the first bitter hour of disappointment and wounded love, the door had been left unfastened and had remained unbarred day and night until the prodigal's return.

Thus, dear young readers, He waits for us who once died for us. We wander far away from Him. We grieve the Holy Spirit. But the door is open! The Saviour's heart is never barred. Like the mother, he not only offers daily prayers in our behalf, but "he ever liveth to intercede for us." We shall find when we come, with trembling hearts and weeping eyes, that they are waiting for us.

"All heaven is waiting to respond.
The dead alive, the lost are found."
—Zion's Herald.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

In the wonderful change which takes place in the mind and feelings of the seeker after Christ, from the deepest distress and rest—to a state of hope and joy;—to what can the remarkable phenomena be attributed, but to the direct agency of the Holy Spirit? The soul feels that it is brought from a state of guilt to that of pardon; from darkness to light; from a condition of utter helplessness, to a free and joyful soaring after God. Love, a Saviour's love, fills the soul with joy unspeakable; and faith in Him triumphs over every doubt, and silences all fear. God may have been long working in the soul; the change, when the heart yielded wholly to the Lord, may have been sudden and striking, the evidences bright and satisfying. This, however, is not always the case in instances of genuine conversion; but there are always to be found certain unmistakable proofs of a work of grace in every case of true believing.

Where the affections of the new-born soul are in a lively state, the young believer too often apprehends no coming dangers from without, feels no deep sense of insufficiency within. He is ignorant of the conflicts before him, the struggles he must enter into in vanquishing his foes: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places;" and the strength and patience needed to labor unweariedly in his Master's service, cheerfully to endure afflictions, and, through faith, to triumph at the last. He will learn, however, that by the same way in

which the savor of divine grace was obtained, so is it also retained in the soul.

A constant "looking unto Jesus" will bring him hourly supplies of grace and wisdom; and a firm determination to cleave unto the Lord, will bring him a rich and blessed experience.

"That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake, 'I'll never, no, never, do I ever forsake!"

Thus shall the Christian's light shine before men, while he is laying up for himself a good foundation against the time to come, his motto being like the great Apostle's, "Through Christ strengthening me I can do all things." And like him, also, shall he find that "all things" are his—life and death—Christ, and the everlasting glories of His Kingdom.—*Christian Witness.*

(From the New York Observer.)

"THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

Cheerfulness is a blessed constitutional endowment. It is not only the source of serene enjoyment to the possessor, but it imparts pleasure to those with whom the cheerful man comes in contact. His presence is apt to diffuse light where others would only throw gloom. Such a man does not do things with a grim look and grudgingly, but he throws his heart into his acts, and his reflection upon surrounding objects from his countenance. If he bestows a favor, he does it with a will, not with hesitation. He gives money, either for benevolence or Christian charity, his hand responds to his heart, and the promptness of his acts adds a charm to the bounty he bestows.

The business of giving is not lightly understood. It certainly is practised on principles wholly at variance with the divine rule, or with just interpretations of duty. In the great work of charity for the relief of human suffering, in its various ramifications, but a small fraction of the amount is given which should be given. In the first place, not one half of the men or women who profess to be actuated by Christian principles give anything. The pitiful droppings made weekly into the passing plate of one's accustomed place of worship, must not be regarded in any such light as charity. It is fixed, systematic, liberal gifts to Christian institutions and objects of holy beneficence that are so habitually neglected by the great body of people. In the next place, the amount annually bestowed is so small, even by most opulent men, that they carefully conceal it from observation.

One of the most remarkable commentaries on "giving," as well as its practical application, is public church contributions. There is not a clergyman in the land who does not draw painful impressions of the workings of the minds of some of his parishioners, when he presents objects for their special aid and generous encouragement. He knows too well from whence the widow's mite will cheerfully come, with a moistened eye and ready heart. Better, he knows that large amounts may be contributed in an ostentatious manner, or with a grudging spirit, which almost makes it an insult to that God who has given the rich man so prodigally from His own bounty. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord" may be upon his lips, while his hand grasps, almost like a vice, the small stipend, often for appearance sake, that is given in charity.

The amount given in Christian charity is intensely small in proportion to the resources of the people; and what is worse, so comparatively few give at all, and fewer give liberally and cheerfully. The great religious and benevolent institutions of the country receive but a pitiful amount, when divided even among the professors of Christ. Many who do give, give no evidence of its being a duty or pleasure or an obligation, and fewer show that "cheerfulness" in imparting of their substance, which gives such motion to money bestowed, either to spread the Gospel, to save men from spiritual death, or to relieve the wants of a naked or famishing body. There is such a deadness of sensibility and heartlessness of purpose in much of the giving of the present day, even with those who do give, that the heart saddens at the sight of the spirit which often aids public charities.

Some men presumptuously think, that by contributing to sustain the Gospel, and Bible, Tract and Missionary efforts, they are performing acts of charity! What greater insult could be offered to the Giver of all good, by those who possess wealth, or even a competence, than thus to regard the use of the blessings He has so freely and generously bestowed upon them! Who has a right to the use of the wealth God lends to His creatures, if He, the great Giver has not, from those whom He has appointed on earth as the almoners of His bounty? It should crimson the cheek of Christian men to give grudgingly, or even with reluctance, to those appointed means for saving men and relieving their moral and physical necessities. They are marked by all good people, and they will receive their reward. The widow and the orphan—the naked and hungry will cry out against them, and the Saviour will not recognize such as among His disciples, or fit for the Kingdom of Heaven.

NEVER.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Let every believer grasp these words, and store them up in his heart. Keep them ready, and have them fresh in your memory; you will want them some day. The Philistines will be upon you, the hand of sickness will lay you low, the king of terrors will draw near, the valley of the shadow of death will open up before your eyes. Then comes the hour when you will find nothing so comforting as a text like this, nothing so cheering as a realizing sense of God's companionship.

Stuck to that word, "never." It is worth its weight in gold. Cling to it as a drowning man clings to a rope. Grasp it firmly, as a soldier on all sides grasps his sword. God has said, and he will stand to it, "I will never leave thee."

"Never!" Though your heart be often faint, and you are sick of self, and your many failures and infirmities—even then the promise will not fail.

"Never!" Though the devil whispers, "I shall have you at last; yet a little time and your faith will fail, and you will be mine." Even then the word of God will stand.

"Never!" When the cold chill of death is creeping over you, and friends can do no more, and you are starting on that journey from which there is no return—even then Christ will not forsake you.

"Never!" When the day of judgment comes, and the books are opened, and the dead are rising from their graves, and eternity is beginning—

even then the promise will bear all your weight; Christ will not leave his hold on your soul.

O, believing reader, trust in the Lord forever, for he says, "I will never leave you." Lean back all your weight upon him, do not be afraid. Glory in his promise. Rejoice in the strength of your consolation. You may say boldly, "The Lord is my helper, I will not fear."—*Lytle.*

THE CONVERSION OF A JEWESS.—The following interesting incident occurred in the course of the recent revival in San Francisco, Cal.:—One evening, when opportunity was given to all to speak who so desired, a young woman arose and told the story of her conversion, which was of deep interest to all present. She was a Jewess, who had been instructed in the Old Testament Scriptures, as understood by her people. The idea of the Messiah had taken strong hold upon her mind. She wished that He might come, and longed for a knowledge of Him. This affected, she was led to study the New Testament, and to converse with her Christian acquaintances. Soon she began to inquire whether Jesus of Nazareth were not the one for whom she had so deeply longed. She became convinced that Jesus was indeed "He that should come." She spoke of this to her parents and friends. At first they laughed at her; then they tried to compel her to give up her belief.

She, however, remained steadfast; for the more she thought upon the subject, the more convinced was she that she was right. True went on. She was married, and became a mother. Her conviction had now become so strong, that she felt it was her duty to give up her old religion, and publicly unite herself with the disciples of Jesus.

She told her husband of her purpose. He was enraged, and said to her, "If you become a Christian, you are by that act divorcing yourself from me, and are no longer my wife. If you do so, I must leave you and take your child from you. No woman can be a follower of Jesus, and be faithful as a wife to me. If you love him as Christians say they do, you cannot love me. You must take your choice. Either abandon your religion or I must leave you."

But she said, "Only try me for awhile, and see if I cannot love Jesus and you too. I am sure I can. Just try me and see." He, however, was inexorable, and she had to choose between her husband and child and Christ.

She did not hesitate long, but soon made an open profession of her faith. Her husband was true to his threat. He took the child and left for the Eastern States. "He has been gone," said she, "now a year, and I get no word from him, but I am sure he will come back. I pray for him every day, and I am certain that God will show him his error, as He did mine to me, and yet bring him and my child back, so that we shall all be happy together. Will you pray for him too?"

Her story, of which this is only a brief outline, was told with such modesty and touching simplicity that all who heard it were deeply affected. And many shed tears as they thought of the great trial she had endured for the sake of the dear Redeemer. Christians sometimes think they have to make great sacrifices for Christ. How few in this land of ours have ever been called to such self-denial as this young daughter of Israel!—*Christian Times.*

WHITEFIELD'S DESCRIPTIVE POWER.—A striking feature in Whitefield's preaching was his singular power of description. The Arabians have a proverb which says, "He is the best orator who can turn man's ears into eyes." Whitefield seems to have had a peculiar faculty of doing this. He used to draw such vivid pictures of the things he was handling, that his hearers could believe they actually saw and heard them. "On one occasion," says one of his biographers, "Lord Chesterfield was among his hearers. The great preacher, in describing the miserable condition of an unconverted sinner, illustrated the subject by describing a blind beggar. The night was dark and the road dangerous. The poor mendicant was deserted by his dog near the edge of a precipice, and nothing to aid him in groping his way but his staff. Whitefield so warmed with his subject, and enforced it with such graphic power, that the whole auditory was kept in breathless silence, as if it saw the movements of the poor old man, and at length, when the beggar was about to take the fatal step which would have hurled him down the precipice to certain destruction, Lord Chesterfield actually made a rush forward to save him, exclaiming aloud—'He is gone! he is gone!' The noble lord had been so entirely carried away by the preacher that he forgot the whole was a picture."—*Christian Freeman.*

THE PRODIGAL CRIMINAL SOFTENED.—A gentleman in Pittsburg, in sending for a supply of tracts for distribution in the jail, says, "The poor prisoners look at them as eagerly as the children of Israel did for manna. We found one day in jail a girl, young in years, but old in crime, who was so violent the keeper was afraid of her, and she was chained. We gave her a tract, which, with the kind word, at once melted her heart, and with tears streaming from her eyes she told us her story. She had been raised by Christian parents, United Presbyterians, who died while she was young, and getting into bad company, she soon plunged into vice. To test her story, I asked her if she knew any of David's Psalms. She at once repeated the version of the twenty-third Psalm, beginning, 'The Lord's my shepherd; I'll not want.' It was an affecting sight to see that poor girl in rage on a straw pallet on the stone floor of the prison cell, with chains on her ankles, the tears of penitence flowing from her eyes, repeating that beautiful psalm. Surely she had strayed far from the flock and the good Shepherd; but your tract awakened feelings that we trust may lead her to live a better life." We gave her two or three tracts, and the next day went again to see her. She had then concealed in her bed, and said she had read them over and over again. In a few days she was discharged from prison, and went to the country, where I hope the good Shepherd will keep her from the Devil's ravens, who are so busy destroying souls."—*Am. Messenger.*

Signal memorials of received mercies help to present duties, and quicken faith in the greatest future difficulties.

Moses' ark had stairs for ascending further; Jacob's ladder had stairs for ascending higher. Christians must sing the song of degrees in this world, and should seek to be renewed day by day. They must strive both for fullness of grace and fullness of joy.