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.

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SHERATON & CO.,
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Fredericton, June 7, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—James v. 16.

SCENE 1. *The Pastor's Study.*—"Have you conversed with our infidel and scoffing friend Mr. R—— on the subject of religion to-day?" said the venerable pastor to a neighbour who sat near him.

"I have, and at great length, but was unable to make the least impression upon his mind. You know that he is a man of extensive reading, and is a perfect master of all the ablest infidel writers. You know his ready wit; and when he finds he cannot talk you down, he will laugh you down. I can say no more to him. He may make my errand the butt of ridicule for the whole company."

"Then you consider his case hopeless?"

"I do indeed. I believe him to be given over of God to believe a lie; and I expect to see him fill up his cup of iniquity to the very brim, without repentance, and to die a hardened and self-ruined man."

"Shall nothing, and can nothing more be done for him?" And the pastor arose, and walked the floor of his study under the influence of deep agitation, while his neighbour leaned over the table, and his face buried in both his hands, lost in silent meditation.

It was now a solemn time in the parish. The preaching of the pastor for many Sabbaths had been full of earnestness and power. The church was greatly quickened. The spirit of prayer prevailed. Many were inquiring what they should do to be saved. Many, too, were rejoicing in hope, and the whole community were moved, as with one silent but mighty impulse.

But unmoved, unconcerned, stood the infidel, amid the many changes of heart and mind which were going on around him, proud in his position, and confident in his strength; and able, as he believed himself to be, to resist every influence, human and divine, which might be brought to bear upon him. The pastor had often approached him, and had as often been repulsed. As a last resort, he had requested his able and skilful neighbour, a lawyer of piety and talents, to visit Mr. R——, and endeavour to convince him. But it was like attempting to reason with the tempest.

SCENE 2. *The Elder's Closet.*—There was a fire blazing upon the hearth in that little room. The wind howled without, and the snow was whirled in eddies with violence against the casement. On that cold night in January, in that secret and retired chamber, where none but God could hear, was poured out a voice from a burdened soul. The elder was upon his knees. His bosom heaved with emotion. His soul was in agony. That [illegible] intervals through the live-long night. In that room was a wrestling like that of Jacob. It was a pleading with the Most High for an unwonted display of his power and grace, with the confidence that nothing was too hard for the Almighty. It was a prayer, as a man would pray for the life of a friend who was on the eve of execution.

SCENE 3. *The Prayer Meeting.*—The meeting was still and solemn. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. It was a cheerful evening, and the astrals threw their mellow light over the dense assembly. Now the song of praise resounds from all parts of the room, and there is a heart in the utterance which belongs not to other times. Now the voice of one and another ascends in prayer, and such prayer is seldom heard except in the time of genuine revival of religion. The silent tear steals down many a cheek. The almost inaudible sigh escapes from a bosom. An intense interest sits on every countenance, and the voice of prayer is the voice of all. One after another arises, and tells the listening company what "the Lord has done for his soul." There stands Mr. R——, once the infidel—now the humble believer in Jesus. He is clothed in a new spirit. His face shines as did the face of Moses when he had seen God face to face. He is a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"I stand," said Mr. R——, "to tell you the story of my conversion." His lips trembled slightly as he spoke, and his bosom heaved with suppressed emotion. "I am a brand plucked out of the burning. The change in my views and feelings is an astonishment to myself; and all brought about by the grace of God, and that *unanswerable argument.* It was a cold morning in January. The sun was just rising, and sending his dim rays through the fleecy clouds. The fire was burning, and I had just begun my labour at the anvil in my shop, when I looked out and saw Elder B—— approaching. He dismounted quickly, and entered. As he drew near, I saw he was agitated. His look was full of earnestness. His eyes were bedimmed with tears. He took me by the hand. His breast heaved with emotion, and with indescribable tenderness he said, 'Mr. R——, I am greatly concerned for your salvation—greatly concerned for your salvation!' and he burst into tears. He stood with his hand grasped in his. He struggled to regain self-possession. He often essayed to speak, but not a word could he utter; and finding that he could say no more, he turned, went out of the shop, got on his horse, and rode slowly away.

"'Greatly concerned for my salvation!' said I audibly, and I stood and forgot to bring my hammer down. There I stood with it upraised—'*greatly concerned for my salvation!*' Here is a new argument for the truth of religion, which I knew not how to answer. Had the elder reasoned with me, I could have confounded him: but here is no threadbare argument for the truth of religion. Religion must be true, or else this man would not feel as he does. 'Greatly concerned for my salvation!'—it rung through my ears like a thunder-clap in a clear sky. Greatly concerned I ought to be for my own salvation, said I—what shall I do?

"I went to my house. My poor, pious wife, whom I had always ridiculed for her religion, as I called it, exclaimed, 'Why, Mr. R——, what is the matter with you?' 'Matter enough,' said I, 'matter enough—filled with agony, and overwhelmed with a sense of sin. Old Mr B—— has rode two miles this cold morning to tell me he was greatly concerned for my salvation. What shall I do? what shall I do?'

"'I do not know what you can do,' said my now astonished wife; 'I do not know what better you can do than to get on your horse and go and see the elder. He can give you better counsel than I, and tell you what you must do to be saved.'

"No sooner said than done. I mounted my horse and pursued after him. I found him alone in that same little room, where he had spent the whole night in prayer for my poor soul; where he had shed many tears over such a reprobate as I, and had besought God to have mercy upon me.

"'I am come,' said I to him, 'to tell you that I am greatly concerned for my own salvation.

"'Praised be God,' said the elder. 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the very chief,' and he began at that same Scripture, and preached to me Jesus. On that same floor we knelt, and together we prayed—and we did not separate that day till God spoke peace to my soul. I have often been requested to look at the evidence of the truth of religion, but blessed be God, I have evidence for its truth *here*"—laying his hand upon his heart—"which nothing can gainsay or resist. I have often been led to look at this and that argument for the truth of Christianity, but I could overturn, and as I thought, completely demolish and annihilate them all. But I stand here to-night, thankful to acknowledge that God sent *an argument* to my conscience and heart, which could not be answered or resisted, when the weeping elder came to me to tell me how greatly concerned he was for my salvation. God taught him that *argument*, where he spent the night before him in prayer for my soul.

"Now I can truly say I am a happy man. My peace flows like a river. My consistent, uncomplaining wife, who so long bore with my impiety and unbelief, now rejoices with me, that by the grace of God I am what I am—that whereas I was blind, now I see. And here permit me to say, if you would wish to reach the heart of such a poor sinner as I, you must get your qualifications where the good old elder did, in your closet, and as he did, on his knees. So it shall be with me. I will endeavour to reach the hearts of my infidel friends through the closet and by prayer."

He sat down overcome with emotion, amid the tears and the suppressed sobs of the assembly. All were touched; for all knew what he once was—all saw what he had now become.—*Wesleyan.*

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is of divine origin. Men are the channels through which this water of life has flowed to us, but God is the source of it. Mariners observe that the seas on the globe are of different colors. One is of a green color, another is of a blue cast, and a third is of a dark hue; but all are composed of water. So Moses, Isaiah, John, and all the sacred writers, though differing in other respects, wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Hence it is called the Word of God, and [illegible] the Lord. It is [illegible] for the father of lies would not propagate such glorious truths. It is not of man's devising; for it contains loftier strains than Homer's or Milton's, and purer moral maxims than Seneca's or any of the sages of antiquity. Are you perplexed by the mysteries of the Bible? You must remember that it is the production of an infinite mind, and that it will probably be our lesson-book throughout eternity. There are problems in it for philosophers, and there are also knots which children may untie. It is the most suggestive book in the world. Myriads of sermons have been preached to explain and enforce it; thousands of books have been written to unfold and illustrate its lessons; and the press is teeming with more at the present time than ever before. It contains lumps of solid gold which may be beaten out endlessly. Every time we search it we find something new. Every time we dive into this sea we bring up fresh pearls. Every time we go down into this mine we discover rich veins. It is literally inexhaustible; and the longer we study it the more we shall understand it. Let us pray as the psalmist did, "Open though mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." Prayer is the key that unlocks the doors of the mysterious chambers of the Scriptures.

The Bible is a letter. It is indited and sent by the Father in Heaven to his children on earth. As a wise father gives counsel to his children when they are away from home, so God has ordained a way to instruct us. He has sent a love epistle to all mankind. The Gospel is glad tidings of great joy for all people. It is the good news that a Saviour has been provided for the race; that pardon is offered to the chief of sinners; that happiness may be obtained by all; and that heaven is prepared for all believers in Jesus. O what marvels of grace and love! They are worthy to be written in characters of living light. Does it make your heart glad when you receive a letter from home? Do you devour its contents with avidity? In like manner eat and digest the words of God, for they are sweeter than honey or the honey-comb. They are like wholesome loaves of bread, and will feed your soul.

The Bible is a lamp. It throws its bright beam across the dark and intricate path of life. It shows us the pits and precipices of sin. It is not a flickering and uncertain *ignis fatuus* leading us into the bogs of pollution; but a steady and constant light, guiding us to the Celestial City. It is the fountain of civilization, the charter of freedom, the friend of science, and it aids us in all our efforts for the benefit of men. It is the only original depository of the world-renowned maxim of the Master, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." Are you lost in your journey? Look at this finger-post, and it will direct you aright. The Bible is a cabinet. It contains gems, and jewels, and all manner of precious stones. Here is Christ to be found, who is the pearl of great price. He is most beautiful; he glows with a mild and regal splendour, and is more precious than ten thousand worlds. Here is the shining silver of a meek and quiet spirit displayed, and the gold of patience tried in the fire. Here is the jewel of sweet contentment, the gem of a tranquil conscience, and a crown of righteousness that fadeth not. Here is the sparkling stone with a name engraven on it, which no one knows but he that receives it. Are you running a race after riches? Seek these, and you shall find them. They are enduring treasures. They will never take wings and fly away, as the eagle toward heaven. The Bible is an arsenal, and a tower built for an armory. It possesses unlimited stores of spiritual ammunition. On its walls are hung thousands of helmits, shields, and buckles. In it are piled up all sorts of armor, breastplates and arrows, swords and spears. It has never been exploded or captured by the enemy. From it all the mighty reformers and invincible Christian warriors, of all times and nations, have obtained their effective weapons. Here are guns of large calibre and long range. No ordnance, either ancient or modern, can bear any comparison with them. Beecher fires off one in Brooklyn on the Sabbath, and speedily the shots are felt in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, and Philadelphia, and are scattered over the country. And the report is heard across the Atlantic, in England, France, and Germany. Peter's gun is thundering yet; and the echoes of Paul's have not died away. Men's inventions are often cast aside as useless; but the Word of the Lord endureth forever. Do you want to become soldiers of the Cross? Then equip yourselves. The Gospel trumpet is sounding, and the hosts are gathering. To arms to arms! Fight for the cause of God and man. Stand up for the good, the true, and the right. "Quit yourselves like men; be strong." "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal; but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.—*Independent.*

THE "WONDERFUL" REDEEMER.

"All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men." "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not."—John i. 3.

What a wonderful view does this give us of the person of Jesus Christ! Let us think of the things that were made. Where shall we begin? Look at that little fly that has just settled on the ceiling. Have you not often read in natural history books about its beautiful wings, so light and yet so strong? And its eyes looking in all directions? And its feet? See, it can walk on the ceiling with its head downwards, there being a distinct contrivance for this purpose. The foot was made for this end. The microscope reveals wonders in the smallest creatures in existence. Every one has all the parts fitted to its habits and happiness. Then, if we go from the small things to the great thing of creation, the grand mountains, the wide ocean, the clouds sailing across the sky—rising above these, we see the heavens, which declare the glory of God; and if we take the telescope, we travel through worlds among which this earth is comparatively but a speck. We are lost in the display of infinite power and wisdom and goodness.

The works of men are sometimes very remarkable. A watch, a steam engine, an electric telegraph, how astonishing are these works! But remember two things about them: one is that men only make things by putting together and working upon the materials which are furnished to them. God made all things out of nothing. The other [illegible] is, that while the mind [illegible] achieve such wonders, God made that mind itself which is producing such results! Now all this power and wisdom belong to Jesus Christ. His divine power was shown when He was in our world, by working miracles.

"The blind beheld Him, and the ear
Which had been deaf His voice could hear;
The dumb His praises speak; the lame
Leap like a hart, and bless His name;
The winds and waves His voice obey;
Death and the grave resign their prey;
Sickness confessed His healing hand;
And devils fled at His command."

Let us rejoice that our Redeemer is God. Being everywhere present, He can hear our prayers wherever we are. With an Almighty arm He can help us in all difficulties, and He lives forever to save. "Wherefore He is able also to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for us."—*Exchange.*

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.—"I saw," says one, "a mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, 'My brother, Oh my brother.' A sage passed that way and said, 'For whom dost thou mourn?' 'One,' replied he, 'whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but whose inestimable worth I now feel.' 'What wouldst thou do, if he were restored to thee?' The mourner replied that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace. 'Then waste not thy time in useless grief,' said the sage; 'but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will, one day be dead also?'"

How often might the sage's words be applied to those who waste in selfish sorrow, the energies and affections, which, rightly used, would be beneficial to the sufferer and to others. A sanctified sorrow does indeed detach the bereaved one from earthly vanities, and from dissipating pleasures, but it does not unfit him for the duties of the present life, nor make him insensible of the obligations which are upon him. Who that has known the bitterness of grief, cannot testify that the sweetest alleviation is found in unselfish efforts to help the living? Such benevolence and love is the God-given fruit of personal trials, and for this the afflicted soul may rightly pray. We are not to forget the stroke which a Father's hand has dealt, but to seek and find its meaning, and when this is found to cherish along with the memory of our bereavement, its sacred teaching. Thus may we grow purer by the discipline of sorrow, and the living will have cause to thank God, with us, for what seemed only afflictive and calamitous.—*New York Observer.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—"Sometime since," says Dr. Payson in a letter to a young clergyman, "I took up a little work purporting to be the lives of sundry characters as related by themselves. Two of these characters agreed in remarking that they were never happy until they ceased striving to be great men. This remark struck me as you know the most simple remarks will strike us when heaven pleases. It occurred to me at once that the most of my sufferings and sorrows were occasioned by an unwillingness to be nothing, which I am, and by consequent struggles to be something. I saw if I would cease struggling, and consent to be anything or nothing, just as God pleases, I might be happy. You will think it strange that I mention this as a new discovery. In one sense it was not new; I had known it for years. But I now saw it in a new light. My heart saw it and consented to it; I am comparatively happy. My dear brother if you can give up all desire to be great, and feel heartily willing to be nothing, you will be happy too."

VAIN CONVERSATION.

I was sitting in the church on the morning of the Sabbath. The pastor read the first chapter of the epistle of Peter. In the eighteenth verse of that chapter the phrase "your vain conversation" occurs. The utterance of the phrase brought up an incident which had long remained dormant in my memory. It will at once be perceived, that the incident is connected with the text by a verbal association only.

Benjamin A—— was sixteen years of age. His temperament was ardent and impulsive, and his intellectual powers were superior to those of his associates. He had a thirst for knowledge which led him to employ in reading the few leisure hours he enjoyed. His father was an active, enterprising and somewhat arbitrary man, who was willing to labour himself to the extent of his ability, and expected his children and assistants to do the same. Benjamin's days, therefore, were days of toil. He sought on the Sabbath the rest denied to him during the week. This caused him to neglect the sanctuary, and, ere long, to employ God's holy time in reading books which were indeed adapted to improve the mind, but wholly disconnected with the culture of the heart. His conscience became deadened, and his general bearing such as gave pain to the few who watched for souls, and hoped to see his talents consecrated to the cause of Christ.

In the mysterious dispensations of the Spirit, he was awakened during a time of general stupidity. He had not heard a sermon for months, nor had any one spoken to him of his sins. None of his acquaintance manifested the slightest solicitude respecting their souls. No alarming providence had taken place in the vicinity. Still young A—— began to reflect on serious subjects, and ere long serious reflections filled his mind during his waking hours. Solemn and anxious feelings followed his reflections. These continued to increase in power till his distress was great. This was manifest to all who saw him.

The few moments which he could redeem from toil and sleep were spent in reading the Bible and attempting to pray. He was very ignorant of divine truth, and understood but little of what he read. He became deeply convinced of his need of an adviser—of a Christian friend who should tell him what he ought to do. But how should he gain access to such a friend? From the rising to the setting sun he was engaged in severe labor. No one of those with whom he labored was acquainted with the Saviour. His father was profane, his mother was in heaven.

While he was thus earnestly desirous of meeting some followers of Christ, he was told by his father that, on the morrow, he was to convey two gentlemen, Mr. B—— and Mr. H——, some thirty miles across the country. This communication caused the first emotion of joy that he had [illegible] the ministry, Mr. H—— was a merchant and a leading member of the church.

Soon after they set out, Mr. H—— noticed the gloom which rested on Benjamin's countenance, and inquired if he were ill. He replied that he was well enough—he wished to add, *except in regard to his soul;* but diffidence, or false shame, or the lack of a serious bearing on the part of Mr. H—— prevented him. Mr. B—— addressed several jocose remarks to him for the purpose of "raising his spirits," but perceiving that they did not meet with ready sympathy, he desisted.

The two friends then began to relate anecdotes for each other's amusement. Next followed some remarks respecting certain reports relative to matrimonial connections about to take place in the village—then there was an episode upon politics—then the discourses of the preceding Sabbath were mentioned. Benjamin hoped that something would now be said that would lead them to speak to him, or render it proper for him to speak to them on the great subject which weighed down his soul. But he was disappointed. A few criticisms dispatched the topic, and another succeeded; and the day passed, and not a remark was made adapted to profit an anxious, inquiring sinner.

The effect on Benjamin's mind was most unhappy. He was discouraged and grieved. At night, when he had taken care of his horses, in the darkness of the stable he threw himself on his knees in prayer. Suddenly he rose. "It is of no use," said he aloud; "no one cares for me. I thought if I could be with Christians I could do better; but I might as well be with one as another." He went into the bar-room and spent an evening in listening to the conversation of those who habitually frequented that place. He went to bed without prayer, and rose in the morning with a far less clouded brow than he had worn for months. When he reached home, he was, to use the expression of one of the workmen, "himself again."

His seriousness was at an end. He soon entered upon a bolder course of sin. He became profane, and ere long a scoffer at sacred things. His hostility to religion became intense, and his influence over his companions most disastrous.

It is true, that after many years spent in rebellion, he was brought to submit to the Saviour. And he always believed that those years of rebellion were occasioned by the vain conversation of those professing Christians into whose company he was thrown, when he so earnestly desired to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" He always believed, that if they had, with becoming seriousness, encouraged him to make known to them the state of his soul, they could have given him counsel that would have led to his speedy conversion to God. He was not at all disposed to lay upon them the burden of his guilt; but he felt that they were the occasion of perilling his soul anew, and of diminishing his usefulness for life. How important that Christians should at all times have their conversation in heaven! Is it strange that the Saviour said, "That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment," when an idle word may be the cause of the eternal ruin of the soul.—*English Paper.*

VALUABLE LITTLE HINTS.—A short needle makes the most expedition in plain sewing.

Put your balls or reels of cotton into little bags, leaving the ends out.

Dirty windows are very reliable tell-tales; they give the character of the lady of the house with great correctness.

A leather strap, with a buckle at one end and tongue holes at the other, is useful in the house.

Next to right principle, there is no element of character so necessary as the courage to maintain it by word and example.

THE PURPOSES OF GOD.

It would be folly to say that God works without a plan; or, that in the great system of the universe he has no end in view.

The salvation of men, who astonishes the mind and causes the angels to wonder, is a work which no finite mind can fully comprehend.

The purpose of redemption through Christ, is a question variously interpreted by theologians. Some maintain that as God is the supreme and rightful disposer of men, it is his option to save or drown; and that in accordance with the system of supreme sovereignty, he disposes of men after the order of his own will and predetermined purpose without reference to the will or choice of the creature. Whilst the Scriptures frequently speak in connection with the salvation of men, of the purposes of God, yet one self-evident fact is held forth, *man is free to choose or reject, and that upon his choice is based the purpose of God which drowns or saves.*

It is clearly taught in the word of God that a portion of the human family will be saved through Christ, and that another portion will be forever lost or condemned to hell. You ask a certain class why is this? and they will reply, "For so is the will of God, and we have no right to enquire beyond that."

Now, if God has given us an answer to this question, may we not accept it as true. To the redeemed he says, "Because thou hast been faithful over a few things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—"Thou hast come up through much tribulation,"—"thou hast been faithful to the end"—"thou hast kept my words." But to the wicked he says, "Because of unbelief, ye shall die in your sins, and where I go ye cannot come. Depart from me ye workers of iniquity, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

The former having accepted Christ through faith in his atonement, and kept the word of his power, are admitted into life eternal. The latter having rejected Christ and lived a life of sin, are driven into hell. Christ may well say, "ye would not."

That God has a purpose, is quite evident—that purpose is clearly this, seeing the fallen condition of man, he was moved with compassion, and gave his Son a sacrifice for sin. Now *he has decreed, chosen, elected in Christ all that believe,* and he has also established, "that whosoever believeth not, shall be damned."

The gospel every where addresses man as a free agent, as a creature whose will is left free. When he stands forth in the great day of accounts, he is judged by his acts, and it is charged to him, "ye would none of my reproof," "ye heard my words but did them not."

To the Christian it is a source of comfort to know that God has purposed his salvation in Christ; that he is chosen [illegible] That in Christ he finds a living fountain of life—a well-spring of joy, a base upon which to rest a hope of heaven.

Let the sinner take warning. God has finally decreed to destroy the wicked. Whilst his purposes of love are held forth in Christ, he has also shown his purpose to punish sin. If God spared not his only begotten Son to save men from sin, of how much sorer punishment will he be thought worthy who shall reject the Son of God? If, after having come under the curse of God's law, he graciously provides for your escape and you refuse the offered mercy, you add insult to sin, and can but deserve the greater punishment.

Every thing invites the sinner to Christ. The church and the spirit say "come," *and whosoever will may come.* There is no purpose of God which prevents the sinner from coming to God through Christ. But there is a purpose of God which declares the sinner may come.

Sinner, if you are lost, it is your choice you refuse the Saviour, you choose death. If in hell you lift your eyes, being in torments, you will have to say, I rejected the Saviour, I would not have life.

May the spirit of God move your hearts to seek your soul's salvation.—*Ch. Freeman.*

THE MINISTER CATECHISED.—We lately heard of an old lady, who, being sick, desired to have a minister come to her house to pray with her. Accordingly a messenger was dispatched in search of a clergyman, and in due time the Rev. Mr. B., who preached in the vicinity, appeared, and was introduced to the invalid. She raised herself up, looked him earnestly in the face, and then said: "When were you converted, sir?" "O! madam," he replied, "I was never converted—I was born into the church, I was always a Christian." With evident displeasure and disappointment, she said to him: "You'll not do for me—you'll not do for me," and with her hand waved him out of the room. What the reflections of the retiring clergyman were, we did not learn, but we think the lady showed her good sense in not wishing to take spiritual advice of a man who was so ignorant of the first principles of religious experience.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—Many persons are watching for the opportunity of making a bold, energetic attack on fortune, with the expectation of carrying her fortress and retiring to spend the remainder of their days in the midst of the spoil. Only now and then does one find that opportunity; and most of those who do, like Moses on Pisgah can only see, but are not permitted to enter.

Facts are stubborn things, and observation of them would many times teach important lessons, which we are often too slow to learn. Facts teach us that men and women who walk the road to success and distinction in any of the departments of life are those who care for little things—those who do not wait for some great occasion to present itself, and then make one mighty effort to seize the prize. Honest industry has borne many a young man from pinching poverty up to easy circumstances; while the loafer has waited with his arms akimbo to see if something would not "turn up" in his favor, and while waiting has lost his courage, his patrimony and his reputation.

Industry is a strong rampart round about the innocent. It is the friend of the people. It gives a keen appetite to the eater, and brings refreshing slumber to the sleeper. Its gains may be small, but they rest upon a sure foundation. It bestows its favors on all who honor it. This it does, while those who trust to the wheels of fortune more frequently draw a blank than a prize. This is as true in spiritual as in temporal things. He who expects to gain heaven by one fierce onset, neither understands the spirit of his Master