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. [Proprietor.

Vol. XIV.—No. 15. SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1867. Whole No. 691.

MENS' COARSE BOOTS.—A Superior Article of my own Manufacture. A. LOTTIMER, Queen-st.
Sept. 21. Fredericton, N. B.

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"Quick Sales and Small Profits!"

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, November 21st, 1866.

The Intelligencer.

AN OLD STORY OF GRACE.

POOR SARAH.

It was a chilly morning in the month of March, 1814, when I first became acquainted with poor Sarah. She called to solicit a few crusts, for her poor old body, just ready to crumble into dust. I had heard of *Sarah*, an Indian woman, and was therefore prepared to receive her with kindness, remembering the words of my Lord, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the *least* of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"And how," I said to her, "have you managed, this long cold winter?" "O Masse," she replied, "God better to Sarah than she fear. When winter come on, Sarah was in great doubt; no husband, no child here but ——; she wicked, gone a great deal. What if great snow come? what if fire go out? my neighbour great way off: what if sick all alone? what if die? nobody know it. While I think so in my heart, then I cry: while crying, something speak in my mind, and say, 'Trust in God, Sarah; He love His people; He never leave them; He never forsake them; He never forsake Sarah; He is a Friend indeed; go tell Jesus, Sarah; He love to hear prayer; He often hear Sarah, when she pray.' So I wipe my eyes; don't cry any more; go out into the bushes, where nobody see, fall down on my old knees and pray. God give me great many words; I pray a great while. God make all my mind peace. When I get up, I go in the house, but can't stop praying in my mind. All my heart burn with love to God; willing to live cold, hungry, be sick, die all alone, if God be there. He know best; Sarah don't know. So I feel happy, and great many days go singing the good hymn:—

"'Now I can trust the Lord for ever,
He can clothe, and He can feed;
He my Rock, and Bony Saviour,
Jesus is a friend indeed.'"

"Well, Sarah, have you been comfortably supplied?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "I never out cornmeal once all winter." "But how do you cook it, Sarah, so as to make it comfortable food?" "Oh, I make porridge, Masse; sometimes I get out, like to-day, and I go get some crusts of bread and some salt to put into it; then it is so nourishing to this poor old body; but when I can get none, then I make it good as I can, kneel down, and pray God to bless it to me; and I feel as if God feed me, and be so happy here"—laying her hand on her heart. Oh, what a lesson, thought I, for my repining heart! "But do you have no meat, or other necessaries, Sarah?" "Not often, Masse; sometimes I get so hungry for it, I begin to feel wicked; then think how Jesus hungry in the desert, but when Satan tempt him to sin to get food, he would not. So I say, Sarah won't sin to get victuals. I no steal, no eat stolen food, though I be hungry ever so long. Then God gives me a small look of Himself, His Son, and His glory. And I think in my heart, 'They all be mine soon; then I no suffer hunger any more—my Father's house have many mansions.'" "Sarah," said I, "you seem to have some knowledge of the Scriptures; can you read?" "I can spell out a little; I can't read like you white folks; oh, if I could!" Now she burst into tears; but, after regaining her composure, she added, "This, Masse, what I want above all things, more than victuals or drink. Oh, how often I beg God to teach me to read; and He do teach me some. When I take Bible, kneel down, and pray, He shows me great many words; and they be so sweet I want to know a great deal more. Oh, when I get home to heaven, then I know all; then, I no want to read any more."

In this simple strain she told me her first interesting story. And when she departed, I could not but feel that she gave striking evidence that she was a true child of God. In one of the many visits she afterwards made me, she gave me in substance the following account of her conversion:—

She lived until she became a wife and a mother, without hope and without God in the world, having been brought up in extreme ignorance. Her husband treated her with great severity, and she became dejected and sorrowful; to use her own simple language, "I go sorrow, sorrow, all day long. When night come, husband come home angry; then I think, 'Oh, if Sarah had one friend!' But Sarah no friend. I no want to tell neighbour I got trouble—that only make it worse. So I be quiet, tell nobody, only cry night and day for one good friend. One Sabbath, good neighbour come and say, 'Come, Sarah, go to meeting.' So I call my children, tell them stay in the house while I go. When I get there, minister tell all about Jesus; how He was born in a stable, go suffer all His life, die on the great cross, was buried, rise again, and go up into heaven, so always be sinner's Friend. He say, too, 'If you get trouble, go tell Jesus; He best Friend in sorrow, He bring you out of trouble, He support you, make you willing to suffer.' So when I go home, I think great deal what minister say: think this the Friend I want, this the Friend I cry for so long. Poor ignorant Sarah never hear so much about Jesus before. Then I try to tell Jesus how I want such a Friend. But oh, my heart so hard, can't feel, can't pray, can't love Jesus, though He so good. This make me sorrow more and more.

"When Sunday come, want to go again. Husband say, 'No, I beat you if you go.' So I wait till he be gone off hunting, then shut up children safe, and run to meeting, sit down in the door, hear minister tell how bad my heart is—no love to God, no love to Jesus, no love to pray. So then I see why I can't have Jesus for my Friend, because I got so bad heart; then I go praying all the way home, 'Jesus, make my heart better.' When get home, find children safe, feel glad husband no come; only sorrow because my wicked heart, but don't know how to make it better. When I go sleep, then dream I can read good book; dream I read there, Sarah must be *born again*; in morning keep thinking what that word mean. When husband go to work, run over to my good neighbour, ask her if the Bible say so. Then she read me where that great man go to see Jesus by night, because he afraid to go in the daytime. Then think he just like Sarah. She must go in secret to hear about Jesus, else husband be angry. Then I feel encouraged; determined to have Jesus for my Friend. So ask neighbour how to get a good heart. She tell me Jesus must give the Holy Spirit. Sarah don't know what she mean—never hear about the Holy Spirit. She say I must go to meeting next Sabbath; she will tell minister about me; he tell me what to do. So Sarah go to hear about being born again. Minister say, 'You must go and fall down before God; tell Him you are grieved because you sin; tell Him you want a better heart; tell Him, for Christ Jesus' sake, give the Holy Spirit, to give you a new heart. Then Sarah go home light, because she know the way.

"When I get home, my husband angry because I go to meeting, and don't stay at home and work. I say, 'Sarah can't work any more on Sabbath, it is sin against God. I rather work nights, when moon shine. So he drive me hoe corn that night, he so angry. I want to pray great deal, so go out, hoe corn, pray all the time. When come in the house, husband sleep. Then I kneel down, and tell Jesus take my bad heart—can't bear my bad heart, pray give me the Holy Spirit, make my heart soft, make it all new. Go meeting all Sabbaths; if husband beat me, never mind it; go hear good neighbour read Bible every day.

"So, after a great while, God make all my mind peace. I love Jesus; love pray to Him, love tell Him all my sorrows; He take away my sorrow, make all my soul joy; only sorrow because can't read the Bible, and learn how to be like Jesus; want to be like His dear people the Bible tell of. So I make a great many brooms, and go get a Bible for them. When I come home, husband call me a fool for it, say he burn it up. Then I go hide it; when he is gone, then I get it, kiss it many times, because it Jesus' good word. Then I go ask neighbour if she learn me to read. She say, 'Yes.' Then I go many days to learn my letters, pray God all the while to help me to read His holy word. So, Masse, I learn to read good hymn; learn to spell out many good words in the Bible. So every day I take my Bible, tell my children that be God's word; tell them how Jesus die on cross for sinners; then make them all kneel down; I pray God give them new hearts; pray for husband too, he so wicked. Oh, how I sorrow for him; fear his soul must go in the burning flame."

"Sarah," said I, "how long did your husband live?" "Oh, he live great many year." "Was he brought to repent, and be a good man?" "No, no, Masse, I afraid not; he sin more and more. O me, when he got sick, my soul in great trouble for him; talk every day to him, but he no hear Sarah. I say, 'How can you bear to go in the burning fire, where the worm never die, where the fire never go out?' At last he get angry, bid me hold my tongue. So I don't say any more, only mourn over him every day before God. Afterward, when he was drowned, my heart say, 'Father, Thy will be done—Jesus do all things well. Sarah can't help him now, he be in God's hands; all is well.' God helped me give my heart all away to Jesus; tell Him I be all His; serve Him all my life; beg the Holy Spirit to come and fill all my heart, make it all clean and white like Jesus. Pray God to help me learn more of His sweet word. And now, Sarah live a poor Indian widow great many long years, and always find Jesus Friend, Husband, Brother all. He make me willing to suffer; willing to live great while in this bad world, if He see best; but, above all, He gives me a great good hope of glory when I die. So now I wait patiently till my change come."

She used to bring bags of sand into the village, and sell it for food. Sometimes she brought grapes and other kinds of fruit. But as she walked by the way she took little notice of anything except children, to whom she sometimes gave an affectionate word of exhortation, exhorting them to learn to read God's good word, &c., accompanied with a bunch of grapes or an apple. Thus she engaged the affection of many a little heart. She seemed absorbed in meditation as she walked, and was sometimes seen with her hands uplifted in the attitude of prayer. One day I asked her how she could bring such heavy loads, old as she was, and feeble.

"Oh," said she, "when I get a great load, then I go and pray God to give me strength to carry it. So I go on, thinking all the way how good God is, to give His only Son to die for poor sinner; think how good Jesus is to suffer so much for such poor creature; how good the Holy Spirit was, come into my bad heart: so these sweet thoughts make my mind so full of joy, I never think how heavy sand be on my old back."

One excellence in her character was, that she loved the house of God, and often appeared there, when, from weather or other causes, the seats of others were empty. She was early, clean, and whole in her apparel, though it was sometimes almost as much diversified with patches as the coat of the shepherd of Salisbury Plain. She was very old and quite feeble, yet she generally stood during public service, with eyes riveted on the preacher. I have sometimes overtaken her on the steps after service, and said to her, "Have you had a good day, Sarah?" "All good, sweeter than honey," she would reply.

In the spring of 1817 it was observed by her friends that she did not appear at meeting as usual, and one of her female benefactors asked her the reason, when she, with streaming eyes, told her that her clothes had become so old and ragged that she could not come with comfort or decency, but said she had been praying God to provide for her a great while, and telling Jesus how much she wanted to go to His house of prayer, and expressed a strong desire to be resigned and submissive to His will. This was soon communicated to a few friends, who promptly furnished this suffering member of Christ with a very decent suit of apparel. This present almost overpowered her grateful heart. She received it as from the hand of her heavenly Father and kind Redeemer, in answer to her prayer, and said she would go and tell Jesus how good His dear people were to His poor old creature, and pray but good Father to give them a great reward.

Two of the garments given her she received with every mark of joy. On being asked why she set so high a value on these, she replied, "Oh, these just what I pray for so long." An aged female, who gave her one of these garments, says she never saw anybody so grateful: "Sarah said she could not pay me. She wondered why people were so kind to such a poor old creature. She hoped God would reward me and all of them."

The last visit I had from her was in the summer of 1817. She had attended a funeral, and called on me as she returned. She complained of great weariness and pain in her limbs, and showed me her feet, which were much swollen. I inquired the cause. "Oh," Oh," said she, with a serene smile, "death comes creeping on; I think, in the graveyard to-day, Sarah must lie here soon." "Well, are you willing to die? do you feel ready?" "I think, if my bad heart tells true, I am willing to do just as Jesus bids me; if He say, 'You must die,' then I glad to go and be with Him; if He say, 'Live, and suffer a great deal more,' I willing. I think Jesus know best. Sometimes I get such look of heaven, I long to go and see Jesus; see the happy angels, see the holy saints; to throw away my bad heart, lay down my old body, and go where no sin be. Then I tell Jesus; He say, 'Sarah, I prepare a place for you, then come take you to myself.' Then I be quiet like a child, don't want to go till He call me." Much more she said upon this interesting subject, which indicated a soul ripe for heavenly glories. When we parted, I thought it very doubtful whether we ever met again below. In the course of three weeks from this time, I heard that Sarah was removed to a better world.—*The Sower.*

WHY DID PAUL GLORY IN THE CROSS?

BY REV. LEONARD SWAIN, D. D.

PAUL gloried in the cross, not only because it produces conviction of sin, but because it produces *repentance* for sin.

The cross of Christ is the picture of dying love; the innocent laying down his life for the guilty; the sovereign, who might justly punish, coming to take the place of the offending subject and to die in his stead, in order that he who had been condemned to death might be forgiven and saved.

God's general goodness has a tendency to lead men to repentance; his disposition to forgive has a still stronger tendency; but the strongest possible appeal to sinner's penitence is not made until the Son of God himself comes forth to suffer and die for the sinner, thus showing the strength of his benevolence, the exceeding earnestness of his desire to forgive and save. It is not the general sentiment of kindness, it is not a mere readiness to forgive, which touches the rock of the sinner's heart and makes it water; it is that agony of desire in behalf of the sinner's salvation which leads the Sovereign against whom he has been fighting all his days to come forth and lay down his life for the sinner's life, so that the guilty and lost one may be brought back into his Father's household and be made his son and heir forever. This is the power by which the Son of Man lifted on the cross draws all men unto him. This is the power which is stronger than the chains of sin and Satan, and which breaks their iron fetters asunder. This is the secret, dissolving touch which loosens the bonds of spiritual death and lifts the imprisoned and rebellious soul into a new life of penitence and love. It is love that begets life. It is the Gospel and not the law that brings obedience. It is the cross of Christ that makes a man hate the sins which once he loved, and love the God whom once he hated. Gratitude is the deepest sentiment of the human heart, and there is no such appeal to gratitude as that which is made by the cross of Christ, and no such response of gratitude as that which is made to the cross of Christ. It is a response into which the whole soul's life of the penitent man is thrown. It is a response so deep and mighty that the whole man is born again in the very utterance of it. The very poles of his being are lifted and reversed by it. New tastes and affections are enkindled by it; that which was dead within him is made to live, and that which was alive in him is made to die. He has a new power over himself. He has a new dominion over his passions and appetites. He has a new victory over the world and all its faces of temptation. He nails the world to the cross and it dies to him. He nails himself to the cross and dies to the world. And so by that new and wonderful life into which he is able to cast down from their dominion over him the world, the flesh, and the devil, he triumphs in the new, strange sense of power and deliverance, of which nothing else in all his past experience has enabled him to form so much as a conception.

And then, when the cross of Christ has wrought in him such conviction and such penitence, it finishes its work by giving him the spirit of a new *consecration.* He not only perceives a new light and experiences a new affection, but he takes a new service under a new Master. That Master is the Saviour who died for him on the cross, and who now lives on the throne to be his Lord and sovereign, to receive and reciprocate all his new-born love, and to employ and reward all his newly inspired obedience. To that new service he devotes himself by an oath of eternal allegiance as one who is not his own, but who is bought with a price, and who now counts it his highest joy to glorify God with body and spirit, which are his. The name which he once hated is now dearest to him! The cause which he once despised he now holds in highest honour; and the kingdom which he once persecuted and sought to overthrow he now has it for his highest ambition to build up and extend through the earth.

The cross of Christ begets a consecration surpassing any enthusiasm of humanity which the world has ever known. It is a sentiment which goes deeper into the soul, lasts longer in the life, and effects a more complete absorbing concentration of the whole power of the man upon one object and end than any enthusiasm of science, art, or business, or any sentiment of love, of patriotism, or of philanthropy which history has ever recorded or man has ever felt. The Apostle Paul declared that sentiment when he gloried in the cross. He repeated it in all his epistles, and illustrated it in the life-long ardor of that service which, from the day of his conversion under the walls of Damascus to the day of his execution under the walls of Rome, he yielded to his new Lord and Master. So have ten thousand other men since his time shown the quality and power of that same consecration; as, like him, they have left the honors of the world behind, them, and gone forth to the same life-long service, giving up all they possessed, that they might do the bidding of the Lord Jesus, counting it all joy to suffer losses and persecutions for his sake, and pouring out their blood at last, as a seal of their love to his name and their devotion to his cause and kingdom.

There is moral *power*, then, in the cross of Christ. It produces a new style of conviction, a new style of repentance, and a new style of consecration. And, because it does these things, it is a regenerating and sanctifying power, and gives a victory over the world and over sin, to which nothing else in the experience of man is equal, similar, or comparable.

Are we living a life of impenitence, and would we gain the victory over the world, over Satan, and over the power of our hearts? We must come to that cross. We must plant it within our life, and fix our whole soul upon it, until we find the new conviction, the new penitence, and the new consecration born within us.

Are we Christians, and would we do what we can, and what we ought, to recommend this transforming power of the cross to men that know it not? We must show it to them by our lives which it has transformed, and by the victories which they see us gain over those powers of the world which they themselves are not able to conquer.

THE PREY TAKEN FROM THE MIGHTY.

"Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?—Isiah xlix. 24.

"SATAN! what dost thou say?" said a Welsh minister, the Rev. John Elias, at the close of a sermon preached by him before an association of brother ministers; "'shall the prey be taken from the mighty?'—'No! never; I will increase the darkness of their mind, the hardness of their heart, the desire of their lusts, the strength of their fetters; and I will fortify my strongholds. The lawful captives shall never be delivered, nor shall the prey be taken from me. I despise and look with contempt upon the feeble efforts of these ministers.'

"Gabriel, Gabriel, messenger of the Most High, what do you think?" said the preacher in a different tone, looking reverently up to heaven; "'shall the prey be taken from the mighty?' 'Ah! I am afraid they shall not be taken. I have now been two days hovering over this vast assembly, which listens to the words of eternal life, expecting to see the chains broken asunder, and the captives liberated; but now the sermons are nearly over, and the multitudes on the point of separating; yet there is no sign that any has been saved; and I shall not have the pleasure of carrying to the heaven of heavens the news that one sinner has repented of his sins.'"

Then the servent of God turned to his fellow-preachers, asking them, "Ye ministers of the living God! what do you think? 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?' 'Alas! who hath believed our report? to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? We have laboured in vain, and we have spent our strength for nought and in vain. It seems as if the Lord hides His face from us. He has not made bare His arm to save. Ah! we fear that there is but little hope that any of these captives shall be free, or that the prey shall be taken from the mighty.'

"Zion! what dost thou say? 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?' But Zion said, 'The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. I have lost my children, and am desolate and alone; and my enemies say concerning me, This is Zion, which no one seeks. Alas! I fear none shall be saved.'

"Ye that call on the name of the Lord, what do you think? 'Shall the prey be taken from the mighty?' 'Lord God *Thou* knowest. High is thy hand, glorious in power is thy right hand. O! send forth thy power, and, by thy marvellous strength, conquer. Let the groaning of the prisoners come before Thee, and according to the excellency of Thy power, save the children of death. Though I am nearly weary crying, yet I have faint hope that the year of jubilee is nigh.'"

Then thoughtfully he looked up, as if he was going to speak with the Lord Omnipotent, modestly beseeching Him: "What is Thy thought, Lord! concerning these prisoners? 'Thus saith the Lord, Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered; for I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children.' —Blessed be God! There is no doubt nor anxiety about the deliverance of these captives; for it is absolutely declared. They shall be liberated, they shall be saved—'Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing to Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their head.'"

The foregoing passage formed the conclusion of a sermon preached at an association of ministers, by John Elias, who died in Anglesey, in the year 1814, with the reputation of being the greatest preacher in Wales—the Welsh Whitfield. His name is sacred in the Principality. In the church meetings, the old brethren repeat passages of his sermons, and quote his sayings on every subject. The effect of the delivery of the sermon quoted from, was extraordinary. Many dated their saving conversion from it; and even during the delivery, not a few were unable to restrain their shouts of joy.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

"A lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere."

Yes, it does not matter so very much where you are, as what you are. I hope it will never be your lot to be in either a prison or a workhouse. The middle of a wood at midnight cannot be a very cheerful place, and a wet, muddy road might be pleasanter; but some of you would doubtless be happier in either of those places than some people are in a well-warmed, well-lighted, and magnificent mansion.

For there are some people who cannot be happy. They have not the materials in them which go to make happiness. No matter in what circumstances you place them, they are still fretful, and discontented, and sorrowful.

If it is a beautiful day, they will pick out a cloud somewhere, and sigh that "it will perhaps be wet to-morrow." If they have a fortune left them, "it isn't so much as they expected." If they have to walk, they grow "miserably tired;" and if they go through life in a chariot, "it is very cold riding." As for a hearty, thankful expression of entire content, you never get such a thing from them, though you long for it for years.

But there are some who cannot keep unhappy, no matter how they try. They are like a cork in the water—great waves of trouble roll over them, and beat them down, and the next minute up they come again as light as ever. You tell them it is a miserable day, but they don't see it; for their eyes are fixed on a little bit of blue sky, and looking at that, they forget the miles of leaden clouds all about it. They have trouble upon trouble, but they hope on. A great loss comes and sweeps them almost away, but they go resolutely to work to get some gain that shall quite make amends for it. They are disappointed repeatedly, but they still believe that the next joy to which they look forward is certain to be all they expected. Besides you have to say a good many gloomy things before they admit that they have been really disappointed.

It is a good thing to be a philosopher, when philosophy teaches us to make the best of the ills of life. But it is better to be a Christian, and so make the best of both worlds—the world of sorrow and the world of joy, because the lessons of sorrow are very needful. It is well to bow the head sometimes and say, "I was silent because Thou didst it." It is a better way than resolutely determining that we will not care, no matter what shall come. It does us good to care, but not to be cast down; to take the Father's chastening, and grow meek and humble, but always hopeful under it; to receive His words, and nurse them in our hearts, hoping to grow thereby.

But it is no use to be children, and cry after grand houses and carriages, and throw away our toys because they are not made of gold. Of one thing let us be sure—one Father places us where it is best and most comfortable for us to remain. Let us trust to Him, for does He not know best? One day we shall be grown up, and able to understand the hard things that puzzle us now, and then I think we shall be sorry that we were not happier than we were.

PROPER OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath should be kept by attending to the exercises of divine worship and to religious improvement.

By many it is spent in indolence and listless inactivity, not to speak of gross intemperance and sensual indulgence. There is a natural and necessary connection between the right observance of the Sabbath and attendance on the sanctuary;—"Ye shall keep my sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord." This appears likewise from Isaiah 56: 6, 7, where God declares that "every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it," will be brought by Him to his "holy mountain," and be "made joyful in the house of prayer." In the prediction of the glorious state of the Church in the latter day, contained in Isaiah 66: 23, the Lord says that "from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come and worship before Him." In Luke 4: 16, we read that "as his custom was," Jesus went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day; that he then read the Scriptures publicly, and preached the gospel to the people. And the fact is stated in Acts 20: 7, that "upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them;" and the mode in which this fact is stated, shows that it was the habit of the disciples to assemble for religious purposes on the Lord's day. And all who are like-minded with them will pursue the same course, regarding it as an invaluable privilege to enter the house of God, and "the place where his honor dwells." If, when the work of creation was finished, the "morning stars sang *together*, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," how much more incumbent is it on man, instead of "forsaking the assembling of themselves *together*, as the manner of some is," to show forth unitedly in songs of gratitude and holy joy, and other acts of religious homage, "the praises of Him who hath called them out of darkness into his marvellous light." "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name *together*." And besides the exercises of public worship, those of a private domestic, and secret character, must also be attended to; and suitable religious instruction should be imparted to children and household.

Preparation should be made for the religious service of the Sabbath. Secular employments should be broken off as early as possible on the preceding day, so that all necessary arrangements may be made for entering in a becoming frame, both of body and mind, on the season of sacred rest. Alas, that society should be in such a state—that from the habit of paying the weekly wages of artisans and laborers late on Saturday evening, combined with the cupidity, procrastination, improvidence, and intemperance, which prevail to so alarming an extent, the business of life should be allowed to encroach on the hours of the Sabbath, so that instead of being astir early in the morning, multitudes are found in a state of drowsy exhaustion, and wholly unprepared for the religious duties and privileges of the Lord's day either in private or in the house of prayer. The Saturday half-holiday, if wisely appropriated, would doubtless prove an invaluable boon, and its establishment should be aimed at as an object of vast importance by all philanthropists and social reformers. It would, at all events, furnish an opportunity to those who are so disposed, for completing their family arrangements at a seasonable hour, for beginning the Sabbath with God, and for occupying their places without any difficulty in His house.

The Sabbath is a beautiful type of heaven. The inhabitants of that better country are engaged in the worship of God and the Lamb. "They are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in the temple." Such as have no enjoyment in his worship here, cannot be supposed to have any fitness for it hereafter. They are far, very far, from being prepared to stand before the throne on high, and in the company of glorified spirits, to render the tribute of everlasting praise to Him who redeemed His people by His blood. Those who spend it in carnal pleasure, have in reality no other prospect but an eternity of darkness and woe. Having shunned the society of God's people on earth, and the place where His name is recorded, when they depart they must go to their own place; for "the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous."—*Dr. Graham.*

GOOD FEELINGS.—We know a blunt old fellow who sometimes hits the nail on the head more aptly than philosophers. He once heard a man much praised for "*good feelings*." Everybody joined and said the man was possessed of excellent feelings.

"What has he done?" asked the old genius.

"He is possessed of the most benevolent feelings," was the reply.

"What has he done?" cried the old fellow again.

By this time the company thought it necessary to show some of his favorite doings. They began to cast about in their minds; but the old man still shouted, "What has he *done?*" They owned they could not name anything in particular.

"Yes," answered the cynic, "you say that he is a man that has good feelings. Now, gentlemen, let me tell you that there are people in this world who get a good name simply on account of their feelings. You can't tell one generous action they