The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,] "THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter. [Editor and Proprietor.

Vol. XIV.—No. 7. SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1867. Whole No. 683.

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

LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE.

Terms Cash.

FALL GOODS, NOVEMBER 1866.—On hand and to come—600 Wood Seat Chairs; 400 Cane Seat Chairs; 100 Wood and Cane Seat Rocking Chairs; 4 Corner Whatnots; 60 Washstands and Toilet Tables; 50 Bedsteads; 24 Tables; 10 Centre Tables; 15 Bureaus; 12 Mahogany and Walnut Sofas; 150 Looking Glasses; 30 Mattrasses, to make up; 400 lbs. Live Geese and Poultry Feathers; Towel Horses; Painted and Oak Bedroom Sets; varieties in other Furniture.

GLASSWARE.—200 dozen Lamp Chimneys; 360 Lamps, for all uses; High and Low Preserve Dishes; Butter Dishes, Sugars and Creams; Spoon Glasses, Castors, Candy Jars; Salt Cellars, &c.

On hand and to arrive per Sarah Payson, from Liverpool 300 dozen Cut and Pressed Tumblers; Wine Glasses and Champaigns; Pickle Bottles, Water Bottles, Decanters.

STONEWARE.—26 sets Colored Chamber Ware, five patterns, in store.

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nov 23. LEMONT & SON.

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J. J. CHRISTIE, 55 South side King-street.

P.S.—All orders attended to with punctuality and dispatch. J. J. C.

Dec. 5, 1861.—wpl.

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THE Subscriber offers for Sale the Property known as "WHITE'S CORNER," situated in the Village of Elmsville, Parish of Springfield, K. C., comprising a Farm containing about 70 acres of excellent LAND, under good cultivation; has a small, thriving Orchard and a well cultivated Garden; two DWELLING HOUSES, one suitable for two families, the other is large, two stories high, finished in modern style, and is entirely frost proof, and contains a STORE, where a large mercantile business has and still can be transacted profitably with a small capital. Located as the above named Property is, in the most desirable and beautiful part of the Province, for pleasure, comfort and convenience, as well as business, makes it a very desirable residence.

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For further particulars enquire of White & Bros., St. John; J. E. White & Co., Sussex Vale, or the subscriber on the premises.

may 4. W. H. WHITE.

NOVEMBER 21, 1866.

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NEW GOODS,

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Real Aberdeen Wincies,

OF ALL GRADES AND COLORS.

Coburgs, Lustres,

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Flannels, Ginghams, and

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

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Which are 20 per cent. less than Spring Prices.

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SCOTCH FINGERING, AMERICAN YARNS, AND BERLIN WOOLS—in all Colors.

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Fredericton, November 21st, 1866.

C. SALMON,

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WILL sell at very reasonable prices—Fashionable TOP COATS; Shooting COATS; Dress COATS; Reefing JACKETS; PANTS, VESTS, &c.

Also on hand—Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mitts, Shirts, Drawers, Comforters, Ties, Collars, BLANKETS, Rugs, Mattrasses, &c.

Pilot Cloths, Beavers, Witneys, Fine Cloths, Tweeds and Doeskins, made up to order, and warranted to suit in price, style and quality. nov 2.—3m

BOARDING HOUSE.

THE Subscriber offers accommodation, on the most reasonable terms, to both Permanent and Transient Boarders, in the commodious premises formerly occupied by Rev. J. Perry, situated in the alley of Charlotte street, and near the Country Market. Entrance immediately opposite Campbell's Hotel. No pains is spared to keep a quiet and comfortable House, and at as low rates as can be afforded. [nov 9.] JOHN VANWART.

The Intelligencer.

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

A MESSAGE FROM GOD TO HIS PEOPLE.

A Sermon, preached by Mr. Spurgeon, December 16th, 1866.

TEXT—"O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."—HABAKKUK, iii. 2.

(Concluded).

II. When one is thus bowed down with the voice of God, the most natural prompting of the regenerate soul is to pray; so we turn to the second part of the text, which has in it AN APPROPRIATE PRAYER. I wish I had power this morning to make you feel the weight of what I have already brought before you. I know I have not put it in such language as I should have chosen, but it seems to me to be perfectly dreadful that there should be this dying, this constant ruin, this constant spread of error, and no progress in the church. I am sure, when I heard it, if a messenger had told me that I was a beggar, that I had lost everything on earth, I would have been more pleased with such an announcement than to know that God's church had not increased by the space of twelve months. It seems to me to be a thing to mourn over, a thing to make us go to God with a humble heart, and to feel as if one had been sorely chastened by the Most High. For the Lord knoweth some of us have worked with all our might, and we hope it is not pride when we say the blame does not rest with us, and yet the question must go to us all. We must deal faithfully with ourselves, and not be flattered. We would honestly inquire, How much of this lies at my door? How much of this burden of God ought I bear to-day? Certainly enough to lead us to such prayer as that before us.

Habakkuk, being bowed down, first turns himself to God. His first word is, "O Lord." To the Most High we must carry both our own and our church's troubles. Habakkuk turns not to another prophet to ask him, "My brother, what shall we do?" but he turns to the Master, "O Lord, what wilt *thou* do?" It will be well for us to confer with one another as to the causes of defeat and the means for securing success, but all conference with flesh and blood is idle, unless it be preceded by solemn conferences with God. For God's church, God is needed; for God's work, God's own arm must be made bare. Is it not delightful to notice how heavy trials drive us to God, when we might not have gone to him else? The little child, when walking abroad runs before his father, but if he meets some strange man of whom he is afraid, he runs back and takes his father's hand directly; so should it be with us. If God had prospered all our churches, and everything had gone on as we had desired, we might perhaps have grown self-confident, and have said, "O Lord, thou hast given us power in ourselves;" but now that we see the contrary, let us run back to closer fellowship and nearer communion with our God than ever, and taking hold upon the arm of his strength, let us stir him up by our continued and fervent prayers.

Notice next, that the prayer of Habakkuk is about God's church. He knew that there were dark days coming over Palestine, but he does not pray about that land in particular. "O Lord," saith he, "revive thy work." Certain would-be prophets tell us, that many wonders will occur in 1866 and 1867, though I notice a propensity to postpone the whole business to 1877. Is this postponement intended that there may be ten years longer in which to sell their books? But whatever is to come, whether the Turkish empire is to be destroyed, or Louis Napoleon is to annex Germany, whether Rome is to be swallowed up by an earthquake, does not seem to me to matter so much as the turn of a button. The great thing to a Christian is, not the fate of earthly empires, but the state of the heavenly kingdom. As to what is to become of this principality or that empire, what have you and I to do with these things? We are the servants of a spiritual King, whose kingdom is not of this world. Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth, and break each other as they will; our business is with King Jesus and his throne. It is delightful to see the prophet rising beyond the narrow range of the Jew, getting out of the nationalities, and praying, "O Lord, revive thy work." That is the one ship we care for in the storm, that one vessel in which Jesus Christ is riding at the helm, the Captain of salvation, and the Lord High Admiral of the seas. Let the nations mix in dire confusion as they will, God ruleth over all, and bringeth out his church in triumph from all the strife of earth. The one anxiety of our souls should be the blood-stained banner of the cross; will it wave high? Will King Jesus get to himself the crown, for we have neither will nor wish beyond. So, Christian men, if you have heard God's voice in the great judgments that are abroad, let those judgments lead you to pray, "Lord, remember thy church—*thy* church—thy church in England, thy church in America, thy church in France, thy church in Germany, thy church anywhere, thy church everywhere. O God, look upon thine elect ones; let the separate ones, scattered through all nations, receive of thy benediction; as for all else, in Providence, we leave it to thy will, for thou knowest what is best."

Observe next, that the prophet uses a word which is singularly discriminative: "O Lord, revive *thy* work." He does not say, "Lord, prosper *thy* work." How often do I go to God in concern about the work that is going on in this Tabernacle! I am thankful for all the blessings we have seen, and I grow increasingly anxious lest the Lord should withdraw his hand; but when one looks abroad upon the world, and upon all the Lord's people in different denominations, one cannot pray, "O Lord, prosper *my* work;" at least one *can* pray that, and then cover that over with another—"O Lord, revive *thy* work." For what about my work? Well, as far as it is mine it is very faulty. And what about the work of the Baptists? Well, there is doubtless very much that is wrong about it. And what about the work of the Methodists, and the work of the Congregationalists, and so on? May God prosper them according as they walk in his truth! but the way to come to the core of our prayer is to cry, "O Lord, revive *thy* work; whatever is of thee, whatever is thy truth, whatever is thy Spirit's work in the hearts of men, whatever is genuine conversion and vital godliness—Lord, revive it." Cannot you, dear friends, in the presence of death which we have been speaking of, and in the presence of judgment, and in the presence of the fact that the Christian church has not been increased these twelve months, shake off all the bitterness of everything that has to do with self, or with party, "Lord, revive *thy* work, and if thy work happen to be more in one branch of the church than in another, Lord give that the most reviving. Give us all the blessings, but do let thine own purposes be accomplished, and thine own glory come of it, and we shall be well content, though we should be forgotton and unknown. 'O Lord, revive *thy* work.'"

Note that the particular blessing he asks for is a revival of God's [illegible] time that there should be a revival of the old gospel preaching. We must have it back. It comes to this,—our ministers must return to the same gospel which John Bunyan and George Whitefield preached. We cannot get on with philosophical gospels; we must bring together all these new geological gospels and neological gospels, and semi-Pelagian gospels, and do with them as the people of Ephesus did with the books—we must burn them, and let Paul preach again to us. We can do without modern learning, but we cannot do without the ancient gospel. We can do without oratory and eloquence, but we cannot do without Christ crucified. Lord, revive thy work by giving us the old-fashioned gospel back again in our pulpits. It is to be lamented that there are so many who are considered not to be bad preachers who scarcely ever mention Christ's name, and are very loose concerning atonement by his precious blood. You will hear people say they have gone to such and such a chapel, and whatever the sermon might have been about, it certainly was not about the gospel. Oh may that cease to be the case! May our pulpits ring with the name of Jesus; may Christ be lifted up, and his precious blood be the daily theme of the ministry! Oh that thousands might be brought to put their trust in the Lamb slain, and to find salvation by faith in him whom God has appointed to be the Saviour of men!

This, however, would not bring back a revival unless there came with it a revival of the gospel spirit. If you read the story of the Reformation, or the later story of the new Reformation under Whitefield and Wesley, you are struck with the singular spirit that went with the preachers. The world said they were mad; the caricaturists drew them as being fanatical beyond all endurance; but there it was, their zeal was their power. Of course the world scoffed at that of which it was afraid. The world fears enthusiasm, the sacred enthusiasm which love to Christ kindles, the enthusiasm which is kindled by the thought of the ruin of men and by the desire to pluck the firebrands from the flame, the enthusiasm which believes in the Holy Ghost, which believes that God is still present with his church to do wonders; this is what the world dreads, and what the church wants. Pray for it, pray to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire. O Lord, send forth this unconquerable spirit! O God, revive thy work!

You perceive that the prophet desires this boon at once. He does not say, "*at the end* of the years," but "*in the midst* of the years;" his prayer is for a present and immediate revival of genuine religion. Let it be ours, not from the teeth outward but from the heart outward, to pray for revival; let us long for it with heart and soul and strength, and God will give it to us. Once more note that the prayer of Habakkuk is a very intelligent one, for he indicates the means by which he expects to have it fulfilled; in the midst of the years *make known*. It is by making known the gospel that men are saved, not by mere thumping of the pulpit and stamping of the foot, but by telling out something which the understanding may grasp and the memory may retain. To publish the doctrine of a reconciled God, to tell men that the Lord has laid help upon Jesus by punishing him instead of us; to proclaim that there is life in a look at the Crucified One, to tell them that the Holy Ghost creates men new creatures in Christ Jesus, to give a full and comprehensive view of the doctrines of grace; this is one of the surest ways, under God, of promoting a revival of religion.

I cannot talk to you, but I think I could pray to God, and I hope many of you will do so to-day. O God, send us a revival; this will purge the blood of souls from our skirts, nothing else will. This will roll back the tides of error, nothing else can. This will give to the Christian church triumph of an unusual kind; this will cover the earth with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the deep, but nothing else can or will. Thou gracious God, revive thy work.

TEMPTATION AND VICTORY.

One night at a late hour, Dr. Bentley was disturbed at his studies by a rattling sound among some wood, which, sawed and split, had been left by the teamster, the afternoon previous, too late to be properly housed. He arose, went cautiously to the window, and saw a woman filling her apron with wood, which she hastily carried away. He resumed his seat, and commenced his study. Shortly after, the same noise occurred; and on looking out a second time, he saw a similar operation; the woman filling her great apron to the utmost limits of its capacity. When she had gone, he returned to his book with a tender pity in his heart for a destitution which sought relief in this sinful manner.

By and by he was startled by a heavy crash of falling wood; and, hurrying up to the window, beheld the poor woman casting the very dust of the wood from her apron. He remained motionless, his gentle heart filled with commiseration. She swiftly departed, and soon returned heavily laden with the wood, which she threw on the pile as if it were the "accursed thing."

The doctor's compassion and curiosity were now intensely excited. He followed her retreating figure till he discovered her residence, and thus ascertained who she was. *What* she was, was no mystery to him. The last hour had shown him this. He called early the next morning on Mr. B——, the wood dealer, and directed him to send half a cord of his best wood, sawed and split, to Mrs. ——, but by no means to let her know from whom it came; which was readily promised. Mr. B——'s teamster, who happened to be within ear-shot, though out of sight, was not so bound [illegible] and, when he tipped the wood in [illegible] poor widow's yard, replied to [illegible] inquiry, who had sent it, by re[illegible] the conversation he had overheard.

The conscience-stricken mother, feeling that her sin and repentance, in the lonely darkness of that midnight hour, were known and understood by another heart beside her own, hastened without delay to the house of the benevolent man, to express her gratitude and her sorrow; and with deep humility and bitterness, told him the temptation to which her extreme poverty had reduced her, of breaking the eighth commandment.

"Though my house was dark and cold, though my heart was wrung with anguish at the sight of my poor shivering little ones, I could not keep it; my conscience would not let me."

"Say no more, my dear madam," said the good man. "I saw you conquer the devil in two fair [illegible]."

The foregoing narrative, which we owe to an American source, suggests several reflections. The Christian is not the man who is never tempted, but the man who endures and overcomes temptation. Let us not judge harshly one who for a season seems to fall. Let us rather consider ourselves, lest we also be tempted; and, if we are spiritual, let us "restore such a one in the spirit of meekness." The most advanced and holiest Christian is the one who will sympathize most with the struggling soul.

There is One, who "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." The Holy Saviour is thus able to have a fellow-feeling with his people in their time of trial. How sweet this thought! How precious the truth that the compassion that pities the sinner, and the power that can effectually succour him, dwell in the same heart with the holiness that hates sin with a perfect hatred! Many a soul that under sore temptation has been constrained to cry, "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me?" has, after victory obtained, to exclaim, "I thank God, through Christ Jesus my Lord."

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

Blessed, O! blessed is the man or woman that dwells in love; for he that dwells in love, dwells in God. And believe it, His love needs no epistle of commendation.

Come, all Christians, and spread forth all your experiences and manifestations of his love, and declare all that you ever heard or read of it:—there is yet an unfound world of his love. O! angels, that live among the treasure, tell the weight and measure of his love if ye can;—take the stars of heaven to be your counters, add all drops that are in the sea, the grains of sand that are on the shore, and the piles of grass that are in the earth;—sit down (for ye cannot stand till ye have done) and sum the count of his love. No, no, give it over, give it over; it cannot be summed. Men and angels may wonder and wonder in the depth of it; but the depth of it cannot be believed to the full. "O the height and depth!"

O friends! for Christ's sake, struggle in to the royal banquet of his love. Eat and drink abundantly, and welcome! O strangers! come and taste. O incarnate devils (while ye are yet incarnate), come and taste! There is hope, there is hope. I do declare it, a tasting of it can make saints of devils.

O! pray much, that faith may be to you the evidence of things not seen, which represents things past and to come as present. Suppose yourself to have seen him tempted and carried here and there by the devil; suppose yourself to have been with him in the garden, or standing under the cross; and let your soul cry out, "What manner of love is this!" When sinless nature did sinlessly shudder at the infinite ugsomeness of the cup of wrath,—"Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" then, even then, love set all the wheels of desire at work to drink it out for sinners:—"With desire have I desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." Suppose he had been asked, Lord, what moveth thee so innocently to suffer all this? he would have answered, Love, love, love to sinners. But is it for such a lost worm?—such a man by name and surname?—such a woman by name and surname? Yes, yes, yes. When justice came with a direful stroke of infinite wrath to your poor soul and mine, the blessed Lord did interpose his blessed soul to receive the blow, and crieth Justice, strike here! pointing at his own heart, by whose stripes we were healed. O dear friend! wrap yourself, O! wrap yourself in this sea of salvation.—*From a letter of John Livingstone of Ancrum, 17th century.*

THE SEA-CAPTAIN.

The following narrative furnishes one out of countless cases that might be found illustrative of the general principle of an article which we have given elsewhere, entitled "Diversities of Operation."

A minister of the gospel from America was travelling in Europe. He was spending a few days in Genoa. On Saturday an English gentleman called and said, somewhat abruptly, "Are you the American minister?"

"I am an American minister," was the reply.

"Capt. D. wants you to preach on board his ship to-morrow."

"Where does the ship lie?"

"In the bay, about half a mile off. I'll call for you, and take you out in my boat."

In the morning he fulfilled his promise, and the minister preached to the ship's crew, and two or three Englishmen who were passing the Sabbath in the city.

During the ensuing week he met Capt. D., and learned something of his history. He was the son of a pious mother. His father died when he was an infant. The lack of a father's authority led to association with idle and vicious boys, and when he was about fifteen years old, he ran away and went to sea. He suffered many hardships, and became a very wicked man. He became so hardened that he lost all fear of the future. He was once shipwrecked, and, like Paul, was a day and a night in the deep, with no prospect of relief; and yet he said had no thoughts or fears relating to a future life while drifting helplessly on a part of the wreck. A vessel picked them up and took care of them. As he lay in his be[illegible] recovering from his exhaustion, it [illegible] their re- into his mind that God sent the course in conse- lief. The ship was [illegible] of the man at the quence of the inattention of the officer of the wheel. The thought that God had sent the vessel to save him remained fixed in his mind, and gradually awakened a feeling of gratitude. "My new life," said he, "began unlike that of those who have told me their experience. It began with a feeling of gratitude. I felt thankful to God for saving my life; and the more thankful I felt the more I desired to do something to show my thankfulness. That led me to inquire, like Paul, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? As soon as I was able, I got a Bible, and read it, to know what I could do to show my gratitude. I found I must be holy; and I tried to be holy, and didn't succeed. In vainly trying to be holy, I found out what a wicked heart I had, and I was obliged to tell the Lord, that if he wanted me to do anything to show my gratitude he must give me a heart to do it. I never felt that distress for sin that some have felt; but I thoroughly felt the need of a new heart, and of [illegible] Christ. I have sometimes doubted whether I was a Christian, because I have never felt that sense of sin and distress in view of it that so great a sinner ought to feel."

"You have felt that you were a great sinner?"

"Yes, indeed; a view of God's goodness and of my own unworthiness seemed to be one and the same thing."

"Do you endeavour to get pious men for your crew?"

"No; but I always tell them we have no swearing on board. I have never made a voyage since I was master without witnessing one or more hopeful conversions during the voyage. There is one man studying for the ministry who was converted on board my ship about four years ago."

Further intercourse, during a voyage from Genoa to Palmero, convinced the minister that the captain was one of the holiest of men.

Some two years afterwards he sailed from an eastern port, and was never heard of more.

"GOD OF MY MOTHER."

An infidel of talent and outward respectability, under the power of truth, bowed upon his knees, and cried in agony, "God of my mother, have mercy on me!" His mother was a devoted Christian woman.

"God of my mother!" how much is revealed in that single word! How conclusively it proves that this man had a mother whose faithfulness left an impression on his soul too deep to be effaced even by time and sin.

"Save the son of thine handmaid," cried king David unto God. It was a comfort to him to know that he was the son of a godly mother, who had consecrated him to God in infancy, had prayed for him and with him in childhood, and had sought to train him up in ways of piety. Although this godly mother had long been dead, the royal Psalmist pleads with God to remember him in mercy as the child of prayers and of covenant engagements. And no doubt every pious man and woman, born of a godly and faithful mother has experienced something of David's feelings and been in some degree a partaker of his comfort.

What an inestimable blessing is a pious and faithful mother to any one. However unseen may be the results of her labors, those labors never are without blessed results in the case of every one of her children. Those who may become children of God in after life, will always rejoice to acknowledge her silent and powerful influence as one of God's chief agencies in accomplishing the result. Even those who may never become disciples of Jesus will be restrained by that influence from entering upon courses of vice and transgression, in which they might otherwise have become bold, bad men.

The writer of this article lost his mother at the early age of twelve years, but never can he forget her calling him to sit upon a stool at her feet, while he committed to memory the Shorter Catechism or an appointed hymn. Never can he forget kneeling by her side every evening, before he was dismissed to bed, while he repeated aloud his simple prayer to "our Father, which art in heaven." Long years passed away after her form was laid in the grave, before he was brought to embrace Christ as his Saviour. Through all those years he was nearly without thought or concern about his soul's salvation. He was surrounded by worldly companions, and was tempted to enter various paths of sinful enjoyment. But when once the Spirit of God began to work upon his soul, the memory of his mother came up fresh and strong upon him, and he felt that her happy influence, although unrecognized at the time, had hindered him from many an evil thing.

My young readers, love your mothers and honor them. Your mother is to you one of the most inestimable boons God has ever given you. Perhaps next to the blessed Saviour, she is one of the best gifts even God *could* give you.—*Sunday-School Visitor.*

DIVERSITIES OF OPERATION.

"Have I ever been converted?" is a question asked at times by almost every Christian. There are times when the conscious estrangement of the soul from God constrains the utterance of this question. Some think that, in order to give an affirmatory answer to this question, their experience must quadrate with that recorded in some book, or the process that is dwelt upon by some preacher of the gospel. Most men have their theories of conversion, and they expect all true conversions to illustrate their theory.

The Agent of conversion is, in all cases, the same. The Holy Spirit alone can convert a sinful soul. But the mode of divine operation is different in different souls. The instrumentality of different truths is used in different cases; and while there are certain states of mind experienced by all converted souls, those states are not always produced by the same instrumental causes, do not occur in the same order, and have not the same intensity.

The evidence of being a Christian should not be sought solely in the exercises connected with the supposed period of conversion [illegible] need be no [illegible] of the whole life. If there are [illegible] the obscurity that with Christ in the [illegible] origin of that union. Dr. Chal[illegible] trouble felt [illegible] remarks, in a letter to a friend:—"When you read books upon the subject of conversion, you see a certain process assigned, and in such a confident and authoritative way, too, that you are apt to conceive that this is the very process, and that there can be no other. I compare it with my own history and my own resolutions, and am apt to be alarmed at the want of correspondence in a good many particulars. Scott's *Force of Truth* is an example; Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* another; and last, though not least, the *Pilgrim's Progress*. I pronounce them all to be excellent, and that there are many exemplifications of such as they describe. But the process is not authoritative, nor is it universal. The Spirit taketh its own way with each individual, and you know it only by its fruits. I cannot say of myself that I ever felt a state of mind corresponding to John Bunyan's Slough of Despond. Indeed, I blame myself most sincerely that I cannot excite in my heart a high conception enough of sin in all its malignity. I hope I have the conviction, but I cannot command the degree of emotion I should like; and, in the hardness of a heart not so tenderly alive as it ought to [illegible] of trampling on him, I feel how far, [illegible] the enormity I am at this moment from [illegible] and very far, stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus our Lord. Now, what am I to infer from this?—That I have not yet surmounted the impassable barrier which stands between me and the gate of life? So one would suppose from John Bunyan, and so I would suppose myself, were it not for the kind assurance of my Saviour, whose every testimony is truth, and every tone is tenderness, 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' This is my firm hold, and I will not let it go. I sicken at all my own imperfect preparations. I take one decisive and immediate step, and resign my all to the sufficiency of the Saviour."

No man should make another man's experience the standard of judgment. In seeking for answers to the question, Have I been converted? let him look for evidence of the fruit of the Spirit in his daily life. One of the most godly men the writer ever knew could give no other account of his conversion than this:—"I saw that it was a very reasonable thing to serve God, and I was led to give myself to his service." He seemed to have had none of those emotions of distress and remorse and rapture which some relate. His conviction of the evil of sin, and of the helplessness of man, seemed to grow up gradually as he went forward in his Christian course.—*New York Examiner.*

THE NEGLECTED TREASURE.

A traveller one day called at a cottage to ask for a drink of water; entering, he found the parents quarrelling and cursing, and the children crouching in a corner trembling. Wherever he looked, he saw only marks of degradation and poverty. Greeting the inmates, he said, "Dear friends, why do you make your house so like hell?"

"Ah, sir," said the man, "you don't know the life and trials of a poor man, when—do what you can—everything goes wrong."

The stranger drank the water; and then said softly (as he noticed a dusty Bible in a dark corner), "Dear friends! I know what would help you, if you could find it. There is a treasure concealed in your house: search for it."

And so he left them.

The cottagers at first thought it a jest; but after a while they began to reflect. When the woman went out, therefore, to gather sticks, the man began to search, and even to dig, that he might find the treasure. When the man was away, the woman did the same. Still they found nothing; increasing poverty brought only more quarrels, discontent, and strife.

One day, as the woman was left alone, she was thinking upon the stranger, when her eye fell on the old Bible. It had been a gift from her mother, but since her death had been long unheeded and unused.

A strange foreboding seized her mind. Could it be this the stranger meant? She took it from the shelf, opened it, and found this verse inscribed on the title-page in her mother's own handwriting, "The law of Thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver." It cut her to the heart. "Ah!" thought she, "this is the treasure, then, we have been seeking in vain." Her tears fell fast upon the leaves.

From that time she read the Bible every day, and prayed, and taught the children to pray; but without her husband's knowing it. One day he came home as usual, quarrelling and in a rage. Instead of meeting his angry words with angry replies, she spoke to him meekly and kindly, "Husband," said she, "we have sinned grievously; we have ourselves to blame for all our misery, and we must now lead a different life." He looked amazed. "What do you say?" was his exclamation. She brought the old Bible; and, sobbing, cried, "There is the treasure. See, I have found it!"

So time went on.

It was a year, after that the stranger returned that way. Seeing the cottage, he remembered the circumstances of his visit, and thought he would call again. He did so; and found the cottage the picture of neatness and cleanliness. He entered, saying, "How are you, my good people?" Then they recognised him, but for a time could not speak; at length they cried, "Thanks, dear sir! thanks! we have found your treasure. Now the blessing of God dwells in our house, and His peace in our hearts." And that it was so, the happy faces of both parents and children fully proved.

The psalmist David said he prized God's Word above thousands of gold and silver. Well he might; for it is much more precious; wherever it is sent it conveys riches—

"Riches beyond what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind."

Happy are you dear reader, if you take the Bible as your guide, and lovingly say—

"Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure thou art mine;
Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a Saviour's [illegible]

[illegible] have no Bible.

Think, also, how [illegible] help in sending out this poor and [illegible]—*Monthly Messenger.*

THANKS IN THE RIGHT ORDER.—In my parish (of East Hampton, Long Island) there were some Indians of the Mohawk tribe, though not belonging to my congregation. They had missionaries among them, who were supplied from New England. I used to go, however, twice a year at least, and preach to them. I was acquainted with a number of pious ones, chiefly women—about a dozen at first. There was a pious squaw who used to come up when we were killing things before Thanksgiving, and gather up offals, liver, lights, &c. She was picking round Colonel Gardener's barn. "Come here, Betty," says Colonel Gardener, and packed her basket full of good solid meat, and handed it to her. She looked up in silent astonishment; could not believe her eyes, or