

# The Religious Anteligenec.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. XV.—No. 39.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1868.

Whole No. 767.

## Spring Importation.

## The Anteligenec.

MAY 1868.

SHERATON & CO.,  
Fredericton.

ARE NOW RECEIVING THEIR  
SPRING STOCK OF  
NEW GOODS,  
COMPRISING A  
General Assortment  
OF

DRY GOODS,  
Carpetings,  
MATTINGS,  
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,  
DAMASKS,  
WINDOW POLES,  
CORNICES,

And every other description of  
House Furnishing Goods.

SHERATON & CO.,  
Queen Street,  
Fredericton, May 23, 1868.

APRIL 16, 1868.

ALBION HOUSE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Fredericton, May 23, 1868.

Large Stock  
OF  
NEW GOODS,  
Comprising a General Assortment,  
Selected Especially for this  
HOUSE,

IN THE  
ENGLISH MARKETS.

WE SELL AT  
ONE PRICE,  
AND THAT A  
LOW PRICE,

Therefore We invite with confidence all Buyers of  
DRY GOODS,  
to give us a Call.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, April 24, 1868.

## MISSIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY MRS. V. G. HANNEY.

THE MISSION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

A little more than thirty years ago, a movement was made by the American Board to establish missions in South Africa. They were moved to the step by the earnest solicitations of Rev. Dr. Phillips, superintendent of the Missions of the London Missionary Society in that country. On the 3rd of December, 1834, five ordained missionaries and a physician, accompanied by their wives, sailed from Boston, and on the 8th of February they landed at Cape Town.

Three of them, Messrs. Lindley, Wilson, and Venable were expected to locate in the interior. Accordingly, on the 19th of March, they started on their journey in three ox-wagons, with twelve yoke of oxen attached to each. They were accompanied by Mr. Wright of the London Society stationed at Griqua Town. They reached that place on the 16th of May after a journey of six hundred miles. There, about half the distance to their place of destination, they rested several months with their English brethren, recruiting themselves and their oxen, and studying the native language.

On the 22nd of January, 1836, they moved forward, and in June they took up their abode with their families at Moska, within a few miles of the ridge which divides the waters flowing into the Indian and Atlantic oceans. They were kindly received by Moskatis, the chief, who had been favorably impressed by a visit from Mr. Moffat, and they commenced their work with a devoted spirit and high hopes of success. But they were hardly settled when they were taken down with fever, or, after another, and on the 18th of September, Mrs. Wilson was called from her work to the rest which remains for the people of God. "Tell my mother and sister," she said, "that I never regretted coming to Africa."

They had scarcely recovered from this visitation of sickness, when the Dutch farmers, who had been plundered of their cattle by Moskatis, invaded his country, destroyed fourteen villages, killed great numbers of his people, and carried away more than 6000 head of cattle. They threatened to return, and advised the missionaries to leave the country, which under the circumstances, they felt obliged to do. Their situation was most trying. They had crossed the Atlantic, and travelled eleven hundred miles through an inhospitable and sometimes desert country to reach this place, and now their hopes of usefulness were blasted in the bud, and they must return and suffer again the perils and fatigues of that terrible journey. They started for Port Natal to join their brethren there, and being unacquainted with the passes through the mountains, they travelled thirteen hundred miles in ox-wagons to reach that place. Then they joined their brethren, Messrs. Grant, Champion and Adams, who were laboring among the Zulus in that region. They too had had trials and sorrows. They had been detained at Cape Town by a war between the Colony and the Kaffirs. Mrs. Grant had sickened and died before they reached their field of labor. But after many hardships and a journey of six hundred miles, they reached the chief, Kheiso, and were cordially received by Dugan, the chief. He had learned of the arrival of the brethren from the interior; they felt that their prospects were full of hope and encouragement.

Early in 1838, all their cheering prospects were suddenly shrouded in gloom. The Dutch farmers, or Boers, as they are called, disaffected toward the English Government because of the emancipation of slaves in the colony, and hoping to establish a slaveholding republic around Port Natal, had flocked thither in considerable numbers, and conflicts between them and the natives became so frequent and serious, that the missionaries deemed it necessary to leave the country for a while.

Quiet being restored they returned in 1839, but so repeated had been the disasters, and so discouraging were the prospects that, in 1843, the Prudential Committee decided to abandon the mission field, and orders were despatched to the missionaries to return home. About this time Natal passed under the government of Great Britain, and before the unwelcome instructions were received, their prospects began to brighten. Encouraged by the missionaries of other societies not to abandon the field at this crisis, they remained till the committee could be informed of the change of circumstances, when the order to return was gladly countermanded.

This was the commencement of better days to this mission. The Government gave encouragement to the missionaries and protection to the natives, who, secure from the tumults of war, began to give heed to the great truths which were proclaimed to them. In 1845, after eleven years of toil, Mr. Grant baptized the first convert, and in 1846, a reinforcement of nine new missionaries and their wives entered the field.

We cannot follow the history of this mission, which, since the above date, has been interesting and prosperous. We will glance at its present condition and prospects, which will impress us with the value of the work which has been accomplished, and awaken hopes of still greater things. There are now eleven stations where native churches have been gathered with a membership of 365. At several stations they have substantial and comfortable brick churches which the natives have built. The self-sacrificing zeal with which they have accomplished these works, shows how highly they prize the privileges of the gospel, and may well teach a useful lesson to the selfishness and indifference of many professed Christians in our land. A chapel was erected at Amazimotote. The male members of the church numbered twenty-three. They were not only engaged in their own work, but they were strong in their new love for Christ, and they resolved to build him a house. They agreed to contribute two months labor each. They laid up the timber and drew it twenty miles. They laid up the walls. When the two months had expired the work was not completed, and they worked on till it was done. This house is 60 by 30 feet, comfortably finished and furnished.

Mr. Grant is the only one remaining of the twelve who were sent to commence this mission. He was three times driven away from the stations where he tried to establish himself. His life was often in peril and he has seen the natives murdered without mercy, because they were suspected by their chief of favoring Christianity. Now he

preaches to a peaceful and happy congregation of 400, more than half of whom are in the Sabbath School. His church numbers 97. He has a house of worship 70 by 35 feet, built of brick and roofed with galvanized sheet iron, which his people have erected by the avails of sugar cane which they have grown and manufactured into sugar. A village of forty neat and comfortable houses has grown up around him, where morning and evening the voice of thanksgiving and praise ascends to God. With what satisfaction he looks back on the past, we may learn from the following extract from one of his letters. He writes: "When we left America thirty years ago, everything about our mission was so unpromising that somebody called us fools. If I was a fool in the eyes of some men, yet called and sent of God as I believed, I have lived to see in this work of a hundred fold more than I ever dreamed that I might effect in a long life. If I have suffered, I can say I have suffered less than I expected and have enjoyed a hundred fold more. Every promise of God has been fulfilled to me, and I would not to-day change my situation with my most gifted classmate."

A home missionary society has been organized among these native churches, which now supports several teachers and preachers in destitute places around them. Some of these native preachers are men of piety and promise, and their labors are greatly blessed among their people. If the liberality of these people is a measure of their love, they surely love much, for like the widow of old, they sometimes cast their all into the treasury of the Lord.

The following extract written but a few months ago describes a Yearly Meeting of the native Christians at Unvoti: "There are five wagon loads from Amazimotote, three from Liumi, three from Inanda, and one from Unvoti, beside many on foot and on horse back. There must be 700 people here. They meet in the morning at seven, then again at twelve, and in the evening at half-past six. Their missionary gifts thus far, and I think they have not finished, are \$350 and twenty cattle. In the village all is so pretty; the houses are full of people all so neat and cheerful. Their tables are spread forth with meats, potatoes, beans, bread and coffee; with table cloths and dishes, and everything is so nice that you would be quite willing to eat with them. I wish I could give you an idea of the meetings—such fine speaking—such volume of sound as they sing. It was very touching to me to look on this great congregation and think of the history of one and another. Here are women who had been nearly killed because they wished to be Christians—one who was wounded by seven spears and would not give up; and men who had suffered all sorts of trials for Christ's sake. Ah! many of them have thrilling histories, and their suffering and their faith are not forgotten before God."

With these results before us, we must acknowledge that the mission of the American Board has been abundantly owned and blessed of God.—*Star.*

## SUFFERING AND DISCIPLINE OF MADAME GUYON.

A wonderful instance of faith, recognizing unflinchingly the right of God to act, and the exhibition of his wisdom and goodness in deep and varied trials, will be found in the following extract, from the life of Madame Guyon. Dim and confused as was her view of the true believer in Christ, how much does her resignation, her faith, shame the impatience and distrust of many a true and faithful child of God!

The first thing He did to smite her beauty with that dreadful scourge, the small-pox. The summer was over; her ear no longer listened to the waters of the Loire; the festivities of St. Cloud and Paris had passed away. On the 4th of October, 1670, the blow came upon her like lightning from heaven. This dreadful disease was not then shorn of its terrors by that merciful Providence, which directed the philosophical mind of Jenner to the discovery of its wonderful preventive. And she was thus smitten when she was a little more than twenty years of age. When it was discovered that the hand of the Lord was thus upon her, her friends exhibited great emotion. They came around her bedside, and almost forgetting that her life was in danger, deplored in feeling language the mysterious and fatal attack, which was thus made upon charms which had been so much celebrated.

"About this time I fell under this disease," she says, "I remembered those animals destined for slaughter, which, on certain days, they adorn with greens and flowers, and bring in pomp into the city before they kill them. All who saw me said they had never seen such a spectacle. But this devastating without was counterbalanced by peace within. My soul was kept in a state of contentment greater than can be expressed. Reminded continually of one of the causes of my religious trials and falls, I indulged the hope of regaining my inward liberty by the loss of that outward beauty which had been my grief. This view of my condition rendered my soul satisfied, that it would not have exchanged its condition for that of the most happy prince in the world."

"Every one thought I should be inconsolable. Several of my friends came around me, and gave utterance to their regret and sympathy, in view of my sad condition. As I lay in my bed, suffering the total deprivation of that which had been a source to my pride, I experienced a joy unspeakable. I praised God in profound silence. None ever heard any complaints from me, either of my pains, or of the loss which I sustained. Thankfully I received anything as from God's hand; and I did not hesitate to say to those who expressed their regret and sympathy, that I rejoiced at that in which they found so much cause of lamentation."

"When I had so far recovered as to be able to sit up in my bed, I ordered a mirror to be brought, and indulged my curiosity so far as to view myself in it. I was no longer what I was once. It was then that I saw that my heavenly Father had been most faithful in His work, but had ordered the sacrifice in all its reality. Some persons sent me a sort of pomatum, which they said would have the effect of filling up the hollows of the small-pox and restoring my complexion. I had myself seen wonderful effects from it upon others; and the first impulse of my mind was to test its merits in my own case. But God, jealous of His work, would not suffer it. The inward voice spoke, 'There was something in my heart which said, 'It

I would have had this fair, I would have left these as thou wert.'"

"Fearful of offending God, by setting myself against the designs of His Providence, I was obliged to lay aside the remedies which were brought me. I was under the necessity of going into the open air, which made the hollows of my face worse. As soon as I was able, I did not hesitate to go into the streets and places where I had been accustomed to previously, in order that my humiliation might triumph in the very places where my unholy pride had been exalted."

"During these afflictions, the trials in connection with my husband's family continued. At the commencement of my sickness, I was so much neglected by my mother-in-law, that I was on the point of dying for the want of succor. Such was the state of my husband's health at this time, that I was necessarily left, in a great degree, to her care. She would not allow any physician but her own to prescribe for me; and yet, she did not send for him for some time, although he was within a day's journey of us. He came at last, when I had providentially received some assistance from another source, and when he could be of but little service to me. In this extremity I opened my mouth to request any human succor; I looked for life or death from the hand of God, without testifying the least uneasiness at so strange a course of conduct. The peace I enjoyed within, on account of that perfect resignation in which God kept me by His grace, was so great that it made me forget myself, in the midst of such violent maladies and pressing dangers."

"And, if it was thus in my sickness, it could not well be expected that my mother-in-law would exhibit any more favorable dispositions after my recovery. She did not cease at all in her unkind efforts to alienate my husband's affections from me. And now, as God had smitten and taken away whatever there was of beauty in my countenance, he seemed to be more susceptible than ever of any unfavorable impressions. In consequence, the persons who spoke to him in my disadvantage, finding themselves more listened to than formerly, repeated their attacks upon me more frequently and more boldly. Others changed, but God did not change. Thus only, O my God! I remain the same. They did not smite me without, but did not cease to bless me within. In augmenting my exterior crosses, Thou didst not cease to increase my inward graces and happiness."

But the work of God was not yet accomplished. If He had smitten and demolished one dead idol, there were others which remained. God had given her two sons. The eldest was in the sixth year; the youngest in the fourth year of his age. She loved them both; but one was especially the son of her affections. The eldest she loved with some alternations of feeling, and in deep sorrow. The same causes, which operated to disturb and alienate her husband's affections, had their influence here. The second son was not so injured. In the favorable opening of his first affections and intellect, he filled the measures of a mother's fondness and hopes. Her heart was fixed upon him. But God, who knew on which side danger lay, took her Jacob, and left her Esau.

He was seized with the same terrible disease. "This blow," she says, "struck me to the heart. I was overwhelmed; but God gave me strength in my weakness. I loved my young boy tenderly; but, though I was greatly afflicted at his death, I saw the hand of the Lord so clearly that I shed no tears. I offered him up to God, and said, in the language of Job, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be His name.' After that her father died; then her daughter."

Another affliction was near at hand. He who gives himself to God, to experience under His hand the transformation of sanctifying grace, must be willing to give up all objects, however dear they may be, which he does not hold in strict subordination to the claims of Divine love, and which he does not love in, and for, God alone. The sanctification of the heart, in the strict and full sense of the term, is inconsistent with a divided and wandering affection. A misplaced love, whether it be wrong in its degree or object, is as really, though apparently not so, odiously, sinful as a misplaced hatred.

She had a daughter, an only daughter,—young, it is true; only three years of age, or but a little more than three years of age,—and yet, in her own language, "As dearly beloved as she was truly beautiful." "This little daughter," says the mother, "had great beauty of person; and the graces of the body were equalled by those of the mind, so that a person must have been sensible, both to beauty and to merit, not to have loved her. Young as she was, she had a perception of religious things, and seems to have loved God, in an extraordinary manner. Often I have found her in some retired place, in some corner, praying. It was her habit, whenever she saw me at prayer, to come and join with me; and if at any time she discovered that I had been praying without her, fearing that something was lost, she would weep bitterly, and exclaim in her sorrow, 'Ah, mother, you pray, but I do not pray.' When we were alone, if she saw my eyes closed, as would naturally be the case in my seasons of inward recollection, she would whisper, 'Are you asleep?' and then would cry out, 'Ah, no! you are praying to our dear Jesus,' and dropping on her knees before me, she would begin to pray too."

"So strongly did she express her desire and determination to give herself to the Lord, and to be one with Him in spirit, that it gave occasion for reproach on the part of her grandmother. But still she could not be prevailed upon to alter her expressions. She was very dutiful,—many were her endearments,—and she was innocent and modest as a little angel. Her father doted on her. To her mother she was endeared much more by the qualities of her heart, than those of her beautiful person. I look upon her as my great, and almost my only consolation on earth; for she had as much affection for me as her surviving brother, who had been subjected to the most unhappy influences, had aversion and contempt. She died of an unreasonable bleeding. But what shall I say—she died by the hands of Him who was pleased to strip me of all."—*Ch. Witness.*

Some old quaint writer has said, "Dead fish go down with the stream. It is only live fish that swim against it." Let all Christians head up against "all ungodliness and worldly lusts," and live "soberly, righteously, and godly" in this present world.

## THE CALL FOR PULPIT STRENGTH.

"They want a giant for their minister."

Not long since I received a letter from a Christian brother, in which this sentence was used concerning a church that had no pastor. We read of literal giants, but do not learn that they are, or ever have been peculiarly fitted for the Christian ministry because they were giants. It is true that a good physical development, a strong constitution and sound health, are quite important for the minister; but they are not yet considered indispensable. It was not in this sense that the phrase was used. Webster was, as it used to be said, "a man of giant intellect," but I suppose that no one ever thought that that fitted him to preach Christ to the people. His natural and acquired mental power was not a sufficient qualification for so high and holy a calling. Some men are masters of oratory and rhetoric; they have great power over a congregation whenever they speak, and may be called giants in oratory, but it is certain that they would not be "giants in the pulpit." If the excellency of the power be of God and not of man, these desirable qualifications are not all that is essential to ministerial success. Perhaps all that was intended by the description at the head of this article might be expressed in the shorter phrase, "a smart young man."

This term "smart" is a very ambiguous one, for what one would call smart another would think extremely weak and puerile, so different are the judgments and tastes of mankind. What is desired by many, is a minister that unites every qualification for the ministry in his highest degree. He must be superior in every department of ministerial labor. He must be a deep and profound thinker, a close reasoner, an eloquent and fluent speaker, a good singer, and remarkable for his sociable qualities. With such a minister, they expect to see great things done for God and his church.

Now if any church is looking for such a minister and waiting to find him, they may have to wait a long time, and die without the sight. Such men are "like angels' visits, few and far between." All the qualifications above named are of great value to the minister, but few possess them all in an eminent degree. Deep thinkers are not always eloquent speakers; fluent speakers are not always close reasoners, and men of deep thought are not always social and easy in conversation. Some are great in one respect, some in another, and few if any in all. These qualifications would make a pleasing and popular minister, of whom many would be proud; but he might have but few souls as seals of his ministry. He that combines the most of these qualifications in fair proportions is better prepared for the manifold cares and labors of the Christian pastor than he who is remarkable in one respect and really deficient in others. Every minister should know himself, and cultivate and strive to improve those gifts and graces in which he is more deficient. Churches should not seek for a "giant" in all or in any one of the departments of ministerial labor, but for one whose powers are evenly balanced and fairly developed.

But there is an element in pulpit greatness above all that I have mentioned, that is open to all; this is a deep conviction of the truth which the minister is sent to proclaim, a clear view of the terrible consequences of sin, and an overwhelming sense of the goodness of God in providing, at such a cost, a Saviour "mighty to save," even "to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." This will make him eloquent. This will enable him to speak to the heart and reach the heart. This can only be enjoyed by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, in a heart fully consecrated to God. Such a minister, if not a "giant in the pulpit," with an appreciative and co-operating church, will be a successful and useful minister. The church will prosper, and souls be gathered into the garner of God.

Let ministers seek this holy unction from on high, and if they do not see the immediate results of their labors, let them know that this labor in the Lord is not in vain. Let the church pray, "Lord, increase the number of such men."

## MUTUAL HELPERS.

A lady, travelling in Europe, visited, with her brother, a town in Germany, and took lodgings with a remarkable couple, an aged man and woman. They were husband and wife. They lived by themselves, without child or servant, subsisting on the rent accruing from the lease of their parlor and two sleeping rooms. The lady, in giving an account of the persons, says: "When we knocked at the door for admittance, the two aged persons answered the knock together. When we rang the bell in our rooms, the husband and wife came side by side. And our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness. The first night, having arrived late by the coach, and merely requiring a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to understand this double attendance." When the time to retire came, the lady was surprised to see both the husband and wife attending her to her chamber, and on looking, with some seriousness, towards the husband, the wife noticing her embarrassment, said to her, "No offence is intended, madam; my husband is stone blind." The lady began to sympathize with the aged matron on the great misfortune of having a husband quite blind. "The blind man exclaimed, 'It is useless for you, madam, to speak to my wife, for she is entirely deaf, and hears not a word you say.' Says the lady to her, 'Here was an exemplification of the divine law of compensation. Could a pair be better matched? They are indeed 'one flesh.' He saw through her eyes, and she heard through his ears. Ever after it was most interesting to me to watch the aged man and his aged partner in their complete inseparableness. Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity, and this made their deprivation as nothing. This beautiful domestic picture would only suffer from any words of comment."—*Lutheran Observer.*

A SHARER WITH CHRIST.—It is a sweet, joyful thing, to be a sharer with Christ in anything. All enjoyments wherein he is not, are bitter to a soul that loves him, and all sufferings with him are sweet. The worst things of Christ are more truly delightful than the best things of the world; his afflictions are sweeter than their pleasures, his reproach more glorious than their honors, and more rich than their treasures, as Moses accounted them. Love delights in likeness and communion, not only in things otherwise pleasant, but in

the hardest and harshest things, which have not anything in them desirable, but only that likeness. So that this thought is very sweet to a heart possessed with this love. What does the world by its hatred and persecutions, and revilings for the sake of Christ, but make me more like him, give me a greater share with him in that which he did so willingly undergo for me? "When he was sought for to be made a king," as St. Bernard remarks, "he escaped; but when he was brought to the cross, he freely yielded himself." And shall I shrink and creep back from what he calls me to suffer for his sake? Yes, even all my other troubles and sufferings I will desire to have stamped thus, with this conformity to the sufferings of Christ, in the humble obedient, cheerful endurance of them, and the giving up of my will to my Father's.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

THE RIGHT KIND OF BISHOP.—The London correspondent of the New York Daily Times tells a story of Bishop Selwyn, which is worth repeating for moral general edification. This dignitary was missionary Bishop in New Zealand for a good many years, and has lately been called to Episcopal service at home. It seems that a church, designed for the collier population, was to be opened a short time ago at a place called "Talk-a-till-hill." The story then runs thus:—

Before handing it over to those benighted creatures, the colliers, the respectabilities of the district resolved to have one day in it of special and exclusive devotional exercises. Their prayers might thus ascend to Heaven unpolluted by the breath of poor, ignorant working miners. To complete their plan they induced the Bishop to conduct the services, and arranged that admission to the church should be gained only by tickets. Those tickets of course were only distributed to persons whose piety was guaranteed by the elegance of their shawls, bonnets and coats. But the Bishop, having duly consecrated the church, and without saying a word to "the respectable congregation," suddenly walked down the aisle of the church, to the porch, and preached barched to the great mass of people who had assembled outside. "He reminded them of the great mining catastrophe of 1866, and of the dangerous character of their occupation; he urged that, as the soil was undermined by them, so was life undermined by sin and death, and pressed them to seek the only refuge in life eternal." This great crowd of colliers were profoundly affected by the earnestness and pathos of the appeal, and it is said that many were moved to tears. Should we hear much about the decline of the Church, of any Church, if all Bishops and preachers were like Bishop Selwyn—if they indeed "preached the word" instead of amusing themselves with lighted candles, gaudy robes, and other "Ritualistic" trumpery?

DANCING.—A writer in the Presbyterian Banner makes a thorough and exhaustive examination of the Bible history of "dancing as a pastime of recreation." His conclusions are summed up as follows: 1. That during two thousand five hundred years through whose history we have travelled, this pastime was a piece of wicked mockery, employed to show contempt for the true God and his works. 2. In each instance reviewed the sudden, untimely destruction of the performers, or the cruel martyrdom of the pious and godly, through their instigation, is declared to have resulted from the practice. 3. The facts are recorded on the sacred page to the everlasting disgrace and infamy of the participants. If any of our readers deem this an overdrawn statement, they will do well to make a careful investigation of the Bible history of dancing for themselves.

SAFETY FROM THE PERILS OF WEALTH.—The late General Halleck, for many years editor of the Journal of Commerce, was an honest, upright, and pure-minded man, respected and honored even by those who dissented from his opinions on public matters. His ability and diligence were rewarded with large pecuniary gains, which he employed freely for the purpose of doing good to his fellow men. At New Haven, he erected a spacious church edifice at his own expense, which cost him over \$100,000. One day a gentleman said to him: "You have two things to be thankful for which jointly bless but few men—a large purse and a large heart in the disbursement of it." To which Mr. Halleck answered, "From my boyhood I have observed that every man grew covetous in proportion as he grew rich, if he did not keep giving. I am making money and must give it." He knew that wealth got and held for the gratification of covetousness debases, it does not ruin its possessor.

A SIMPLE EXPLANATION.—The late Mr. William Greenfield was once in company at the house of a friend, with a gentleman of decided principles, a stranger to him, who put him the following, among many other questions: "Can you give me the reason why Jesus Christ is called the Word? It is a curious term."

Mr. Greenfield, unconscious of the motives or the skeptical principles of the inquirer, replied with the mild simplicity and decision by which his character was marked: "I suppose as words are the medium of communication between us, the term is used in sacred Scriptures to demonstrate that he is the only medium between God and man; I know no other reason."

The deity's mouth was shut.

CLEAVING TO CHRIST.—I have seen a heavy piece of iron hanging on another, not welded, not linked, not glued to the spot, and yet it cleaved with such tenacity as to bear, not only its own weight but mine too, if I chose to seize it and hang upon it. A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with its mass, and hence its adhesion. Cut that wire through, or remove it by a hair's breadth, and the piece of iron drops dead to the ground, like any other unsupported weight.

A stream of life from the Lord, brought into contact with a human spirit, keeps the spirit, cleaving to the Lord so firmly that no power on earth or hell can wrench the two asunder. From Christ the mysterious life-stream flows, through the being of a disciple it spreads, and to the Lord it returns again. In that circle the feeblest Christian is held safely, but if the circle be broken, the dependent spirit instantly drops off.

AN OLD COACH FOR A CLOSER.—"Sam, do you find a spot for secret prayer?" asked a minister of a stable-boy. "Oh, yes, sir," said he, "that old coach is my closet, and it is the best spot on earth." If there is a heart to pray, you can easily find a place to pray in.