

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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## ALBION HOUSE.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Cheap Goods for the Million.

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## The Intelligencer.

### THE WORD OF GOD NOT BOUND.

In the Mamertine prison at Rome, two stories under ground in the second rock, there stood a few years ago, and is probably standing still, a granite column, where, tradition says, the heathen Romans chained the Apostle Paul, and on the top of that column is the inscription in Latin. "The word of God is not bound." Above ground was heard, but a few days ago, the tread of French troops who had hastened on from their own France to prop up a little longer the waning power of that spiritual despotism whose chief work in the earth for many centuries has been to bind the Word of God. The hired troops of the Papacy and the minions of France have availed to scatter the suddenly gathered bands of the brave Garibaldi; but the end is not yet, and that voice that a few years ago rang over Europe, and across the ocean, and around the world, saying, "The word of God is not bound," will continue to stir the heart of Italy till God's Word there has "free course and is glorified."

"The Word of God is not bound." No matter what any human power may say or do, it is the mandate of God that his wonderful Book shall be unloosed for the freest circulation in all the world. It is his decree that copies of his Word shall be multiplied as drops of dew, until every home on the wide earth is blessed with the Bible, and every heart is made better by its doctrines.

Behold how God is carrying forward his design of subduing his word sending it over the earth. The first book ever printed in movable type was the Bible in Latin. It was not known to the people whence the wonderful volume came. Many believed it the work of the devil, Faust, who sold a few copies of this first edition in Paris, was arrested for magic. God seemed to lay his hand on the first types, and say, "I consecrate this book of printing to my glory, in the publication of my Word to men."

The first English Bible was issued by Tyndale from the banks of the Rhine. Persecution had driven him forth from his own country. England did not want the Bible, and Tyndale dared not loose the chains with which God's Word was bound in his own land. And when it was known in Britain that God's Word was unbound, that it was coming in their mother and common tongue, to speak to the English nation, the Government sent out a warning, arrayed itself against the intruder, ordered all the ports to be closed against it. But in vain. The Bible ran the blockade, and from that day to this, more than three hundred years, God has been speaking to men in our English tongue. The Romish bishop of London, determined that God's Word should be bound, bought the whole of Tyndale's first edition of the Bible, and burnt it publicly at St. Paul's Cross; but God, who "taketh the wise in their own craftiness," overruled his folly and madness. No power on earth can bind God's Word.

In 1802, a Welsh minister moved by the great destitution of his countrymen in regard to the Bible, came up to London with the said tale to ask for help. Meeting some friends, he urged that a Bible Society should be formed to print and circulate Bibles among the Welsh. "Certainly," was the response; "and if for Wales, why not for the world?" From this sprang all our modern Bible Societies. For more than half a century they have been busy in the blessed work of unbinding the Bible. In the first fifty years, the work of this British and Foreign Bible Society was the circulation of forty-six millions of God's Word in one hundred and forty-eight languages and dialects. With the earliest Portians the Bible came to the New World, and was translated into the Indian tongues. In 1810 the American Bible Society was formed. It has issued over twenty million copies of the Bible, sending forth more during three years of the late war than during the first twenty-eight years of its existence altogether. In addition to these two great Societies that are publishing and circulating the Word of God, there are numberless private publishing houses and other societies in this country, in Europe, and other parts of the globe that are doing the same work—breaking the bonds of the Bible, and setting it free to go forth among all men of every clime. And now, over all the earth, in all lands, on all continents and islands, on board of steamers, men-of-war, merchant vessels and whalers, everywhere, will you find the Word of God. It cannot be bound.

A traveller in Egypt asked his guide to buy for him a copy of the Koran. "Ah!" said his guide, "No Mohammedan would sell it if he knew it was for an infidel." Through the secret influence of God on the minds of the Mohammedans, they have been led to keep the Koran to themselves, and thus narrow the influence of its false teachings. They count it a profanity to print it. It can be found among them only in manuscript. This traveller succeeded at last in getting a manuscript copy for eleven dollars. How differently do we regard the Bible. We give it to the world. We hasten to put it into print, and into every language. We desire to see it in the hands of all men—of infidels, atheists, scorers, philosophers, and pagans; in the hands of the Mohammedan, by the side of his Koran; in the hands of the Hindu, by the side of his Vedas. We count it no profanity to print our sacred Book, nor to expose it to any eye. We would have all mankind see, read, understand and believe. And we give it to men not for a few dollars, but for a few cents, for nothing; yea, we press it upon them as a free gift.

The Bible is the Book for the world. All need it. All can understand it. It is suited to every man. It is the best foundation for governments. It is the noblest advocate for civil and religious liberty. It is the great foe of all oppression. It is dreaded by all tyrants, who would keep men in ignorance and slavery. It is the enemy of all formalists and bigots. It lays its axe at the root of all the errors and evils of society. It is the best and greatest educator. And above all, it is the great Book for the soul of man. It is God speaking to him. It brings man face to face with the eternal realities. It takes the human heart, marred and dimmed by earthlyness, blackened and blasted by the curse of sin, and makes it a fit diadem for the Crown of Jesus. It reaches down to the lowest and vilest and lifts them up, and creates them anew in the image of God. It is a book for the sorrowful, for the guilty, for the dying.—E.E.

### RELIGION

Will be illustrated by our conduct and conversation everywhere. There is infinite variety and scope to the subjects presented to us in the history and character of our religion. A religious man talks of religion. A worldly man loves the world, and is delighted to talk about it. The dancing master converses of the last waltz, and rejoices at the prospect of coming balls. The coquette talks of her conquests; and the heartless host of the fashions. The miser thinks always of his gold, and the world talks of that which it loves best.

A man who never talks of religion has none to talk about. We know the vulgar cant too common in the mouth of objectors, that they have not much confidence in a man who is always talking of his religion. A man who has one spark of the religion of Jesus will love to talk of it. The millionaire may talk of stocks, lands, tenements and exchanges. The child of God must talk of his inheritance in the skies. Can one really believe that any sensible man regards himself as an heir of God, and joint heir with Jesus Christ and yet never mention the subject except casually? The conversation of Christians betrays this fact that their minds are penetrated with the love of God. Can that child love its parents and never mention their names? Can that woman who loves her absent husband spend whole months without saying one word of him, the idol of her heart? Are not pretences of friendship exceedingly hollow when they never are bodied forth in words? "Thou shalt love me with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy strength," says Jesus. "And we love our Saviour and never talk of him?" nay, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Religion must be seen and felt at home. If we never talk of religion except at church, we will be suspected very soon of having none. We must talk of Jesus at home. "Thou shalt talk of them when thou sitteth in thy house." Our religion must bear us up amid the perplexities of life, and sustain us in the last trial. God says: "Thou shalt talk of them when thou walkest by the way." We must take our religion with us when we go from home. Many persons who bear a good religious character at home, are exceedingly loose in their habits and conversation when abroad. On steamboats, cars, and in stages our deportment should be that of Christians. Let us own our God everywhere, or we will misrepresent the Christian character.

"When thou risest up, talk of my abounding love." Begin the day with prayer and praise and devout conversation. Christians should never go from home in the morning until they have committed themselves to the care of our Father in heaven. "And these words which I command thee, this day, shall be in thine heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest down in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Let religion do its work in our heart and have its designed effect on our lives. If such were the case with every Christian, soon every land would rejoice in the great salvation. The way of holiness is the only way to heaven. "Ye must be born again." "Be ye holy as I am holy."

"Love is the fulfilling of the law." Love in the heart. It is our privilege to be rooted and grounded in love. "Sins down, ye separating hills, Let sin, and death, and mourning cease, The love that drives our chariot wheels, And death must yield to love."

Religion is not millinery; it is not very broad phylacteries and farces; it is not any amount of stupid pretensions; it is not a long tailed coat, nor a marvellous self-sufficiency; it is not even being in the Church with ever so much apostolic succession and parade. It is doing the will of God, honestly taking of God and his salvation. It is teaching, warning, saving men. Kindness is all there is in boasting, and high swelling words of self-approbation. We should be ashamed of the intellectual barrenness that would go through the mouldy ages after a sham to gratify the pride of man. God is no respecter of persons. God judges men's hearts for what is in them, not for the things that Peter did or omitted. Religion is love to God and love to man working out in practical beneficence; walking with God, blessing men. We neither know nor care whether our coat is orthodox or heterodox, whether the Bishop who ordained us was in the succession or out of it. The fact of succession is a myth, the theory merely a venerable display which grows less harmless as the ages progress. Religion goes to God, and heaven by God's help, through holiness. If the Christian had a thousand tongues, he ought to employ all to tell of God's words and works.—Central Ad. vocate.

### NOW.

BY SEWMAN HALL.

Now! A short word, a shorter thing. Soon uttered; sooner gone.

Now! A grain of sand on a boundless plain. A tiny ripple on a measureless ocean! Over that ocean we are sailing; but the only part of it we possess is that on which our vessel at this moment floats. From the stern we look backwards and watch the ship's wake in the waters; but how short a distance it reaches, and how soon every trace disappears! We see also some landmarks farther off, and then the horizon closes the view; but beyond that, ocean still rolls far, far away. Memory contemplates the few years of our individual life; history shows us a dim outline of mountains; science tells us that still farther back, out of sight, stretches that vast sea of reason, reason, like space, it hath no boundary; but all that we possess of it is represented by this small word—Now! The past, for action, is ours no longer. The future may never become present, and is not ours until it does. The only part of time we can use is this very moment—Now!

O, listen to the voice or warning now! "Awake thou that sleepest! Awake now!" "Seek the Lord while he may be found!" Seek him now! "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved!" Believe now! Confess to Him your sins, ask pardon through his blood, rely on his

atonement, implore the help of his Spirit, devote yourself entirely to his service! Do it now! "Strive to enter in at the strait gate" now! Offer the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner" now! Too much time has been wasted already. Lose no more. This may be your only opportunity! Seize it now!

Now! for time is short, and death is near, and judgment threatens! Now! for in eternity it will be too late, and your very next step may land you there! The only season in which you can be sure of it now! The purpose may not last till to-morrow; fulfil it now! Fresh difficulties will flood the channel to-morrow—wade it now! The chain of evil habit will bind you more tightly to-morrow; snap it now! Religion is a work for every day; begin it now! Sin exposes to present miseries; escape them now! Holiness confers present joys; seize them now! Your Creator commands; obey him now! A God of Love entreats; be reconciled now! The Father from His throne invites; return now! The Saviour from His cross beseeches; trust Him now! The Holy Spirit is striving in your heart; yield now! Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation!

Brother! Sister! cease to say— "I'll repent, but not to-day; At a more convenient time Wisdom's lofty steep I'll climb." Thousands thus conventionally! God remonstrates! promptly bow! Wait no longer! seek Him Now!

Sinful wanderer! cease to roam; Hark! thy Father calls thee home! Jesus waits thy soul to save: Now He bids the mercy crave, Now the Spirit's help is given Thee to draw from earth to heaven: Will thou not, with solemn vow, Yield to God, thy Saviour, Now!

Though repulsed so oft before, Still he knocketh at thy door, Bearing gifts untold, divine; Treasures which may now be thine; Will thou not, with patient friend? Still he waiteth—will not thou Welcome, worship, serve him Now!

Be thy guilt however great, Now be saved—'tis not too late. Yet beware! for mercy's day Soon will all have passed away. Time's swift tide is surging o'er Late's contracting, sinking shore: If thou wouldst escape, allow Not a moment's slumber Now!

Can the farmer hope to gain Precious crops of golden grain, If he idly, day by day, All the seed-time dreams away? Rouse, thou, soul! rede me the past! Harvest-time is coming fast! Though the fallow drive the plough— Wouldst thou reap? be sowing Now!

Canst thou safe in port arrive If thy ship at random drive? Spread thy sail—fair breeze the breeze— Now the favouring moments cease! Wouldst thou hear the word—"Well done?" Be the labor now begun! Wouldst thou bind around thy brow Victory's wreath! take heed now!

### INTemperance.

The following is from an article by the Rev. Daniel Gibson, to the young men of America:

There is one foe who will not face you; should he do so, you would at once brace yourself to oppose him; but he will not. Yet he is on your track, day and night, tempting and trying to ensnare you in the meshes of appetite and desire of all that is high, noble, and manly. Yes, he would debauch, stupify, and brutalize you by drunkenness. Such is his aim, and to accomplish it he "is ethereal in the lurking places of the village," "his words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords."

Intemperance! oh! that I could dip my pencil in the blood of its slaughtered millions, and portray it before you in its true character. It cannot be done; the blue expanse of heaven is too narrow to contain the picture. Eternity is too short for the work. "At the last it stung like a serpent and biteth like an adder." You exclaim, "Sir, I see so much of it, I am not a drunkard, the little I drink involves no danger." Ah! "drink a little," do you? There is your enemy, clothed in the garb of friendship; his iron hand is gloved with silk; fair are his professions, "his words are smoother than butter, but war is in his heart." You have but to go on as you have begun, and your ruin is sure. "Nonsense!" you exclaim, "I can stop drinking just when I will." No doubt of it, but ah! how soon will come a sad reversal of that feeling. Now, it is, "I can't, and won't;" but if you go on, it will soon be, "I would, but can't!"

Young man, stop now, I beseech you—now, at the turning point of your life. You are leaving your beloved home; just about to try the world for yourself. Friends have placed their hopes on you; they expect to see you tower high in honor; as the oak among shrubs; they calculate on a career of glory for you. Standing in some of the most endearing relations of life's interests, the most precious cluster around you. See, there, your noble father, his head just silvering over with years; loving you with a love pure as heaven's own light, and with what tremulous anxiety he tries to peer into your future. He has trod the thorny path, he appreciates the temptations which beset you; long years you have been his constant care—ah! how cheerfully he met every sacrifice necessary to prepare you for life's great work. Now, you are going forth, his part is done, yours commencing. Are not his feelings too sacred to be put in peril? "Morning battles, noonday drams, social glass," here is the danger, fearfully intemperate! "Love for mother," this is one of the deepest feelings in human nature; the last pure sentiment to leave the heart when all else is gone, it lingers like Adam at the gate of Paradise. You know its power, for worlds you would not have it annihilated. Dare you then jeopardize it at the bidding of fashion or appetite? Your mother will not cease to love you; tears all most of blood will you bring from her aged eyes,

if you allow yourself to be caught in the fatally enticing snare of drunkenness. Are you a brother? Think of that incomparable sister of yours, with what eager solicitude she is watching every development of your character. Can you by any conduct of yours cloud her hopes in disappointment and gloom?

There is another, if possible, still dearer to you, one whose happiness you value beyond all price; to possess her affection is your highest ambition, the wealth of Christendom would not induce you to forfeit her esteem; no spark of doubt or distrust exists here, but a deep, undisturbed, all-comprehending confidence. Love better than life, stronger than death. Of the small sum of earthly enjoyment, how large a proportion is found in his connection; if this be gone, what a yawning chasm! Bereaved of this, what is life worth? It has been done; how often have you seen it! Every manly feeling frozen, affection chilled, the heart starved, the scathed, seared soul become a mere caldron of rage. Starting, you cry, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" Contemplation of the bare possibility renders you indignant. Like causes produce like effects. If you indulge in drinking run, (or even the lighter ones of intoxicating liquors,) appetite will soon be formed. Drunkenness follows. The drunkard is a temporary mania. Who shall answer for what a mad man will do?

How can you for a moment allow yourself to put at the least hazard the happiness, and almost the very existence, of those you so much love? See your downward career. Picture yourself, perhaps, a little beyond mid-life, a broken-down, desperate, drunken creature; a curse to your family, an exasperation to your neighbors, a disgrace to the name of man; money gone; credit lost; incapacitated for honorable business; a soul marred and disgraced by the hoarfrost of appetite.

See yourself clothed in tattered rags—a very pest to society. There you are, leading round—that concentration of all that is mean and low—a detestable run tavern, haunting the fountain head of liquid fire; practising tricks infinitely meaner than those you now most intensely scorn, to procure means to get a taste of the burning stream of liquid death.

Look at yourself, a bloated mass of helplessness and corruption; every manly feeling crushed out, in the mad tyranny of animal ferocities. You are become a living personation of poverty, vice, crime, misery, disease, and death.

What is it we speak of? Think what it means. Your parents' gray hairs, brought with sorrow to the grave. Your sister hangs her head when you are spoken of. Shall we come nearer? Must the hallowed name of "wife" be written in this connection? Must we add children? Ah! pen can not describe the fearful degradation and sorrow existing in what was once truly a home. It is not at all difficult to talk of tears, sighs, and who can fathom the deep undercurrent of unutterable anguish, of which these are but the outward and visible signs? O! the inexorable distress, the inconceivable agony suffered by the drunkard's wife! Who shall analyze her torn, lacerated heart, and tell the anatomy of its bruised emotions? 'Tis not the infliction of some distressful stroke, from which there might be a rebound; not the suffering of mere physical, not an occasional pang of internal grief, but continuous endurance of an unmitigated, ever-present, never-ending agony, corroding the very vitals, even hope itself yielding at last. Despair sits enthroned upon her brow. Think of yourself as the cause of all this overwhelming avalanche of woe. Endeavor to realize your own mental state; deranged conceptions, disordered feelings, stinging recollections, present remorse, dismal prospects. Would you escape all this? Abstain, abstain, abstain!

### HOW THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT ADMINISTERS JUSTICE.

The administration of justice is one of the first necessities of a State. How does the Pontifical Government acquit itself of this part of its duty to its subjects? If one may look for a pure and righteous administration anywhere, on all the earth, it is, one should think, at Rome. Rome is the seat of Christ's vicar. But the seat of Christ's vicar ought to be the throne of Justice. The false witness and the false sweated dare not, surely, approach so august a tribunal. Oppression and wrong—everything like bribery and respect of persons—must be driven away from it, even as the clouds and darkness are scattered before the sun. I represent on earth, says the Pope, the Eternal Judge. My authority is as vast, my decisions are as infallible, and my administration is as holy—as God's. As Christ would govern, were He here in the Vatican, so I govern. This, and nothing less than this—is the Pope's claim. Well, let us approach this dread seat. Let us draw aside the veil that covers it; let us mark that orb that occupies it. Is it justice in her robe of light that sits here? or is it not, rather, a dark, inexorable, irresponsible, lawless power that is here enthroned, before which innocence is dumb, and wickedness stands erect and bold?

The code by which the Pope governs his kingdom is the Canon Law. This law consists of the bulls and decretals of the Popes, which have been accumulating those thousand years, forming a tremendous array of contradictory statutes which fill some hundreds of volumes. No human intelligence can master such a code. The most upright administrator must necessarily be much in the dark in applying it, while the unjust judge need never lack a pretext for oppression, nor a cover for wrong, in such a labyrinth of edicts. Besides, being the product of the Dark Ages, whose ignorance, intolerance, and cruelty it faithfully reflects—this code claims to be the emanation of infallibility; and so the rights of conscience are but as dust in the balance when weighed against its tyrannical provisions. It enacts, in cases of sedition or treason, that the trial may take place before a commission nominated by the Pope's Secretary; that the process shall be secret, and that the accused shall not be confronted with the witnesses, nor even have their names made known to him. This code further provides that the accused may be examined in prison, or by torture. The unhappy man is thus left without any means of proving his innocence, or of defending his life, beyond the hasty observations which his advocate, who is always appointed by the tribunal, may be able to make on the evidence at the moment. It is by this barbarous code that the Pope, who claims to be the high judiciary of the world, governs his subjects.

But the grievance does not end there. Under the shadow of the Canon Law, there has sprung

up a numerous crop of inferior courts, of divers names and most exceptional powers. These fill Rome, and cover the country, making the Papal States but one legal jungle, tangled and thorny, in whose dark recesses lodge monsters, of various forms, who prey upon the helpless and the unwary. Let us take one instance out of many. If one's progenitor, at some remote period—say three hundred years ago—should have happened to bequeath part of his goods for some pious purpose, his heir of the present day is liable to be summoned, before "the House of St. Peter," and made to show cause why he should not pay the legacy of his ancestor. If, by rare fortune, he is able to produce the receipt in full, he is, of course, released from the obligation; but, even in his case, he has to pay for the sentence absolving him. By another piece of legal machinery, a citizen may be declared incapable of managing his own affairs. In that case the task is kindly undertaken by the Church, who, of course, expects a suitable remuneration for her pains.

On the foundation of the Canon Law are all rights held, as well as all cases decided. There is absolutely no civil code. The region is spiritually governed. Its subjects are not citizens, but Church members. If they go to confession, and receive the sacrament, they have a right to their property, their liberty, and their life. If they fall out with the Church, they lose all; they are stripped of every right, they become outlaws; and nothing but speedy flight can save them from a prison or a scaffold.

Being but the instrument by which a remorseless tyranny fleeces and scourges the unhappy people who people the Papal States, law is shunned as a profession. "It is considered," says Mr. Whitelock in his *Italy in its Nineteenth Century*, "to be a base pursuit. No man of family would degrade himself by engaging in it. A younger son of the poorest noble would furnish rather than earn his livelihood in a profession considered vile. Pure justice not existing, everybody concerned in the administration of what is substituted for it is despised—often most unjustly—as being a participant in the imposture." The pleadings before the courts are in Latin. It is one of the privileges of the Romans to have their cases tried in a language they don't understand. None, save priests, are appointed judges. Only the incapable are willing to accept the office. Ignorant of law, they appoint a private auditor to examine the case, according to whose report they give judgment—whatever may be pleaded to the contrary.

These few facts will enable us to form some conception of the frightful corruption of justice under the government of the Pope. Justice is not administered: it is sold. The code of his kingdom is a barbarous and cruel one. Claiming to be infallible, it establishes instead upon the conscience of the individual and the rights and progress of society. His judges are incompetent and venal. His courts sit in the darkness, and try cases in secret. His prisoners are not confronted with the witnesses, and are sometimes examined by torture. A brief interval only divides the sentence from its execution. The Pope's tribunals are the terror only of the good. Criminals are safe under them. All kinds of crimes may be committed with almost perfect impunity. Thefts, robberies, murders—flourish in the Papal States. It is for criminals of a different stamp that justice, so-called, reserves her inflictions. To utter a word against any pontifical abuse, to breathe a wish for constitutional government, to hint a doubt of the dogmas of the Church, to read a line of the Bible; these are the sins which the Pope's government denounces as unpardonable, and which it visits with its most terrible vengeance. These are the men who crowd his prisons—prisons whose doors never open unless to the scaffold—while thieves and murderers go at large. It is supposed, by those who have the best opportunities of knowing, that there are, at this hour, some twelve thousand persons whose only offence is such as we have described above, in the various jails, dungeons and galleries of the Pope; and day and night the cry of their wives, orphans, and relatives, goes up to the Great Judge for that justice which is denied them by his Vicar on earth.—*Christian Times*.

"Why Don't They Speak To Us?"—The words were not intended for my ear—they came to me from a stranger's lips—but they touched my heart more than many sermons on unfaithfulness in duty could have done. The speaker was a young man, and from what followed, I concluded he had said, "that no one cared for his soul." "You are mistaken," said his friend, earnestly, "Christians care for you." "Then why don't they speak to us?" I heard no more, but the words rang in my ears, and the echo sounded in my heart. I passed on, but my thoughts were busy, and again and again I asked myself, "Why don't we speak to them?" In our daily intercourse with men we meet many who are unresponsive to Christ, and yet how slow are we to speak to them of a Saviour's love, and point them to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." We talk to them about our friends, but make no mention of that friend dearer than any earthly, "who sticketh closer to a brother," than we of business, but not of the business of life—of riches, but forget Him "who though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty might be made rich." On all other topics we can speak with freedom—but on this most important of all subjects, we are alas, how often silent! even when silence seems to be indifference. There are few who will not listen respectfully, if kindly approached by one whom they respect as a follower of Christ. How then does it become us, who profess the name of Christ, to "let our light so shine before men, that they may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus." Let us confess and forsake our sins, and kindly taking our impatient friends by the hand, speak to them of the preciousness of Jesus' love, and urge them to come to Him. Let none rise up in the last great day of account and say, "Why did you not speak to me about my soul?"

ENERGY OF CHARACTER.—I lately happened to notice, with some surprise, an ivy which, being prevented from attaching itself to a rock beyond a certain point, had shot off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being thrown, whether by cruelty, justice, or accident, from all social support or kindness, if he has any vigor of spirit, and is not in the bodily debility of either childhood or age, will instantly begin to act for himself, with a resolution which will appear like a new faculty.—*Forster*.