

The Religious Intelligencer.

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.]

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1868.

Whole No. 777.

FALL GOODS.

October, 1868.

THOMAS LOGAN,
Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,
IS DAILY RECEIVING HIS STOCK OF

NEW GOODS,

COMPRISING A

General Assortment

OF

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

DRESS GOODS,

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FLANNELS,

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COTTON WARPS,

And every description of

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A FULL SIZE SKIRT for 25 CENTS.

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SKIRTS!

BLUE AND WHITE WARPS!

St. John Manufacture—Warranted.

An Inspection respectfully solicited.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, November 2, 1868.

The Intelligencer.

INDUCEMENT TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS!

THE "INTELLIGENCER" FREE TILL THE END OF 1868!

We are desirous of having our list of subscribers increased for the next year. With this object in view we offer the following inducement: For two dollars (\$2.00), received any time before the close of this year we will send the INTELLIGENCER till the close of 1869! By availing themselves of this offer new subscribers will receive the paper till January 1st, gratis.

Fifty-two numbers of the INTELLIGENCER is good value for \$2.00. Our object in making the above offer is that we may secure a wider circulation for our journal, and thus, by reaching a great number of families, accomplish more fully its mission.

In every village and city of our country there are many who, we doubt not, would gladly become subscribers, if their attention was directed to the character of our paper, and the object had in view in its publication. EACH ONE OF OUR READERS may render us efficient aid by obtaining for us new subscribers among his personal friends; and on every fitting occasion urging upon christian communities the necessity of supporting a religious journal. PASTORS OF CHURCHES can also do much by bringing the merits of our paper before the people among whom they labor, with the view of obtaining for it an entrance into every family as a weekly visitor.

To FREE BAPTISTS especially the "INTELLIGENCER" has become a necessity. The resolution of approval, unanimously passed at the last General Conference, told unmistakably the feeling with which they regarded this journal, and yet there are, we regret to say, scores of Free Baptist families that are not known on the INTELLIGENCER'S list of subscribers, nor do they take any religious paper. Should this state of things continue? We think not. We do not ask the patronage of our churches because of any profit we expect to derive from the enterprise, for as far as any monetary profit goes we have as yet failed to discover where it is. We ask your support simply because we need it in order that we may be relieved from a portion of the embarrassment we sometimes experience in the management of the paper which is the acknowledged organ of our denomination (consequently in one sense as much your paper as ours), and which is admitted by all to be a real necessity to our churches. If, in asking that at least all Free Baptist families subscribe for it, we ask too much, attribute it to our anxiety for the prosperity of the denomination we love.

Will not our ministers, agents, and subscribers generally, lend us their aid in extending the circulation of the INTELLIGENCER? Let each subscriber send us one new name. From whom shall we hear first?

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS
The "INTELLIGENCER" SENT TO ALL NEW SUBSCRIBERS TILL JANUARY 1ST, 1870, FOR \$2.00.

who have been prompt to renew, we tender our thanks for the support we have enjoyed thus far; and we respectfully solicit a continuance of their favour. Notwithstanding our terms are "payment in advance," we find by reference to our books that there are many who are now in arrears. Upon all delinquents we are compelled to call for immediate payment. Delay causes us anxiety and loss. Remittances may either be made to us by letter—post paid—or be sent through any of our agents. Other subscriptions are about expiring. Newspapers can only live when renewed as promptly made. Our friends, knowing this, will please favour us with immediate remittances.

We feel greatly obliged to the friends who have acted as agents, and hope they may continue their valuable services. Perhaps they can succeed in collecting arrears due in their respective localities; if so, we shall be much indebted to them.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF GERMANY.

Cardinal Wiseman has said that the decisive battle between the confessions must be fought on the land of Brandenburg. It may be granted that the battle is not yet fought out, and that there are Catholic parties also inspired by recent successes in North Germany that since Austria took herself from the Concordat there has been a talk among Catholics of moving the headquarters of German Catholicism here to Berlin, a city that has always pleased itself upon being a most exclusively and eminently Protestant. The numerical proportion of Catholics and Protestants in Germany has not altered materially. The Gustav Adolph Verein, a missionary society for German Catholics, has met with some considerable success, and the Jesuit missions of the Catholics, have also not entirely in vain. The result shows that although each party have a sufficient number of converts or converts to render them enthusiastic, yet the real state of things is almost entirely unaltered by these polemical efforts.

Of the twenty-one millions of inhabitants now contained in Prussia, about seven millions are Catholics. The newly-acquired provinces have not much altered the proportion. However, the principal annexation, contains the Catholic Bishopric of Osnabruck. The Schleswig-Holstein province has an Episcopal Lutheran Church. These seven millions are chiefly found in the Polish province and in South Silesia on the east and in the Rhine province and Westphalia on the west. In the appearance of the second volume with great interest. The account sent but said nothing. A few days afterward the secretary received a second portfolio, bound and filed like the first, and on the titlepage of which was the sentence: "This work is complete in two volumes."

as their Protestant comrades. The remaining two millions of Catholics are scattered throughout the country. In West Prussia we find the Catholic Bishopric of Culm. In Mecklenburg the prevailing form of religion is a very high Puseyite Lutheranism, and the number of converts—especially among the nobility—has excited great attention. In Berlin many of the military and higher officials are Catholic. There are five Catholic places of worship, which are exceedingly well filled.

The little German States lying immediately north of the Maine, which are not yet incorporated with Prussia, contain about six millions inhabitants. These are mostly Protestants. Saxony has a Catholic Court, but an eminently Protestant people. As soon as we cross the Maine and come into the district of so-called South German Bund, we get into a Catholic district. In Bavaria, the State religion is Catholicism, three-fourths of the population being Catholics. Munich is now the Catholic metropolis of Germany. Here, however, the Protestant mission has met with unusual success, just as in the case with the Catholic mission in Berlin. In Baden, again, two thirds of the population are Catholics. In Wurtemberg, the remaining State, the opposite confessions divide the population between them. If, then, we reckon the six millions of German Catholics in Austria, we find that the numbers are about equal. If we leave out Austria, we find that of the thirty-five million inhabitants of what political prophets here call New Germania, fifteen millions are Catholics. If, again, we consider only the North German Bund, we find eight million Catholics and nineteen million Protestants. These are round numbers, but are sufficiently exact to show the proportion. As, then, the Pope has still within his hold nearly one half of those who speak the language of Luther, it is not to be wondered at that he is endeavoring to lead back the others.

The paramount influence of the Jesuits is to be traced in all the steps taken to this end. The two subsidiary aims which his Holiness has had in view in Germany are, first, to set Catholicism in a favorable light as the absolute religion, the opposite of, and antidote for, all materialism and rationalism; and, secondly, to turn to the account of Rome all newly-acquired political liberties. The atheistic materialism which has found its greatest development in France is here also an enemy with which the Church has daily to contend. It is the language of many of the newspapers and of most of the popular literature. Rome has a most ready and easy way of dealing with such people. She is the infallible. By authority she teaches what we are to believe. And, as in England, many beautiful, earnest, noble spirits have sought within her refuge from doubt and disbelief. A large party in the State Church is also essentially Roman, and forms a convenient stepping-stone for those who cannot pass directly to the belief of the immaculate conception. The attitude of the Pope is best expressed in his Encyclical of 1864, where under the general head of naturalism, he enumerates the following "damnable errors," viz.: religious liberty, the independence of civil rulers, the theory of the sovereignty of the people, socialism, secret societies, and Bible societies, communism and free masonry.

Jesuitism, which is now dominant at Rome, both in doctrine and practice, while suppressing all inquiry, even within the Catholic Church, has taken advantage of the new political constitutions as far as possible. The Jesuits strive to accomplish three things in Germany—to make all the children of mixed marriages Catholics, to obtain Catholic universities which shall be under the authority not of the State, but of the Bishop, and to bring the common schools under their influence. In their first aim the Jesuits have largely succeeded by making use of the personal influence of the inferior clergy. The governments have, however, instituted a civil marriage which enables parties to avoid this difficulty if they choose. In the second point they will probably eventually succeed, as the principles of freedom, which have been more and more acted upon since 1848, must allow to every confession the right of educating its own ministry. But as yet the Catholics have not been able to get the lower schools into their hands. There is a great and growing feeling in Germany that the rising generation shall not be given up to the influences of a clergy, whether Protestant or Catholic. A very often the protest seems almost atheistic, and many good men here dread it exceedingly; but it seems to be a thing on which the nation has set its heart that the parent shall determine what religion the child is taught.

In order to further their intrigues, the Catholics have founded a number of societies, such as the Society of St. Boniface founded in 1849, to do the converse of what the Gustav Adolph Verein proposes, that is, to Catholicize the German Protestants. The Bortmann Society seeks to issue a cheap and popular Catholic literature. It is stated by this Society that of more important serials the Catholic stand to the Protestant in the proportion of 6 to 207, while of less significant issue 1,234 are Protestant and only 84 Catholic. These societies have met together yearly in one or another of the German towns. The meetings are led by the Jesuit clergy, but the latter are roused by them to thought and independent action. The foremost names among the German Catholics is Bishop Ketteler, of Mayence. Such men as Professors Gauthier, Frohschammer, and Dollinger, Catholic theologians, whose learning and skill might have been of much service to the Church, have been silenced and their books condemned by the Jesuit authorities at Rome. For the moment Jesuitism is here supreme, glorying, as in England, in the apparent success of the present, cutting off every hope for the future by repressing thought, and turning all the true religion yet left in the Catholic Church into a Pharisaic Ultramontanism, which means in the last resort an absolute and tyrannical formalism, imposed on the laity by an hypocritical clergy and for unworthy ends.—*Chr. of London Christian World.*

COUNT BISMARCK recently presented a faithful but poor secretary with a portfolio bound like a book, in which were deposited five thousand thalers. On meeting his secretary next day, the count asked him if he had perused the volume. "Yes, your highness," said the secretary, "and I am so captivated by its contents that I am waiting the appearance of the second volume with great interest." The count smiled but said nothing. A few days afterward the secretary received a second portfolio, bound and filed like the first, and on the titlepage of which was the sentence: "This work is complete in two volumes."

"A LAUGHING STOCK."

He was a good man, that Deacon L. I knew him well. He was my kindred and my friend. He stood over six feet high, and was proportionately large; a farmer, "well to do"—always merry and upright. When about forty years old, he became deeply interested in religion. Naturally very, very diffident, he said little or nothing to any one about his feelings. Months rolled on, and still he was his anxious, distressed; while yet he had regular seasons of secret prayer, read his Bible, and was doing all that he felt he could and ought to do, save one thing. He was the head of a family. He had a sweet wife and four children, all impatient; but they were his; and conscience urged him to the duty of erecting a family altar. But the cross—Oh, it was too great for his timidity! So it was put off, and new duties discharged in other directions as an offset; but he grew nothing the better, nay, rather the worse. At length, one morning, in his field, he solemnly resolved that that night he would, come what might, make the attempt at least, to pray in his family. A reamstress was at his house, from whose ridicule and scorn he shrank; but his mind was made up. And here I give his own language. "When I went to dinner, she told me she wished to go home that afternoon. Never did I carry a person from my house so gladly before. She was now out of my way, and one great obstacle was removed. Night came on, and I seemed to gain strength for my duty. But just as I was about to get my Bible and tell my family what I intended them and thereafter to do, who should knock at my door but the youngest brother of my wife, a mirth-loving, captious young man, a member of college, just the last person in the world I then wanted to see. What should I do? What,—what? My heart cried; and my agony seemed to be more than I could bear. But my joy had been made, and there could be no going back. I arose, got my Bible from the shelf, and told them what I was about to do.

"My wife looked as though she would sink. My children looked on at another, at their mother, and at me, not knowing what was to happen. My brother-in-law seemed greatly amazed. But rallying all my strength I read a Psalm and knelt down; at length I said, 'O Lord'—and could not utter another word, and there I was a great stout man, upon my knees, a laughing stock for my family. There I was; I could not speak; and there my proud heart was humbled, and there my heavenly Father met me, and my soul was filled with unutterable peace. When I arose, my poor wife was mortified, and lung her head to conceal it. My brother-in-law said nothing, soon retired, and the next morning he left home for college again.

That family altar has not ceased to burn with sacred incense, though the priest thereof has ministered unto it for forty odd years. Now mark the result of that attempt at prayer, when the good man was, in his own esteem, "a laughing stock." In about a week he received a letter from that brother-in-law student, which began with these words: "Rejoice with me, brother Daniel, for I have found the Saviour; and that scene at your house the other evening God has blessed to the salvation of my soul." This young man studied divinity with a view to becoming a preacher of the gospel, but when about to be ordained, he was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and soon went to his rest. That wife, those children, and many others under the same roof, have found the Saviour through the instrumentality of this praying man. He lives still in a green old age, calmly waiting for his summons to go up higher.

Be sure it is always best to obey God. Nothing is gained, but much is lost, by shrinking from duty. These are difficult lessons to be learned, and we are which we rise. The Christian is a soldier. He must not fear when executing a command. The anxious one—oh, how much they lose! sometimes the immortal soul—by failing to do the right thing, that one thing to which God evidently calls. Many a head of a family has stumbled at the cross of family prayer, and lost all. What, though for once, or a hundred times, he may be "a laughing-stock!" It matters nothing, when such interests are in peril. The care of the soul is the great care. Who can—or will—neglect it?—*The Hour.*

HOW IS IT WITH THE SOUL.—It may be that you hold a "policy" from some reliable corporation, by virtue of which, after your decease, if they survive you, your widow and children will receive a sum of money, that will serve for their maintenance, when deprived of your presence, support and services. You own a house, a tenement of clay, and you have it insured against fire—that is it it accidentally burns, the loss will be made up to you. Or, you have ships at sea laden with merchandise, which, if unhappily wrecked, you have made provision, that some wealthy insurance company, and not you, sustains the loss. These "policies," as they are termed, have cost you a handsome sum in the shape of premium. All this is wise and proper, and indicates a commendable degree of worldly prudence. But, how stands it with your immortal soul? This is of incalculably higher value than houses and barns, wares and merchandise, or any mere temporal possession. Once lost, the soul can never be replaced. Have you this insured? Jesus Christ, your saviour, grants you a policy, which will protect you against the possibility of loss, and that, too, "without money and without price." There is no "premium" to be paid. All that is required is to accept the salvation, the cost of which, He Himself has paid, not with silver and gold, but with His own precious blood. Fail not, therefore, if you have not already done so, without delay, to effect an insurance against the possible loss of your soul, for "what would it profit a man, if he should gain the whole world, and lose his soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—*Lutheran Observer.*

A PURGED CONSCIENCE.—You ask me, What keeps you from the purged conscience? I answer, Your own evil heart of unbelief. You go to the High Priest, and you say, 'Purge me'; but you don't believe that he will do it. If an infidel had gone up to Aaron, and said, 'Purge me with your hyssop,' would he have done it? No; that would have been mockery. If an Israelite had gone to him for the same thing, but saying, 'Though I ask this, I don't believe that you will do it,' would he have done it? No; the honor of his priesthood demanded a refusal. So with God, when we go to him, saying, 'Purge me,' let us believe that he does it. There is the conscience purged. We are clean, and we know that we are so.

STARS IN OUR CROWN.

Sister Bell was just dressed for the ball, and she looked very beautiful in her white satin dress, her necklace of diamonds and pearls. So I presume she thought as she looked into her mirror; and so thought her little sister Grace, who stood near her. Bell sat reading while the maid dressed her hair; and Gracie stood behind, her hands gliding gently, over the diamonds and pearls.

"Take care, little sister! you will rumple my hair. What are you doing?"

"Only looking at the bright stars in your crown, and thinking."

"Thinking! what a child you are to think! What were you thinking about?"

"Oh! what our teacher told us this morning, when we read in the Bible."

"And what has that to do with my diamonds, Gracie?"

"Oh! she said, 'all who go to heaven have crowns, and will be dressed in white; and I was wondering if they'll look like you.'"

"Nonsense, child! Of course they won't."

"Then she said, 'if we should try to get somebody else to love Jesus, we should have a star in our crown.' Sister Bell, wouldn't you like to have as many stars in your crown in heaven, as you have in this one?"

"Oh hush, Gracie! will you? There's the carriage!" And, with a hasty kiss on the upturned face, Bell was away to the ball, and before she got into her little bed, she asked her Saviour to help her fill her crown with stars. Such young girls are reared for a life of pleasure, without reference to duty. I cannot wonder at these results, nor at the misery in which they involve families and communities. Now the wind and reap the whirlwind!

As a Christian bishop, therefore, I make my appeal to you, Christian women, and I ask you to begin the reformation by faithfully bearing your testimony against all that tends to the degradation of your sex; and the more so when such crime is not only winked at, but receives countenance in circles which ought to be exemplary.—*Star.*

A SHREWD DEACON.

In the 'good old days,' when the Congregationalists were the 'standing order,' and were supposed to have the right of 'eminent domain' in all New England, save in that bulky little province of Rhode Island, where that pestilent man, Roger Williams, had sown his tares of religious liberty, there was living, so tradition goes, a sharp, witty, plucky Baptist deacon, in the town of Stamford, Conn. He was a blacksmith, and had a stout heart as well as a stout arm. Now, it was one of the duties of the 'orthodox' clergyman of the 'parish' to collect his own fare. It so happened one day that the then incumbent was going the rounds engaged in said sacred business, and called at the shop of our Baptist deacon. He was hard at work, but politely stopped on the entrance of the minister. After the usual salutations had passed between them, the reverend gentleman presented a bill to the deacon. He put on his 'specks' and examined it, evidently with much surprise. It contained a charge against him of ten dollars for attending the parish church. 'But,' said he, 'I am a Baptist, and go to my own meeting, and help support my own minister, and have never entered your church through the year.'

'Well,' was the reply, 'the door was open, and you could have entered.' The deacon excused himself for a moment, and went into his house which was near the shop. He soon returned, and with a twinkle in his eye, handed a paper to the minister, who read it quickly, and then said, 'What does this mean? A charge of ten dollars for showing my head! I have never brought my horse into your shop.' 'Well,' replied the deacon, 'the door was open, and you could have entered.' The minister's reply is not on record, nor whether he had the deacon arrested and sent to the county jail to spend the night for his perverseness, as was done with countless us Baptists in more than one instance in the town of Dedham, Mass., and doubtless elsewhere.—*Chr. Examiner and Chronicle.*

It is related of a certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons with many divisions, that one day, when he was advancing among the teens, and had thoroughly wearied his hearers, he at length reached a kind of resting-place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath and looking about over his audience, he asked the question: 'And what shall I say more?' A voice from the congregation—more suggestive than reverent—earnestly responded: 'Say Amen!'

BURNS, SCALDS, AND THEIR TREATMENT.—Mix common kitchen whitening with sweet oil, or if sweet oil is not at hand, with water. Plaster the whole of the burn and some inches beyond it, all round, with the above, after mixing it to the consistency of common paste, and lay it on, an eighth, or rather more, of an inch in thickness. It acts like a charm: the most agonizing pain is in a few minutes stilled. Take care to keep the mixture moist by the application, from time to time, of fresh oil or fresh water, and at night wrap the whole part affected in gutta percha or flannel, to keep the moisture from evaporating. The patient will in all probability, unless the flesh be much injured and the burn a very bad one, sleep soundly.—*Exchange.*

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

Dr. Cox, bishop of the Episcopal church in Western New York, has issued a pastoral letter against the folly and extravagance of women. We do not suppose that it applies to the women who read the *Morning Star*, but they may like to read what is said about their sisters in other States. The bishop says:

When I see the tawdry fashion, the costly vulgarity and the wicked extravagance of the times, I feel sure that thousands of American women are strangers to the first laws of refinement, simplicity in manners and attire.

When I see that thousands of American women read the most shameful romances and the most degrading newspapers; frequent the vilest dramatic entertainments and join in dances too shocking to be named among Christians; I feel that Christian nations are becoming too few, and that civilized heathenism is returning to the fields we have wrested from the Indians.

When I read daily, of the most inglorious triumphs, and of crimes against social purity and against human life itself, which are too gross to be mentioned more particularly, I feel that too many of our country women are without God in the world, and that radical reforms are necessary in the system of education on which the young women of America are dependent for their training.

When I see thousands of households in which young girls are reared for a life of pleasure, without reference to duty. I cannot wonder at these results, nor at the misery in which they involve families and communities. Now the wind and reap the whirlwind!

As a Christian bishop, therefore, I make my appeal to you, Christian women, and I ask you to begin the reformation by faithfully bearing your testimony against all that tends to the degradation of your sex; and the more so when such crime is not only winked at, but receives countenance in circles which ought to be exemplary.—*Star.*

A GLASS OF "GOD'S WRATH."—In one of the quiet inland towns of this Commonwealth, many years ago, there lived an able and faithful minister of the Gospel. There was in his parish at a certain time an unusual interest in religion, and a sermon was preached on the "Wrath of God." It was a very pungent discourse and deeply affected the congregation. After the sermon an inquiry meeting was held, and many remained. Among the number were two wicked young men who, from motives of curiosity or mischief, placed themselves among the inquirers. They tried to disturb the meeting and distract the attention of those who were really serious. After the meeting they went to the hotel, and walking up to the bar, called for something to drink. They were asked what they would have. One of them replied, "Give me a glass of the wrath of God." The bar tender turned him out something in the usual way, and he drank it, and instantly fell dead upon the floor. A powerful impression was made on the young men of that place, and to-day that event is remembered there with fear and dread. God took him at his word. "For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, it is full of mixture, and he poureth out of the same." This man had "drunk at the hand of the Lord the cup of his fury."

Let the wicked and profane beware how they impiously address the Most High. Many a wicked man has opened his eyes in eternity, to find himself in the place to which he prayed God to send his soul.—*Chr. Watchman and Reflector.*

FOLLY OF LONG SERMONS.—There is nothing against which a preacher should be more guarded than length. "Nothing," says Lamont, "can justify a long sermon. If it be a good one, it need not be long; and if it be a bad one, it ought not to be long." Luther, in the enumeration of nine qualities of a good preacher, gives as the sixth, "That he should know when to stop." Boyle has an essay on patience under long preaching. This was never more wanted since the Commonwealth than now, in our own day, especially among our young divines and academics, who seem to think that their performances can never be too much attended to. I never err this way myself, but my conviction always hinders it; and for many years after I began preaching, I never offended in this way. I never exceeded three-quarters of an hour, at most. I saw one excellence was within my reach—it was brevity, and I determined to obtain it.—*W. Tay.*

TEMPTATION.—There are two degrees in temptation, as is were—the drawing away and the enticing as set forth in James i. 14: "But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed." Our hearts are, alas! too prone to evil and to follow "after the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." And truly indeed it is said in chap. iv. 5: "Do ye think that the scripture saith in vain, The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy?" for we cherish too much that spirit of envy, hatred, and malice with every evil work, and have continual need of "more grace" to enable us to overcome this spirit.

Then there is the enticing. The world and the devil are constantly in league against us, to draw our minds from that which is good. The enemy does at times come in like a flood, and nothing less than the spirit of the Lord can enable us to lift up a standard against him. The Apostle Paul might well exclaim, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But blessed be God, there is "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," and to the praise of His glory "He will perfect that which concerneth us."

SOUL'S REST.—The needle point in the seaman's compass never stands still, but quivers and shakes, till it comes right against the north pole. The wise men of the East never stood still, till they were right against the star which appeared unto them; and the star itself never stood still, till it came right against that other Star, which shone more brightly in the manger than the sun did in the firmament. And Noah's dove could find no resting for the sole of her foot all the while she was fluttering over the flood, till she returned to the ark with an olive branch in her mouth. So the heart of every true Christian, which is the turtle dove of Christ, can find no rest all the while it is hovering over the waters of the world, till it have the silver wings of a dove, and with the olive branch of faith, fly to the tree Noah, which signifieth "Rest," till Christ put forth his hand out of the ark, and taking it in, receive it to himself.