

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.]

Vol. XV.—No. 45.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1868.

Whole No. 773.

APRIL 16, 1868.

ALBION HOUSE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We shall receive by first steamer to

FREDERICTON,

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.

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,

Shawls and Sacques,

FLANNELS,

Blankets,

Prints, Osnaburgs,

TICKING.

COTTON WARPS,

And every description of

Cotton and Woolen Goods.

VELVETS, RIBBONS,

GLOVES & HOSIERY!

See, See, See.

Wholesale and Retail.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, October 28, 1868.

The Intelligencer.

ORDER OF BRITISH TEMPLARS.

The Fifth Annual Session of the Worthy Grand Lodge of New Brunswick, convened at the Temperance Hall, Portland, St. John, on Thursday, 27th inst. The Sessions were continued for three days, and were the most important and interesting of any ever held by that rapidly increasing Order. Representatives were present from ten Counties—Victoria and Northumberland being the only Counties failing to send representatives. Between eighty and ninety officers and members of the Worthy Grand Lodge were present, besides a number of visiting members of the Order. The progress of the past year has been very rapid, as will be seen by the following

REPORT OF THE WORTHY GRAND CHIEF TEMPLAR OF NEW BRUNSWICK, OF THE ORDER OF BRITISH TEMPLARS.

To the Worthy Grand Lodge of British Templars:

SISTERS AND BROTHERS—It is with unusual emotions of gratitude and pleasure that I greet you in your official capacity, as representatives of the noble Order of British Templars. Many and varied have been the changes throughout the world during the past year; but amidst them all, our heavenly Father has been good to us, in preserving us from being overcome by temptation, and from death. We live in an age of progress. That which was marvellous in the past excites no particular wonder in the present. Discovery follows discovery, and truth treads in the footsteps of truth with startling rapidity. The slavish chains of ignorance, superstition, and vice, are being thrown off by thousands—their aim and object are to be free.

Throughout our own beloved Province, peace and prosperity have reigned. A kind Providence has preserved us from war, plagues, and famine. The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. To the friends of Temperance, there comes cheering news from all parts of the land—tidings that cause our hearts to thrill with joy and gladness. Temperance flourishes in our midst with a degree of prosperity hitherto unknown; and now yields a power unprecedented in its history.

Truly, we may say, without being considered egotistical, that the little one has become a thousand. The seed sown amidst suspicion on the one side, and a deep settled hatred to every thing that has for its object the salvation of the inebriate on the other, has sprung up from the thousands of hill tops and valleys of our noble country; and many households and communities are now enjoying the pleasant fruits of sobriety and virtue.

Allow me in this report, to refer you to what has been done during the past year.

At the close of our last W. G. Lodge, we felt confident—notwithstanding the many obstacles that had been, and then were in the way, to impede our progress—that Temperance would be a power that would be felt throughout our country. Those expectations have been more than realized. Temperance has done more in the past year, than its most sanguine friends anticipated; and when we know that what has been done, has been without any extra efforts, we ask, what might have been done, had special efforts been made? No paid lecturers have been in the field; no money has been expended. Men imbued with love for their fellow-men, have gone forth promulgating the principles of our Order, not for honor or personal gains, but because they loved their neighbors and wished well to society. They may not all have been men of distinguished abilities, but they were sincere and zealous workers in the good cause, and God crowned their efforts with success. It has been a year of toil and anxiety to some of us, but one of prosperity and joy to all.

LOGES ORGANIZED.

The Lodges organized in the different Counties, during the year, are as follows: Carleton, 25; York, 24; Sanbury, 9; Westmorland, 9; Charlotte, 9; Northumberland, 6; King's, 6; Queen's, 4; Albert, 2; Kent, 1; Victoria, 1; Total, 96. Besides these, there have been ten (10) Juvenile Lodges organized.

MEMBERSHIP.

There has been a large increase of membership, as will be seen by the number of Lodges organized. It is not possible to give the entire membership up to date. Returns show that up to the 31st of July last, there were 9282 members, and 304 Charter Members in new Lodges formed since. The increase of Lodges during the year is 96. The increase of members, according to returns received, 4094. Total number of Lodges on our roll, 237; number in working order, 217.

Thus nobly have New Brunswick's sons and daughters done their duty; with a clear and unmistakable voice have they uttered their principles. While other Temperance organizations have labored assiduously and successfully, with perseveringly performed our work. "With malice toward none, but with charity towards all" kindred institutions, we have gone forth amongst the multitudes that do evil, exhibiting the spirit of love, and winning souls to virtue, manliness, and God.

THE PRESENT.

While we thus review the labours, trials, and successes of the past, we also remember, that we are here to devise plans for the future. Here, Brothers and Sisters, we might pause for a moment, and ask ourselves, how far we have been loyal to the great principles of temperance? Have we been willing to bear one another's burdens? How

far have we voluntarily sacrificed for the common good of the Order, that all may be benefited and blessed? Measures and not men, principles and not prejudices, truth and not falsehood, are what we are called here to legislate upon. We now occupy an honest and honourable position. Our Order, in its aim and workings, commends itself to the confidence of the people generally. We have much over which to rejoice. Temperance is no longer an experiment. But let us remember, that what has been accomplished, has been by faithful labor, and by that alone can we hope to maintain our position and purpose in the future. We have no time for folding of hands nor rest. May the Giver of all good lead us into all wisdom, that all our deliberations may be dispassionate and judicious, remembering that we are legislating not for ourselves only, but for the good of our fellow-men.

THE FUTURE.

Of our prospects for the future, I can say that they are highly encouraging and even brilliant. Judging from the past, with a knowledge of what has already been accomplished, and with confidence in the men and women who compose this body (which I trust will for ever remain unshaken), I have no fears. True, the harvest is great; but shall we not gather it? Fields still remain uncultivated; shall we not till them? The rum-seller and his victim are still abroad, leaving poverty, desolation, and woe behind them; shall we not save them? Methinks I hear from unnumbered voices, one universal answer—one will! Let us then go forth to our several spheres of labor, endowed with power from the Master, not to rest content with the victories already achieved; but with renewed zeal and efforts, and with stronger determinations, to do more than we have ever done.

Then when toil shall be over with each of us, and life's scenes shall have closed, and we shall have finished the work given us to do, may He who has given us life with all its blessings, say unto us, "Well done; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

Respectfully submitted,

In the bonds of the Order,

J. E. LEAD, W. G. Chief.

Worthy Grand Lodge Rooms, Oct. 27, 1868.

The finances of the Grand Lodge were shown by the Report of the Worthy Grand Secretary to be in a healthy condition—there being nearly \$800 on hand.

The per capita tax was to remain as it is, and to be paid on all members returned.

The following is a list of Officers for the ensuing year:

W. G. Chief—Rev. W. A. COOK, Springfield, King's Co.
Vice—CHAS. F. CLARK, St. Andrews, Charlotte Co.
Secy.—J. S. COOPER, Salisbury, Westmorland Co.
Treas.—JOS. W. F. FLEMING, St. John, King's Co.
Leg.—REV. J. A. SHAWMAN, St. George, Charlotte Co.
Chap.—JOHN P. BELL, St. John, N. B.
Scribe—REV. D. J. WATSON, Clifton, King's Co.
Finan.—E. S. OGDEN, Coverdale, Albert Co.
Res.—THOMAS L. ALEXANDER, St. John, Sanbury Co.
Marshal—D. M. YOUNG, Harland, Carleton Co.
P. M.—MISS A. COOPER, Petticoat, West Co.
G. D.—JOHN BAKER, Kibbichie, Kent Co.
P. W. G. Chief—REV. J. E. LEAD, Hampstead, Queen's Co.

In consequence of the time for holding the next Annual Session of the Most Worthy Grand Lodge being fixed for August next year, it was decided to hold the next Session of the Worthy Grand Lodge on the 2nd Tuesday of July 1869: when it will convene in the City of Fredericton.

On Thursday evening, the officers and a number of members of the Worthy Grand Lodge, proceeded to the Sons of Temperance Hall, St. John, to join in a fraternal meeting with the officers of the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance, in response to an invitation from that Body—when a number of able addresses were made by leading members of both Orders, and the best of feeling prevailed.

The following resolutions relating to the formation of a Provincial Temperance Alliance, passed unanimously, and was intrusted to the Executive Committee of the two Orders:

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, the time has come for the formation of a Provincial Temperance Alliance, that by the dissemination of Temperance principles from the platform and through the press, a healthy public sentiment may be created against the drinking customs, and the public sale of strong drinks as beverages; and further resolved, that a Committee be appointed to devise ways and means to carry this purpose into effect."

(From Examiner and Chronicle.)

THE DAY OF REST.

Our Lord's declaration that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath—enforced, as it was, by simple and significant illustrations of his meaning—seems to afford a sufficient reason for giving to the Lord's Day of the Christian an aspect of cheerful activity which the Jewish Sabbath notoriously lacked. Works of mercy and necessity are explicitly sanctioned by that Son of Man who is Lord, also, of the Sabbath-Day. But it is a question of very grave moment whether giving excessive latitude to the words of Christ, we are not investing the Lord's Day with a character which is subversive of its original design.

The Sabbath was intended, primarily, as a day of rest from physical toil. That we need one day in seven for this purpose is the testimony of science. It is true of the brute no less than the man. A horse can do more and better work, resting one day in seven, than he can to work all the year through. An occasional rest, or a rest of one day in ten, will not answer the requirements of that physical nature for which, in the first instance, the Sabbath was divinely appointed.

This being the case, we contemplate with alarm the increasing tendency to make the Sabbath a day of physical fatigue, even if that fatigue be incurred for the noblest of causes and with the purest of motives. We deprecate that crowding and huddling of public and social religious services into the Sabbath which puts spiritual communion with God, in its noblest phase, entirely out of the question.

It has long been matter of regret to the thoughtful mind that the Christian pastor was compelled to say:

"E'en Sunday shines, no day of rest for me!"

but what was true of the Christian pastor fifty years ago is true to-day of every active and intelligent layman. The Sabbath is to him the busiest day, the most fatiguing day in the whole week. We passed a Sabbath recently with a Christian friend, whose experience for the day has involved with fresh significance the thoughts to which we had already intended to give utterance. After breakfast and family worship, our friend sat down to the preparation of two Sunday school lessons.

At ten-and-a-half there was the usual morning service to attend, followed by the Sabbath school for an hour, and that followed by a business-meeting of the church which consumed an hour more. At three in the afternoon there was a mission school, two miles away, to be cared for; at six-and-a-half a prayer meeting; at seven-and-a-half, preaching again. Now, where was our good brother's Day of Rest, considered either in its physical or its devotional aspect? By bedtime he was, to use his own homely but forcible expression, "as tired as a dog," and spiritually fagged and enfeebled, rather than refreshed. The Sabbath had been to him no period of preparation for the toils and trials and temptation of the week which it ushered in. Yet his experience is by no means singular. Probably we have, in giving it, sketched, in the outline at least, the last Sabbath, and pretty much every Sabbath of every man, woman and child who reads this article.

It hardly requires argument to establish the fact that this palpable infringement upon the true design of the Sabbath must have an injurious effect upon the character of the Christian church. But we think those injurious effects are pretty plainly and increasingly to be traced, especially in our city churches, where the evil to which we call attention has attained, as we hope and believe, its maximum. We are not of the number of those who glorify the past at the expense of the present. Each age has its own type of piety. The aspect of religious life is now speculative, again contemplative, yet again aggressive. We live in the age of action, and it is certainly preferable to the age of quietism which preceded it. The present aspect of the church, reaching out as she does into every nook and corner of the sun-cursed earth after souls, seems to us in the highest degree commendable; and yet our churches, as a whole and in their individual membership, seem to lack that element of stability which is necessary to make their activity, in the very highest degree, efficient and enduring. In this respect the era of activity may profitably borrow something from the era of speculation, and a good deal from the era of contemplation. Indeed, in the hurry and bustle of our unceasing religious toil, we have lost all taste for it. The Day of Rest, which was intended to be largely set apart for this service, is wholly given up to other things, good in themselves, but not good as encroaching upon the normal and regular development of all those powers which we have solemnly consecrated to the service of Christ.

Probably there are more Christians in the churches than ever before, who can effectively conduct a prayer-meeting, or successfully manage a mission school; but, if we mistake not, there are relatively fewer who are "rooted and grounded in the faith," and "growing up into Him in all things who is the Head." Our piety has breadth rather than depth, extension rather than intensity. One reason for this is the increasing secularization (for so we must call it) of the Sabbath Day.

THE KIND SHEPHERD.

Rambling a few summers ago in the lake district of England I came to Washdale Head, where I passed the night at the cottage of a shepherd friend. The next morning I set off to cross the mountains on my way to Buttermere. As I approached the summit of the pass a little lamb was bleating in tones more sad than I had ever heard before. It seemed to say, as plainly as in words, "Pity me! help me! save me!" I stopped, and the lamb ran toward me. It was evident that the lamb had been forsaken by its mother, for it was mere skeleton and its loosely hanging skin and sharp features betokened starvation. I could not resist its appeals, so I took it in my arms and carried it toward a sheep that was browsing not far off. But the sheep moved away, and the tiny lamb ran back to me, still imploring help. Again I took it in my arms, and carrying it toward another sheep farther off, put it down where some bracken would hide it from me as I rapidly stepped back. The lamb did not go toward the retreating sheep, but remained where it had been placed, and still repeated its cry, "Pity me! help me! save me!"

I took it in my arms once more, and sat down meditating what I had better do. Should I carry it forward with me till I reached the first house, several miles distant? But might not such an act seem suspicious if I met the owner of the flock? At any rate, I would not, I could not, leave to perish a helpless creature which had cast itself upon my protection. Just then, looking listlessly down into the valley, I saw a small object at the foot of the mountain moving onward. It came nearer. It was a man. Still nearer. It was my shepherd friend. I at once showed him my lamb, and intrusted it to his care.

"Poor thing," said the shepherd; its mother has forsaken it; they sometimes do when pasture is scarce. It would have died in an hour or two. But I'll take it down and give it some milk, and it will soon get right."

Thus the shepherd took in his arms the little trembling lamb which at once nestled its head in his bosom and hushed its pitiful cry. And as this great, strong tenderhearted man stalked down the mountain side like a giant bearing his tiny burden, I thought of the words of the Prophet: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." Isa. xl. ii.

I thus reflected: If a degenerate creature, sinful and selfish as all are in their degree, had pity enough in him not to suffer a worthless half-starved

lamb to perish, which cast itself on his care, will He who is the author and fountain of all tenderness be deaf to the cry of any wandering soul that comes to him in fear and sorrow, saying, "Lord, have mercy upon me! Save, Lord, or I perish!" Will the good Shepherd, who giveth his life for the flock, reject any feeble lamb, any lost sheep, that comes to him with the cry, "Jesus, pity me! help me! save me!" He never will. He never can.

The next year I was again at Washdale, and inquired of the shepherd how the lamb had fared. Said he,

"It is now the fattest and the strongest of my flock."

Thus many, even the very chief of sinners, when ready to perish have been taken into the arms of Jesus, and under his fostering care have soon become as holy and useful as any of the flock.—Rev. Newman Hall, D. D.

WORKING IN THE VINEYARD.

We hear much of the difficulties and deprivations of missionary and ministerial work, and we are ready to exclaim, Who is sufficient for these things? But why should we be discouraged? The laborer in the Vineyard of the Lord must ever expect much that is trying to flesh and blood; and the reward of all his toils, judging from an earthly point of view may seem very paltry indeed. Yet, let no man be deceived; labor for Christ is its own exceeding great reward. Thousands have chosen that field in spite of every obstacle, and in the face of great hardships and perils. They have gone forth boldly confronting imprisonment, torture, death; and so precious to them was their calling that rather than give it up, they gave up life itself. Witness the apostle Paul. His enemies accused him of selfish and mercenary motives; but he was able to fling away from him their malicious charges and to approve himself "in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by purity, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left; by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers and yet true; as unknown, yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chastened and not killed; as sorrowful yet always rejoicing; as poor yet making many rich; as having nothing yet possessing all things." The experience of Christians has varied in outward appearance with the varying ages; but it is substantially the same in every age and clime. Since Paul's time the Vineyard has vastly extended. The vine has spread its branches to the ends of the earth, to realms of which Roman Emperors knew not even the name. Thus there is now before us a wider sphere, and the motives and encouragement for work are so much the more cogent. If Paul in the infancy of Christianity worked earnestly, regardless of ease and comfort and even of personal safety, how much more might we venture on a like sacrifice now that we are backed by the experience, the hopes, the splendid traditions of eighteen hundred years!

What if you are poor? Go work in the Vineyard; be not ashamed of your poverty, for you are in the noblest company that ever trod this earth. Jesus was poor. Paul, Peter—all the apostles were poor. Augustine and Calvin and Luther, and John Knox were poor. So were the Wesleyes and Whitfield. All these were poor but making many rich. Who of us all would not rather be poor with Wesley, with Calvin, with Paul, with Christ—than rich in all the treasures of the millionaire and monarchs of this world? Look back a few years and see how the land of death has levelled all earthly distinctions, laying low the rich with the poorest. What has happened will happen again. "Only the action of the just shall smite and blossom in the dust." Poor as you may yet make many rich.

What though you are young? It is well to bear the yoke in your youth. The earlier you begin, the more skillful will you become and the more ample your pleasure and reward in the good work. Happy he who toils in the Vineyard from dawn till dusk, safe from the unutterable wretchedness of wasted hours and aching idle vacancy. The youngest, even little children, can work in the Vineyard. In English factories the poor feeble children work long weary hours far from the sunshine and the free pure air, and they pine away and perish in thousands. Often poor children are seen drooping under heavy burdens on the farms of a happy peasantry. And if children can thus be made to toil for their daily bread, how much more important that they should labor for the bread of life! Mamma and Penny grind down the little children and crush their hearts and their heads; Jesus Christ takes them in His arms, heals and blesses them! Come then to Him however young you are. Rally to His standard and follow in His steps.

What though you are old? If you have neglected to enter the vineyard until now, so much the more urgent is the call that you delay not another hour. The shadows lengthen. The sun is going down. Clouds are gathering. Haste, O haste and ask the master to give you employment even at this late hour. You have already sustained a fearful loss in being so long out of Christ's work. Make not the loss infinite, the calamity eternal. Rush to the gate and strive to enter in. You will not be the first or the last happy headed one welcomed by this kind Master who welcomes all. You have given many years and much of your strength to Satan; Do not give him all. Christ delights to magnify His grace and prove the efficacy of His blood by healing, helping, saving in the sunset hour.

What if you are rich? Be thankful that God has committed to you a treasure to be used in His service. Your riches, may, must, prove a priceless blessing or an unspeakable curse. Throw them at the feet of Jesus. He hath need of them. He will teach you to give what He requires, and the remainder He will crown with His benediction which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. Nothing can be more appalling than the recollection of wasted time, wasted strength, wasted wealth, when it is too late to make our peace with God and give Him ourselves and all that we have.

Are you a man in authority? Remember that Christ is set over all thrones, dominions, principalities and powers; and that your office and position devolve upon you still greater responsibility in the sight of God and men. Wretched is the man who thirsts for power and place and power merely to gratify himself and to promote his own interests.

His honour is dishonorable; his gold is dross; his virtues are but vices thinly disguised. Never seek or accept a position which you cannot consecrate by making it subservient to the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

There is no one so high or so low, so weak or so strong, as sick or so poor, as to be exempt from the obligation of working in the Redeemer's Vineyard. It is at once the highest privilege and the most solemn duty of every human being—to do what he can, by word and deed, by precept and example, to promote the cause of Christ which is synonymous with the cause of mankind. Our best and noblest interests for time and eternity are secured by the work of Christ, and by working for Christ. No folly can be greater, no blindness more fatal, than to go through this world forgetting that it is the Lord's. No ambition can be more futile than that which would lead a man to exalt himself without reference to Him who is Lord of all.—Witness.

PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

"How it rains! I think I will not go out with my tracts this afternoon," said a gentleman to himself one wet Sabbath. Then, retiring from the window, he threw his bundle of tracts upon the table and, yawning, dropped into his easy chair.

There he sat idly musing while the sacred hours fled. By and by his little daughter came in from Sunday school. Seeing his bunch of tracts on the table she said:

"Why, pa, haven't you been with your tracts?"
"No, my dear."
"Are you going with them, pa?"
"Not to-day, my dear. It is so very wet."
"Oh, pa, let me go with them. I've got my bonnet on, and can soon take them round."
"No, no! It's too wet for any one to go out. We must stop at home, my dear."
"I won't get wet, pa. I'll take the big umbrella. The people will want the tracts. Do please let me go, pa."

These and similar pleas conquered the reluctant father. The little girl started. She knew the district and was soon at her blessed work. A few steps led her to a large cold house with a big knocker. She rapped again and again, but no one replied. The poor child's patience was almost exhausted when she heard a sound in the house. Another knock, and the door was opened by a woman who wore a good dress, but whose face, the little girl thought, looked very unhappy. The child smiled upon her, gave her a tract, finished her round, and went home, little thinking that by her walk in the rain that afternoon she had snatched a soul from the mouth of hell, and a body from the jaws of death.

And yet it was even so; for the woman at whose door she had waited so long, was in the act of knocking herself when the child first lifted the knocker. The rope which was fastened to the high post of an old fashioned bodice, the noose was round her neck, and she was about to launch her guilty soul headlong into eternity. The knock disturbed her. She waited. It came again. She waited longer. It came again and again, until, to get rid of the annoyance, she slipped the rope over her head and went to see who might be the disturber. The loving look of the child disarmed her anger. She took the tract, read it, was convicted, led to Christ, and the next Sabbath told her joyful story to the little girl's father.

Thus did a little girl's hand, armed with a tract, pluck a brand from the ever-burning burning.

Here is another case: A young man having been robbed of upward of one hundred pounds by the amiable fingers of a gang of gamblers, was bent on putting an end to his own life. While on his way to execute his desperate purpose a gentleman traveller put a tract into his hand entitled, "On the Worth of the Soul."

It startled him, shook his purpose, and, to relieve his distress, he resolved to take a journey. In the carriage he met the donor of the tract, who, though ignorant of his character and purposes gave him another tract entitled, "The Suicide." The coincidence startled the young man, and during a pause in the journey he went to the giver of the tract, and in very earnest tones said:

"Pray, sir, give me a few more of your tracts for they have saved my life!"

He then gave the foregoing recital of his case, listened to much serious advice, and on parting with the tract-distributor gave assurance that he would not neglect the salvation of his soul. Here was another brand plucked from the burning by a tract!

Courage, O laborer in the field of tract distribution! You may be feeble in ability and weak in personal influence, but your words are mighty. Go forth daily, therefore, armed with your unpretending but potent instruments of warfare! Who knoweth but you too may pluck souls from the mouth of hell!—English paper.

NOT SAVED.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD.

I pray you, each one in the secret of his own room, or in the silent watches of the night, to think of those words, "not saved," and try to realize their meaning. I know, indeed, that they speak of a loss, the full meaning of which none living yet understand. But nevertheless by solemn thought, accompanied by prayer for light and for an upright and understanding heart, you may, by faith in the Scriptures, obtain such a sense of wrong doing toward God, and of consequent danger, as will make you ask, in deepest earnestness: "What shall I do to be saved?" The flood is not yet come, though it is coming—aye, slowly rising; you may be now standing on dry land, but you may have some notion of how terrible a thing that flood must be which is sweeping us away. It saddens and softens your heart when you hear of a noble ship, with all its crew, perishing in the hurricane whose wild and fearful howlings hardly disturbed your sleep of peace. And when some accident has laid an acquaintance suddenly with the dead, you cannot choose but feel the death of the body to be a solemn thing. Yet what is this to the loss of the soul? The loss of the whole material universe is nothing to the loss, both to God and to itself, of the soul of the poorest man who totters in rags through life's weary pilgrimage. What is the death of the body to the spectacle of a man in prison—a convicted felon, a thief, a swindler, or a murderer?

And how awful is the thought of sin continued beyond the grave! How can we measure such a loss as this, the loss of what is immortal! How get even a glimpse of an evil so vast, so immense.