

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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Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

A HIGH CHURCH SABBATH IN LONDON.
By Rev. F. H. Newhall, D. D.

THE CATHEDRALS AND THEIR SERVICE.

As a general thing the services of the Church of England are as intelligible to one who does not closely follow them with prayer-book in hand, as if they were conducted in a dead language. Especially is this the case at the cathedrals, where the service is "intended," and in such a style that I found it very difficult to follow even such familiar portions as the Litany, the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer. The most solemn and impressive passages, which in themselves are so freighted with thought and feeling, are uttered with a jerking cadence, and an irrelevant rapidity that is often revolting. It is certainly impossible for any worshiper to draw the spiritual life out of those rich sentences when formally rattled through like work done by the job. There are beautiful and impressive exceptions, but I refer to the general effect of the cathedral service as heard by the stranger on its native soil. The architectural solemnity of clustered pillars, groined aisles, and lofty nave, the sunbeams streaming through the stained windows upon the sculptured forms of martyrs or apostles, and lighting up the memorial tablets from which the sainted dead yet preach; the music, rolling its thunder along the Gothic arches; the procession of white-robed priests and singers, solemnly ushered in, and reverently bowing in silence or in song; the responsive "Amen" hurrying now and then like a universal in-breath of aspiration from the whole congregation—all this is most impressive to the imagination, if not to the conscience and heart. I can conceive how priest and people and choir might be trained to go through these services in a manner that would be most captivating. But I have vainly sought for a realization of this liturgical ideal. When the very first impression had got worn away, I felt a little devotional impulse at a cathedral service as I should at a theatrical exhibition. Devotion is not even well acted in the English cathedrals. The boy chorister will, of course, now and then whisper in the intervals of prayer and praise, or even while bobbing up and down at their desks. The white robe is supposed to be emblematical of the purity of the church, but when troubled and grimy it does not suggest, save by contrast, the "finch white and clean," that the revelator saw. The portly forms, rubicund cheeks and wintry voices of the canons often brought up associations of the side-board rather than of the study or closet. The almost universal drawl in the performance of the service is more insufferable than any "holly tone" or sanctimonious whine that I ever heard from Methodist class leader or New England deacon. As to the reading, both of the scriptures and of sermons, it is simply execrable, if reading ever can be. Pronunciation is, of course, correct, for these priests are bred at the universities, yet I have heard a canon let slip an "ib." But, setting pronunciation aside, it is no exaggeration to say that such miserable reading as is generally heard in the English cathedrals is rare in the American pulpit. Had my excellent friend, Prof. Hibbard, attended with me the cathedral services in London, he would have written in an agony such as he never experienced at a Freshman declamation.

ST. ALBANS.

I attended one Sabbath morning, the Purseville church of St. Albans, in High Holborn. Here may be seen the very highest style of historic devotion to be found on Protestant ground. I own that it was with some twinges of conscience, as to the propriety of making such a use of sacred time that I turned my steps towards this ecclesiastical theatre. At the breakfast table I inquired of a servant, the way to "St. Albans, High Holborn." The man looked blank for a few moments, and then brightened up as he replied, "O! you mean St. Albans, 'I Albam'! I nodded acquiescence to this cockney translation of my American English, and was set on the road. It is a beautiful church, built in the Gothic style. As I entered and glanced down the nave, the first object that met my eye was a large cross erected above the altar. On the wall above and around the cross were pictured representations of the leading events in the life of the Saviour. The table in the chancel was tastefully decorated with flowers, and there was spread upon it a richly bound ritual. A covered reading-desk stood near the table, and on either side of it candles in twin candelabra. Soon there entered from the side of the chancel a robed attendant, who in a graceful and impressive manner removed the covering from the reading-desk, and lighted two tall candles. He made certain other dispositions of the drapery and apparatus within the altar, in a series of elegant movements which produced a marked effect upon the congregation. A procession of priests, robed in white trimmed with crimson and gold, in a most tasteful style, now appeared at the side of the chancel, entered amid strains of low and solemn music, and turned so as to face the cross toward which they made a low obeisance, the leaders bowing on successive steps that led up to the altar. As they bowed, their elegant vestments fell gracefully upon the altar steps, and a large crimson cross on the back of the principal official produced a brilliant effect by contrast with the white drapery around. I must here pause to frankly own that I am unable to gratify the curiosity of the reader by an elaborate description of the vestments that seem to be creating such an intense excitement in the English Church. I am as disqualified for this task as I should be for that of a ball-room reporter. I have not mastered the technical nomenclature of ecclesiastical military sufficiently to describe "aids" and "stems" and "chevrons" with that minuteness which, in the opinion of so many Englishmen, the momentous theme demands. But I am happy to say that the white was spotless, the washwoman had done her duty well; the deep gold and crimson borders made a brilliant and effective contrast; the drapery descended and swept the pavement in graceful curves, and all the bows, gestures, advancements, and retirings of the performers were, as a general thing, accomplished with an ease and elegance that undoubtedly reflected great credit on some dancing master's training. Yet I must own that, to an uninitiated eye, which had been recently scanning the treasures of the British Museum, the priest, when he turned and struck his most impressive attitude, standing with his robes drooping from his extended arms, unpleasantly resembled a

gigantic bat, or human-headed Pterodactyl, rather than a man in God's image coming with God's message to men. The performances by the organist and choir were in the very best style of art, and the responses were made in excellent taste. At last a priest came forth from the chancel, and, making a low obeisance to the cross as he passed, mounted the pulpit and opened his manuscript, at the same time saying, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen." He proceeded to read an indifferent discourse upon the office and ministry of angels; delivered in a most monotonous and slipshod style. In fact his elocution was so wretched that it was with great difficulty that I followed him, although his voice was naturally full and strong. The congregation were very listless, and in fact both preacher and people seemed to regard the discourse as a most insignificant part of the ceremonies of the hour. I gathered from the discourse that the preacher believed that angels carry on all the operations of nature and providence; in fact he avowed that he had been personally conscious of their ministrations. After a discourse, a hymn was sung, invoking the aid of angels, and of the Virgin Mary. The successive verses commenced after this manner:

"Angel of Night, let Gabriel come," etc.
"Angel of Peace, let Michael come," etc.
"And let the Virgin Mother come," etc.

But it was at the sacramental service that Proby was displayed in full flower. The candles were all lighted on each side of the altar, and, after various preliminary bowings and chantings, which it would be tedious to describe, the priest entered upon the prayer of consecration. He read the service in the usual manner, burning incense in a censer as he reached the closing portion of the prayer, so that the fumes rolled up in a cloud. A slight cough spread through the congregation as the sacred smoke reached them. When the priest had arisen, an attendant opened the iron gate in front of the altar-rail, and the communicants entered with bowed heads and folded hands. One priest then commenced distributing the bread, pausing before each communicant to break off a fragment and lift it up before he gave it. At the same time whispering a sentence, probably the prescribed form of words, then lowering the bread with the sign of the cross to the mouth of the communicant. Another priest followed with the cup, in like manner elevating and then lowering it with the sign of the cross. The communicants retired as they received the wine, and others took their places immediately, the priest returning, holding aloft the plate and the cup as they did so, and going through the same routine again. All this time, low, sweet, and solemn music was sounding from the organ. After all had communicated, one of the priests took the cup in his hand and kissed it, then secured for a few moments to be rubbing it upon each side of his face, when he kissed it again and drank of its contents. He then poured all the remaining wine from the flagon into the cup, and crumbled into it the remaining bread. He then with a napkin carefully dusted off the smallest crumbs from the plate into the cup and drank again, very carefully draining it to the last drop. Soon after this he dismissed the congregation with the sign of the cross.

And this is the balm with which the English High Church expects to heal the wounds of the world!

IS SINGING REALLY WORSHIP?

Every one answers, "yes," a very important, a delightful part. "Not a mere exercise of the choir or congregation?" "No." "Not something to give variety, to gratify the audience?" "No," but a part of the worship of God. Think of such words as

"Come sound his praise abroad,"

And hymns of glory sing," etc.

And the music is designed to stir the feelings more thoroughly, so that there may be more heart, more devotion in it. Strong efforts are made to engage the largest possible number of the congregation. "This is not," it is said, "a performance of the choir," but an exercise into which all that can should enter. Even if the tune is not familiar, or you know not how to sing, you should let the feelings of the heart go up while others sing. At least make melody in your heart unto the Lord. Sometimes a minister says, as he announces the hymn, "let us sing to the praise of God," or "let us sing," or "let all the congregation join in singing unto God."

Now let all this be accepted as perfectly correct. Singing is worship, worship of God; an important, solemn, holy exercise, quite as much so as prayer. It is prayer, or praise, adoration, the celebration of God's goodness, or of the glories of his gospel or kingdom. Poetry and melody are employed more fully to draw out the soul. It is designed to engage many voices, and all hearts; and without the heart it is empty—a mere mockery. I want to ask, then, why is the time of such an engagement chosen to regulate the temperature of the building, to adjust lights, to whisper to neighbors, to carry notices to the pulpit, to do the general business of the congregation? Why do ministers take that time to talk to each other in the pulpit? to consult about the services? to look up scripture passages? to arrange their notes? to study their manuscript? If hearts should be engaged, why not theirs? If they would induce devotion in the congregation, what will be most influential, precept or example? If they preach, "bring no more vain oblations," why do they not practice it?

We often hear the proposition, "let us sing or close with the doxology." And every child may know from words,

"Praise God from whom all blessing flow,"

Praise Him all creatures here below," that doxology means giving praise or glory. I know no words more solemn, more unostentatious, and when the Trinitarian God invoked to listen to his praise looks down upon the congregation, what does he see? Some putting on their gloves; others stowing away the books; dressing children, getting everything ready for an immediate rush on the utterance of the last word; or rushing now, impatient of delay. And the minister, the leader and exemplar, the man who proposed the doxology, getting on his overcoat or putting away his sermon. "Doxology! indeed!" It is a hollow form, a solemn farce.

It is amazing what may be seen in Christian assemblies, even among the most zealous advocates of all we assumed at the beginning. Here is an immense congregation singing one of the most glorious hymns of praise ever written. But near

are an active minister and a Sunday School superintendent, busy in conversation; and that, not upon the deep things of God, but upon affairs that had better been left outside. I wonder if they will talk all through prayer. No, they stop. But why then, and not before?

Now we are in a religious meeting, and it is "concluding with the doxology." The chairman—venerable man—is carefully putting away his gold spectacles into their case. The secretary, a prominent minister, is down on his knees, putting the society books into a tin box, so as to lose (I) no time. Here in Sunday School, the teachers are piling Bibles and question books; librarians are finishing their work in their book-cases; officers, teachers, and scholars are winding up their little matters of business so as to have all done when they (who?) have done giving glory to God. It would be disrespectful to God to close religious meeting or Sunday School without some offering of praise. And this is the praise, the respect, his servants render!

FOLLOWING CHRIST—AT ONCE.

"Tell us something about your conversion," said we to a new convert who came before the session for admission to the church. "I have only this to say," he replied; "I was at church a week ago on Sunday, and the command of Christ to 'Follow me,' came into my mind with the suddenness of a flash. I at once resolved to follow Christ, and ever since that time have been trying to live a Christian."

Now here is an experience that we commend heartily to every seeker after salvation. It is a brief and business like as if it came out of the Bible. Nothing was said about protracted conversions or long periods of distress. The man felt his duty, under the drawings of the Holy Spirit, and he did it. The path of obedience was the path of salvation.

It was a duty-doing after the Bible model. Precisely in this manner did Peter and John and James come to Christ. Their destiny for this world and for the next, all turned on just one thing. They obeyed the call of Jesus Christ, and followed him at once. Christ did not come twice after them, nor need to speak twice to them. They all left their nets, their boats, their homes, and their kindred and followed him. To-day those three obscure fishermen are doing a mightier work for God and humanity than all the emperors and philosophers of their century.

Impenitent friend! suppose that those men had treated the Saviour that day, as you have always treated him. Where were Peter's heroic history? Where were James' martyr-crown? Where were John's precious writings and his harvest of souls? All these, you observe, turned on a simple Yes, or No. It was "now or never" with them. If they had gone back to their nets, Satan would have had them in his net. We do not read that they set down to weep over their past sins, or went off to spend a week in fasting and prayer before they decided. They just rose up, left their nets, and immediately started with their Lord on their hard up-hill march toward an immortality of glory.

Unconverted reader! the "net" which you are to leave at the command of Christ is your favorite sin. The only Christian repentance is an abandonment of sins. This step may be attended with poignant distress of mind, or it may not. This depends upon your temperament, and the degree of the Holy Spirit's convicting work. Do not wait for sorrow of the heart—do not think of it. Wait for nothing and no one. Just begin to serve Jesus in the first duty that comes to hand. Just refuse to do the first wicked thing to which you are tempted. Do this with earnest prayer to God for help. You will get help when you are in the line of obedience; but not one iota of relief or comfort while you remain away from the Saviour. We would condense the whole matter into one sentence. The loving Jesus calls you to faith and offers you the assurance of hope; he calls you to labor, and offers you a glorious reward; he calls you to personal holiness, and offers you the sinless rest of heaven. Quit your darling sins, and follow him at once.—N. Y. Evangelist.

NATURE OF PRAYER.

From Prayers of the Ages.

—The great thing needed for moral development is more vital power. Love will make all things new. A profound influence in the centre of the world will cause all parts of life to bud and blossom and bear fruit.

But what can we do when the door of the heart is closed by God by sin, and the soul is left barren, cold, empty, incapable of any true virtue? We cannot, by an act of the will, create within the heart Christian sentiments and graces; we cannot by moral effort create within the soul generosity or love. What can we do? We can open the door; we can let God's influence come into the heart to lead us to Christ, to give us a sense of his pardoning love, to lift us to a higher plane of conviction. And this is prayer in its most essential nature.—Clarke.

—He that has learned to pray as he ought, has got the secret of an holy life.

It is of greater advantage to us than we imagine, that God does not grant our petitions immediately. We learn that, whereunto we have already attained it was the gift of God.

The inexpressiveness of our prayers is the source of all our infidelities. It is a rudeness amongst men to ask for a favor and not stay for an answer. And do we count it no fault to pray for blessings and never to think of them afterwards—never to wait for them, never to give God thanks for them?

It was the saying of a learned man, said Dr. Lightfoot, that he got more knowledge by his prayers than by all his studies.—Sacra Privata.

—Before thou prayest, says the wise man, "prepare thyself." Let the mind, as much as may be, be solemnized, calmed, and toned down, by taking in the thought of the presence of God and the sublime idea of coming to him.—Goulburne.

—Prayer is an act of homage done to the majesty of God. Accordingly, it is to be performed with the utmost reverence and solemnity; there is to be no babbling in it, no familiar gibberish of the tongue, no running of words to waste, but simple, grave, short, sound, well-considered speech. So said King Solomon said long centuries ago: "Do not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God; for God is in heaven, and thou upon the earth;

therefore let thy words be few." And so says one greater and wiser than Solomon, even Christ. "But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them."

Will petitions that do not move the heart of the suppliant, move the heart of Omnipotence?—Thompson.

—Prayer is a closing of the eyes on things seen, and opening them on things unseen. It is penitence vocal, faith making its profession, and love kindling into a flame. It is a heart brought to the altar, a flower opening to the benignant eye of heaven; it is a putting off the shoes at Horeb; it is a walk to Emmaus; it is to be present in the upper chamber; to sit quietly by the Saviour's side, lean the head on his bosom, and feel the beatings of Immanuel's heart.—Thompson.

THE UNSPOKEN SERMON.

At a hotel table, a plain, middle-aged man took his seat with his family, and before ordering his meal, he bowed his head and asked a silent blessing. It was a noiseless, unobtrusive act, but it spoke volumes to those who witnessed it.

It was a matter of surprise to all. We are so accustomed to look upon those we meet as irreligious, unless some peculiar circumstance reveals the contrary, that we are not prepared for such a confession of faith.

"It is probably a clergyman," whispered a young girl near me. It seemed to her mind the only solution to such a strange act.

There were doubtless other professing Christians present, who dared not do what this man did, who would weave a plausible tissue of excuses for neglecting a duty they did not neglect at home.

"It would look so singular, and provoke a smile of ridicule, at the expense of Christianity!" It would seem like a parade of piety, and so they contented themselves to bow down in the house of Rimmon, to do as the worldlings did, because they were "away from home."

The man's demeanor was far removed from any appearance of self-righteousness. I think he took up the duty as a cross, but one that he would willingly bear for His Master. That he felt many eyes were directed upon him, and that he shrank from such notoriety, but his love and reverence for God was stronger than his fear of man. He could not have his children see him partake of a meal he had not asked God to bless.

Years have passed since then, but I have never forgotten the impression upon my childish mind by this simple testimony to the power of grace.

If any one of that company had been compelled to ask a favor as a Christian from a stranger, would they not have selected this man in preference to any other? Would they not have felt greater confidence in him, even though they were not Christians themselves? The world pays constant tribute to the power of the gospel, by placing its most sacred trusts in the hands of its followers.

If Christian travellers only embraced their many opportunities to "stand up for Jesus," such an act would cease to give surprise. The ungodly world thus listen unconsciously to a sermon whose influence they could not lightly shake off.—S. S. Times.

THE OLD WELL.

"There was a well near here," said a bystander, "and very good water used to come from it; but it has been filled up for a long time."

"Indeed! I never knew there was a well here, much less tasted the water. How did it get filled up?"

"Neglect, sir. Some rubbish got in, then part of the surrounding soil, and as it was not cleared out at once, it got worse and worse, till it is as you see it—quite choked up. I wonder if there is any water at the bottom?"

These last words set me thinking. I wonder if there is any water at the bottom? I thought how much this old well is like some Christians. The Lord Jesus spoke of the life he gives to the believer as "a well of water in him" (John iv. 14); but are there not many who are supposed to be Christians, in whom we do not see any water, and of whom we can only say, as of this old well, "I wonder if there is any water at the bottom?" But the Lord Jesus said that it should "spring up into everlasting life." How then is it that it does not spring up in every Christian? This was surely God's intention in putting it there. Alas! the cause is manifest; it is the rubbish, the soil, that has been allowed to choke up the mouth of the well. In some it is only beginning to be choked. You see some water of life and some rubbish. Love sight of them for a time, and there is generally a change; either you see more water or more rubbish. Either they have been awakened to their true state of soul as before God, and in his strength sought to cleanse themselves from the filthiness of the flesh and spirit (2 Cor. vii. 1), and the water springs up as the rubbish is removed, and the soul is happy, and God is glorified; or the rubbish accumulates more and more, till the water is nearly hid, and the soul forgets that he "was once purged from his old sins," (2 Peter i. 9), and at last turns as "the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire" (2 Peter ii. 22). We can only say of such, "I wonder if there is any water at the bottom?"

"HALF WAY TO CHRIST."—Half way to Christ said a minister in quoting the remark of an eminent man; "half-way to Christ is a dreadful place."

Indeed it is. But do you realize the fact when you talk so earnestly on religious topics, and enforce the laws of morality, while your heart is not given to Christ, and you fail to walk in the way of his commandments?

There is no neutral ground in Christ's territory. You must be either for or against the establishing of his Kingdom; and if your sympathies are not thoroughly enlisted in the right cause, then you belong wholly to the adversary.

Half-way to Christ! Half-way home is to be still excluded from the light, the love and happiness centred therein. If you have been absent some time, parted from those you love best on earth, and are now on the homeward journey, how the heart leaps when some one beside you whispers—"are you half-way there now?" and how impatient you grow at each delay; for the "half-way" always seems to be the longest. Full of indignatory forebodings, apprehending evil that never entered your thoughts before, home becomes each

moment dearer, and over the door-posts is inscribed in shining letters, "Peace," and "Safety."

"Almost saved," is—still left to perish! If you are already half-way to Christ, what is to hinder your progress? If you believe with the understanding, why should you not believe with the heart also? How can you willfully exclude yourself from participating in the delights known only to the true disciple? Why will you halt on the threshold when the door stands invitingly open, and you may enter if you choose? Are you satisfied with being half-way to Christ? Living at that distance from him, you may realize no present peril, but dying in that condition you are lost eternally. Come nearer. The children have no need to stand afar off. "Half-way to Christ is a dreadful place!"

SO MANY CALLS!

The resources of the benevolent were seldom drawn upon more deeply than now. No wonder although we should hear on every side the exclamation, "So many calls!" There are calls for the Sabbath School; calls for congregational objects; calls for denominational objects, such as church building, Home Missions, Foreign Missions, &c. Then other denominations will come in for at any rate a small share of our gifts. Young Men's Associations, City Missions, Bible and Tract Societies, must not be overlooked. Then comes the cry of the poor and the distressed from every corner of the land! Truly there are "many calls" on the benevolent. Thank God that he gives grace to the rich to respond so cheerfully. When we say rich we use the term relatively. Aid is given very generously by thousands who are hardly removed from poverty.

Why should there be not many calls? "Largely thou givest, gracious Lord! Largely thy gifts should be restored, Freely thou givest; and thy word is, Freely give."

God does not ask us to give what he has not given us; and if he has blessed us with abundance it is a small thing that we should thankfully and cheerfully be the dispensers of His bounty. When appeal after appeal is made to us, let us not be hardened, or irritated, but recall the liberality and self-sacrifice of Him who though He was rich yet for our sakes became poor that we through His poverty should be made rich.

We sometimes are reminded that our gifts and benefactions have not been put to the best use. They may have been injudiciously administered. They may have been spent more than usefully; and the thought tends to dry up the fountains of charity in our souls. In such circumstances let us remember how graciously God overlooks our perversion of His gifts, and how He continues to dispense His benefits even to the unjust and the evil; and let us deal with our needy neighbours as we would wish our Father in Heaven to deal with us.—Ex.

TAKE FREELY.—A ship was sailing in the southern waters of the Atlantic, when her crew saw another vessel making signals of distress. They bore down toward the distressed ship and hailed them.

"What is the matter?"

"We are dying for water," was the response. "Dip it up then!" was answered. "You are in the mouth of the Amazon River!"

There those sailors were thirsting and suffering, and fearing, and longing for water, and supposing that there was nothing but the ocean's brine around them, when, in fact, they had sailed unconsciously into the broad mouth of the mightiest river on the globe, and did not know it. And though to them it seemed that they must perish with thirst, yet there was a hundred miles of fresh water all around them, and they had nothing to do but to "dip it up!"

Jesus Christ says; "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." And the Spirit and the Bride say, come, and let him that heareth say, come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely. Thirsting soul, the flood is all around you; "dip it up!" and drink, and thirst no more.—Earnest Christian.

MOTIVES TO HOLINESS.—What an assemblage of motives to holiness does the Gospel present! I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am a redeemed sinner—a pardoned rebel—all through grace, and by the most wonderful means which infinite wisdom could devise. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am a temple of God, and surely I ought to be pure and holy. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am a child of God, and ought to be filled with filial love, reverence, joy, and gratitude. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am a disciple of Christ, and must imitate him who was meek and lowly in heart, and pleased not himself. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am an heir of heaven, and hastening on to the abodes of the blessed, to join the full choir of glorified ones in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb; and surely I ought to learn that song on earth.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.—"During the late great snow-storm," writes a correspondent of the Boston Recorder—"a negro, travelling through the eastern part of Pembroke, was arrested by the storm and took shelter in a farm-house. He was a pious man and ready to do his Master's work in storm or in sunshine. The family in which he stopped were not professors of religion, but he proposed, and they consented to have an evening prayer-meeting. Accordingly, a few neighbors were invited in, as soon as the travelling would permit, and such was the interest manifested that another was held, and then another. The Spirit of the Lord was present with power. The news of the good work was extended around; persons came from a distance of five miles to witness the Lord's doings. That farm-house was thronged by two hundred persons of an evening, and many were hopefully converted." "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit said the Lord of hosts."

"The life I live in the flesh," says the apostle. Look at him busy at his tent-making. What! an apostle making tents? What say you, brethren, to the Archbishop of Canterbury stitching away for his living? It is too low for a State bishop, certainly, but not too low for Paul. I do not think the apostle was ever more apostolic than when he picked up sticks. When Paul and his companions were shipwrecked at Malta, the Apostle was of more service than all the Pan-Anglican Synod with their silk aprons, for he set