

# 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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MAY 1868.

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Frederickton, April 24, 1868.

## The Intelligencer.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD'S LOVE TOWARDS THE WORLD.

AN ADDRESS BY RICHARD WEAVER, THE LANCASHIRE MINER.

The following address which appeared in the *Intelligencer* in 1861, has been handed us by an old and much respected brother, with a request for its re-publication. We publish it with pleasure; and trust its perusal may impress many hearts with the exceeding greatness of God's love to them.

The meeting was held in Exeter Hall, which was crowded to its utmost extent. Mr. Weaver commenced by singing the following hymn:—

Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell  
The wonders of immortality,  
Who saved me from a burning hell,  
And brought my soul with him to dwell,  
And gave me heavenly union.

When Jesus saw me on high,  
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,  
He look'd on me with pitying eye,  
And said to me, 'My precious one,  
'With God you have no union.'

Then I began to weep and cry,  
Look'd this way and that to fly;  
It grieved me sore that I must die,  
I strove salvation for to buy,  
But still I had no union.

My great Redeemer took me in,  
And then I hated all my sin,  
And with his blood he washed me clean:  
And O, what seasons have I seen  
E'er since I felt this union.

I praised the Lord from day to day,  
And went from house to house to pray;  
And if I met one by the way,  
I'd always find something to say,  
About this heavenly union.

O come, backsliders, come away,  
And mind to do, as well as say,  
And learn to watch, as well as pray—  
And bear your cross from day to day,  
And then you'll feel this union.

Come, heaven and earth, unite your lays,  
And give to Jesus endless praise;  
And, O my soul, look on and gaze,  
He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,  
To give you heavenly union.

The three last lines were repeated as a chorus in which many of the congregation joined. He then proceeded to say: The passage of God's Word on which I wish to speak to-night, reads thus:—'Herein is love; not that we love God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.' It is in the 1st Epistle of John, 4th chapter and 10th verse.

God Almighty has planted my feet once again in this great metropolis—this Sodom of infamy. I am not going to break seals or pour viols, but to blow the Gospel trumpet. It is to this that the love of Christ constrains me—as the Apostle says, 'constraineth us'—and I would say, 'that if one died for all, then were all dead.' I could not bring before your attention to-night a better passage than this—'Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that God loved us'—what a blessed text that is!—and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.' We have met together now for one of the greatest objects that people can meet together for, namely, the salvation of precious and immortal souls. I and my brother do not come to be seen of men and women—we are not here to be worshipped by you, but to worship with you our common Saviour, and to point you to the blood of Christ. We come to tell you that there is no other name given under heaven whereby you can be saved, but the name of Jesus.

You have heard a good deal in different places—and may be in this place—about the love of Christ; but there are many heights and depths in that love of which we have yet no knowledge, and it is a love that can never perish or decay. We cannot understand how God could love us when we did not love him. He could have been as happy without you and me in heaven with him as with us; but out of love to us he came down to die and make atonement for our sins—for your sins and for my sins—for the sins of every man and every woman in this hall to-night. But how many of you, to the sadness of your days and the melancholy of your nights, have been, and still are, strangers to the blood that bought your pardon on the tree! What a blessed thing it is to know that though we have hated God and lived afar off from him, that he, nevertheless, loved us! If you search the sacred Scriptures, you will find that God Almighty always loved a people, and was specially interested in their welfare. As soon as ever man broke the law which he was commanded to obey, the living God spoke from his platform above, and said, 'The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.' He seems to have set his heart upon our welfare; and, therefore, as soon as man disobeyed, he was determined to make up the breach. But this he could only do by providing an atonement. 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission' of sin. Hence you know, that under the heaviest dispensations of religion, the blood of goats and lambs was shed to teach this truth, and to make atonement for the sins of the people. The high priest went into the Temple once a year with blood not his own; but Jesus Christ, our great High Priest, has entered heaven, and with his own blood has redeemed you and me.

How blessedly 'to the declaration of three of the Apostles unite and blend together: 'Ye are redeemed,' says one, 'not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ.' Another says, 'Though we were afar off, we were brought nigh by the blood of Christ.' And another testifies to the same effect. Would that there was the same harmony of statement between the teachers of Christianity now. But how different is it often! One says you to come to this place, and another says you should go to that. I think there is too much flesh about us at the present time. We should look exclusively to the Saviour and to his atonement far more than we do, remembering that there is no other way of salvation. Follow the life of Christ from the cradle to the cross, and go up to the heavenly country and see him sitting there with bleeding hands and bloody garments; follow his track as he marks it out through this vain wilderness, this scene of persecution, and you always find that about him which is so beautifully beautiful. You discover him that ever trod this sin-blighted, this world of sin, and he was God manifest in the flesh; and

yet he could feel most deeply for men. In him dwelt a heart that could thrill for humanity. He had an eye that could weep for the sorrowful; and a sympathy that could deeply compassionate the afflicted; and he was ever ready to lead the hungry and clothe the naked. 'Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us.' Notwithstanding Voltaire, Tom Paine, Iconoclast, Barker—and the devil, their father—the cause of Christ, and his love to the sons of men, is as strong as ever. The stone cut out of the mountain without hands continues to grow, and shall fill the earth. The devil and his agents shall be utterly defeated. Every opposing mountain and hill shall be made low, and every valley shall be exalted. The Word of the Lord shall have free course, and be glorified. Oh, may heaven set your hearts on flame to-night for the Redeemer! Christ suffered and died but he also rose again. Bless God for his risen Saviour! Thank God for a living Jesus! Bless God that he lives to intercede for you and me! My heavenly help you all have not done so to flee to Jesus to-night, and wash away your sins in his atoning blood, and to be of the number of the redeemed, and the heirs of eternal glory.

There is nothing that attracts my attention so much as my Saviour. Much as I love and respect my friends, the love which I bear to my Saviour is greater than all. Never shall I forget the contents of a letter I once received from the hands of a bereaved husband. As I read it my eyes filled with tears, and my heart overflowed with gratitude to my Saviour; and I said, 'Well done, my Jesus, he is alive still.' What do you tell me the story. A young woman, the mother of one child, was about to depart this life, and she called all her friends to her bedside—her grey-headed father, and aged mother, her two sisters, a brother, and her husband and their little boy. She took hold of the hands of her old father and said, 'Father, I love you; and the old father, with his grey locks, standing there, replied, 'And I love thee, lass.' But father, I want you to answer me one question: I am going to heaven, and I want you to meet me there; will you meet me in heaven? 'Well, I hope so, lass.' Father, you will not be so long time after me; will you meet me in heaven? With sorrow in his bosom and tears in his eyes, he then answered, 'By the help of God, I will meet thee in heaven.' She then called her mother; the poor old woman looked at her daughter, and her daughter looked at her. 'I love thee, mother,' said the dying woman. 'And I love thee, my daughter Sarah.' 'Will you meet me in heaven? will you meet me in heaven? 'Oh, yes, my mind's made up to that, I am determined to meet thee in heaven.' Farewell, mother, said the dying daughter; and she turned to each of the two sisters and to her brother, asking the same question, and they all promised that they would try and meet her in heaven. Then came her husband, with their child in his arms, to the bedside, and she put her arms round his neck and said to him, 'Oh, Tom, I love thee, and I respect thee. Thou hast been ever dear to me, since we have been together; but I have now to leave thee, Farewell; will you meet me in heaven? 'Oh, yes, I will, where there shall be no more weeping, and parting shall be no more!—she then turned to her little boy. 'Ah, Willy, said she, I love thee. The Lord bless thee. The Lord will protect thee. Farewell, Willy! She then turned her head upon her pillow, and looked upon father, mother, sisters, brother, husband, and child, and said, 'I love you all dearly, but I love my Saviour above you all.' Surely, 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us.' That is the cause of our love to him. There was something in the heart of that dying mother, wife and daughter, that could tell her friends she loved them, while she had a better friend than them all, and whom she must love more than they could love. She had learned this from that Book of God, which some people don't like, which they would chuck into the fire—cast it away for something else, though it tells us of God's love to us, and how we may be made truly happy, both for this world and the world to come. May God bless you, and heaven help you to come to Jesus to-night. Let God's love have free play around your hearts to-night. Be determined to open your hearts to its influence, and though the devil should oppose, and you should have to fight a battle—and a battle there will be—yet, my soul for yours, if you do not gain the victory.

You may travel after Jesus, and view him at the grave of Lazarus, where you see him weeping for the poor sisters and for them believing Jews. He has a heart that can feel for another—a heart of love that expands to all about him. And you may go back and see the Saviour, as he walks along the road, while the people are scoffing, and saying, 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' As he passes along, he sees a poor widow going to the grave with her only child. Does he pass by the funeral procession, and say nothing to the poor weeping woman? Does he take no interest in her, and feel no pity for her grief? Not so. He commanded the bearers to stand still, and said unto the young man who was dead, 'Arise; and then delivered him to his mother. 'Herein is love.'

How did he treat Mary Magdalene, that sinful woman—that vile creature? Did he spurn her from him? Surely not. She washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head; and what did he do? He looked at the poor woman, and said—Where there is much forgiveness, there is much to be thankful for; and went on to explain the Gospel to the Pharisee in whose house he was.

Let us follow him another step. See him sitting with the twelve, and one of them a devil. Jesus can read the secrets of each heart in that little company; and he can equally read the secrets of each heart to-night. He knows what hypocrites and canting humbugs, as well as what open sinners and true penitents, are now. He knows who are real gods and who are Judases. And there is many a Judas here to-night. May God save you, for you are a curse to London! As Judas dipped in the dish with him, what must the Saviour's feelings have been—knowing that Judas would be his betrayer! What does he say? 'My heart is exceedingly sorrowful; but though it was, he also said to the disciples, 'Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions.'

View him as he goes to the Mount of Olivet. He takes Peter, and James, and John, and a few others, and he prays in an agony; the cup of in-

ignation in his hand. Hear him saying, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' Hear, O heavens! and be astonished. O earth! Was there ever love like this? No, never. View him as he kneels on the damp sod, and his 'sweat, as it were great drops blood,' bedews the ground. 'Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us.'

Follow him again on his way to Calvary, and stand there as he hangs there between two thieves; and while it seems as if the bulls of Bashan, and the wolves and dogs of hell, were let loose, hear that mournful cry as it comes from his lips—as the crimson gore runs down his body, while the earth trembles, the graves give up their dead, the sun hides its face—Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Was there ever love like this? Never—no, never. And hear him, when in his dying hour the crucified thief prays for mercy, saying to him, 'To day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' What love is here! and to save you and me he endured all this. At last we hear his dying groan, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' Was there ever love like this? No, never! May heaven help you to think of that love! Hear it, unconverted men and women, 'God so loved the world that whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' Everlasting Life! Glory be to God, for ever.

In Edinburgh it was told to me of a poor lass who found the Saviour, and she said, 'I will now go and ask my father to forgive me. Will you come with me?' said she, to one who complied, and went to her father's house. On reaching it, she rushed in, with the kind friend at her back, praying to God to open her way, and fell on her knees, clasping those of her father, and saying, 'Oh, father, will you forgive me? God has forgiven me, will you forgive me? The father's heart seemed to be hard against her for an instant, as he silently looked at her. 'Dear father!' she cried, 'will you forgive me?' At last he said, 'Yes, my child, I will, and the Lord bless thee.'

'Herein is love.' Oh, may Heaven bless you who are here to-night! It does not matter who you are, or what your characters have been or are, what ingratitude you have displayed towards God, or whatever sins you have committed—you may come to Jesus. 'You should not preach in that way,' said a person to me in Edinburgh. I said, 'I suppose you would have me preach as if I did not believe in the truth, as if it was a fiction; but I wish to preach it as a reality. Is it moonshine and humbug that Christ died on Calvary to take away the guilt of men? Is it true that Calvary is no longer a place of death, but a place of life? that Christ has planted the tree of life in the places where the hyena and the jackal devoured their prey, and that every sinner who eats of that tree of life shall live for ever? I believe it is true, and I wish to preach as if I did indeed believe it.'

I was speaking a fortnight ago last night to about a hundred working men on the love of God when a bald-headed man of fifty or sixty years of age, got up and said, 'I wish to testify that my heart is full of love. I never knew what the love of God was till to-night, and I shall go home with my heart full of love.' The man here to-night who has been with his wife and cursed his children, will not do that again if the love of Christ takes possession of his heart, but will be kind to his wife, and ask God to bless his household.

As I was about to leave a meeting in Edinburgh the other night, a man took hold of me and said, 'I want to speak to this congregation before it goes.' I wondered what he wanted to say, and he said—'I have a sister that I had not seen for eight years. One day last week she came and threw her arms round my neck and said, 'Robert, will you forgive me? Christ has forgiven me.' And before I could say she ran to my wife and said, 'Oh, my sister will you forgive me? Christ has forgiven me.' And then she spoke to the children and to the servants, pointing them to the blood of Christ. Then she came back to me and repeated her question, 'Robert, will you forgive me?' And what could I do but say, 'Yes, my sister, I do forgive you.'

'Herein is love.' Thank God the blood of Christ, the blood of my Saviour, can wash from sin, the worst blackguard in London, and make him an heir of heaven, a child of glory! Some of us can remember the time when we never thought of God's love; but now we can publish to the sons of men, by that sign infallible, a changed heart, that the love of Christ is shed abroad in our hearts. Some of you may be poor and poverty-stricken, and can hardly tell how to make out for the day. Thank God there shall be no poverty by-and-by. You may be covered with sin now, but you may obtain complete forgiveness. There is, I repeat, salvation for the very worst of sinners who will come to Jesus. May God bless you, and may Heaven help you! How deeply do I long for you to accept the offers of mercy! Would to heaven I could preach as well as I can feel! We cannot say all that is in our hearts now, but when we get to heaven, lads, won't we talk then!

God's love to us! What a wonderful and beautiful thing! Some people are so narrow-minded that they think God loves nobody so well as themselves. I believe he loves us all, and only hates our sins. He does not despise any man. Some want to get to heaven, but to have nobody else go. But all who accept the offers of mercy shall be saved, and all who reject them shall be lost. There is no other distinction, and rich and poor, learned and ignorant, stand on the same footing. Some of you rich people don't believe this. You ladies, with your silks and satins, want to be held for five minutes over the bottomless pit, to convince you of your danger and to make you come to Christ. Hearers all, do you think about God's love? Do you reflect upon the compassion of Christ to a lost world? Do you believe that God loves you? Do you believe it up there, down here, and across yonder? One brother says, 'Yes, and I can say so do I. Another sister down there says, 'I believe it.' Bless God! May we all believe it! Who believes it? I believe it. I have witness within me, and if I die to-night Heaven is my home, through the blood of my Saviour. There are many professors of religion, don't know that. Nay, there are many of them, many of you, who dying to night would go right down to hell, depend upon it. Some people try not to believe that there is such a place as hell. A man said to me, 'Do you think there is a place of burning?' Yes, I said, I do; but what a blessed thing it is that Jesus stepped in between justice and us, and is willing to save us from going down to the pit, and saved some of us just as we

were about to plunge right in! Are there not many here to-night who can say, Bless God, he has saved me! Thank God we read in his Word that Christ was made 'a propitiation for our sins.' I suppose that is that he came to reconcile God to us; and then he invites every man, woman, and child to become reconciled to God. He removed the curse that man might be blessed.

You read of a Jack tar—during the Crimean war, I think it was—who, seeing a lighted bombshell fall upon the vessel, ran and got hold of it, to leave it overboard before it could explode and it went off in his hands as he cast it into the water. So there is a Jack-tar, whose name is Jesus, who stepped from the platform of glory and took hold of the bombshell that would have destroyed us, and it exploded in his own heart, whence flowed that blood which is the life and cleansing of every believing sinner. May God help you to receive it!

I must not talk much longer. It is now five minutes to eight o'clock, and I want to come a little nearer to you. I want to link my hand in yours; I want to take right hold of you and to point you to the Saviour. Poor brother, and poor sister, look to the Saviour—to my Saviour—to your Saviour. Thank God he has not passed by one wretched man or woman here! I believe firmly that Jesus Christ made an atonement for the sins of all—as it says, 'of the whole world.' 'Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.' If we are dead to sin we are alive to Christ, and the greater the pardon we have received the more shall we love him. Death reigned over all, and we are assured in Scripture that as in Adam all die so in Christ shall all be made alive. 'If we are dead in Adam we are alive in Christ: 'God so loved the world.' Is not that wide enough? I am sure of this, that if he passes by any he would have passed by me. But his Spirit moved on my heart, and I flew to him; and he was willing to take me up in his arms and pardon all my sins, and make me to rejoice in his love.

There is many a poor drunkard, and many a poor harlot here to-night, and some who are attired in good clothes, and who think themselves very respectable, though you know, that you are the characters I describe. Well, hear me when I say—the blood of Jesus Christ can save you. His blood can cleanse you harlots with rich dresses—who go to church and chapel, perhaps, but who are harlots in the sight of God—and angels are waiting to rejoice over your renewed souls. You may be made both safe and happy—

'Only believe and thou shalt be saved.'

You rich people need Jesus and his cleansing blood as much as the poor; and unless you accept the offered mercy, how will your golden ornaments glitter in the flames of hell! You who are spending all your wealth upon yourselves, who pass by the starving poor, who are robbing the laborer in order to build yourselves large mansions: what shall be the end of all these things? Be assured of this, that 'damnation slumbereth not.' And woe be unto me if I do not warn you! May God alarm you and help you to seek salvation to-night!

Since I was in London last many have gone into eternity. I have at home as many as two hundred and fifty letters that people have sent to me, testifying of what Christ has done for their souls in Edinburgh, where I have been. Multitudes of working men and women have said to me 'Thank God you ever came to Edinburgh! We have found the Pearl of great price.' Some of the goals of Edinburgh, as you have heard from my friend, have been saved by a sin-pardoning God. You would have rejoiced with us if you had seen what we saw, when one and another of the inmates of the goal got down on their knees and blessed God for what he had done for them. One man who found mercy of the Lord had been committed for drunkenness. My friend paid the fine, and he was released. He did not know who paid it, but at night he was at our meeting, telling what the Lord had done for his soul. The Lord Jesus, said the liberated man to his companions, has paid the debt due to justice, and has released you from condemnation—walk out, brother; walk out sister. He tasted death for every man. May God help you to walk out of your sins, and take a leap into the arms of Jesus; and, my soul for yours, if you be not saved on the spot. God bless you, every one!

But let us come to the point. Who loves Jesus here? I am going to try you. Remember, if you are ashamed of Jesus, he will be ashamed of you. As many of you as can say you are pardoned, hold up your hands. [About a third part of the vast congregation did so.] Bless God that so many can bear such a testimony! Now, let us have some volunteers, not for Garibaldi, but for Jesus. What do you say, unconverted men and women? Will you volunteer for Christ? [A few hands were raised.] Give him your heart, and he will give you a kingdom. You must decide, or be lost for ever.

'Celestial joy or endless pains,'  
await you all. And shall we who have pardon not labour for our Master?

'Must we be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others sought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?'

If religion is not worth living for, it is not worth dying for; and if it is not worth dying for, it is not worth living for.

Many of you who are here to-night have friends in heaven—a father, a mother, or a child—will you not meet them there? [Preacher sings]—

I have a Father in the Promised Land;  
I have a Father in the Promised Land;  
When my Father calls me, I must go  
To meet him in the Promised Land.  
I'll away! I'll away to the Promised Land!  
I'll away! I'll away to the Promised Land!  
When my Father calls me, I must go  
To meet him in the Promised Land.

I have a Saviour in the Promised Land;  
I have a Saviour in the Promised Land;  
When my Saviour calls me, I must go  
To meet him in the Promised Land.  
I'll away! I'll away to the Promised Land!  
I'll away! I'll away to the Promised Land!  
When my Saviour calls me, I must go  
To meet him in the Promised Land.

Prayer was then offered by Mr. Radcliffe, and the benediction pronounced by Mr. Weaver. Meetings for inquirers were subsequently held in the ante-rooms of the hall.

There is a greater depravity in not repenting of sin when it has been committed, than in committing it at first. To deny, as Peter did, is bad; but to weep bitterly, as he did, when we have been denied, is worse.

Twenty-minute sermons.—Paragraphs upon short sermons are in vogue. Mr. H. is said to 'have made himself very popular with the students, by preaching only fifteen minutes.' Perhaps his popularity would reach the height of uncontrolled enthusiasm, if he would make his discourse shorter by just one-quarter of an hour. Dr. L. is said to have 'held his position for forty years, over one of the wealthiest churches, by preaching sermons that never exceeded twenty minutes.' Evidently this Doctor of Divinity achieved his success, like some of our politicians, by what he did not say.

But is not such a remark as this on the length of sermons palpably absurd? Does it mean anything more than a positive dissatisfaction with the preaching or the preacher? If the preaching is lifeless, then of course the less of it the better. But if effective, then it is preposterous to assume that he must confine his work to so many minutes of a week. Persons who do not care for religious instruction and spiritual labor, do not care for even fifteen minutes of sermon, and those who do care for preaching will enjoy it as long as it occupies a proper portion of an ordinary religious service. The man who cannot interest a general audience for more than twenty minutes in speaking on divine things, is not capable of interesting them for ten minutes.

If it is necessary for his usefulness to preach only fifteen minutes, it is probable that the work would not suffer if he were to omit entirely his infantile efforts. The cry for short sermons is nothing but an outcry against what is felt as dullness. It is merely a petition for a diminution of the term of sentence, a device for more speedy relief, the argument of the dentist and the aching tooth, 'that it will take but a minute, and then it is all over.' Where sermons, by common consent, are reduced to this minute-measure, the ministry will have ceased to perform its functions, in declaring the whole counsel of God.—N. Y. Observer.

Whitefield's Power.—A striking feature in Whitefield's preaching was singular power of description. The Arabians have a proverb which says, 'He is the best orator who can turn a man's ears into his eyes.' Whitefield seems to have had a peculiar faculty of doing this. He used to draw such vivid pictures of the things he was handling that his hearers could believe they actually saw and heard them. 'On one occasion,' says one of his biographers, 'Lord Chesterfield was among his hearers. The great preacher in describing the miserable condition of an unconverted sinner, illustrated the subject by describing a blind beggar. The night was dark and the road dangerous. The poor mendicant was desisted by his dog near the edge of the precipice, and had nothing to aid him in groping his way but his staff. Whitefield so warmed with his subject, and enforced it with such graphic power, that the whole audience was kept in breathless silence, as if it saw the movements of the poor old man; and at length, when the beggar was about to take the fatal step which would have hurled him down the precipice to certain destruction, Lord Chesterfield actually made a rush forward to save him, exclaiming aloud, 'He is gone! he is gone!' The noble lord had been so entirely carried away by the preacher that he forgot the whole was a picture.'

Testimonies of Ministers.—1st.—Rev. Dr. Campbell, London: 'I can tell you, that there has scarcely been an instance requiring from me the exercise of Church discipline, or the exclusion of members, which has not arisen through strong drink.'

2nd.—Rev. Dr. Adam Clark: 'Wine is the devil's way into man and man's way to the devil.'

3rd.—Rev. Richard Knill: 'Nearly all the blemishes which have been found on the character of ministers for the last fifty years, have arisen, directly or indirectly from the use of intoxicating liquor.'

4th.—John Wesley: 'When visiting the Society at Newcastle, I excluded from the Society seventeen persons for drunkenness and two for retailing spiritual liquors.'

5th.—Rev. R. M. McCheyne: 'Public houses are the curse of Scotland. I never see a sign "Licensed to sell Spirits," but I think it is license to ruin souls; they are the yawning avenues to poverty and rage—the short cut to hell.'

6th.—Rev. T. Guthrie, D. D., Edinburgh: 'I have seen no less than ten clergymen with whom I have sat down at the Lord's table deposed through drink. Out of a hundred children in our ragged schools, ninety-nine are the children of drunken parents.'

7th.—Rev. William Jay, Bath: 'In one month, not less than seven Dissenting Ministers came under notice, who were suspended through intoxicating drink.'

8th.—Rev. Henry Tarrant, Leeds: 'At least 20,000 members of the Christian Church are lost yearly through drink.'

EXAMPLE.—An intemperate man was on his death-bed. He sent for a professor of religion, and said to him: 'Do you remember being in such a temperance meeting? I was there. I went for the purpose of signing the pledge. When it was circulated I kept my eye on you. I thought you knew more about these things than I did, and if it were a good thing, you would give your name and join it. But you did not, and for that reason I did not. And here I am. I am about to die, and I want you to prepare to meet me in the judgment.'

These words went like a dagger to the professor's heart; and they should pierce the heart of every one professing godliness who stands aloof from the temperance cause. Every one has influence, and it should be on the side of virtue and piety, of God and religion.

We should not only avoid the appearance of evil, but do all the good in our power. And in this view we should be mindful of our example and influence. Actions speak louder than words.—American Messenger.

ON PUNCTUALITY.—A committee of eight ladies, in London, was appointed to meet on a certain day at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual but the eighth came hurrying in, with many apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind time. She said that the time had passed away without her being aware of it; she had 'no idea of being so late.' A Quaker lady present said, 'Friend, I am not so clear that we should admit time apology. It were matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted time own quarter of an hour; but here are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and seven-eighths of it was not thine own property.'