

# 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. 50.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1868.

Whole No. 778.

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## The Intelligencer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### GREAT AWAKENINGS.

A contributor to the September number of *The Galaxy* has offered an instructive article under the caption. The beginning of the article relates to the great daily prayer meetings of 1837. We present the first portion, as follows:

In these latter days, when all things tend so strongly to a positive and unbounded materialism; when we believe that we see, and touch, and taste; when we note that gold represents, as it never did, so fully before, the sum total of earthly bliss, it may not be unwise to recollect, a potent influence, which from time to time sweeps across the field of earthly experience, producing profound and inexplicable results; it may be well to know that at such times men have been moved by terrible throes, mastered, apparently, and controlled by influences stronger than their own powerful natures, and that then aspiration soars, while the soul glows as if touched by fire.

We can hardly hope to solve, to explain this mysterious riddle; but by briefly recounting some of these surprising manifestations, something may be done toward provoking other minds more able to cope with it, to make all plain to our darkened eyes.

The year 1837 was a year of financial distress and widespread ruin to the mercantile world. In August of that year, the Ohio Life and Trust Company collapsed, and many men found they had built up heaps of ruin from their feet leaving them swept away from under the ruin of the prostrate. The distress arising from the ruin of prosperity is probably more poignant than actual hunger, when it does not reach starvation; who, except those who have felt it, can describe it?

It was in October of this year that Mr. Lamphier, a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church, thought, in his own heart, that an hour of daily prayer would bring consolation to afflicted business men. He proceeded, in his small way, to make his thought a fact. He invited a few to meet in the consistory of the church in William Street; three persons came, and they prayed. The next meeting was of six, the next twenty. But a few weeks saw a crowd of anxious and earnest men, assembled every Wednesday at the hour of noon, in the upper room of this old church. Bear it in mind that these were men, hard business men, not sentimentalists, or women of leisure looking for excitement; men who all their lives had been dealing with cotton and molasses, and iron and stocks; men who had believed in the gospel of gold. Yet here they were on their knees, and among them were those whose lips were unsealed, out of whose mouths came strange, unaccustomed words of longing and prayer.

This influence spread, and in a few days the passages were crowded, so that they could not get in. Then the Methodist church in John Street, and the Reformed Dutch church in Fulton Street were opened daily. The hour of noon struck, and crowds were seen thronging the lately neglected aisles; crowds marked by what? Not those who came to see a fine spectacle, to hear entrancing music, to listen to eloquent sermons; not at all; but simply to hear some earnest soul pour forth the burning longings of his heart; longings for communion for acceptance, for blessedness, for salvation. Too often these are formal, canting words, which mean almost nothing; and they fell upon stony ground, and were filled with other seeds. Now it was not so; a strange influence went forth with them; men heard, they heeded; poor as the words too often were, they seemed radiant with a kind of holy light which made them to glow and burn; so that men heard them, and pondered them, and indeed, made them tapers to light up within their own souls the fires which had so long lain dark and mouldering.

The fires spread, and indeed started up spontaneously. The merchants of Chambers Street went to Mr. Burton (March 1855), and proposed to hire his theatre.

"What for?"

"For a prayer-meeting."

"A w-b-a-t?"

"For a prayer-meeting."

Burton was a rough man, not used to the praying mood; but he not only leased them his theatre, he asked them to pray for him.

For an hour before noon the crowd began to assemble, so that by twelve o'clock the house was packed from the pit to the gallery, with such a crowd as never was seen in the theatre before; carriages lined the street, and often as many as fifty clergymen were present to join in the exercises.

Noonday prayer-meetings were now held all through the winter at various points, at Center Street near the Tomb, at Duane Street, at Greenwich Street, and in many other places near the business centre of the city. Not only came merchants to spend their hour of noon here, but mechanics stole half of their dinner-time to come; and all over the city this thing went on. Various agencies set themselves to work; energetic business men, energetic aldermen even, organized themselves into "flying artillery," and went from place to place, from church to church, all over the town, to move forward or to initiate this surprising work. The firemen held prayer-meetings, so did the policemen. But not only were there these set places for public prayer, in printing offices and other places where were large numbers of workmen, impromptu prayer-meetings were organized, and it is doubtful whether under heaven ever was seen such a sight as went on in the city of New York in the winter and spring of the year 1837-'38.

Brooklyn followed, and soon, indeed, led; so that a weekly bulletin of the places of the midday prayer was posted at the ferry landings, at the railroad offices, and at other public places.

We come now to another fact in this curious history. It is this; that from New York as the centre, the mysterious influence spread abroad till it penetrated all New England in the East, southward as far as Virginia and even beyond, westward to Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis; and in every great town and small town the thing went on, in open day and now at various hours of the day. Those who could not come at noon came in the morning, and they who could not come at morning came at evening.

In Philadelphia, over three thousand met daily in Jayne's Hall at the hour of noon. In Cleveland two thousand met daily, in the mornings, on the way to their business. In Chicago assemblies of more than two thousand met daily at midday; and so it went on until it became literally true that there was a line of prayer-meetings all the way from Omaha to Washington City. Even the Unitarians of Boston, fastidious and conservative as they are reputed to be, held meetings like the rest.

It would be impossible here to begin to tell of all that was done; and, indeed, we must hasten forward to touch upon some other interesting points of this interesting subject. But many may say,

"But all this subsided, and men went on as before; and was nothing accomplished?"

Who can tell what was accomplished? It is possible only to give a few of the statements made at the time, which seem worthy of credit.

In the *Newark Advertiser* was a statement, based upon answers to inquiries made to various ministers of churches, which said that in that town were some "twenty eight hundred hopeful conversions." In Cleveland, "eight hundred persons have recently been received into the evangelical churches." "In the Congress Street Methodist Church (Detroit) over one hundred and forty conversions have taken place." "A man in Bath converted his bar-room into a place of prayer."

"Now this went on all over the land, and thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands were converted to what is termed a religious life. Members of churches were multiplied, and, for a time at least, men and women forgot their earthly and sordid desires, and were moved by heavenly hopes. What number fell away and went back to earthly and sordid pursuits it would be impossible to say; doubtless it was large. But surely a large number also remained, and lived a certain new life.

The peculiarity of this "Revival"—and it is a striking one—is that it was a spontaneous movement; there was no machinery, no preaching, no shouting, no sensational appliances, no appeal to fears. It may be said, if it ever can be said, that there was a peculiar influx of the divine spirit, and that the *Wind of God* swept over the earth.

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### THE SUICIDES.

AN ADMONITORY FACT.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN CARTER.

Abominable—High crimes so daring, language fails to tell: To cancel one's own life and sink to hell, Intemperate!

Life, human life, our own life, is the highest gift that Heaven can bestow. Duly considered in relation to our individuality, and all that it involves in personal consciousness,—both in regard to the moral world, of which we form a part, and pre-eminently with respect to the Supreme, to whose abounding goodness we owe our being,—the blessing of existence is infinite. Thoughtlessly to receive such a boon, dishonestly to employ it or turn it to purposes the very reverse of that for which it was given, is an act of foul treason against God. But when this guilty acting terminates in disappointment of those carnal ends, for the accomplishment of which it was employed, bringing with it poverty and merited contempt, willfully to cut short our life, and with reckless defiance rush into the unseen world, is to invade the divine prerogative, insult, with daring impudence, the giver of life, and terminate the career of crime with the climax of sin, and a self-inflicted, and irremediable perdition.

Such was the conduct of two of those buds of promise over which the church often years with hope, and upon which the world always bestows its smiles.

Amelia, Celia, and Cordelia were friends whose first acquaintance was accidental and out of the ordinary and appropriate course of social introduction; a circumstance not unfrequent in society, but which should induce the greater circumspection in the intimacy which subsequently may be formed.

Amelia left a home in a rustic village of "the old country," for the metropolis, with its multitudinous and varied scenes of worldly fascination. To this removal she was impelled by the conduct of her father, who by inebrity and an irrational love of fashionable dissipation, had brought himself and family to ruin. Through these desolate, and, on her part, unavoidable circumstances she was, at the age of fifteen years, when most she needed judicious parental direction, thrown into a sphere which endangered her moral safety, and rendered her future career a scene of conflict with unhallored influences. After remaining a short time with a friend, she went to reside more permanently with her aunt. Here she enjoyed the means of grace. Religion in this family was practically exemplified, the Sabbath hallowed, and the public ministry of the gospel steadily attended.

It was on one of these occasions of privilege that she met with Celia, who, like herself, made a profession of religion; yet, as it afterwards appeared, not with the same sincerity, and not from the same spiritual motive.

The questionable tendency of this acquaintance was foreseen by her guardian, who expressed an earnest wish that it might be broken off. But here was Amelia's first false step. She disregarded the judgment of her relative, and preferred the new friendship to the tried kindness of a hospitable home, and notwithstanding remonstrance and entreaty, left for the untired residence and business partnership of her new companion. A roving habit on the Sabbath was soon contracted. While on her way, with indefinite intention to some place of public worship, she was introduced to Cordelia. Attracted by the "outward appearance" and the self-satisfactory avowal of fashionable accomplishments, another friendship commenced, and not distinguishing between mere profession of religion, and a profession of religion based on principle, she was again beguiled. Her relative, solicitous for her safety, pointed out the true character of these associations, and their baneful tendency; but finding her determined in her choice and in the rejection of counsel, left her in displeasure.

Celia had now rendered her religious profession more than doubtful by intercourse with worldly companions, who turned her aside from "the way of peace." Into this downward course, the self-confident Amelia was quickly drawn, and the three friends were to be seen together at the theatre.

This appalling retrogression on the part of Amelia, was not without the most powerful remonstrances of conscience, and while in vain she expressed them to her companions in sin, with a view to bring them to serious self-consideration, yet she found their influence and worldly reasoning too powerful to be resisted. How important, reader the exhortation of Holy Writ: "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her; for she is thy life. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." Prov. iv. 13-15. Merciful for her a change took place in their temporal circumstances. Hitherto she had resisted the frown of relatives, but now she had to contend with the frown of God. Business failed. The cash on hand was soon spent, and they "began to be in want."

Returning to their room after an unsuccessful attempt to gain a new position, Amelia found a letter from her mother, inviting her again to share the accommodations of a maternal home. Stern necessity alone induced compliance. Had she rightly viewed the case, she would have gratefully exclaimed, "My soul has escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and I have escaped."—Ps. cxvii. 7.

On her friend's departure, Celia became the intimate associate of Cordelia, whose hollow profession of religion was manifested by receiving the attentions of a fashionable libertine, who soon undermined her feeble sense of moral obligation by sceptical rhapsody, and thus destroyed her only safe-guard. When too, late she discovered the fatal intent. Her purpose gained.

Like the full tiger, sated with his prey, He turned, with fiendish heart, and went his way.

Nor was Celia behind in the road to death. The devotee of sinful amusement, she constantly visited places of direful tendency and seductive blandishment.

Unhappy Cordelia, finding herself lost to society, became the subject of fearful despondency, and opening her mind to Celia, with a statement of her difficulties, received and accepted an invitation to the joint occupancy of the same apartment. Here these two wanderers from the way of righteousness, for a brief season dwelt together, hardening each other against the overtures of mercy, and inseparably linked in guilty resolve.

A christian friend who had some previous knowledge of them, and who had learned their sad position and state of mind, called and urged, among other things the importance of immediate repentance, assuring them that again they might be happy and enjoy the smile of God. Cordelia rejected the kind counsel, while Celia joined in the awful infidel sentiment.

In vivid contrast with the condition of these two associates in guilt, was that of Amelia. She had hearkened to instruction, and had gained the ascendancy over temptation, having found by experience the folly of rejecting the authority and the counsel of the guardians of her youth. While penitently rejoicing in the preciousness of pardoning love, through the atonement of our Redeemer, she again sought her two friends, with a view to effect their rescue and final salvation. Alas! she was disappointed. They had left. Whither had they gone? Ah, reader, whether? Leaving their miserable apartment in the dead of night, "tied and bound by the chain of their sins,"—some in fatal purpose,—they reached the roaring gulf, and plunging, sunk to rise no more till that day when the deep shall give up the dead which are in it, to be judged according to their works!

Of mental phenomena demanding attention, there are none more remarkable than the epidemic feelings of chagrin and inexplicable mortification, issuing in taunting madness, which, at stated seasons, recur to the victims of wrong, whether resulting from the tyrannical exercise of irresponsible power, or the more tainted and detestable syren, "evil consciousness," reason loses her hold, and the loss of personal dignity through the false professions of a sin ridden votary of lust and fashion, overturns the balance of mind, and either ends in self-destruction or leaves the victim, for the remainder of life, a hopeless maniac. "The beginning of sin is as when one letteth out water." "One sinner destroyeth much good." He, who in fill and furbelow, with civet and cant, will talk of himself with sickly complacency; and of "beautiful girls," with ill concealed knavish cunning, and, affecting to be shrewd, will designate moral axioms "prodigious nonsense," and female propriety "country stiffness," is a serpent lying in the way, whose shining exterior and witty speech is warning of the fatal bite, the venom of which will terminate in all the agonies and horrors of moral and physical death.

The first sin is departure from God: the first transgression a transgression of our own happiness—the start for everlasting perdition. Let, then, the first thought which suggests the evil be put away as the traitor which would ruin the soul for both worlds; yes, reader, the first thought. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Prov. xxiii. 7. "For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: these are the things which defile, and, *unresisted, destroy the man.*"

Disrespect for parental authority, disregard for a holy sabbath, disinclination for public worship, are inlets to the road which leads to hell. When, therefore, the mind is set against parental admonition; when the judgment of the minister is disputed in raising the warning against worldliness and sin; when mere pleasure and secular engagements are reasons for not being present with the congregation of God on God's holy day, and the evening of the Sabbath is devoted to the reception of carnal company and to flippant conversation, then, O reader, then pause—pause for thy life,—and listen, as unavailing cries from the regions of woe appeal thine ear and afflict thy soul, and think of the irreparably self-ruined SUICIDES.

### HIT IT FAIR IN THE EYE, BOYS.

One day there was a great thumping in my cellar, and if you had gone down there, you would have seen that one of the windows had been opened, and that sticks of wood, some square, some round, some three-cornered, big and little, knotty and clear, all sawn the right length for the stove, were pouring in through that window; and every stick as it came down seemed to say, "Stand clear or you'll get hurt." So I stood clear, and let the workers have it all their own way.

I suppose the one who sent it thought that splitting it would be good exercise for the minister, and he thought so too. So I went at it. But pretty soon a big stick turned up, full of hard knots on every side. I fancied that one of these knots looked like an eye, and that it kept watching me as I picked up one stick after another, and left it untouched. In fact, it almost seemed to say, "Split little sticks, if you have a mind, but I dare you to touch me."

It was a great annoyance to see it there every day; but the question was how to get rid of it. It was too good to be thrown away, and it was too big to go into the stove. My only course was to try to split it. So one day, when I felt strong in my bones, I laid it on the block with the eye up. Then putting all my strength into my arms, I sent my axe fair across the eye, and through it went.

To my surprise, the old stick split more easily than many others before it. And then I could not help thinking how true this is all through life. How often do boys and men fancy that some duty is very hard, and work all around it, and fear to touch it, hanging back until they can do so no longer, and then make a good effort and find that it is really easy, and that they have had all their trouble some fears for nothing.

Boys, remember that knotty stick. When you have any work to do, don't stop to think how hard it is, but take hold at once bravely; hit it fair in the eye, and, ten to one, you will be through before you know it.—*Child's Paper.*

To speak for Jesus, to toil for Jesus, is the one law for all; well if we can, ill if we must. Would a man who saw fire burning out from his neighbour's windows refuse to shout the alarm because the city bells could sound it louder and farther? We are envied by a mighty conflagration. A world is burning. The flames of God's wrath are sweeping on to consume the impenitent; and all who have found sanctuary in the Gospel must help to swell the warning cry—the voices of the pew responding in chorus to the more thunderous bells of the pulpit.

### THE REJECTED PILLS.

In a certain town, the board of selectmen who governed its local affairs was composed of Universalists (or men who contend for the final happiness of all mankind, whether christian or not) and a pious physician. They acted throughout the year in great harmony as to the business of the town, but at their last meeting it was determined to attack the religious doctor. After they had finished their transactions, one of them said:

"Doctor, we have been very happy in being associated with you the year past, and that the business of the town has been conducted in harmony and to the satisfaction of our constituents. We have found you to be a man of good sense, extensive information, unbending integrity, and of the purest benevolence. It is astonishing to us, that a man of your amiable character should believe in the doctrine of future punishment."

The doctor replied:

"Gentlemen, I should regret very much the forfeiture of the good opinion which your partiality has led you to entertain of me. Will you have the goodness to answer candidly a few questions? Do you believe in a future state?"

"They replied, 'We do.'"

"You believe that death will introduce all men into a state of future happiness?"

"Of this we have no doubt."

"Are you now happy?"

"We are not; we are far from it."

"How do men act when they are unhappy, and know that happiness is within their reach?"

"They endeavour to attain that happiness."

"Do you believe that I understand the nature and operation of medicine?"

"We have no doubt, doctor, of your skill in your profession; but what has that to do with the subject?"

"In this box," said the doctor, taking a tin box in his hand, "are pills, which, if you swallow each of you one, will, without pain, carry you, within one hour, out of this world of trouble; and if your doctrine be true, place you in a world of perfect felicity. Will you accept one of them?"

"No sir."

"Will you?"

"No sir."

When they all refused the doctor said:

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, from embracing your doctrine, until I have better evidence that you believe it yourselves."

This closed the debate.

BEING HIS OWN PILOT.—A bright boy who loved the sea entered a sailor's life when very young. He rose to quick promotion and while quite a young man was made master of a ship.

One day a passenger spoke to him upon the voyage, and asked if he should anchor off a certain headland, supposing he would anchor there and telegraph for a pilot to take the vessel into port.

"Anchor! no, not I. I mean to be in dock with the morning tide." "I thought perhaps you would signal for a pilot." "I am my own pilot," was the curt reply. Intent upon reaching port by morning, he took a narrow channel to save distance.

Old bronzed and gray-headed seamen turned their swarthy faces to the sky, which boomed equally weather, and shook their heads. Cautious passengers went to the young captain and besought him to take the wider course, but he only laughed at their fears and repeated his promise to be in dock at daybreak. He was ashore before daybreak.

We need not pause to dramatize a storm at sea; the alarm of breakers shouted hoarsely through the wind and the wild orders to get the life-boats manned. Enough to say that the captain was ashore earlier than he promised—tossed sportively upon some woody beach, a dead thing that the waves were weary of—a toy that the tempest was tired of playing with and his queasily ship and costly freight were scattered over the surly acres of an angry sea. How was this! The glory of that young man was his strength; but he was his own pilot. His own pilot! There was his blunder—fatal, suicidal blunder. O, young men beware of being your own pilot. Take the true and able Pilot on board who can stride upon those waves, who can speak "Pace, be still," to that rough Boreas, so that "with Christ in the vessel you may smile at the storm." To be emptied of self that is your need. Send a message to heaven for help. Telegraph for a pilot. You won't ask in vain. And, encouraged by the help that is vouchsafed once, you will ask again and again, and seek grace to help in every time of need.

THE HOLY GHOST'S OPERATION.—On the day of Pentecost the descent of the Holy Ghost was compared to a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, showing His power; and Christ says, "It bloweth where it listeth," denoting the severity of God sending His spirit where He will; but we cannot tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; we can only hear the sound thereof.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." But the Spirit does not always come into the heart rushing like a mighty wind—sometimes He descends like small rain upon the tender herb, or dew upon the mown grass, but in every case as it pleases Him.

"My doctrine shall distil as the dew," silently, softly, effectually, forcing its way down into the heart, fruitifying and causing it to grow, so that it may bring forth fruit to the praise of the Almighty Distiller. Some of the Lord's people seem to have a double portion of the Spirit; when it is so the Lord designs them for some special work and fits them accordingly. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath seen