

The Religious Gate Wigner.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD.]

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1869.

Whole No. 786.

FALL GOODS.

October, 1868.

THOMAS LOGAN,
Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,
IS DAILY RECEIVING HIS STOCK OF

NEW GOODS,

COMPRISING A

General assortment

OF

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

DRESS GOODS,

Shawls and Sacques,

FLANNELS,

Blankets,

Prints, Osnaburgs,

TICKING.

COTTON WARPS,

And every description of

Cotton and Woolen Goods.

VELVETS, RIBBONS,

GLOVES & HOSIERY!

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Wholesale and Retail.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, October 23, 1868.

ALBION HOUSE.

NOVEMBER 2, 1868.

THE STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Is now complete in every Department.

80 CASES and BALES

Having been received, comprising

A LARGE VARIETY OF

GOODS.

DRESS GOODS

Being unusually Cheap.

Tweeds and Winceys,

A Large Stock, at very Low Rates.

Grey and White Cottons,

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FLANNELS!

IN GREY, WHITE and SCARLET.

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A Large Stock offered at LOW PRICES.

Mantles and Mantle Cloths.

WOOL SHAWLS,

1800 Skeleton Skirts,

Direct from New York.

A FULL SIZE SKIRT for 25 CENTS.

NOVELTIES IN

Green Bends, Parrier and Drop

SKIRTS!

BLUE and WHITE WARPS!

St. John Manufacture—Warranted.

An Inspection respectfully solicited.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, November 2, 1868.

The Intelligencer.

THOMAS WILSON; OR THE BUD OF
PROMISE BRIGHTENED.

Thomas Wilson was a native of a small town on the east coast of Scotland. He was the son of pious parents, moving in a respectable sphere of life, and was the subject of many earnest prayers. As soon as he was able to receive instruction, his friends endeavored to instil religious truth into his mind. His disposition was impressible and yielding; and the seed sown seemed to fall into prepared soil, and gave promise of a plentiful harvest. High hopes were cherished concerning his future career.

When only ten years of age, he and five or six of his school-fellows entered into a compact of friendship to encourage one another in religious pursuits. They often retired from the noisy sports of the other children to a sequestered place at some distance from the town, and there poured out their hearts together in prayer before God. His father, who loved him, because he was the first-born, more than all his other children, and who was heard to say about this time, that he believed he could not live without him, rejoiced over his increasing intelligence, his steady progress in his studies, and what he regarded as his early consecration to Christ.

In consequence of unexpected reverses in his father's circumstances, he was taken from school when only twelve, and apprenticed to a chemist in his native town. During the period of his apprenticeship, he continued to be all that his parents could desire. Gentle and quiet in his natural disposition, serious and contemptive in his habits, he retired much within himself, read his Bible deeply, and spent much time in prayer. Meanwhile he commended himself to his master as a diligent and faithful servant; and to his companions he seemed a bright example of unassuming, loving piety.

Having completed the term for which he was indentured, with credit to himself and satisfaction to all those who were interested in his welfare, he entered the University of Edinburgh, at the age of eighteen, to study for the medical profession. Here he joined a younger brother. They spent as much time as they could in each other's society during the week; and on Sabbath sat together under the ministry of one of the ablest and most heart-searching preachers of that day. Their favorite author was John Newton, and many pleasant hours were passed in reading of these readings. Thomas always engaged in prayer, for which exercise he had a remarkable gift.

Thus the whole of the session was a continued season of pleasure and advantage. At its termination, Thomas like many other students, had to seek employment by which he might obtain the means for pursuing his studies the next winter. Two or three engagements were considered; at length it was determined that he should go as surgeon on board the *Margaret*, a vessel in the Greenland fishery, and about to sail for Davis' Straits. One of his young friends, who had been studying at Glasgow University for the Christian ministry, but who was now dying of consumption, said to him in a parting interview, "If you go to Greenland, I shall not see you again, till I meet you walking the streets of the New Jerusalem." They met no more in this world. The day will declare whether or not they have met in glory. Young Wilson's subsequent career has thrown over that subject a pall of thick darkness.

After a most affectionate parting between himself and his parents, he went on board ship, and in a few days, was far from his native shores. Having made a quick and prosperous voyage, the *Margaret* returned. Her young surgeon was twenty pounds richer in pocket than when he left home; but the spiritual loss he had sustained was irreparable. The effects of the voyage on his religious character and feelings were awfully fatal. The officers and crew were godless men. There had been no observance of the Lord's day, no recognition of the government of God, no regard for the moralities or even the decencies of life. The influence of all this on Thomas Wilson's heart became gradually apparent.

For a long time he appeared outwardly unchanged; but the way had been paved for his future ruin. He had lost the vitality which had afforded quickened his soul; he had learned to relish ungodly company, and to think lightly of sin; and had contracted a love for ardent spirits which reduced him to want and idleness, and sent him to a dishonored grave.

Instead of continuing his studies at the University on his return from Greenland, it was agreed that he should commence business as a chemist, in the town where he was born, and where his parents still lived. A small legacy which had just before been bequeathed to his father, the proceeds of the voyage, and a little borrowed capital, enabled him to start. His father, whose face was now furrowed with age and care, rejoiced to see his eldest son settled near him. He had long looked on him with hope; and now reckoned on him as one of the chief comforts of his declining years. Alas! for the vanity of human expectations!

At the outset he was industrious and attentive to his business, and for sometime his prospects were bright and full of encouragement. Had he continued as he began, he might have been a successful tradesman. Indeed, as it was, he was able to save a small sum, which he parted with in the most liberal manner to his needy relatives. But he was becoming increasingly indifferent to religion, and was fast sinking down into a state of lethargy and spiritual death.

About this time he caught a malignant fever, and was brought so near death that for several days his life was despaired of. Had he then departed, his surviving friends might have had some hope that his soul was safe. It was, however, the Lord's pleasure that he should be restored. He had been brought face to face with eternity; he had received a solemn warning; but, alas! to no purpose. After his recovery he would not speak of his affliction. Once only, were his friends able to infer that it had made an impression on his mind; and that was when he was heard to read, with much feeling, the psalm beginning—

"My God, when I received Thy stroke,

It might have been applied the language of Jehovah. "In vain have I smitten thy children; they received no correction."

In a year or so, he proposed leaving his father's

house, where he had hitherto resided, to establish house-keeping himself. The restraints of parental watchfulness had become irksome, and his love for sinful company demanded more freedom and indulgence. In less than two years after this change, he was a ruined man. He became a notorious drunkard and debauchee. He plunged headlong into all sorts of vice. He lost his custom. Commercial houses would not sell him goods, because his payments were so irregular. The respectable position of his father's tradesman shunned him. His friends wept over him with broken hearts. All exhortations and entreaties were useless. He had become the slave of his passions, and was resolved to gratify them whatever consequences might ensue. Yet he could not sin without remorse. His religious education and early experience haunted him. His conscience, instead of being seared as with a hot iron, tormented him like fury. This was especially the case, when, after a fit of intemperance, his nervous system was relaxed and his mind enfeebled.

At such times his horrors were dreadful. On one of these occasions he was visited by a near relative who found him in a state of despair. He spoke of the number and aggravation of his sins, and expressed his deep and settled conviction that nothing awaited him but the eternal wrath of God. Such texts as the following were quoted to him:—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." "I will heal their backsliding, I will love thee freely." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanse us from all sin." "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He heard all, and then replied, "I know all you have said, but I have sinned against light and knowledge—awfully sinned. I know no crime but murder that I have not been guilty of. I have been specially addicted to sins of the flesh. I know indeed, that there is forgiveness with God for the penitent; but I am not penitent. Instead of being sorry for my sins, I glory in them, and would repeat them now, did I not tremble for the wrath to come. I cannot therefore believe that any of the promises of the gospel apply to me." Thus he put away from himself everlasting life.

Ruined in business, health, intellect and character, he removed to a neighboring town; his friends indulging a faint hope that the change might be beneficial. By a short season of reformation, he deceived a young woman who resided in the neighborhood, as to his habits and conduct, and induced her to marry him. It soon appeared that she also had deceived him. For some time was a mutual and happy union, and enjoyed a good reputation; no sooner were they married than they both abandoned themselves to uncontrollable drunkenness. They lived together like two fiends from the bottomless pit; tempting each other; accused and goaded to madness by their respective consciences; quarrelling and striking each other; till at length they resolved to separate. A few months after their separation, she died; her death having been hastened on by her own misconduct and the ill-treatment she had received from his hands.

He grew worse and worse. His house was stripped of its furniture; his person became filthy. He would sit in a state of drunkenness, in the midst of this desolation, uttering incessantly the most awful curses and oaths it was possible to employ. His relatives at last found it necessary to apply to the authorities for a warrant to place his affairs under the management of trustees, and to remove himself to a place of safe custody. The warrant was obtained, on the strength of medical certificates testifying to his mental unsoundness. His business was entrusted to suitable hands, while he was safely confined within the walls of an asylum.

A day or two after his admission, he became aware of his state. Faintly the light of reason seemed to return and dawn upon the dreary darkness of his mind. He made two or three ineffectual efforts to escape. For a month or two his faculties appeared to have recovered in a small degree their use; and during that time he wrote several letters to one of his brothers, entreating him to procure his freedom. In some of these he professed to experience religious joy. Whether God in His great mercy did reveal Himself to the poor wanderer's soul, or whether he was the victim of mental delusion, or whether his words were hypocritical, and used in the hope of thereby gaining freedom, it is impossible to say.

This sad history is now near its close. About three months after his confinement Thomas Wilson was struck with paralysis; he was deprived of a great measure of the power of walking; his speech was so much affected that it resembled that of a man in the worst state of intoxication; and he was reduced to a drivelling idiot. It was manifest that his days were numbered. His brother, who had been his dear companion, years before, in Edinburgh, went to see him a few months before his death, and thus describes the interview:—"He recognized me, and seemed affected. Much that he attempted to say, I could not understand, owing to his defective articulation, but a few words I did understand. I asked him if he knew me, and he replied, 'Yes, my brother James.' 'Do you know where your wife is?' 'Yes, in the grave.' 'Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?' 'Yes, He died to save my soul.' 'Will you read me a chapter in the Bible?' 'Yes.' He then read with much, and greater distinctness than I expected, the 40th Psalm. I left him, not to see him again till the heavens are no more. Shortly after he died, leaving no other evidence of his return to God. He exchanged time for eternity; so much we know, and that is all. We must wait the decisions and revelations of the judgment to know whether or not he exchanged the gloomy cell of a mad-house for the streets of the New Jerusalem."

Many solemn lessons are taught by the above narrative. Will the reader specially mark two or three? "We cannot be too careful in the choice of our companions, especially at the outset of life. No consideration of gain or worldly advancement should be sufficient to induce us to connect ourselves, if we can avoid it, with wicked men. Thomas Wilson's ruin may be dated from the day on which he stepped on board the *Margaret*.

From that time forth he became a striking illustration of that text of Scripture, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Walk not, friends, in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scornful. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

How awful the consequences of becoming the slave of evil habits! Nothing is more tyrannical than sin. It a man yield to the love of strong drink, to swearing, to uncleanness, to covetousness, or any other vice, he loses at last all power of resistance; and is led captive by the devil at his will. Who can reflect on one period in the life of Coleridge, without seeing in him a sad instance to the point? Speaking of his efforts to emancipate himself from a habit which had injured his health, his intellect, and his usefulness, he says—"For ten years, the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable—the sense of my danger starting—but the consciousness of my guilt worse, far worse than all. I have prayed with drops of agony on my brow." Reader! are you the slave of any sinful habit? If so, from this moment array yourself in battle against it; and, inasmuch as you are too weak for resistance, unaided by Divine power, cry unto God, who will make his strength perfect in your weakness, and bring you off more than conqueror. Are you just entering on a wicked course? Remember that "by accustoming ourselves to any course of action we get an aptness to go on, a facility, a readiness, and often pleasure in it." The more difficult will it be for you at any future time to forsake your way. Beware!

The next morning a messenger put the same into the hands of that young man, and the writer devoted hours of that day to special prayer for the blessing of God upon those written words. As the people of God gathered at evening for worship, that young man came with others; and at the close of service, when the pastor requested all who were seeking Christ to manifest it by rising, our young friend was the first upon his feet. Oh, how many prayers went up at that moment for him? A little while after, he was found in the meeting for inquirers, expressing freely his desire to find Jesus. The following evening found him in the place of prayer, "standing up for Jesus," and proclaiming his gratitude that he had found him precious to his soul.

Soon after the meeting closed, he met the friend who had pointed that letter, for the first time since its reception, and grasping her hand, he exclaimed, "Oh, my friend! through the blessing of God I am indebted to you for thus being led to Christ. How many entreaties I had disregarded and put away from me! But that letter I could not get from. Every word pierced my heart. God's Spirit listened it there." He soon made a public profession of faith in Christ, and through the twenty-five years which have passed since then, his course has been that of a consistent, good Christian man—always found in the home of God on the Sabbath, with his little family around him. And especially in the home of prayer and Christian fellowship his place is rarely found vacant.

Such instances of "reaping where they have sown" are not uncommon in the experience of faithful Christians, I know, but I felt as if I would like to add this testimony to them all, and to say to Christian men and women, Be faithful and improve every passing opportunity to save souls; especially when, as at the present season, the special influence of the Spirit seem hovering over the churches, inviting all to labor. Be faithful and in this season you shall reap, if you faint not. Indeed, while yet asking, you may find the blessing and the memory of such scenes will be treasured in our hearts to-day in after years as these memorials are dear to you, to the writer of that letter.

Addressing him, I said, "John, I have been watching for your soul for two years, and now I want you to become a Christian to-day!" We sat down, and I again told him of the several times done a year before, the story of his conversion, solemnly pressing the gospel of salvation home upon his heart. He listened respectfully, saying but little; but when we were about to part, and I asked him if he would not kneel while I asked God's blessing upon him he replied with characteristic frankness—

"Well, I am much obliged by your kind interest in me, but, to be honest with you, I am really not now interested. I have sometimes felt these things deeply at meetings, but I have no interest in the subject now; I feel nothing."

He, however, consented to kneel, and a friend joined us, as we bowed before God. The prayer ascended, that as Jesus, in the days of his flesh, had looked upon the faith of those who broke through all obstacles to place their beloved sick before Him, and had said, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee," so now He would look upon the poor sin sick soul whom we brought to his feet and in mercy make him whole. It was a bold request, but God honors our petitions when we ask great things.

Almost immediately the man broke down, weeping and pleading for mercy. His wife, who, seeing my conversation with her husband, had followed us as we turned aside for prayer, now stood behind us. Soon after our prayer had been answered in his conversion, she received, as he stood from his knees, her new Christian husband with joy better conceived of than described. As he knelt, he exclaimed, "I am a new creature in Christ Jesus."

I suppose that hardly ten minutes had elapsed between the time of his expression of entire want

of interest and feeling, and his confession of Christ as his Saviour.

I learned afterwards that besides his wife's prayers during probably thirty years for his conversion, some of his fellow-workmen had selected him as apparently the most unlikely to become a Christian, among several hundred who worked together. I also found that the wife of a fellow-workman, a mother of Israel, had been awakened about twelve o'clock the night before, and had found herself so praying in the Spirit for this man, that she almost went to sleep again.

When he came among some of his Christian fellow-workmen, and told what God had so marvelously done for his soul, their joy was unbounded. More than anything that I have ever seen, his expression made me understand how David must have felt when he danced before the ark. They embraced one another and wept and laughed for joy as they welcomed the poor sinner so suddenly snatched from the snare of the fowler.

About fourteen months, under my own almost hourly observation, of faithful walk, "adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things," so far as human observation can discern, have demonstrated, were such demonstrations needed, that the glorious chain of events—the wife's long continued prayers, the selection of this man by his comrades for special prayer, the midnight intercession of the aged saint, the word of testimony, and the laying him at the feet of Jesus to be healed—all these events were but the links in the chain of God's marvellous purposes of grace to the prodigal sinner.

Lord, increase our faith in the present power and immediate results of thy testimony!

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse of a wordless prayer,
The dream of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
That kindly word in grief's dark hour
That sooths the troubled mind,
The plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrow of a concrete heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss,
If with a firm, unshaking faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That came as if a fell,
The chilling wave of sympathy
We feel but never tell,
The hard rebuke that chills the heart
Whose hopes were building high,
In an unending record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

SINGLE PRESERVATION.—The London Herald tells the following singular and touching story:

"Not many years since, certain miners, working far underground, came upon the body of a poor fellow, who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agents to which the body had been subjected—agents prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it up to the surface, and for a while, till it crumbled through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay there the image of a fine sturdy young man. No conversation had passed over the face in death—the features were tranquil; the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face—a generation had gone since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman, who had hurried from her cottage at hearing the news, came up and she knew again the face which through all those long years she had not forgotten. The poor miner was to have been her husband on the day after that on which he died. They were rough people, of course, who were looking on a liberal education and refined feelings are not deemed essential to the man whose work is to get up coal or even tin; but there were no dry eyes there when the grey-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse, and poured into his deaf ear many words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast: the one so old, the other so young. They had both been young those long ago years; but time had gone on with the living, and stood still with the dead."

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.—"A skeptical young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible, said the Quaker:

"Does that believe in France?"
"Yes; for though I have not seen it, I have seen others that have; besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."
"Then thou wilt not believe anything thee or others has not seen?"
"No; to be sure I won't."
"Did thee ever see thy own brain?"
"No."
"Ever see anybody that did?"
"No."
"Does thou believe thee has any?"

ONIONS.—Whitefield's habits were singularly nice and cleanly, upon the principle that every thing about a man should be "spotless." He was known to say that he could not dig easy if his gloves were out of place. He had the gentlemanly love for order which required his table to be elegantly spread if only a loaf, or his favorite dish, a cow head, to be set upon it.

for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.—Ecc. xi. 6.

(From the Examiner and Chronicle.)
A WORD FULLY SPOKEN.

Some very pleasant memories have just been awakened in my heart, through circumstances unnecessary to mention here, of scenes which occurred more than a score of years since, and in which I was deeply interested. Of one of those scenes I beg here to make mention.

It was a season of holy communion, at the table of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The church that gathered "sat in heavenly places," with the special presence of the Holy Spirit filling their hearts, warming and humbling them, and leading many to inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do in thy vineyard?" Many hearts were turned with special interest to individual cases, and the members thus refreshed went forth to new life and new labors for Christ from that sacramental table. The heart of one of that consecrated band was directed to the special case of one just entering into manhood—the son of pious parents—dutiful and affectionate in his home and relations, and of pure morals before the world. As that communicant returned to her home (for it was a woman), she seemed to hear a special voice urging her to special effort for the conversion of that soul, and saying, "Go, speak to that young man, now."

But the heavens were full of wintry storms, gathering denser and more dense, utterly forbidding a personal interview. As the only means left, she took her pen and traced a letter full of earnest entreaty to come to Christ—to do it just then. They were pointed words—words which would take no denial. The next morning a messenger put the same into the hands of that young man, and the writer devoted hours of that day to special prayer for the blessing of God upon those written words. As the people of God gathered at evening for worship, that young man came with others; and at the close of service, when the pastor requested all who were seeking Christ to manifest it by rising, our young friend was the first upon his feet. Oh, how many prayers went up at that moment for him? A little while after, he was found in the meeting for inquirers, expressing freely his desire to find Jesus. The following evening found him in the place of prayer, "standing up for Jesus," and proclaiming his gratitude that he had found him precious to his soul.

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Such instances of "reaping where they have sown" are not uncommon in the experience of faithful Christians, I know, but I felt as if I would like to add this testimony to them all, and to say to Christian men and women, Be faithful and improve every passing opportunity to save souls; especially when, as at the present season, the special influence of the Spirit seem hovering over the churches, inviting all to labor. Be faithful and in this season you shall reap, if you faint not. Indeed, while yet asking, you may find the blessing and the memory of such scenes will be treasured in our hearts to-day in after years as these memorials are dear to you, to the writer of that letter.

POWER OF A SIMPLE WORD.

"In the evening without not thy hand."

The church in L. had enjoyed a glorious morning. His early pastors had been men of God who labored with their might, and large numbers had annually been gathered in to its fold; but now the shadows of evening seemed coming on. The people were still blessed with a good and faithful pastor, but the seed sown no longer sprang up as formerly. Everything in the spiritual kingdom looked dark and sombre, like the autumn landscape when the sun is withdrawn.

So thought poor sister S. (poor by the world's reckoning, but God's another standard), a young woman, who as a child, had been a devoted and anxious hearer at the prayer meeting appointed by the pastor to test the spiritual strength of her neighbourhood. And her sorrow for the darkness that seemed settling down over the once fair borders of Zion in L. was by no means lessened when she entered the large school-room that should have contained a hundred or more, and found but one other female (the evening was stormy) and a dozen men and boys besides the pastor. The exercises were brief, and during the whole she cried in her heart, "Help, Lord, for the go-by man cometh."

By her side was a young man that assisted in the service, who was already the head of a family, and for whom she felt particularly anxious. After the benediction she said to him with emphasis, "A—, you are a husband and father, you should be a Christian." He was a profane man, and scoffed all religious things, but had dropped in at the meeting that stormy evening to pass a vacant hour. She knew him well, and could hardly rest that night for fear lest her zeal had not "according to knowledge," and that her dear Lord had been wounded in the house of his friends.

Another meeting was appointed soon after that sister S. was unable to attend; but she was made strong and hopeful when one of the family, returning from it, said, "A— arose to night and requested prayers; and her heart was filled with inexpressible gratitude when, at the next meeting, with a face radiant with joy, A— himself grasped her hand and warmly thanked her for the few words he could never banish from his mind, he said, till he found peace in believing. The meetings thus commenced were continued until scores were added to the church.

Was it the poor woman who did this great work? No! It was the "great power of God," yet God works by means, and apparently, the few words spoken at that meeting, were the seed sown strong and hopeful when one of the family, returning from it, said, "A— arose to night and requested prayers; and her heart was filled with inexpressible gratitude when, at the next meeting, with a face radiant with joy, A— himself grasped her hand and warmly thanked her for the few words he could never banish from his mind, he said, till he found peace in believing. The meetings thus commenced were continued until scores were added to the church.

It is not alone men and women of earthly distinction that he needs, but the humble and contrite as well, whose souls burn with zeal and devotion to his cause. Let all, then, without regard to times and seasons, worldly position or calling, who are praying, "O Lord revive thy work," and hoping for a great ingathering of souls the coming season, study the meaning of Paul's injunction, "Be filled with the Spirit," and heed well the words of the preacher—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand;

between the time of his expression of entire want