

# 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.

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1869.

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## The Intelligencer.

For the Religious Intelligencer.  
RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.  
BY REV. S. T. RAND.

The term 'Religious Experience,' is usually applied to that important era in the life of the child of God, when he passes from death into life, and is translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. The emotions of sorrow and joy that usually accompany, lead to, and spring from, that remarkable change, are remembered and must be forever remembered by the believer; and it would be very surprising, if he were not fond of referring to them minutely, and dwelling upon them with intense interest and earnestness, when suitable occasions offer. The same is true of any other remarkable 'quickening' in the progress of the Christian life. And the term 'Christian Experience,' may be properly used of the whole process of sanctification. Half a century ago, it would have been a singular circumstance, if in an exhortation of fifteen minutes length, or in a conversation upon religious topics for an hour, if a minister or any aged Christian, had not referred to the wondrous dealings of God to his own soul. Such things are not so common now. It requires some courage to talk of one's self; and if self-laudation were the object, the less of it certainly the better. But if the aim be to honor the Lord, and to quicken a fellow-pilgrim's drowsy powers, so that he may not fall asleep on the enchanted ground, no reasonable objection can be made to it. In fact, we have ample precedent from one end of the Bible to the other, for saying, 'Come, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul.'

Such, I trust, is any object in drawing up the following narrative. I trust it may encourage some of the Lord's people to strive after and obtain to a greater nearness to God, and more of that holy joy in the Lord, which is our strength. I was the subject of religious awakenings when a child; but I never made a public profession until I was about 22 years of age. Shortly after I entered the ministry, and was ordained. In the summer of 1827, I took the pastoral charge of the Baptist Church in the little town of Liverpool, Nova Scotia. I labored there for five years. Such was the state of things there at the time, that a pastor to have been successful would have needed great piety, great prudence, a good stock of experience and perseverance, and great help from on high. In all these things, I was, alas! sadly deficient, and I failed. In 1832, and before my year was out, I had to submit to the mortification of a pretty sudden and somewhat unceremonious dismissal; for which, however I may have felt at the time, I have long ago ceased to blame any one. I have seen that the hand of the Lord was in it, and have been glad.

But I was not permitted to leave without receiving and leaving a blessing. One of the most remarkable epochs in my religious history, occurred that summer (1832), and was in fact, intimately connected with my dismissal from the pastorate of the church.

That period of five years had been one of great darkness and dejection in all the churches in Liverpool; and in these things, we certainly were not behind the other denominations. Several times I had been aroused somewhat, and had had my hopes raised that we were on the era of a revival. But these hopes had been awakened only to be quenched. Particularly during the winter of 1832, I remember to have been a good deal exercised about the condition of saints and sinners. We had just built and opened a new meeting house at Milton. Some little awakening had been experienced, but all seemed to go out into Egyptian darkness.

Spring came. Brother Rideout had been preaching reformation sermons on Wilmot Mountain, and a powerful religious awakening was spread over the hills and along the valley of Annapolis. Brother R. Cunningham on the mountain, Brother Videto in Wilmot, and Brother J. Chase at Bridgewater, with the churches under their care, were having 'glorious times.' I crossed over, to see and hear and help. I returned home weeping and praying along the road as I went. I seemed in my imaginings to see the seventh angel preparing himself to sound, putting the trumpet to his mouth, and then taking it down for a little space, because 'God was long-suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.'

But, I labored in vain, and spent my strength for naught. I could lay the staff of the prophet upon the face of the dead child, but I was compelled to feel and acknowledge that no power accompanied the act—the child was not awakened. I got discouraged. I gave up all hopes of a revival, and dropped down stream with the cold current. Alas! for my want of faith.

About the first of June, the three brethren whose names have been mentioned, made us a visit, whether by invitation or from an impulse on their own minds, I have forgotten. It may have been partly both. Right from the depths of a wide-spread religious awakening they came; not to sing a lullaby, or to preach sweet smooth discourses, but to preach the gospel, repentance, and faith, regeneration and holiness. God spoke by them. They called on saints and sinners only to be quickened. Particularly was I quickened; and I was not slow to respond. I repented; I 'woke up'; to escape from their lives from impending doom. They seemed unwilling to allow us time to make up our minds, whether we would or would not come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. They insisted that it was not a time for parley or delay, but for action. Their preaching was fearfully solemn, earnest, severe, startling. Truth seized us with a grasp from which it seemed impossible to escape. I never in all my life found it more difficult to think the ministers did not mean me. Every blow seemed to tell. Every arrow struck the mark. I wept over my own sins and forgot the sins of others. Every excuse, every refuge of lies, failed me. I staggered, reeled, and fell. I had no right and wish, after a few days, to abuse others, either saints or sinners. I was forced, in the silence and solemnity of my own closet, to utter the prayer of the psalmist, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

Having gone down to that point, I began to come up. Meanwhile there was quite an awakening both in the church and out of it. Meetings were held day after day, and prospects began to brighten. We seemed to come to a certain point and there to stick fast. The children had come to the birth, but there was not strength to bring forth.

One week day we had held a meeting for about four hours. Commencing at 10 A. M., with first, a prayer meeting, then a sermon, and concluding with an enquiry meeting; it must have been well on towards 2 P. M. when we closed. It was manifest that something was wrong. There was 'death in the pot.' There was evidently an 'Achan in the camp.' I was led to take the blame all on myself. I was satisfied that all was not yet right between me and God. He would not work by me—nor allow me to work. There were anxious souls present; and I gave them a short address at the close of the enquiry meeting. I could talk to them of the way of salvation. But my words seemed to myself to come merely from my lips, and to fall like lumps of ice—cold, heavy, lifeless. It needed not long to tell me that I was wrong. Right. That blow was given. I blessed God for it. Bro. Cunningham struck this blow. Blessed be God, ministers can be faithful sometimes even to ministers.

Bro. C. had preached and occupied the pulpit. Just before we closed, I went up where he was to make some announcements. 'Brother Rand,' said he in a whisper, 'it is death! death! all death!' I did not deny this. It was too painfully evident. He added, 'Your speaking kills everything.' And Nathan said to David, 'Thou art the man.' That blow finished me literally; I neither staggered nor fell, but I staggered and fell in another sense. The concluding prayer was offered, and I knelt in the pulpit while the brother prayed. I remained on my knees till the people had departed. I then went and turned the key of the door, and determined that out of that house I would not go until I got right, whatever others did. And I offered up supplications and prayers with strong crying and tears.

My sins and my iniquities went over my head; as an heavy burden, they were too heavy for me. The enormous guilt of the church and town, seemed to press me to the earth. I agonized, I wept, I prayed. Finally, my bodily strength seemed to fail, but I could obtain no relief. I lost my distress; a stupor came over me, and I cast myself down on one of the cushions and slept. How long I slept, I had no means of knowing. I awoke refreshed, and with strength of body and mind renewed for the struggle. All my earnestness and agony returned. I felt willing to die on the spot, if the Lord would but have mercy upon poor, lost sinners, and save them. I was tried by another test. 'Would I be willing to be dismissed and sent away from the place, if the Lord would hear my prayer?' This seemed worse than death. I struggled hard to be spared this trial. But length I yielded. 'Oh! if I would but save the people, he might do as he pleased with me! Still, no answer, no relief. What sin am I cherishing? I asked myself, or what known duty am I neglecting? One thing soon occurred to me. I had in my possession a few books that had been smuggled—the duties upon which would have amounted to six dollars. I had no hand in smuggling them; but in two cases, I had bought the books, knowing them to have been smuggled, and got them at cost, minus the duties. In one other case, I had sent for the books by a friend, not having the slightest idea that he was smuggling them. I had been quite shocked to find them when they came, the oven when I called for them. But I had taken them, and had not entered a complaint against the man. All this had troubled me for some time. It had hampered me in my protestations against the fearful sins of dishonesty and perjury, and disobedience to God and the powers that be; which smuggling involves. The Lord had shown me how I could put away the 'accursed thing'; and I had often resolved to do it, but the performance had been deferred. For the loss of the money, I cared not a straw. But what a foul people would exclaim. And then it was quite possible that in case of forsaking my own sins, I might get other people into trouble. But as I knelt before God in that old Baptist meeting house, that stood on Shippard Point, on that never-to-be-forgotten day, with the awful realities of heaven and hell weighing me down, those temporal affairs appeared very trifling. I said, 'Lord, I'll do it.' I arose from lying on my face before God. I quietly walked home, went into my study, calculated the percentage, wrapped up Robert Hall's Works—one portion of the smuggled books—carried them over to the porch of the Custom House Officer, laid them down, and sent him a note to the effect, that 'there were some smuggled books on the porch. This done, I felt relieved. I walked home, and that I had done as I had. What it might result in, or what people might say or think, was to me a matter of no moment whatever.'

I was now informed that two of the ministers had just called, and were waiting in the study to see me. I took some food that Mrs. Rand had prepared for me, and then went up into the study to see the ministers. They had called to consult respecting what we were to do next. Our own wisdom seemed to be exhausted. We were at a complete standstill. Like the poor sailor staggering in the storm, 'we were at our wits end.' Then we cried unto the Lord in our troubles, and he brought us out of our distresses. 'What shall we do?' they asked. 'I do not know,' I replied. 'Shall I go away?' If you say so, I will go. 'Oh! no,' they answered. 'We don't desire that.' What they did desire, or what their plans were, if they had any, I never knew. As I spoke, my voice and feelings seemed to get the mastery of me. I lost all self-control and cried to God for help. In an instant, I saw the whole town involved in a terrific storm of fire and brimstone. One window of my study looked out upon the Custom House Officer's office. A part of the town was before me, but I was not willing to look in the window, nor could I see the window nor the room, nor any of the objects that were near me. But I saw the street and the houses, and people holding up their hands in terror with distorted countenances, and the fearful tempest of fire driven by a furious wind across the place.

I supposed, of course, that the awful day of judgment had burst upon us like a thief in the night—as it certainly will come. But soon I recollected that people can seem to see things that have no existence; and that all this might be but an illusion—a mere impression on my own brain. Then I remembered where I was, seated between two men; and it occurred to me, that I might still have the sense of feeling, and if I could clasp their hands, this would be proof that I and they were still there, and that what I saw was only an optical illusion. For this purpose I reached out my hand, and the fearful vision vanished. I saw that I was still in my study, and all things looked natural as before. But to my mental vision, there was presented a view of the Lord Jesus Christ; first in the garden of Gethsemane, and then upon the cross, which exceeded in vividness everything I had ever conceived of. Had I actually been present, and had I heard his agonizing cries in the garden; and had I seen him with his bodily eyes on the cross; had he looked distinctly at me, and told me—'your sins are ten thousand times as many in number, and ten thousand times as aggravated as you imagine, but they are all forgiven and washed away; it could not have seemed to me more real. I was in a perfect ecstasy of joy. I felt that God had come; that the dark cloud was dissipated; that sinners would be converted. The number fifty seemed to be impressed upon me as the number that would be converted and saved. With the angels I could rejoice over their salvation, and the assurance that I would myself be saved could not have been increased. Had I actually been caught up to the third heaven, and seen the 'unutterable glory,' I could not have been more sure than I was, that this would be my rest forever.

Up to that moment, the full assurance of hope I had never before enjoyed. I had ever been troubled with doubts and fears. Now these were all removed. Nor had I ever been taught to give extravagant expressions to religious emotion. I had heard of such 'bodily crosses' as the whole Christian world have become familiar with of late, and which it has been at last discovered, are radically accounted for, upon physiological and theological principles, without in the least interfering with the reality and scriptural character of the emotions which produce them. I had witnessed something of the kind during my residence in Liverpool, where such phenomena had been common. But I had always looked upon them with great suspicion. How perfectly ridiculous it had seemed to me, for any one to be unable to restrain their feelings, to shout and clap their hands and 'act like madmen.' But what I then and there experienced and did, gave a death-blow to my cold, speculative philosophy on that point. I leaped, I clasped my hands, I shouted 'Glory to God!' at the top of my voice. I would have rushed into the street, warning every one, as Lot did—to escape from the 'fire and brimstone—the horrible tempest that God will rain upon the wicked.' But one of the brethren seized me by the arm and held me, and gave me a caution that led me to apprehend that he deemed me crazy. I immediately concluded that I had better be guided by his judgment, than by my own; 'For,' said I, 'I go crazy, I shall not know it.'

It was decided that I must not go into the street nor attend the evening meeting. To this I readily consented. 'God will be there,' said I. 'I need not go.' I was directed to lie down on the bed and compose myself. This I did. The windows of the room were darkened, and the house kept still. But no language can fully describe what was passing within and around me. An overpowering sense of a present God, of his holiness and purity, filled my soul. Had the bright cloud that overshadowed the mercy-seat in the Tabernacle, the Shekinah filled the room, I could not have had a more awful sense of God. It appeared to me that the sinners unpardoned, could have no more dreadful hell, than a sense of God's presence and holiness; this would be a 'rowing fire' upon every conscience where the slightest stain of guilt remained. Oh! how good and thankful I was, that that million of six dollars was no longer around my neck! I would not have had that money in my hands for the world!

Presently, I thought I heard the sound of a trumpet—as it rolled from one side of the universe to the other. I started from my bed, and fully expected to see the world on fire. I looked out of the window, and perceived that I was mistaken. I saw no fire, but every thing appeared ready to blaze. I lay down again with the full expectation of being instantly summoned before the Judge of quick and dead. I wished to remain standing, but yielded to the entreaties of my terrified wife, and lay down again. I thought it prudent to tell her what I expected, as it would probably increase her fright. Then there came over me an awful sense of the unprepared state of the church, the town, and of the world in general, to meet the Judge; and from the depths of my soul there went up a cry, that God would spare us a little longer. I was instantly relieved. I was assured that we would be spared a 'little longer.' Then I prayed for other things—the salvation of my father, my brothers and sisters, my wife and children; for the church at Liverpool; for the churches in various other places; for the world; and that God would restore primitive Christianity. So manifest was it to me, that the Holy Spirit was making intercession for me, that I scarcely seemed to be myself that prayed. And the certainty that the blessings thus sought would be granted, could have been no greater had the Lord stood by me in a visible form, and assured me that what I asked I should receive. My temporal wants were not forgotten. I was assured that these would always be supplied; but that I would be ever kept poor. Thus I prayed.

And those prayers were answered. God was present that evening in the house of prayer. His manifested presence was almost overpowering; and somewhere about forty persons, dated their awakenings from that evening, and a mighty work of grace ensued, and spread and continued for months, in all that region. Not many weeks after, my father, then 74 years old, and who up to that time had never professed religion, was brought into the clear liberty of the Gospel, and died rejoicing in the Lord. Other cases occurred just as remarkable and clear; and I fully expect, that every blessing I was enabled to ask for on that memorable night, will be received. 'I wait for thy salvation, O Lord!'

I became after awhile perfectly calm. My sleep was sweet and refreshing. Morning dawned; and such a morning as I had never before witnessed! Everything was changed. I had become a 'new creature; old things had passed away, all things had become new. The Bible was a new book. There was a new creation, a new heaven, a new earth. I looked out, and saw the sun about half-an-hour high, and he shone with a glory of which I had indeed once before caught a glimpse, but had never till then witnessed its steady, unclouded blaze. The sky was clear. I looked up and around. I seemed to see that God was everywhere, and that God was LOVE. Love filled my soul, and

peace, a peace that 'passeth all understanding, and joy unspeakable and full of glory.' I can never forget that day! I had a foretaste of heaven. It was the 'earnest of the Spirit,' the 'earnest of the inheritance that is incorruptible and full of glory.' How all overglorious did Christ appear! How hateful a thing was sin! How easy it seemed to believe; to repent; to put sin away; and to be happy! It appeared to me, that up to this time, I had only half believed, and had never before really felt the full force of the truth of the 'great salvation.' I could fully sympathize with Job, whose words I felt inclined to repeat again and again—'I have heard of thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes see thee; whereupon I labor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.'

The result of all this was salutary and lasting. 'I went in the strength of that most forty days,' I could weep over saints and sinners, and entreat them 'to be reconciled to God.' Nor did I plead in vain. The Lord was pleased to give me proofs again and again, that I did not labor and pray in vain.

In some respects I was doomed to disappointment. My fearful denunciations against sin and sinners, professors and non-professors, were misunderstood and misconstrued. A church meeting was called, and I was dismissed from the pastoral office. I immediately left the place, and visited Wilmot, Cornwallis, and other places. As I went, I preached publicly, and from house to house by the way. The Home Missionary Board gave me a mission to West Brook, Cumberland County. A gracious revival followed. I received a call to labor at Windsor. There, too, in the following spring, the Lord was pleased to bless us, and a goodly number were hopefully converted. Soon after I was led, in the providence of God, to engage in the Micmac Mission, in which I hope to labor, till my days on earth are numbered.

But my narrative is ended. I believe in the 'higher Christian life.' Merely to be a Christian, to drag along like the 'common run of professors,' is not enough. We should aim at higher attainments. Our sanctification as well as our justification must come from Christ alone. But our surrender of ourselves to him, must be cordial and full. We must not 'keep back part of the price.' All sin must be renounced. Our consciences must be like the apple of the eye. Sacrifices must be made. Self-denial must be exercised. No matter how small or how great the sin is, of which our consciences may accuse us, it must be renounced.

How often in churches, and in individuals, is a quickening of the spiritual life experienced, which is immediately quenched, and is followed by a profounder darkness! Why is this? The answer is plain. When the Spirit of God quickens our souls, sanctification is immediately aroused. There is guilt lying there—sin indulged or duty neglected. Now comes the struggle. Shall God and conscience be obeyed. Shall we be led by the Spirit? or shall we keep the sin and grieve the Holy Spirit? How often is the attempt made to compromise matters? We desire the blessing, but we find it difficult to submit to the self-denial required. Others, as well as ourselves, may be involved. Our reputation, our worldly business, may suffer. And people may laugh at our putting off our coat, how can we put it on? We have washed our feet, how can we defile them? Let us yield to slattern to the desires of the flesh—to worldly policy, and the blessing is lost. We fall back again into dullness, darkness, and worldly-mindedness; we sink back into the arms of Satan. On the other hand, if trusting in the Lord God of Israel, we go boldly forward in the path of duty, we get the blessing. Help comes. Difficulties vanish. 'God worketh in us, both to will and to do of his good pleasure,' and we are thus enabled and inclined 'to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling.'

We must not, of course, prescribe arbitrary rules for others. Above all things, we must not prescribe ourselves, as rules. But we need not be afraid to tell of the goodness of God, to those that feared the Lord, and were of good will. Let us talk together two and two, like the disciples going to Emmaus—and the Lord heard and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name; and they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Here, then, is union and communion, among all the people of God of all ages, and of every name and denomination.

Dear Reader, your earnest prayer is, that you may be quickened in your spiritual life; that you may taste the sweeter, richer joys of the glorious gospel of the grace of God! Don't let then laugh you out of the blessing! Don't listen to cold-hearted, lifeless, religionists, whose piety is void of heat and light and love. Take the godly ones of the Bible for your exemplars. Follow the Lord fully. 'Yield your body a living sacrifice.' Cleave unto the Lord with full purpose of heart! And may grace, mercy, and peace be with thee. Amen.

WITH THEM AND FOR THEM.  
The Puritans had a custom, which their descendants have followed to some extent, of gathering the family together once or twice a day, for the reading of the Bible and for prayer. Probably this was well enough for that period and for those men; but the times have changed; this is a working age, not a praying one—the questions of physical Christianity. It is doubtful whether prayer is necessary at all, and if it should be, we understand very well that every wish is a prayer in the sight of God, and that praying audibly is a useless labor. 'Our Father' is a beautiful composition; and we find a keen satisfaction in thinking of the parental relation it so beautifully asserts. The grand scheme of creation, that makes the creature so near the Creator, that even the closest of earthly ties only faintly shadows it, never fails to awaken our surprise and admiration. To be sure, it was given in answer to the request, 'Teach us how to pray,' but there is very little probability that any others than the questioners would ever need to pray; and, if they should, such a little simple prayer, asking for bread, and to be kept from temptation, beautiful as it is, would hardly meet the requirements of the age.

For some reason or other, however, Christian men and women have continued to pray, and year

after year have been demonstrating that old truth, 'The prayer of the righteous man availeth much.' Daniel prayed, and was put in the lions' den; but, he prayed again, and was taken out unharmed, to the exceeding joy of King Darius, who made him the first man in his kingdom, and decreed that the God of Daniel was the living God, and that his kingdom should endure forever. David prayed, morning, noon, and night, and Solomon found that the prayer of the righteous was a delight to the Lord. One reason, perhaps, why more definite instructions were not given as to when and where prayer should be offered, was, because there was so much of praying, only a lack of praying right. It was the custom in the East, then as now, for every one to pray, and pray frequently. Five times a day, from the minarets of the mosque, the Muezzin calls out to the faithful, 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet. Come to prayer. It is better to pray than to sleep.' No matter whether the God was the true or the false, his worshippers had the conviction that if his favor was secured it must be asked for. If we do not mistake, this is one of the institutions, like the belief in the existence of a Supreme Being and of the immortality of the soul.

In a family where there are unconverted children, perhaps the chief object of praying with them is the good which is hoped to be directly secured. Of course, a father could ask in secret as earnestly and with as much faith, for the conversion of his children, as when praying audibly in their presence, but they would be ignorant of his dependence upon the great fountain of hope, and there would not be the consciousness of his deep interest in their spiritual welfare, which might prove the power to lead them to a careful self-examination, and ultimately to a higher life. For six days in the week, business engrosses the attention, and if the seventh is not occupied in the same way, its religious exercises are of a public character. The attendance at church, the work in the Sabbath school, the speaking in the conference meeting, are the duties of a church member, and to a certain extent become necessary as the outgrowth of the public relation, and do not certainly indicate a living interest and anxiety in the heart. Children understand this, and if they see no recognition of God except in this public manner, they will be likely to think the religion is a Sunday religion, and has no vital power in the life. Let your boys and girls, when they have grown to be men and women, have the recollection of your daily dependence upon the All Father; let them remember that there was never a morning in which you forgot to thank him for the preservation of life, and for the numberless blessings that made life worth the living; let the memory of your parental lives suggest your continued consciousness of the watchful care of God, and sooner or later, when earthly supports have failed, as they surely will, instinctively those children of yours, that you have prayed for, and prayed with, will grasp the hand of Christ, and lean upon the Strong Arm which they remember supported you through similar 'sloughs of despond,' and over just such 'hills of difficulty.'

It is a good thing to turn the daily attention of your children, in this indirect manner, to the subject of religion; the more they know of it, the better they will like it. If it is possible to make the family feel a common interest in religious matters, and especially in the spiritual life of each of its members, then ought to be done. It is well for the church to work in this way—for the community to be a Christian community—for the government to recognize the Ruler of the Universe; but it is best of all to have the strong cords of family affection linking heart to heart, interwoven with the strong bond of a common love for our Father in heaven.

Family prayer will bring about just this desirable result; not always, perhaps, because it is sometimes a mere formal y—a work of the lips, with no inspiration of the heart—but that ought to be the fruit. Hypocrisy seldom wins, and never in the family. Your six-year old boy knows when you are 'making believe,' as well as your wife does. But you are not so likely to make a prayer around your own fireside as you are to do so around your family around you, and with their interest the burden of the prayer? The reading of the Bible will make it familiar to yourself and to your children; and the thoughts will be fixed on God, and reach out into eternity. The whole exercise need not occupy ten minutes, but they will be the best moments of the day, and their influence will extend beyond the bounds of time, and into the endless future.—Christian Freeman.

PECULIAR LOGIC.  
It is strange that an infinitely wise and good God should create human beings, if he foresaw that a large portion of the race would find existence an endless curse to them. Is it half as strange that men who voluntarily share the ways of transgression, should suffer for their wilful sins, as it is that men should suffer all their lives in consequence of the cruelties of others, and for no crime of their own? Did not God foresee the one as well as the other? And the length of the suffering does not change the principle. We know that the latter exists, and still God is good and just.

It is strange that God commanded us to love our enemies, if he hates his enemies, and will hate them to all eternity. The Psalmist says, 'God judgeth the righteous, and God is angry with the wicked every day.' Now, if God's anger ever ceaseth, it will be because he or the wicked change. If they continue wicked eternally, then he must be angry with them eternally, or else he must change. If he's angry toward the wicked shows itself in punishing them, then the love that the parent has toward his child does not prevent his punishing that child for his disobedience. And God's love toward his enemies is perfectly consistent with his punishing them.

It is strange that Christ is called the Savior of the world, if the world will never be saved. According to Universalism, Christ will not save the whole world. First, they hold that there is no future punishment from which to save men; hence Christ does not save men from that. Secondly, they hold that Christ does not save men from punishment, for they believe that men are fully punished for their sins. And, thirdly, some men sin as long as they live; so he does not save them from sins. Now it is not strange that they should talk about universal salvation, when they do not believe there is any salvation at all.

It is strange that Paul, who declared the

men and women have continued to pray, and year