

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. XVI.—No. 38.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1869.

Whole No. 818.

MAY 1869.

The Intelligencer.

BENEVOLENCE.

BY SELAH HIBBARD BARRETT.

Benevolence implies a disposition to do good—embracing kindness and charity. Its significance is almost unlimited. In this place the term "benevolence" is employed only to denote the free impartation of earthly treasure, to carry forward the institutions of the gospel. No one, perhaps, will deny that the prosperity of the church, in a great measure, depends upon the united efforts of believers. True, human efforts without the divine blessing are useless. But it is evident that God requires the active co-operation of his people in promoting his kingdom on earth—an object of the highest importance. Many are the reasons why all should cultivate the spirit of true benevolence, and use untiring exertions in rescuing a guilty world from the dominion of sin.

We were created to be useful. It should be the supreme object of life to serve God and to do good; and, to be useful in the full sense of the word, implies the exercise of benevolence. If, therefore, one fails to accomplish this end, he does not fulfil the great design of his existence, and, without rendering the world any better, sinks into oblivion.

The Bible requires us to be benevolent. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." If we were destitute, would we not need and desire assistance? Then let those who possess the means relieve the needy. By so doing, they fulfil the great law of Christian love, which is one of the requirements of the gospel. Under the Jewish economy, a tenth part of the revenue of the land of Canaan was required for the support of the priests. This was but a small part that was devoted to the interests of religion. Besides the examples of practical benevolence found in the Bible, the following passages may be mentioned, to excite philanthropic affections in the hearts of God's people: "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and the first fruits of thy increase." "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." "They that preach the gospel shall live of the gospel." "Charge them that are rich in this world that they do good, that they may be rich in good works, ready to distribute, and willing to communicate." It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Earthly treasures, like other blessings, should be employed in the service of God. They are not our own, but given as a trust, to glorify God and promote his cause. But when men have acquired property by their industry, they often return no thanks to God, considering it their own. They think that, independent of moral obligation, they have a right to appropriate it to such purposes as they please. So, instead of devoting it to the interests of religion, they, perhaps, expend it to gratify pride and selfishness. Such appear to be ignorant of the great command of the Saviour—"Occupy till I come."

Christ's example presents motives for the cultivation of a truly benevolent spirit. The Saviour, for the benefit of the fallen race, left the courts of glory, entered this sinful world, and endured sorrow, pain and death. O what condescension! What unbounded benevolence, exercised on the part of the Saviour, in giving so freely his life for sinful man! Enough, truly, to excite the admiration of the world, and to influence professed Christians to deny themselves and contribute abundantly to their earthly wants.

The present existing wants of the world require Christians to be benevolent. The great mass of mankind are shrouded in pagan darkness. Millions and millions are totally ignorant of the revealed will of heaven—the Holy Bible. Pursuing the road to death, they have none to give them even a note of warning. In our own pretended happy Christian land, there are multitudes who know not God by an experimental knowledge. The dazzling pursuits of the world engage every thought, while the momentous concerns of eternity are disregarded. Who, then, will not do something to arouse mortals from the careless slumber in which they have fallen? Who is not willing to aid, through the blessing of God upon benevolent efforts, in redeeming man from the thralldom of sin, in reinstating him in the image of his Maker, that he may be what God designed him to be. In order, then, to effect the conversion of the world, God has made it the duty of the church to practice self-denial, to imitate the true missionary spirit—the spirit of benevolence. With this enforced and carried out, in word and deed, the world, in its degeneracy, may be reformed, redeemed, and saved.

WRESTLING PRAYER.—There's nae a good dune, John, till ye get to the close place." So said "James, the door-keeper" of Broughton Place church, Edinburgh, to the immortal John Brown, the author of "Rob and his Friends." Old James got into a marvellous earnestness with God in prayer, and conversed with him as he would with his "ain father." He understood the power of a close grip when an earnest soul is wrestling with God for a blessing.

Jacob, the patriarch, had such a struggle in that remarkable and mystical scene at "Pondel." We are told that he wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant (who may have been the incarnate Jesus) until the breaking of the day. The angel said, "Let me go, the day breaketh." Here was a trial of the patriarch's faith. "What is that to me," thought the eager man, "that the day is breaking? I must have the blessing now." There is no daylight of hope for me unless I obtain what I am struggling for. I will not let thee go except thou bless me!" He triumphed on the spot.

So clung the Syro-Phoenician mother to Christ when she was beseeching him to heal her sick daughter. The Master seemed to put her off, in order to try the mettle of her faith. But she came up into what the old Scotchman called a closer grip with the heart of infinite love, and she carried the day. "Go thy way," said Jesus unto her. "Oh! women, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." And so he granted to a great faith what he might have denied to a little faith. Precisely so it is with Christians now, and with churches. An honest, persevering faith—a faith that works while it prays—a faith that holds on through discouragements—achieves the result it pleads for. For faith creates such a condition of things that it is wise for God to grant what would otherwise be denied.—*T. Culver in Independent.*

NOT YET!

Why men should delay the commencement of a religious life, especially when they admit its necessity and its value, is one of the mysteries of perverse human nature which it is difficult to explain. Some seek to justify their procrastination by the existence of doubts on various matters connected with religion. They profess to doubt, the readiness of God to accept them, though this he has clearly promised to do, hereby showing that they have less confidence in the promises of God than in those of man. Or they are doubtful of their subsequent steadfastness, if they should profess faith in Christ. This apprehension of backsliding is allowed by many to keep them from trying to walk in a religious way. Yet not one of such persons would, if drowning, refuse to grasp a proffered hand because he doubted his ability to hold on. Under such circumstances, every man of them would venture. Expediency is sometimes permitted to come in as an excuse for delay. Not, indeed, that any man doubts the expediency of religion; at certain times; as, for instance, at death or at the judgment. But the question is, Is it expedient now? Will it pay, at this present time, to renounce sin and serve God? What bold presumption this, to make of a solemn obligation a mere matter of expediency!

We frequently find among men who say "Not yet" a degree of timidity which would be ludicrous were it associated with less serious subjects. They fear frowns, and ridicule, and contempt from ungodly men. Many are afraid to have their religious convictions known. They hesitate not to express their honest sentiments on questions of finance or of politics; but they would be sorry to have their associates know that they have any definite religious sentiments. Strange to say, they are not afraid or ashamed to be known as sinners. It is only the saintly aspect of the question which makes their hearts palpitate, and their knees tremble, and their nerves quiver. We affect to despise papists, and pagans, and Mohammedans. But, whatever we may dislike about them, one thing is certain, they are not ashamed of their religious convictions; they do not fear to have men know where they stand. Some who have no sympathy with their religious views might learn a lesson from them in this respect.

We suspect, however, that underlying all these excuses for delay, and its accompanying indecision, there is a strong disinclination to comply with the requirements of religion. Renunciation of the world, self-denial, cross-bearing, a daily following of Jesus, are not pleasant subjects of contemplation to a sinful heart. If the terms could be altered, the standard lowered, there would probably be fewer to say, "Not yet." But terms may not be. The Master has given his orders; and they must be obeyed. Yet we think that those who refuse to comply ought to be sufficiently honest with themselves to find out the true reason of their refusal; for it is possible for one to deceive even his own heart.

There is one hopeful aspect of indecision which it may not be amiss to notice. Its presence indicates some degree of feeling on the subject of religion. The hardened and abandoned man is not troubled with indecision, for he sins without conviction; he gives his moral state no attention whatever. It is not a question with him whether he shall break off his sins to-day or ten years hence. He does not think on the subject one way or the other. But he who does think of it, and who debates upon it within himself, has not reached the point of hopeless hardness. True, he is on the way, and if he succeed in his schemes of delay, he may gradually and insensibly get into a state of mind where the question of immediate repentance will cease to annoy him. But while this troubled condition continues, there is room for hope that he may decide for the right. It is a great conflict between duty and inclination. Happy he who in the serious strife finds inclination led captive by duty!

We sincerely wish we could make that large class of people who are saying "Not yet" see as they ought to see the folly and the wickedness of indecision, and the really serious results which flow from it. While this state of hesitancy exists, there can be no real peace. Besides this, difficulties are thrown in the way of salvation which increase by continued delay. These months, and sometimes years of indecision, which are allowed to slip by unimproved might be devoted to useful labors for God. Thus, for want of right development, the powers of the soul become dull and dormant, life is wasted, its golden opportunities neglected, and, worse than all, unless the decision is made for God, the eternal ruin of the soul is the final result.—*Methodist.*

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.—For the great adversary who always aims at the open point in the harness. A shrewd writer says:

Does not Satan attack us in our weakest point? How he suits his mode of temptation to the disposition of the victim! Are you vain? In how dazzling a lustre will he place the pleasures of this poor world before you! Are you ambitious? In what splendid honor will he make the great things of man appear! Are you discontented? In what exalted light will he place the advantages of others before your eyes! Are you jealous? In what strong contrasts will he place the kindness or the person you love towards another than you! Are you of an ill temper? How he will make you think everybody hates you, neglects you, despises you, or intends to slight you! Are you indolent? How wearisome will he make the slightest effort for another's good seem in your eyes! Are you too active? How useless will he make the quiet hour of prayer, and thought, and reading seem to you! He tempts us to what our nature is most inclined; he suits his allurement to our inclination; if we are of a quiet temper, he will not tempt us there; if we are only ambitious, he will not take care to make us jealous; if we are too active, he will not tempt us to be idle. He knows us well; he drives our inclination to its far extreme.

"CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF DEATH."—Passing the streets of a city, you may often see upon a shop-door the words, "Closed on account of death." So may it soon be written of you, on the house where you live, "Closed on account of death." On your place of business, "Closed on account of death." On your career of sinful pleasure, "Closed on account of death." On your day of probation, "Closed on account of death." On the door of mercy, as far as you are concerned—oh, shall I say it, "Closed on account of death!"—*Rev. Henry.*

THE JEW'S WAILING PLACE.

BY REV. SELAH W. BROWN.

One Friday afternoon we obtained a guide and visited the wailing place of the Jews. We approached this spot through a narrow crooked street running out of the Jews' quarters, and found a paved area about twenty feet long, with a low wall on one side and high one on the other. In the lower part of the high wall were five courses of enormous stones, supposed to date back to the days of Herod or Solomon. They are dressed with a bevel peculiar to the buildings of ancient Jerusalem. There is good reason to believe that these huge stones formed a part of the wall that enclosed the temple area. Not of the temple itself, for that Christ said, not one stone should be left upon another.

This ancient wall is of all places in the holy city the most sacred to the Jews, for it is the nearest approach allowed them to the site of their beautiful temple; the nearest access permitted to the spot where once was their "Holy of Holies." There for many generations, these poor sons and daughters of Abraham have gathered to weep over the ruin of their temple—to mourn over the departed glory of Israel—to wail over the downfall of their city, and to implore the mercy and forgiveness of their God. In former years they had to purchase this melancholy privilege of the unfeeling Turks at an exorbitant price.

It was a scene enough to touch the hardest heart to see that company of Jews, of all ages, from little infants to aged patriarchs, from various nations and speaking different languages; some standing, some sitting, some kneeling, and some with heads bowed to the earth, all mourning and beating their breasts over the desolation of their Zion. An aged priest read some passages from the Hebrew Scriptures which the whole company chanted in a sing-song tone, waving back and forth with a cadenced motion of the body. Now for a moment the whole company would be silent, then one and another would begin to sigh and mourn, till all had joined in the dirge-like wailings. In the midst of the mourning, some would get up and go to the wall, women would fervently kiss the cold stones, and mothers would even hold the faces of their little children against the old wall, worn smooth with millions of kisses.

Our guide, himself a Jew, informed us that these mourners were repeating the following heart-breaking lamentations once uttered by their great king and their old prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah: "O God, thou hast cut us off, thou hast scattered us, thou hast made us desolate; oh, turn thyself to us again."

"Thou hast made the earth to tremble; thou hast broken it; thou hast broken the towers; thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment." (Ps. lx. 1, 2, 3.)

"Be not wrath with me, O Lord, neither remember iniquity forever; behold, see, we beseech thee, we are all thy people."

"Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem a desolation."

"Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste." Isa. lxxv. 9, 10, 11.)

"Thus saith the Lord of hosts, consider ye, and call for the mourning women, that they may come; and send for cunning women that they may come; and let them make haste, and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters. For a voice of wailing is heard out of Zion. How are we spoiled; we are greatly confounded because we have forsaken the land, because our dwellings have cast us out." (Jer. ix. 17, 18, 19.)

Poor Jews, the woe is upon them. The long desired Messiah has come, but they said, "His blood be upon us and our children," and terribly has the imprecation been answered. Their tears fall to the ground as did the bloody sweat of Him whom they rejected, and never will the curse be lifted till they kiss the feet their fathers nailed to the cross.

"I CAN LIVE FOR JESUS."—A poor illiterate colored man in one of the Southern States, recently presented himself before a Baptist Church as a candidate for membership. As usual in such cases, he was requested to state something of his religious experience. This he did in a very blundering way, and the church, fearing that he was not truly converted, gently advised him to wait awhile, but kindly assured him of their deep interest in his welfare.

The poor African turned away with the deepest sorrow depicted in his countenance, and as the silent tears chased their way down his sable cheek, he was heard to say, in a voice almost choked with sobs, "Well, I can live for my Saviour, if I can't talk for him. He knows I love Him, if I can't tell it so that others can understand me."

He was called back, and when by long and patient questioning they were able to get at the poor fellow's real feelings, all were convinced of the genuineness of his love to God, and his desire to serve him. He was of course received, and his life has convinced all who know him that he can live for Jesus, and he can also speak for Jesus.

Who may estimate the influence that this poor illiterate man thus yields for good and how loudly speaks his example to those who, because they have but one talent, would therefore excuse themselves from all effort.—*American Messenger.*

VOICES OF GRACE.—It is marvellous and beautiful to observe how various are the voices of grace. "I am thirsty," says one. "I am hungry," says another. "Then eat ye that which is good," he says, "and let your soul delight itself in fatness." "But I am poor and have nothing to buy with." "Come, buy wine and milk, without money, and without price." "We are weary," sigh the laborers in the sun-beaten fields. "Come unto me," breathes her answer like a breeze from the waters, "and I will give you rest." "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee," she whispers to the pilgrim ready to faint on the highway. "Behold the Fountain," she cries to the thirsty, "the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." To the lost she cries, "I am the Way," to the ignorant, "I am the Truth," to the dying, "I am the Life." How large her welcome to the sinner, how soothing her consolation to the mourner, how inspiring her tones to him that is faint of heart! There is no disease for which she has not a remedy, no want for which she has not a supply; and every one who applies to her shall confess at length, "It is enough; I am blessed as if all the methods and riches of grace were for me alone!"

AN INTERESTING STORY.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return to thee." This is a scripture truth, which, like all truth, has been verified a thousand times. The following story may serve to illustrate the verity of this text. Allow me to premise that my story is a true one in all particulars:

Some thirty years since, a lad of one of our eastern cities, about ten years of age, was sent by his employer to carry a basket, heavily laden with wares, to a purchaser. While staggering under its weight up a somewhat steep hill, a gentleman of about thirty years of age proffered his assistance, and beguiled the tediousness of the way by a pleasant anecdote, good advice, and kind words. They parted; fifteen years passed away; the senior of these two parties, now nearly fifty years of age, sat in his study with a melancholy countenance and a sad heart. His door opened, and his young and fascinating daughter, just blooming into womanhood, entered to announce that a gentleman desired to see her father. "Show him in, my darling daughter, and do you my dear child leave us to ourselves." The old gentleman entered. "Well sir, was your salutation, 'have you considered my proposition?' 'I have, and have determined, happen what may, I will not force or sway, by any act of mine, the will of my child. She shall be left to her own free choice.' 'Then, sir, to-morrow by three o'clock, your property must go into the hands of the sheriff, unless you find some friends to pay the twenty thousand dollars.' This he said with a sneer, and coldly bowing, left the house. The poor father's heart was racked. "I am a beggar, my daughter homeless; I have no friend to offer assistance at this hour of my severest trial."

In the midst of these bitter reflections again his daughter entered, introducing a gentleman of some twenty five years of age—a stranger. "Am I in the presence of Mr. G.?" was his opening remark, which being affirmatively answered, he continued by saying that he was a successful merchant in New York, and, hearing of the misfortunes of Mr. G., had come on purpose to ask the amount of his liabilities, that he might loan the necessary funds to relieve his wants. Nor was he shocked at the mention of the large sum of twenty thousand dollars. He handed his check, which was duly honored; the father was once more a happy man; his daughter was not homeless; he had found some friend to pay, despite the sneer of his hard hearted creditor. "But pray, sir," said he, "to whom am I indebted for this munificent kindness from an entire stranger?" "Perhaps you have forgotten," was the reply, "that some fifteen years since you aided a friendless boy of ten years of age, to carry his loaded basket up a hill; that you gave him good advice and kindly words. I am that boy; I followed your advice; I have lived honestly; I have gained wealth; and now, after many years, I have come to return to you, kind sir, the bread which you cast so freely upon the waters."—*Christian Advocate.*

GEORGE MULLER ON CONSECRATION.

It is of the deepest moment that we walk with a sincere, honest, upright heart before God. If evil be practised, or labored and connived at, the channel of communication between our souls and God (for the time being) will be cut off. It is all-important to remember this. Infirmitates and weakness will elude us as long as we remain in the body; but this is a different thing from willingly allowing evil. I must be able, with a true, honest, upright heart to look my heavenly Father in the face, and say, "Here I am, blessed Lord; do with me as Thou wilt."

Then let us remember that we are His stewards. Our time, our wealth, our strength, our talents, our aid, are His, and His alone. Let us seek to remember this; and then, what happy Christians we shall be! It is a divine principle, "To him that shall be given, and as abundantly as we seek to make good use of that which is confided to us more will be imparted. We shall be used of the Lord, and shall become increasingly happy in his most blessed service. Brethren! we have only one life—one brief life; let us seek with reverent purpose of heart to consecrate that one life for God, and to serve Him with our body, soul and spirit, which are His."

Let it be our unceasing prayer that as we grow older we may not grow colder in the ways of God as we advance in years, let us not decline in spiritual power; but let us see to it that an increase of spiritual vigor and energy be found in us, that our last days be our best days.

Our holy faith does not consist in talking. Reality, reality, reality, is what we want. Let us have heart work; let us be genuine. Oh, how rapidly is time hastening on! We should live in such a manner as that, if we were called hence by dear brethren and sisters might feel our loss, and from their inmost souls exclaim, "Oh, that such a one were in our midst again!" We ought to be missed even by the world. Worldly persons should be constrained to say of us, "If ever there was a Christian upon earth that man was one."

PERIL IN PROCRASTINATION.—I know a young man a few years ago, who was dear to me and to all who knew him. Often did I pray with him and talk with him of God, eternity and heaven, and of a preparation to meet our God in peace. Often did I sit beside him in prayer meeting when he would trouble himself with his convictions of sin. He saw others seek and find the Lord. He was frank and candid to own the claims of God upon him, though not ready just then to accede to these claims.

The world and the fair prospects before him proved too alluring. In the full tide of life and vigor of opening manhood, he saw and felt no danger. And why should he fear with a heart beating stout and strong, the muscles firm, the reason clear, the mind serene? Surely he, if any, could delay for a more convenient season.

But alas! as in a single day, how all has changed! Languor and faintness have stolen through all his frame; his heart beats feebly; those once strong, elastic muscles are relaxed and weak as a little child's; his cheek is flushed, his breathing grows hard, and his fair brow burns with a fever heat.

See that vacant stare, and now that listless rolling of the eyes! Hear those incoherent words! Put forth your hand to hold that raving maniac, now mad and struggling, as if with surrounding demons! Reason has fled to return no more!

Disease drives on her ravages, and in one short week lays that once noble, vigorous form low in the embrace of death.

O ye that are procrastinating the day of repentance, is there no lesson here for you? Is there no alarm to arouse you from your perilous delay? The voice of reason, conscience, and of God cries aloud to you to turn this day lest ye die. Will ye be wise?—*Vermont Chronicle.*

BEING PRACTICAL.

A teacher was once engaged with a class on a lesson from St. Luke concerning The Straight Gate, when this question was put to her: "Don't you think it is wrong and unchristian for the various sects of the Protestant church to talk about one another as they do?" "As they do?" repeated the teacher slowly. "Well, I mean run down and ridicule each other. Each sect thinks its own right and every other wrong." "Individuals of each sect, I presume you mean," suggested the teacher. The boy answered, "Yes of course, I've heard Presbyterians speak of Methodists as shouting Methodists, and I've heard the Methodists call Baptists 'water-dunkers,' and the Baptists say the Episcopalians are next to the Catholics. Now, if there any Christianity in the Catholic, and aren't there a good many more in the church who talk so and feel so, than there are of those who don't?" The whole class listened attentively to the boy's queries, but with the air of one who evidently thinks he has a strong case. The teacher saw all; took in the full import of the question and its bearings. Did she enter into an argument in defence of sects or of the Christian church? That was what he wanted, but that was not what he needed. She smiled as she answered: "How little difference appears in the questions of to-day and the questions of eighteen centuries ago. 'Then said one unto him, Lord, are there few that be saved?' To-day, one says to me virtually, 'Since there are so many sinners in the church, are there not, after all, few that be saved?' I take my answer to you from the lips of my Master: 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.' The intelligent glances from eye to eye, the deep blush of the answered inquirer, and the appreciative smiles that met the eyes of the teacher, assured her that not in vain had she remembered the words of the Lord Jesus. 'I know,' continued she, 'that these sins of the church are constantly observed and used by the great adversary. They are sins. Those who indulge in harsh judgments and unkind criticisms indulge in sin, everywhere and under all circumstances or disguises is seen and hated by the Lord. You all know that Christians are not perfect beings. They are liable to be tempted and to fall into sin. The sincerest Christians are the readiest to acknowledge this sad fact. You may see the sins of God's professed people every day. Let the sad sight bring to you no word of glorying, but only a heartfelt prayer, 'Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.' And let this thought be impressed upon you: 'The Lord knows his own, and none of them shall be lost.' Can any one suppose that there was a heart in the class that did not at that moment earnestly feel, 'O that I knew that I am one of the Lord's own!'—*Central Advocate.*

SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL TEACHING.—An old divine has said, that "he would set others in a flame, must himself be burning." This is the real and true foundation of all successful teaching. When we read the few sermons left by the great evangelist, Whitefield, so meagre are they in thought, and there is so little brilliancy in language, that we can scarcely comprehend how they not only moved the masses, but even the critical Lord Chesterfield. But his soul being on fire with love to Jesus, a flame of love to Christ was kindled in his hearers. So must Sunday school teachers be; for it is earnestness, not mere knowledge or mental power, that is needed to make teaching and success synonymous. In other words:

Thou must thyself be true
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow with truth
Another's soul would reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each work of thine
Shall be a faithful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble deed.

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.—Nineveh was fourteen miles round, with a wall of 700 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifteen miles within the walls, which were seventy five feet thick and 100 high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 623 on the sides; its base covers seven acres. The stones are about sixty feet in length and number 295, employed 330,000 men in building. The Labyrinth in England contains 300 chambers and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of fifty millions of dollars, and Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were fifteen miles round.

"IF I PERISH, I PERISH!"—But you will not perish, weeping, trembling soul! He has told you you shall not. He has sworn by his own name that you shall not perish. He loves you too well to let you perish. He has bought you with too dear a price to deliver you so easily to the power of the enemy. Go to him; He will recall Calvary. Go to him with your doubts; he will remember Gethsemane. Go to him with all your temptations and fears; he will recall the wilderness, the pinnacle, and the mount. No, you can never perish with such a Sympathizer, such a compassionate Friend, such an almighty Saviour to befriend you. Then let not the light of hope so soon fade. Did he ever reject one yet? Did ever poor, trembling sinner come to him on earth, and go away refused of his petition? And does not he himself say that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; the same in his almightiness to rescue; the same in his power to uphold; the same to pity, the same to love, to guide, to accept, that he ever was? You are not worse than a thousand others. Paul was more blasphemous; Magdalene was more corrupt; the dying thief more abandoned; and were they refused? Go, then, he will not refuse; go and be blessed; go and touch the extended sceptre and rejoice; and all heaven will rejoice with you; the angels of