

The Religious Anticipationer.

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, DECEMBER 24, 1869.

Whole No. 832.

ALBION HOUSE.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.

NEW GOODS, For Autumn and Winter,

PER STEAMSHIPS "ACADIA,"

FROM GLASGOW,

AND "CALEDONIA,"

FROM LIVERPOOL.

One hundred cases and bales of DRY GOODS, being received, which completes the Stock for this season, comprising—

A LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED

STOCK OF

NEW AND FASHIONABLE

GOODS.

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

FANCY

AND

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

TO WHICH

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE

THE

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Sept. 24, 1869.

OCTOBER 1869.

NEW GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,

FREDERICTON,

Has received per Steamships *Albion*,
Caledonia and *Acadia*, from Glasgow
and Liverpool,

A WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF

NEW GOODS,

FOR THE

FALL AND WINTER

TRADE,

Consisting of every description of

DRY GOODS,

ALL THE NOVELTIES IN

DRESS GOODS,

SHAWLS, &c.

To which he respectfully solicits an
inspection from the public.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, October 29, 1869.

The Anticipationer.

BIBLE TESTIMONIES OF EMINENT MEN.

BY REV. E. DAVIES.

"The Bible? It is the index of eternity.
He cannot miss of endless bliss,
That takes this chart to steer his voyage by;
A book to which no book can be compared
For excellence."

Some men scoff at the Bible and at the religion that it teaches, and say, 'It will do for weak minds and little children.' We accept the charge, and thank him for the compliment. It will, thank God, do for these weaker portions of humanity, and this is one of its excellencies, and shows that its author is divine, adjusting, in revelation as in nature, the means to the end. But this inspired volume is equally adapted to men of mighty grasp of intellect; and as proof, we offer the following testimonies:—

Sir Isaac Newton says, 'We account the Scriptures of God as the most sublime philosophy. I find more marks of authenticity in the Bible than in any profane history whatever.'

Joseph Addison says, 'The Scriptures are full of pathetic and warm pictures of the condition of a happy or miserable future, and I am confident that the frequent reading of them would make the way to a happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties which he before suffered in shunning the allurements of vice, absorbed in the pleasure he will take in the pursuit of virtue; and how happy must that mortal be, who thinks himself in the favor of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infinity not to desire.'

The great philosopher, John Locke, says, 'That the holy Scriptures are one of the greatest blessings which God bestows upon the sons of men, is generally acknowledged by all who know any thing of the value and worth of them. In them the Lord hath lucidly displayed that counsel of his will that is of infinite concernment for us to understand, in order to our present being accepted of him here, and at last brought to the fullest enjoyment of his glory hereafter. Yet, to amaze it is observed, that man, who is so highly and principally concerned in it, doth too little value it; he can weary himself in any secular affair, but diligently to search the Scriptures, according to our Lord's advice, is to him tedious and burdensome.'

Sir Matthew Hale says, 'There is no book like the Bible for excellent learning and use.' John Milton says, 'God having to this end ordained his gospel to be a revelation of his power and wisdom in Christ Jesus, And this is one depth of his wisdom, that he could so plainly reveal so great a measure of it to the gross, distorted apprehension of decayed mankind. Let others, therefore, dread and shun the Scriptures for their darkness, I wish I may deserve to be reckoned among those who admire and dwell upon them for their clearness.'

Sir William Jones says, 'I cannot refrain from adding, that the collection of tracts which we call from their excellence the Scriptures, contains, independently of divine origin, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected from all other books that were ever composed, in any age or in any idiom.'

Thomas, Lord Erskine, says, 'I have been ever deeply devoted to the truths of Christianity; and my firm belief in the Holy Gospel is by no means owing to the prejudices of education (though I was religiously educated by the best of parents), but it arises from the most continued reflections of my riper years and understanding. It forms at this moment, the great consolation of a life which as a shadow must pass away.'

Without swelling this list, let us close with an extract from the circular letter of the 'Father of his country,' dated June 8, 1783: 'The free cultivation of letters, the unbounded extension of commerce, the progressive refinement of manners, the growing liberality of sentiment, and above all, the pure and benign light of revelation, have had an ameliorating influence on mankind, and increased the blessings of society.'

'I now make my earnest prayer that God would have you and the State over which you preside, under his holy protection; that he would incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate the spirit of subordination and obedience to the government, to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another, for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for their brethren who have served in the field; and finally, that he would bestow the light of knowledge, and to delect ourselves with that charity, humanity, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine author of our blessed religion, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things, we can never hope to be a happy nation.'

These words of the honored Washington, are worthy of being written in letters of gold. Let them be heeded by the men of this generation.

LEANING ON THE BELOVED.

BY W. E. LACOSTE.

Happy are they, who, tremblingly alive to personal weakness, are conscious that they walk with God. Made conscious of leaning on the Beloved by the support given to the troubled, trusting spirit. For, leaning on the Son of God, we come out of great trial and tribulation into the sweetest rest. Strong is that arm, mighty to sustain in the fiercest conflict. There is comfort in the vale of grief and sorrow, when 'on the Beloved's arm we lean.' How sweet to lean on that arm, while we walk with him in the Valley of Peace, where grace falls on the soul, as 'the dew of Hermon.'

Not is that voice less sweet, when in the long continued conflict with the powers of darkness, wounded and faint, that almighty arm gives power to triumph.

Such is the Beloved on whom thou of troubled spirit, with weary, hesitating step, mayest lean. He will strengthen thee, and uphold thee, until thy wilderness, and Elion's palms and wells are passed. Yes, until thou hast reached the city of thy God. Lean on this mighty One, ye doubting, trembling, fainting disciples. Lean on the Beloved, ye who bear wearying burdens. He invites such

confidence. Hear him speak to the afflicted, troubled one. It is the voice of the Beloved which says—

"Child of my love, lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child; I shape it,
I know it in my own hand—made no proportion
To its weight, to thine unaided strength.
For, even as I laid it on, I said,
'I shall be near, and make thee lean on me,
This burden shall be mine, not his.
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
Of mine own love.' Here lay it down our fear
To impose too my shoulder, which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come,
Then art not near enough; I would embrace thy care,
So I might feel my child resting on my breast.
Then loving me, I know it. Doubt not then:
But, loving me, lean hard."

ANTICIPATED BY THE SPIRIT.

A clergyman, who had been quite successful in his appointed work, was at a great loss to find a text from which to preach on a subject which he felt he ought to present from the pulpit.

One member of his congregation, who was an infidel, stood in the pastor's way.
His presence in the house of God acted on the pastor's mind like a nightmare. He could not preach. The Bible seemed a closed book to him. What should he do? He prayed for light. At length he became impressed with the thought—that he must visit the infidel at his home. He asked the Lord to grant him grace to meet this enemy of the cross in a kind, Christian spirit. Faithless still, as to the result, he set out on his mission.

Shortly he stood face to face with the man he had feared; and his first salutation was—
'Friend, I have come to talk with you about your soul.'

'Ah!' replied the other, 'he seated. I am glad to see you. I have wondered you did not come several months before.' The result may easily be surmised.

They had a season of prayer together, and parted; and it was not long before the once proud infidel stood up in the great congregation, and avouched the Lord Jehovah to be his God. The pastor was rebuked for his unbelief. The Spirit anticipated him; and this fact taught him a lesson he never forgot—never to distrust God, or engage in work in any department of his vineyard in a trembling, faithless manner.

As another incident illustrative of this fact, we mention the case of a man of strong mind and varied information, who, in the community where he lives, was a leader against all efforts to promote a revival which was in progress. No one for a time had dared to approach him. Well acquainted with the Bible so far as suited his malignant purposes, he was always prepared for an argument, and generally was successful in gaining his point. He felt that he could ask questions which few believers in the Bible could answer; and thus he continued for a time, bold and stout in his rebellion.

But after the revival had been in progress for some months, by a secret agreement among the faithful, he was made a special subject of prayer. One morning, being met by one of the praying band, he was cordially accosted in a kind and friendly manner, and yet with a trembling voice: 'Why Mr. B., I have been thinking so much of you of late, that I now feel impressed with the importance of asking whether it is not time to attend to the interests of your soul. Many of your friends are already seeking Christ, and—'

'Well, now,' interrupted the infidel, 'this is certainly opportune; for I have been waiting for six weeks in wonder why no one had spoken to me on this subject. I have been seeking light for many weary days and nights, and am still in the dark. Now, my friend, do help me, for God's sake.'

The Christian brother was all taken aback; he was not prepared for such a reception; and this, observe, all from his want of faith in the omnipotent grace of God to melt the hardest heart.

Mr. B. soon became a follower of the despised Nazarene, and united with the church; and there is to-day no brighter light in the church in N. than is he who was once regarded beyond the pale of God's grace. The truth in the case is, that the Spirit had anticipated the effort put forth by the human agent; and we would find, my Christian brother, in multitude of instances, if we would make the endeavor in faith and humble dependence on divine help, that our neighbors are anxiously waiting to be taken by the hand and led in the new and living way.

If we are really in earnest, and our efforts correspond with our prayers at the mercy seat, we shall ever find that the Spirit has gone before us, will accompany us, and remain behind to seal our words of exhortation, and make them effectual to the personal salvation of those whom we would lead to Christ.—*Christian Banner*.

SHALL WE KNOW THEM?—The inquiry often arises in the mind of many persons, and especially when loved ones have been removed by death: 'Shall I know them in Heaven? Such persons will find comfort in the following paragraph:—

Who has not asked the question—Shall we know our kin and friends in heaven? Why should we not? On crossing the line which divides the present from the spirit land, will we instantly become oblivious of this life? Will all memory of it then perish forever? Suppose it should. With it will perish the knowledge of sin and of obedience to Christ. We shall then be, to ourselves at least, as though we had always been perfect.—To us, consequently, Christ can never seem a Saviour. For, should we wholly forget that we had ever been lost, we could not possibly realize that we had ever been saved. These two things imply each other. We would know that we were happy, but we could not know that we had ever been otherwise. To know this would imply memory of this life; and memory of part, would most likely imply memory of all. We shall not forget some and remember the rest. That Christ should ever become to the saved as not a Saviour, is inconceivable. It would be a vital falsehood. This is inadmissible. I hence conclude, that we shall remember; and if so, we shall know. Should I remain myself and know it, and still retain the power of communication, I can make myself known. Others can do the same. This will be to bring each other to knowledge, whatever may happen to memory at death. Again, I conclude, we shall know each other. Not to do so, would be to become to one another new beings. It would be to unself ourselves, which is a contradiction. We shall know them even as we know

IN THE DARK.

There comes seasons of darkness in all our lives. Who has not known them? Times when there are neither sun, nor moon, nor stars in the sky, and we stand still in fear or grope onward in trembling uncertainty.

A few years ago, there fell upon my life one of these seasons, in which I could see neither to the right hand nor the left. A terror of darkness was upon me.

One night I lay awake, thinking, until my brain grew wild with uncertainty. I could not see even a step in advance, and feared to move onward lest with the next footfall I should plunge into hopeless ruin. Very strongly was I tempted to turn aside from the way in which I was going—a way reason and conscience approved as right; but something held me back. Again and again I took up and considered the difficulties of my situation, looking to the right hand and the left for way of extrication; now resolving to go in this direction, and now in that; yet always held away from resolve by inner convictions of right and duty, that grew clear at the moment when I was ready to give up my hold on integrity.

So the hours went heavily footed until past midnight. My little daughter was sleeping in the crib beside my bed. But now she began to move restlessly, and presently her timid voice broke faintly on the still air.

'Papa! papa!' she called.

'What is it, darling?' I asked.

'Oh, papa! It is dark! Take Nellie's hand!'

I reached out my hand and took her tiny one in my own, clasping it firmly. A sigh of relief came up from her little heart. All her loneliness and fear were gone, and in a few moments she was sound asleep again.

'Oh, my Father in Heaven!' I cried, in a sudden, almost wild, outburst of feeling, 'it is dark, very dark. Take my hand!'

A great peace fell upon me. The terror of darkness was gone. 'Keep hold of my hand, oh, my Father!' I prayed fervently; and though I should be called to walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil. Let not my feet wander to the right or to the left.

'Sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,' fell softly on my eyelids, and morning broke with scarce a seeming interval of time.

I felt calm and strong. The day was to be one of severe trial. A dark cloud of uncertainty rested over it. But I was resolved to walk steadily through its trials and its pains, holding tightly the hand of my Father.

Oh! is not the Lord better to us, if we will trust him, than all our fears? There came fierce assaults upon my integrity. I was lured by golden promises—I was threatened with disaster and disgrace, but my hand lay in the firm clasp of one who steekest closer than a brother, and who is strong to save.

In my recitide I found safety. Had I swerved, I would have went down to hopeless ruin. Even my tempters, who had hoped to gain through my defections from honor, bore witness to my integrity. And now having escaped the perils of this difficult and dangerous pass, a goodly land opened to view, and I found possessions therein, which are held in peace and honor until this day. But the highest and dearest of all my possessions is mine integrity, which, but for the hand of my Father grasped in darkness, I should have lost.—*Arthur's Home Magazine*.

INDIAN BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

The primitive Indian believed in the immortality of the soul, but he did not always believe in a state of future reward and punishment. Nor, when such a belief existed, was the good to be rewarded a moral good, or the evil to be punished a moral evil. Skillful hunters, brave warriors, men of influence and consideration, went, after death, to the happy hunting ground; while the slothful, the cowardly, and the weak were doomed to eat serpents and ashes in dreary regions of mist and darkness. In the general belief, however, there was but a land of shades for all alike. The spirits, in form and feature, as they had been in life, wandered their way through dark forests to the villages of the dead, subsisting on bark and rotten wood. On arriving, they sat all down in the crouching posture of the sick, and when night came, hunted the shades of animals, with the shades of bows and arrows among the shades of trees and rocks; for all things animate and inanimate, were alike immortal, and all passed together to the gloomy country of the dead.

The belief respecting the land of souls varied greatly in different tribes and different individuals. Among the Hurons there were those who held that departed spirits pursued their journey through the sky, along the Milky Way, while the souls of dogs took another route, by certain constellations, known as the 'Way of Dogs.'

At intervals of ten or twelve years, the Hurons, the Neutrals, and other kindred tribes, were accustomed to collect the bones of their dead, and deposit them with great ceremony, in a common place of burial. The whole nation was sometimes assembled at this solemnity; and hundreds of corpses, brought from their temporary resting places, were inhumed in one capacious pit. From this hour the immortality of the souls began.—They took wing, as some affirmed, in the shape of pigeons; while the greater number declared that they journeyed on foot, and in their own likeness, to the land of shades, bearing with them the ghosts of the wampum-bells, beaver-skins, bows, arrows, pipes, kettles, beads, and rings buried with them in the common grave. But as the spirits of the old and of the children are too feeble for the march, they are forced to stay behind, lingering near the earthly village, where the living often hear the shouting of their invisible cabin doors, and the weak voices of the disembodied children driving birds from their corn fields. An endless variety of incoherent fancies is connected with the Indian idea of a future life. They commonly own their origin to dreams, often to the dreams of those in extreme sickness, when, on awakening, supposed that they had visited the other world, and related to the wondering bystanders what they had seen.

The Indian land of souls is not always a region of shadow and gloom. The Hurons sometimes represented the souls of their dead—those of their dogs included—as dancing joyously in the presence of Atacentic and Jouskaka. According to some Algonquin traditions, heaven was a scene of endless festivity, the ghosts dancing to the sound of the rattle and the drum, and greeting with hospitable welcome the occasional visitor

from the living world; for the spirit land was not far off, and roving hunters sometimes passed its confines unawares.

Most of the traditions agree, however, that the spirits, on their journey heavenward, were beset with difficulties and perils. There was a swift river which must be crossed on a log that shook beneath their feet, while a ferocious dog opposed their passage, and drove many into the abyss.—The river was full of sturgeon and other fish, which the ghosts speared for their subsistence. Beyond was a narrow path between moving rocks, which each instant crushed together, grinding to atoms the less nimble of the pilgrims who essayed to pass. The Hurons believed that a personage named Ocotaroh, or the Head Piercer, dwelt in a bark house beside the path, and that it was his office to remove the brains from the heads of all who went by, as a necessary preparation for immortality.—This singular idea is found also in some Algonquin traditions, according to which, however, the brain is afterwards restored to its owner.—*Parkman's 'Jesuits in North America.'*

IS JESUS ON YOUR CROSS?—A young lady entered the church of God with a saddened heart, bowed down with the thought of a cross which lay in her pathway, a cross which seemed too heavy, too grievous to be borne.

Lost in her own reflections, trying to think of some other path she might take, and avoid the cross which she saw before her, rather than press onward in the path marked out, she was suddenly startled as a little boy whispered in her ear, 'Is Jesus on your cross?'

She felt that this voice was from above, that she needed the reproof which the question brought to her, and resolved to go home, and if Jesus was really on her cross, she would bear it; and although to her it had seemed so terrible, she would now take it up for his sake. The little boy, all unconscious of the depth of the meaning of his words, had simply referred to a gold cross worn by a stranger.

We all have some cross to bear. Our pathway looks dark, sometimes, and we are weary of the sombre clouds; but if Jesus, our blessed Saviour, be near, and we know he has marked out the path for us, shall we not seek Divine guidance, and press forward with eagerness to do our Master's will? If we cheerfully take up the cross in the strength of Christ, we shall find, instead of the expected burden to terrify and crush us, it will be lightened with the smiles of our approving Lord.—*Messenger*.

THE ENIGMA AND HIS BANNER.—There is a story told of an Austrian standard bearer, in one of those battles in Bohemia fought in 1866, between the Austrians and the Prussians, which deserves to be remembered, not only for itself, but also as an example to those who are standard bearers in the army of the Cross. In the fierce fight of Trautau, the advancing Prussians came upon a ditch filled with dead and wounded Austrians. Among the latter was a young officer, evidently badly wounded; he was lying on his back in the wet ditch. Moved with compassion, the Prussian was about to remove the wounded man, that his case might be attended to by the surgeon, when he entreated to be allowed to lie where he was, as he felt quite cool and comfortable. He expired shortly after. When the dead body was removed, it was found that even in death it had served to protect the 'bit of rag,' which, in the morning of that bloody day, had been the standard of the regiment. He had carefully folded it up, and then laid down upon it to die! His noble foe forbore to take away the trophy. They wrapped it round him, and they left him to take his rest upon it. The Prussian General who told this story, told it with his head uncovered.

Is the soldier on his enlistment to be true to his colors, and to bear himself like a man in the day of battle? And is not he who enlists in Christ's service bound in equal degree to serve him valiantly and unflinchingly to the end? Is he not pledged in the same way, manfully to fight under Christ's banner against sin, the world, and the devil? Does the one wear a uniform which marks him out as a man of honor, and pledged to serve his country? And is not the other equally pledged to put on Christ, and to wear his uniform from the day that he enters his service?

THE DOOR.—Christ is the door. Through him we have access to the Father. He is the Mediator between God and men.

Other doors have been set up, but to no purpose. They have been tried, and all have failed. There is the door of Self-righteousness. A cheap door, full of knots and holes, thinly veneered over and varnished, so as to imitate the genuine wood. There is the door of Self-torture, or Penance. A painful and bloody way, leading not to pardon, or peace, but to doubt and despair.

There is the door of Universal Salvation. Salvation, not from sin, but only from punishment. This is in fact no door, but the breaking down of all doors or boundaries between sin and holiness, right and wrong. It is changing heaven from a walled city into an unenclosed common.

There is the door of the Sectarian door. This is of varied forms. Sometimes it is rounded into a Roman arch, and carefully guarded by a man wearing a triple crown, and calling himself successor of St. Peter. Sometimes it is carried up into a Gothic point, in the English or Episcopal manner. Or, again, it assumes a severely square form, disdaining ornament, and embellished with elaborate compositions of faith. This is the Presbyterian or Puritan door.

But no one of these gives the only and exclusive access to God, to holiness, to heaven. Hear and remember the words of Christ: 'I am the door. By me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.'

THE PATH OF SAFETY.—The darkest day in any man's earthly career, is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it. No matter whether he acquire it by beggary, by theft, or any fashion of gambling, that man is fearfully demoralized, who, looking at the dollar in his palm, says, 'That came easier than if I had earned it by honest labor.' He has lost the clue to his way through this moral labyrinth, and must henceforth wander as chance may dictate. To his distorted apprehension, the universe has become a quivering table, and life a succession of ventures on the red or on the black. His prospects of winning threaten, in the long run, are miserable enough.

I am pained to hear any one say of the wisest and best man living, 'I pin my faith to him. I am sure he can never go wrong.' My friend!

you have a right to repose implicit faith in God alone! Man is frail, at best, and he who was upright and noble yesterday, may prove false and unworthy to-morrow. Cling to truth and justice, though all the world should desert or desert you. Give your conscience eyes, and never fear that it will mislead you. Others may be richer in knowledge and wisdom than you; but a pure and lofty soul has no earthly superior, and should recognize none. Hold fast to whatever is righteous; and whatever clouds may for the moment enwrap you, and intercept the smile of heaven, never be so infidel as to doubt that the path of virtue is the only way of safety—the only way that leads to perfect and enduring peace.—*Greely*.

TO FILL THE Pews.—The minister who does not succeed in interesting people, and holding them together when they have once come, is, of course, responsible if his audience at last is only cushions and pew doors. But the work of getting hearers at first is his only in part. It is a duty which belongs especially to his parish. No man wishes to blow his own trumpet, or if he is a true minister blow the trumpet of the Lord, for the direct purpose of having it heard out of doors, and it requires a grace not taught in theological schools for him to say, even privately, to one and another of the people he meets during the week, come and hear me preach. It is just this very thing, however, that his parishioners are able to do, and by which it is in their power, quite as much as by getting an eloquent speaker, to fill up the church.

Half a dozen men in a society, taking such a duty upon them, would very soon remedy the disease of their congregations. One of our ministers was surprised, not long ago, at the large accessions he began to have to his Sunday evening meetings. Was it the extra quality of his sermons that caused it? Before he had time to get fairly settled in that comfortable belief, he was told the true reason. A wide awake parish committee had been chosen, who were on hand early every Sunday night; and when they found the church was not likely to be full, they scattered themselves up and down the street and at the corners where young men loaf, and notified, asked, urged, begged and compelled the people in. It was a very literal obedience to the lesson contained in the parable of the marriage of the king's son, but a very effective one. A thousand dollars' worth of pulpit eloquence additional could hardly have accomplished so much. Would it not be well for many of our parishes, with more pews than people, to try this plan of building themselves up by asking in, not a new minister, but a new congregation.—*Liberal Christian*.

IT PLEASES GOD.—God has marked impetuosity and simplicity of faith with peculiar approbation. He has done this throughout the Scriptures, and he is doing it daily in the Christian life. An unassuming, unassuming, unassuming spirit he delights to honor. He does not delight in a credulous, weak, and unstable mind. He gives us full evidence when he calls and leads; but he expects to find in us what he himself bestows—an open ear and a disposed heart. 'Thomas, because thou hast seen me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.' We are witnesses of what an open ear and a disposed heart will do in men of the world. If wealth is their pursuit; if a place presents itself before them; if their persons, and families, and affairs are the object, a whisper, a hint, a probability, a more chance, is a sound with regard to religion. It is this very state of mind with regard to religion which God delights in and honors. He will put forth his hand to say, 'Put thine hand into mine; follow my leading; keep thyself attentive to every turn.'—*Cecil*.

THE BISHOP OF ALICE.—A person who had practiced many austerities without finding any comfort or change of heart, was once complaining to the Bishop of Alice of his state.

'Alice,' said he, 'self will and self righteousness follow me everywhere. Only tell me when you think I shall learn to leave self. Will it be by study, or prayer, or good works?' 'I think,' replied the bishop, 'that the place where you lose self, will be that where you find your Saviour.'

A person, once pleading with the same bishop for going into worldly society, said, 'You know believers are called to be the salt of the earth.'

'Yes,' said the bishop, 'but if the salt be cast into the ocean, from whence it was first taken, it will melt away, and vanish entirely.'

At another time, a person was excusing himself for not attending public worship by observing that the manners and appearance of the minister were disagreeable to him. 'Let us,' said the bishop, 'look more at our Saviour, and less at the instruments. Elijah was as well fed, when the bread from heaven was brought by a raven, as Ismael when the spring of water was pointed out by an angel. Whether, then, we are fed immediately from God, as the Israelites with manna in the wilderness, or by the glorious means of those who may seem to us angels, or by the base means of those who seem to us contemptible, let us be content and thankful, if they are but appointed by God, and if it be the bread and water of life which they bring.'

A TREACHEROUS HIGHWAY.—Once let the people get poisoned with the wretched falsehood, that in order to carry on the work of the church, and meet its costs, they must contrive some round about device of sale or fair or picnic, a mixture of merchandise, capshy, and merry making, by which the few shall be deluded into parting with more than they want to give, and the many shall be educated into the worse delusion of supposing they are not to surrender anything to the Christ who died for them, without an ostensible equivalent taken back, and you strike at the root of all Christian charity while the name is on your lips. You cast up a treacherous highway for the Lord's feet. You hide out of sight the central reality of sacrifice, which is the giving up to God of that which cost the selfish heart something.—*Dr. Huntington*.

A MOHAMMEDAN CONVERT IN LONDON.—'How very strange it is,' said he to the missionary, 'that I should have travelled these many thousand miles to find Christ in this little island here. I came a heathen, and I am now returning to tell my bigoted kinsfolk how great things the Lord hath done for me.'