

The Religious Intelligence.

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. 7.

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

Whole No. 787.

FALL GOODS.

October, 1868.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,

IS DAILY RECEIVING HIS STOCK OF

NEW GOODS,

COMPRISING A

General Assortment

OF

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

DRESS GOODS,

Shawls and Sacques,

FLANNELS,

Blankets,

Prints, Osnaburghs,

TICKING.

COTTON WARPS,

And every description of

Cotton and Woolen Goods.

VELVETS, RIBBONS,

GLOVES & HOSIERY!

See, See, See.

Wholesale and Retail.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, October 23, 1868.

ALBION HOUSE.

NOVEMBER 2, 1868.

THE STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Is now complete in every Department.

80 CASES and BALES

Having been received, comprising

A LARGE VARIETY OF

GOODS.

DRESS GOODS

Being unusually Cheap.

Tweeds and Winceys,

A Large Stock, at very Low Rates.

Grey and White Cottons,

PRINTS.

FLANNELS!

IN GREY, WHITE and SCARLET.

BLANKETS!

A Large Stock offered at LOW PRICES.

Mantles and Mantle Cloths.

WOOL SHAWLS,

1800 Skeleton Skirts,

Direct from New York.

A FULL SIZE SKIRT for 25 CENTS.

NOVELTIES IN

Greolan Bands, Parrier and Drop

SKIRTS!

BLUE AND WHITE WARPS!

St. John Manufacture—Warranted.

An Inspection respectfully solicited.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, November 2, 1868.

The Intelligencer.

THE GOSPEL OF BLOOD.

The true method of reading history is by periods, and no period is more abundant in themes of interest than that which saw the rise and early struggles of the reformed religion—the sixteenth century. It is a happy circumstance that such works as Motley's *Dutch Republic* and *United Netherlands*, and Smiles' *Huguenots in England*, should be speedily followed and supplemented by so excellent a companion volume as Mr. Henry White's *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*. Mr. Smiles treats of the Huguenots chiefly as their industries affected the nation which banished them from her borders, and that in which they found a safe asylum: to this subject, religious and political discussions are held subordinate. Mr. White, on the other hand, treats almost exclusively of political discussions, which, in those days, were closely and inextricably blended. It is the same great conflict of which Motley's pages are full—the conflict, ever raging, never settled, between ecclesiastical and political tyranny and liberty—the one author viewing it from the dykes of Holland; the other from the capital of France.

The value of history depends not a little upon the manner in which facts are presented to the reader, as well as upon the faithfulness with which the author tests the trustworthiness of the material which lies ready to his hand, and seeks to obtain other which may have escaped the notice of previous writers. In these respects, Mr. White has not been found wanting. He has searched far and wide, and the *Simancas* archives and the provincial records of France have amply rewarded his diligence. In several instances he discards the statements of old writers, which have been carelessly incorporated into more modern histories, and has presented a far more readable and a more reliable record of facts concerning his subject than we have ever before had.

In order, too, to describe effectively the struggle which devastated France in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and culminated in the horrible tragedy that has rendered the day of its occurrence memorable forever, and to cause the nature of the struggle to be understood, Mr. White properly goes back to the beginning of the century, and follows the chain of events—each an effect and each a cause—which, through the reign of Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., and Charles IX., led, by an inexorable logic, to a climax which enriched the Anglo-Saxon nations at the expense of suicidal France.

This chapter in the world's history can only be contemplated with pain, yet it is one which cannot fail to yield profit to the careful student. To fully appreciate the spirit of the persecutors and the persecuted, we must understand the times in which the events chronicled took place. It was an age of blood and cruelty. Human life was held cheaply, and taken or sacrificed with a readiness which the present times would find parallel.

In reading the history of this period, it must be constantly borne in mind that the religious malcontents were often political malcontents also, their ambition being increased by all that hated the monopoly of power so tenaciously held by the Guises. The small gentry, who, in a spirit of opposition, had accepted the Reformed doctrines, brought a new and fatal element into the movement. Despising Calvin's advice to bear injuries, and that the opposition to lawful authority is a crime, they were secretly preparing the means of resistance, which their ecclesiastical organization greatly facilitated. The impetuous gentlemen and soldiers returned insult for insult, and blow for blow. Thus, day by day the political character of the Huguenots became more prominent.

Ever long France was divided into two hostile camps; and although this will not excuse the harshness with which the Huguenots were treated, it will in some measure account for it. The Romish party were contending not only for religion, but for supremacy, for place, for authority. Who should govern the King and the State, was a question now quite as important as which faith was right, that of Geneva or Rome? The age was one of great superstition and ignorance, and the foulest rumors were circulated against the Protestants, and greedily swallowed. Claude Haton, who has left us a striking and truthful picture of his time, supplies us with a curious illustration of the popular faith touching the Huguenots. He says that mad dogs had increased so much during the last two years that people believed the devils had left the dogs and entered into the Reformers. The Catholics were by no means scrupulous as to the weapons they employed to exasperate the fierce passions of the lower classes. There were few who could read the pamphlets, ballads, or broadsides which the printers poured forth with astonishing profusion; but all could understand the rude woodcuts in which the Huguenots were represented as nailing iron shoes on the bare feet of a pious hermit, or making a target of a priest nailed to a cross. The pulpit was turned into an arena for abuse, whence the monks, who were far more inveterate against the Reformers than the secular clergy, inveighed with all the power of their lungs, and the copiousness of their abusive vocabulary, against the new doctrines and its professors. The Huguenots and their allies were slow to retaliate, and in fierce invective were by no means inferior to their persecutors.

When popular opinion, wrought to frenzy by mistaken religious or patriotic devotion, palliates murder, and renders persecution honorable, it is easy for private hate or public expediency to work its will; and it is to these latter that the fires of persecution in the sixteenth century largely owe their fierceness. In France, the rival factions, the Guises and the Guises, were carrying on a struggle for ascendancy, and those in power obtained the support of the masses by appealing to a mingled superstition and thirst for blood, even as the old Roman conquerors sought the plaudits of the multitude by gladiatorial shows.

When the French army suffered defeat by the Spanish, and St. Quentin fell, the populace were told that it was a judgment from heaven, and the evangelists were made the scapegoats. Priests went into the pulpit and inflamed the passions of their ignorant hearers by the coarsest vituperations. "God is punishing us," they shouted, "because we have not avenged his honor," and the people, yielding to the superstitious impulse, caught up the cry, and four hundred "Lutherans" died to avenge a Spanish victory; and when, a few years later, France, grown weary of the war, made a treaty of peace with Spain, one of the conditions

imposed by the wily Philip, was the formation of a league for the extirpation of heresy in France, Navarre, and the Netherlands. When a personal quarrel arose between the Cardinal of Lorraine and Montmorency, he swore to be avenged, and in this he so far succeeded by working upon the King, by stories of the increase of heresy, that the persecution of those "of the religion" broke out afresh. A poor tailor, who characterized in fitting terms the relation between Henry II. and the notorious Diana, was burned at the stake as a heretic, and others suffered for rebuking sins of which the conscience of the King convicted him of being guilty.

Under the reign of Charles IX., in the years 1559 and 1560, Paris was in the complete state of lawlessness as it was in the awful days of 1792. "There was nothing but arrests and imprisonments, sackings of houses, proclamations of outlawry, and executions of the members of the religion with cruel tortures." Numbers escaped from Paris, and sold their goods to procure the means of flight. The streets were filled with carts laden with furniture, the houses were abandoned to plunderers, the magistrates conniving at the wrong, so that "the poor became rich and the rich poor." We need not point out what an incentive this was to denunciation, and how often men must have been condemned as heretics whose only fault was their wealth or their having offended some neighbor.

To call a man "Lutheran" was to doom him to certain death—often, too, without any form of justice. By this lynch law, many a man worked out his private revenge: the debtor paid his creditor.

More bitter waged the war of faction, intensified by bigotry, until the fierce Catherine obtained from her unthinking son the edict which led to a fearful slaughter. As we read the blood-stained pages of kings and nobles attending the scenes of heretic burning, as the popular sports of the day—high born games appearing in full dress—the principal feeling is one of thankfulness on account of the advancement which humanity has made in three hundred years. Yet how far this advancement is real, and how far fictitious, is worthy of inquiry; for individual humanity, in its essential elements, remains the same in all ages, and the upward steps which, through the generations, have toilfully been taken are capable of being retraced with fearful velocity.

We hardly realize how much the apparent change of spirit is owing simply to a change in manners and customs. No one will pretend that personal hatreds are less frequent or less bitter than when the duel was a matter of daily occurrence, and the sword leaped from its scabbard at a word; so, great intolerance of spirit is prevented from bursting into outward display by the counteracting influence of different theological creeds, the followers of one of which are sufficiently powerful to attempt the extirpation of the rest. Human nature must be influenced with the spirit of religion, rather than with religious belief, before it can be safely entrusted with unchecked power. The fires of Smithfield, in England, were followed by the slaughter of the Independents in Scotland; and the persecutions of the Puritans in their native land, by the banishment, imprisonment, mutilation and death of Baptists and Quakers in New England.

In our day, all forms of persecution which the laws permit are endured by him who is so unfortunate as to differ from the dominant political or theological dogmas of the community in which he lives. "Though there may be little danger of our drifting back to the atrocities of the sixteenth century, and though we no longer burn men, mob-law and other forms of terrorism are still employed to stifle free discussion and check individual liberty. From this to the prison, the rack, and the stake, the step is not so wide as it appears."—*Methodist.*

REVIVALS.

PASTORS ENCOURAGED TO LABOR FOR THEM.

There is too general an impression that a good pastor cannot be a revivalist, and that a successful revivalist cannot be a good pastor. Both are errors that are working much harm to Zion. Some, it is true, may be better adapted to the work of the one than that of the other. Still the two may be happily blended. Pastors may sometimes need the help of the evangelist. There being, however, but few of this class of preachers, their assistance cannot often be obtained. Shall, therefore, no effort be made to bring sinners to Christ? Must souls for whom Christ died perish because help from abroad cannot be secured?

Many pastors have resigned themselves to the conviction that they have not the ability to labor in revivals, that their commission is to "feed the flock," instruct and discipline the Church, guarding it against error, cultivate the ground and sow the seed, but that others must reap the harvest. They would educate the people almost up to the point of salvation, but not quite; and others must push them into the kingdom. Here their responsibility ceases. On reaching these conclusions they make a sad mistake, yet they evince a spirit of rare self-immolation by being willing to do nearly all the work and even rejoice that other men may gather the sheaves. All this preliminary work is essential. But he that sows may reap. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." There is nothing so peculiar about revivals as that their promotion must be left exclusively to a few evangelists. He has no special style of speaking, no peculiar intonations nor compass of voice, ability to weep, to excite the passions, eloquence, tact, learning, that are essential to insure conversions. If the evangelist be successful, he must be a man full of the Holy Ghost; of much prayer, faith, purity of heart and motive, entirely consecrated to the work, in intense sympathy with Christ and souls. Such a man will always succeed. But may not every pastor have all these elements of success? If not, whose fault is it but his own?

It is the truth in pure hearts and spoken by tongues touched with the prophetic "live coal," that saves men. How often have a few words, uttered by stumbling lips, yet prompted by hearts consecrated to Christ, been as arrows in the hearts of the king's enemies! If God use the weakness of the laity, as he often does, to thresh mountains, may he not use you, "O ye of little faith"? It is God's order that ministers should give the "trumpet a certain sound," that the people understand, and they will come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Let us come before them fresh from Calvary, all imbued with its tender, melting spirit, in travail for souls groaning

to be delivered, and they will catch the spirit and follow where they are led. Was it ever otherwise?

We must conclude, then, that the greater part of the responsibility of decision lies at our door. It will not answer to transfer it to the membership, and say, if they were only in the work we should have a revival. Their "case in Zion" cannot prevent our "spirit being stirred" within us as we see iniquity abounding. Their unbelief cannot cause our faith to be without effect.

If we are feeling deeply for the salvation of sinners, and are doing all we can for them, a revival has really begun. It always commences in some one heart, it is scarcely ever simultaneous in many souls. In whose heart should it more fitly have its inception than the pastor's? But it will not long be pent up there; it will break forth a living flame. Some brother will catch the spirit, and soon another, and still others. It is contagious. Nothing is more so. Deep emotion begets deep emotion. It is the law of our being. Soon sinners will be moved, and call on God for mercy. Such will almost invariably be the result. O that all ministers understood what unlimited power for good they have through Christ! The word preached in the "demonstration of the spirit" to sinners, even though it be over a backslider's church, will "prick them in their hearts." Revivals have often broken out among the impenitent when the church as a body were asleep. And they could only say, "The Lord was in the place, but we knew it not." If God give any one a burden of soul for sinners, a special spirit of prayer for them, they will be converted. "Will he bring to the birth and not give strength to bring forth?"

This waiting to get the whole church enlisted before we make direct effort for the conversion of sinners, finds justification neither in the history of revivals nor in the philosophy of truth. It is presumed that sinners are sufficiently enlightened and orthodox. What is wanted is to drop metaphysics, stop generalizing, theorizing, and ply men with those stirring, searching truths that are essential to salvation, making pungent appeals to their hearts and consciences. We must humble ourselves, if it be humbling, and come down from the sermon style and "war and exhort with strong crying and many tears." When we weep over sinners as Christ did, they will be troubled. It will not be long after we can say as Paul did, I have not ceased to warn every one night and day with tears, publicly and from house to house, before there will be the "sound of abundance of rain."

Pastors! you may all have a precious revival during the next three months. Do you believe it? May Christ help you. Talk, pray, preach for it. Make it a speciality, the objective point. Begin at once. Let your next sermon be a revival sermon; name it thus. Give notice that you will preach the next Sabbath on the same theme. Let that be the burden of conversation as you visit your people. Pray revival prayers. You will be pardoned if your soul becomes so absorbed in it that you forget to pray for anything else till the blessing comes. Read revival portions of God's word. Sing revival hymns. Give revival exhortations. Hold the public attention to this one thing. Let nothing else come in to divert it. Concentrate all thought, sympathy, logic, power of appeal on this one point. Brood over it till your souls are wrought up to agony. Put in extra meetings; don't hesitate through fear of failure. Put your reputation on the altar. Be willing to become "fools for Christ's sake," and for the sake of souls. Venture all; trust all; consecrate all. Do all, not to save your reputation, not directly to build up your church, but the kingdom of Christ, that he may "see the travail of his soul and be satisfied," and God will not withhold the "early and the latter rain." I counsel none; I sympathize with all, meaning only to speak a word of encouragement. "I believe, therefore have I spoken."—*M. H. Abbey.*

"GOLGOTHA."

BY REV. F. H. DAVIS.

Mount Calvary was a little eminence just without the walls of the sacred city. It was the foulest spot in all Palestine, the byway of Jerusalem. There the vilest men were crucified and buried. The soil of the hillside was thin and scanty. The poor, disgraced, crucified victims had but a hasty burial; and from their scanty graves their limbs protruded, and often their entire body was unearthed by beasts of prey. Its rough rocky sides were covered with skulls and bones of the dead, so much so that it was called "Golgatha," or the place of the skull. As the Saviour of men was to die a death most shameful and infamous; so decided in the councils of soul, and so decided in that council in which the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world accepted the mission to save guilty man; for "die man for justice must, unless for him some other, able as willing, pay the rigid satisfaction, death for death."

The Son of God was made flesh, to die, and die on Golgotha's bony summit. Without this foul spot he would not have trodden earth's thorny paths at all. Steadily he fixed his eyes on this mount of shame, and with a firm, unyielding step from the manger he moved to the cross planted in Calvary's solid rocks. He saw its summit from his humble home in Nazareth. His shadows followed him, crossing his path as he toiled with his father. The soul of his thoughts by day and night tended toward Golgotha. He knew that the door of mercy to sinful man could only be opened through Calvary. "His soul was troubled at the request." The agony of the atonement pressed upon his poor heart, and visions of his death as a "dark dread" seemed him to cry out in the bitterness of his soul, "Father, save me from this hour!" But when the strengthening voice from heaven swept the agony from his spirit, with a serene brow, with eyes uplifted, and victory in his heart, he exclaimed; "But for this cause came I into the world!"

He had filled the world with his fame; he had awed the multitude a thousand times with his wonderful utterances; the sea and elements had heard and obeyed his voice; disease had felt his healing touch, and departed; devils knew him, and fled abashed; the dark, sin-sick soul had experienced a pardoning and purifying power; and the grave and corruption had delivered up their victims at his command. He had instituted the feast, commemorative of his own death, which the rest of ages has not soiled, nor the convul-

sions and revolutions of kingdoms loosed, and which will continue while sun and moon endure. While the deep sleep of sorrow was upon his disciples he had drunk Gethsemane's bitter cup. Calvary, with no trace of agony or fear furrowed on his blessed face, with tender tones he had left the place of "blood and victory," to meet his betrayer. He had without refutation heard the false accusations against him; in meekness he had set on enobled in scorn; with his throne-crowned brow covered with blood; he had seen Pilate wash his hands in the presence of all, declaring his innocence; he had heard that fearful cry of the people, "Let his blood be upon us and our children!" "Crucify him! Crucify him!" He had seen Pilate, with trembling hand, sign his death warrant; by the excited populace he had been hurried out of the temple into the street, through the western gate; and now, amidst the shouts and exultations of hell, surrounded by a few weeping, loving, faithful hearts, he stands upon God's chosen spot, the world's offering.

Here, as tradition has affirmed, from the red soil Adam was made and named. He poured forth his morning song in the day of his innocence, amid the same mountains and vales that heard the death-cry of the Lamb of God. Here, where the angel had barred the gates of Paradise against the guilty pair, was the Redeemer to open them to a guilty posterity! Here, the blood of Abel, which cried for revenge, and that which "spoke" better things than the blood of Abel, mingled on the same soil. Here, in sight, and hearing of Moriah, where the Jewish high priest has so long offered sacrifice for the sins of the people, did the Great High Priest offer himself once a sacrifice for many.

Though infamous in the eyes of the world, Calvary has hallowed all forms and hours of worship. Terror and it is associated with ignominy, shame, and agony, and yet no place so sweet to the redeemed soul. Here cluster the mysteries of the scheme of human redemption; here Mercy in rich drops of blood wet the ground, and hushed the revenger's cry. The hill of evil council, Moriah, Tabor, Carmel, Mount of Corruption, Olives, and Zion, though all of thrilling interest to the Christian pilgrim, are forgotten amidst the shades and light of Calvary's bloody brow. Men of all sects and nationalities tread its sacred dust with reverence, and bow in prayer under the great dome that covers the site where the Lord of life and glory bled his precious life away.

Guilty, trembling soul, there, in the midst of the yells of men and devils, the gathering darkness, the splitting rocks, the earthquake's shock, and the burning tomb, under that drip of blood, is thy rest and thy salvation. There sin and Satan will flee from thee, and sorrow and suffering shall not find thee. While millions of men and women are on their victorious march, with eyes fixed on this "center rest," angels still look and wonder. This sacred spot shall never pass away. When the heavens shall depart, the elements melt with great heat; when there shall be no more sea; when the sun shall be turned to blood, and the stars to dust, Calvary, like a jewel from a crushed crown, will abide. Around it the redeemed will gather, and sing their songs of praise unto him that has washed them in his own blood.—*Telegraph.*

CHRIST, OUR ALL IN ALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HYMN, "JUST AS I AM."

I need no other plea
With which to approach my God,
Than his own Mercy, boundless, free,
Through Christ on man bestowed;
A father's love, a father's care,
Receives and answers every prayer.

I need no other Priest
Than One High Priest above;
His intercession never ceases
Since first I knew His love;
Through that my faith shall never fail,
Even when passing death's dark vale.

I need no human ear
In which to pour my prayer;
My great High Priest is ever near,
On Him I cast my care;
To Him, Him only, I confess,
Who can alone absolve and bless.

I need no prayers to saints,
Beads, relics, martyrs' ashes;
Hardships' death which the spirit faints,
Yet still, sore burdened, pines;
Christ's service yields my soul delight,
Easy His yoke, His burden light.

I need no other book
To guide my steps to heaven,
Than that on which I daily look,
By God's own Spirit given;
And this when he illumines our eyes,
"Unto salvation makes us wise."

I need no holy oil,
To anoint my lips in death;
No priestly power my guilt to assail
And bless my parting breath;
Long since these words bade fear to cease,
"Thy faith hath saved thee! go in peace."

I need no priestly mass,
No purgatorial fires,
My soul to annual, my guilt to efface,
When this brief life expires;
Christ died my eternal life to win,
His blood has cleansed me from all sin.

I need no other dress,
I urge no other claim,
Than His imputed righteousness;
In Him complete I am;
Heaven's portals at that word fly wide;
No passport do I need beside.

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.—Every vain thought and idle word, and every wicked deed, is like so many drops to quench the Spirit of God. Some quench it with the lust of the flesh; some quench it with cares of the mind; some quench it with long delays, that is, not finding the motion when it cometh, but crossing the good thoughts, and doing a thing when the Spirit saith not. The Spirit is often grieved before it be quenched.—*Henry Smith.*

Spare moments are like the gold dust of time. Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

A TEACHER, AND SOMETHING MORE.

(From the Examiner and Chronicle.)
A desire to "make the Sabbath school interesting" leads sometimes to the use of doubtful means. The prospect of "entertainments" and "festivals," of the distribution of presents, and such like attractions, may for a time "draw" children. But there is a limit to the possibility of this. It is something in which competition is easy. And when most is gained, it is a doubtful and precarious success—doubtful, because it may prove to be at the expense of all that deserves the name of success. But it will not do to insist that none but the highest motives shall be appealed to in order to attract pupils to the Sunday school. Secondary motives may avail to bring persons within the reach of higher ones. Paul owed to the idle curiosity of the Athenians an opportunity to gather a congregation. (Acts xvii, 19, 21.) One of these lesser, yet comparatively worthy motives, is attachment to the teacher. Where this exists, it may prove strong enough to overcome much resistance. I recollect an instance where two young men, attendants on anti-evangelical preaching, were drawn to, and held in a Baptist Sunday school purely, as it seemed, through the magnetism of a teacher. This continued for a year or more—their favorite preacher drew them one way in the morning, and their teacher the other way in the afternoon—until the teacher prevailed, and at length they were drawn to the Saviour.

What was the secret of this influence? It was this, mainly; the teacher was also something more than a teacher. He was the friend of the young men whom he taught. He sought ways of doing them good, of making them happy, of contributing to their enjoyment and personal improvement. He saw them more or less during the week. He won their intimate confidence, while he inspired them with the highest respect for himself. I do not believe a young man ever voluntarily left his class until he himself was providentially called to leave it.

Now every one cannot do all that this man did. He had means and opportunities that do not come alike to all. But a genuine love for one's class, and hearty interest in them, will find or make the means for working in a similar way. It is to be observed that these pupils were drawn by their teacher, by what he was to them, and not by the expectation of anything he would give them. What they received was of more worth than any money could value. And this attachment was as much stronger as it was purer and nobler than a mercenary spirit could conceive of. It was not, in the first instance, a religious sentiment, but it became so before the teacher had done with them.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were drawn up by a New England pastor of large experience and marked success, and the distribution of them among his people has proved highly beneficial:

1. I purp- to be at a meeting regularly and punctually. "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together."
2. I will endeavor to draw others to the meeting. "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."
3. Before entering the chapel, I will ask the Saviour's presence. "We would see Jesus."
4. I will not, unless it is necessary, occupy a back seat. "How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."
5. I will not so seat myself as to hinder others from occupying the seat beside me. "Be courteous."
6. I will refrain from fault finding, and will not indulge a criticizing spirit. "Be kindly affectioned one to another."
7. I will endeavor to cultivate brotherly love and concord. "That ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind."
8. So far as is consistent, I will assist actively in the exercises, by testifying to the love of Christ, by exhortation, by a passage of Scripture, a hymn, a stanza, or otherwise. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs."
9. I will not decline to lead in prayer. "Ye also helping together by prayer for us."
10. My prayers and remarks shall not be long. "For God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few."
11. If I offer the first prayer, it shall be chiefly an invocation asking the Saviour's special presence and aid. "For without Me ye can do nothing."
12. I will cultivate enlargement of faith and desires. "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace."
13. On leaving the place I will endeavor to maintain a devout frame of mind. "Continue in prayer."
14. I will also endeavor to use all means suited to secure the blessing for which I have prayed. "Faith, without works, is dead also."

My dear friend, are the foregoing resolutions uncalculated for, or unreasonable? Would not the adoption of them prove a blessing to yourself and to the church?

THREE LINKS.—Hear what Jesus declares; Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my words, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.

Now, my friends, here are three links in the blessed chain of truth; hearing, believing, and having. The devil always tries to cut these links off, and give three links of his own forging, viz.: doing, praying, and feeling.

CLEAVING TO CHRIST.—I have seen a heavy piece of iron hanging on another—not welded, not linked, not glued to the spot—and yet it cleaved with such tenacity as to bear not only its own weight, but mine too, if I choose to seize it and hang upon it. A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with its mass, and hence its adhesion. Cut that wire through, or remove it by a bar's breadth, and the piece of iron drops dead to the ground, like any other unsupported weight.

A stream of life from the Lord brought in contact with a human spirit, keeps the spirit cleaving to the Lord so firmly that no power on earth or hell can wrench the two asunder. From Christ the mysterious life-stream flows, through the being of a disciple as a stream, and to the Lord it returns again. In that circle the feeblest Christian is held safely; but if the circle be broken, the dependent spirit instantly drops off.