

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. 49.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1869.

Whole No. 829.

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.

Frederickton, Sept. 24, 1869.

OCTOBER 1869.

NEW GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,

FREDERICKTON,

Has received per Steamships *Alhambra*,
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.

Frederickton, October 29, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

"FULL CORN IN THE EAR."

BY REV. CYRUS D. FOSS.

We must suppose that many a man, little, greatly, stunted Christian gets into heaven. If not, may God pity us! for the church abounds in such. But it ought not to. God has provided something better for us in this life. He means that here, in this unfriendly world (and by means of its hostility), we shall attain a noble stability of character and a blessed maturity of the Christian graces. To bring about this result he employs his word, with all its precepts, promises, and threatenings; with all its vivid portraits of character, both good and bad, and with its rich revelations of his own ineffably excellent character; his providence, with its infinitely varied operations; his manifold and mighty agencies; his church, as our nursery, and our school; his ministry, with its diversified gifts, falling in with the general effort to "present every man perfect." Surely God is in earnest to promote the maturing of the graces he implants. And it becomes us to mark the criteria of the high state to which he summons us.

1. The Christian who abides in this state, is less dependent than others upon externals, alike for his joy and for his grief. His highest joys and his deepest sorrows have little to do with merely temporal concerns. In this all Christians differ from other men; but they also differ from each other, according as they are more or less advanced and established in grace.

See in what different degrees mature and immature disciples are dependent on externals for their joy. Let a sincere but superficial believer be deprived of the means of grace. He finds it hard to keep up his religious comfort. He deeply feels the lack of the spirit stirring songs of praise, the earnest prayers and the warm sympathies of social worship, and of the hallowed devotions and instructions of the sanctuary. The more advanced believer enjoys all these things even more than the other, but when kept from them by sickness or other lawful cause, he finds himself by no means destitute of joy. He has within him "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

There is a similar difference in their sorrows. It is quite possible for a Christian to be so shut up in God that his heart shall know no overwhelming sorrow except such as relates to his Master's cause. If "rivers of waters run down his eyes," it is because of the desolations of Zion. His personal trials only cut deeper channels for grace to flow into his soul. He is well content with God only, and so nothing can dry up the fountains of joy; when losses multiply he will cry, "Altho' the fig tree shall not blossom, &c., yet will I rejoice in the Lord." Look upon that poor, friendless, persecuted saint, stretched upon the rack in the deepest dungeon in the Inquisition, and then thrown, dislocated and fainting into a dark, damp cell. He slowly revives; he faintly sings, but with all his strength,

"In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun."

A pastor called on an aged woman, decrepit and poor, living alone in a tumble down house, from which the wintry winds were but partly kept out by rags stuffed into the cracks. She sat on a wooden bench by a meagre fire, with a little loaf of black bread beside her, weeping tears of joy.

"What can I do for your comfort?" said her visitor.

"Nothing," she answered; "I have all this and Jesus besides!"

I call that "full corn in the ear." 2. The mature Christian is characterized by great and growing humility. He remembers the rock and the hole of the pit. He often looks back upon his path, and is deeply humbled by the recollection of his frequent relapses into sin, and his far more frequent failures in duty and errors of judgment. He makes a modest estimate of his own attainments. Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, calls himself "the least of the apostles." Five years later he tells the Ephesians he is "less than the least of all saints." The year after, he assures Timothy he is "the chief of sinners." Glorious climbing! The Christian may, indeed, have a suitable self-consciousness. He may know that he is growing in grace; but the higher he climbs the loftier are the heights he sees beyond. The nearer he gets to heaven the more he feels the contrast between the tireless zeal of his glorified hosts and his own dullness.—On Pisgah's topmost height he falls prostrate, and in humble rapture cries—

"I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if Thou exaldest me,
And Christ be all in all."

John Newton represented the stages of grace begun, grace progressing, and grace matured, by the letters A. B. and C. A young man wrote him thus: "Dear Sir—You analysis of the Christian character pleases me greatly, &c." and I am happy to say the portrait of C. answers precisely to my own." Mr. Newton answered him, "I forgot to add that C. never knows his own face." Humility means more than modesty. It requires complete submission to the will of God. It forbids all complaint of the hardness of the way, and assures us not only that all our afflictions are deserved, but that they may be transmitted into benefits. "What a blessing," said Baxter, "that I have been this fifty-eight years the subject of God's discipline!" And when the "full corn" gets almost ripe, the severest trials are received as marks of God's peculiar favor. The brightest scholars are those who learn the Apostle's happy art of "rejoicing in tribulation."

Such maturity in the grace of humility will be manifested also in the greatest meekness and tenderness in reproving sin, whether in believers or unbelievers. At this point young Christians often err. They are too severe and overbearing. But one who has come to feel that all his goodness is from above, and to sympathize with the spirit of that eminent saint, John Bradford, who, when he saw a felon led to the gallows, said, "There goes John Bradford but for the grace of God," will "hate the sin and love the sinner." He will learn to sing, as Jesus did, the stern "Woe unto you," with the heart broken and tearful "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!"

3. The mature Christian takes God's glory for

his great end. He never forgets it. His conflicts about doing God's will are past. He needs only to know what that will is. He asks not, Shall I do my duty? but, What is my duty? He never attempts to reason away the force of any divine command by questioning its propriety or diminishing its sanction. But does any Christian do that? Yes, many. That young clergyman did so who got so just a rebuke from the Duke of Wellington for asking him, "Do you think the Gospel is really necessary to the salvation of the heathen? Can't some of them be saved without it?" With that lofty, martial instinct which forbids a soldier to debate his orders, which ought to prevail far more widely in Christ's army, the Duke replied, "That's none of your business, young man. Your business is to obey your marching orders, and they run thus: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

4. *Predominance of faith over feeling* is a very decisive mark of maturity of grace. In times when our experience is put to the proof, and we are required to give a reason for the hope that is in us, the babe in Christ looks to himself, the man in Christ instinctively and instantly looks to God. The one looks after his experience, the other looks after his Saviour. Cannot many attest what has been said? Does not the weak believer, when sore temptations press upon him, or severe sickness starts him, look back upon the past, and while he deprecates his sins, draw his comfort from the memory of his conversion and of the other Bethels where he has sat up? Does not the confirmed believer, in such cases, look right up to God? It is well to have lively emotions, but it is not well to trust in them, for the dyspepsia can cloud them, and Satan may be permitted to destroy them. That Christian only is in an impregnable fortress, bomb proof against hell's artillery, who can say with faith, "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died."

5. Grace may be so matured on earth as to afford the soul of its possessor a blessed assurance of victory to the last. He knows he may fall, but he feels that he shall not fall. The possibility of falling made Paul circumpect, but he had no fear of falling. He said, "Satan I, not as uncertainly," and "there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord shall give me; there are saints on earth who lack very little of being as safe as they will be the gates of pearl." Grace in the bud says to its possessor, "There is heaven, a long way off. You must struggle to reach it, for there is great danger that you will come short of it. Agonize to enter it." Grace developed whispers in the soul, "Here is no heaven, your home, right at hand, and you shall soon enter it." O to be one of those favored saints who dwell in the land of Bashan, where the oaks and flowers bloom all by day—where birds sing and flowers bloom all by day—where the sun and the shining ones commonly walk. They are beyond the reach of Giant Despair, and out of sight of Doubting Castle. They can tell of most blessed prebendings of the coming glory. More than once, such a one might say, "while ranging the troubled sea of time, in seasons of sweet communion with God, or of what seemed mortal illness, I have sailed near to the city which hath foundations; I have inhaled its odors and heard its music and seen its glory; and I have thought myself just ready to drop the anchor of my shattered bark in its peaceful haven. My ship has blown along me back again upon rougher seas, and along more sterile coasts, but I shall get there; I shall soon be a safe within the veil!"

Eight years ago, in the city of Brooklyn, it was my great privilege to pay frequent pastoral visits to such a saint on the eve of her translation. Her room was always an open gate of heaven. One day I received a message from her that she was in trouble, and wished to see me. Wondering what final act the arch-enemy might be using against her, I hastened to her bedside. She said, "I cannot pray any more. As soon as I begin, my prayers are all turned into hallelujahs. I would have permitted me to spend my remaining days in supplications for my friends; but as soon as I open my mouth, it is all Glory, glory, glory!" I congratulated her on being drafted into the employment of the celestial choir before the time. She lived for two weeks in a gust of praise, and so she died. It seemed as though the "light which no man can approach unto" had streamed out over the walls of Jasper and come down to earth, to linger about that humble cell, "Let me die the death of the righteous."—*Christian Advocate.*

THE STRONG ARM.

"Hold on! hold on!" was the strong, ringing cry from the old voyager's lips, as, amid the rattle and pitching and tossing of the storm, his life boat neared the destined port.

"Aye! aye!" was the sturdy response. Only from one little voice, away in the storm, came the cry, with the sadness of despair in it, "I can't, I can't hold on!"

Another instant, and the captain's arm was around the trembling child, and he was safe.

So, often, the strong Christian says to the little one, weak in faith, Hold on! hold on to Christ! But the cry goes up, "I can't! I can't! Hold me! save me! dear Jesus, or I perish!" And our blessed Captain's strong, loving hand is stretched out to rescue the fainting one.

Ah! this is a blessed thought, a thrice blessed truth, that when weary and worn and weak with life's tossing and tempests, with no more strength even to hold on to our only hope of safety, there is our Captain, not only strong but willing to save, in whose mighty arm and blessed love we may gladly rest, with the trustfulness of a little child.

Never forget this, trembling child of God; if you can't hold on to Jesus, send but one hearty cry to him, and his arm will certainly encircle you. The hand that holds the waters in its hollow, that cares for the sparrow and clothes the grass of the field, is a resting place, large and strong, tender and loving enough, for all who seek its refuge.—*National Baptist.*

Christian perfection is the perfection of love, of desire, of effort—not the climax of attainment. A man can never be too righteous to grow, not until a cedar can be too healthy and strong to grow—too full of sap to put forth a new bud, expand a new leaf, start out a new branch, fashion a new cone, and enlarge its own trunk.—*Alexander Clark.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

J. G. Fitch, Esq., A. M., the able Principal of the Normal College for training teachers, in London, has given us the following maxims, which, as he justly says, "require to be pondered and thoroughly grasped by every teacher."

1. Never to teach what you do not quite understand.

2. Never to tell a child what you could make him tell you.

3. Never to give a piece of information without asking for it again.

4. Never to use a hard work if an easy one will convey your meaning, and never to use any word at all unless you are quite sure it has a meaning to convey.

5. Never to begin an address on a lesson without a clear view of its end.

6. Never to give an unnecessary command, nor one which you do not mean to see obeyed.

7. Never to permit any child to remain in the class even for a minute, without something to do and a motive for doing it. Therefore, teachers should remember—

(1.) Always to lead the child to see that he has gained something useful in every lesson.

(2.) Always to call back, in the child's own language, all the truths taught him and all the useful lessons of instruction given.

(3.) Always to make everything during the session—singing, prayer, addresses, and teaching—bear directly upon the great central, practical thought of the lesson, and apply the word of God to the heart and life. Good teaching is always fresh, pleasant, and instructive. The child is injured, and the word of God retroacted, if sacred truths be taught in a cold, unapproachable manner.

Routine teaching is always dull and depressing. Teachers inquire, Does every Sunday's lesson lead directly to Christ and salvation? Do you expect the salvation of your pupils at this time and under your instruction; or do you presume on to-morrow, when you know not what a day may bring forth? Does your teaching fulfil its aim and purpose? Prayerfully read, mark, and inwardly digest the treasures of sacred truth.

Sabbath schools were instituted, ninety years ago, in love for children, and should be sustained by love for them, and for their everlasting good, which the Christian spirit inspires. It brings the light of eternity down to the very cradle. The highest authority tells us "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for such is the kingdom of God."

It sweetens the loveliness of childhood with the sanctifying influences of the gospel. It throws around wayward youth the strong shield of religious principle. The Sunday school is emphatically the inside working field of the Christian church, while the outside is the missionary field of labor. These furnish the Christian with something to do from the cradle to the grave, and if not his ready action, he can give his cheering presence. On the Sunday school is largely suspended the salvation of the world and the onward march of the Redeemer's kingdom.

MR. MULLER'S ORPHAN HOUSES.

The orphanages in connection with the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad," situated on Ashley Down, Bristol, constitute without doubt the most wonderful work that has been accomplished in modern times. In 1831, Mr. George Muller, a German refugee, conceived the idea of founding an institution for orphan children. A house was taken in one of the streets of Bristol, then a second, and a third. The institution flourished, and to accommodate the numerous orphan "sent," it was found necessary to erect an asylum. Now there are no less than five buildings erected, costing more than £110,000. They are of plain, but neat architecture, and will accommodate more than 2,000 children. Hitherto the total sum that has been entrusted to Mr. Muller since the 5th of March, 1834, is over £430,000. But perhaps the most wonderful feature in connection with the institution is the fact that funds have invariably come in as they have been wanted. No individual is asked for a penny. Mr. Muller is a man of faith and prayer, and looking upon himself as simply a "steward" of the Lord, devotes himself heart and soul to the carrying on of the work entrusted to him. So retiring is his manner, and so taken up with his gigantic work, that he is seldom seen in public, never upon the public platform, and consequently his name to those who are not familiar with his work is unknown. Children are received at Ashley Down Orphanages from all parts of the United Kingdom, while the funds for their support come in from all parts of the civilized world. Mr. Muller has recently issued his "Brief Narrative of the Facts," in which he says: "The almost universal complaint of religious institutions and societies is the want of funds; but as to ourselves, we state joyfully to the praise of the Lord, and through Him, our Patron, we have not only had enough, but have abounded, though the expense of the last three years amounted altogether to £118,522. With regard to pecuniary supplies, I have, simply in answer to prayer, and without application to any one, obtained for this work £430,000. With this money, nearly 17,000 children from all parts of England, Scotland and Ireland have been taught in the various schools; 95,000 copies of the Bible and New Testament, and about 30,000 smaller portions of Holy Scriptures in various languages, have been circulated, as have also 33,000,000 of tracts.—*London Freeman.*

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Where are you going? said Malan, of Geneva, to an English lady who was introduced to him. "I am on my way to visit Rome," was her reply. "Oh," he answered, "that is not what I mean; startle her with this plain, pointed question:—Is it to heaven, or hell, madam, you are going?"

Abrupt, indiscreet, perhaps, as such a mode of address may be considered by the questioner, it is one which every person should put to themselves—proving their own work, trying the foundation of their hopes, and giving all diligence, as the apostle says, to make their calling and election sure. For the object, what better, plainer, surer, test than the holiness which the Scriptures invariably associate with true living faith? There sanctification and justification are inseparably connected; and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder. To live in the unrestrained, unrepented indulgence of any sin, and talk of faith in Christ, and indulge in hopes of heaven, is a mockery and a miserable delusion. One of the strongest proofs that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked!"

To be holy as God is holy, to be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect, to have the same mind in us that was in Jesus Christ, though not the object of the prayers and efforts of every child of God. "No holiness, no heaven," being an adage as true as the more common saying, "No cross, no crown."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

HE KNOWS WHEN TO ANSWER.—God always hears when we scrape the bottom of the flour barrel! So said the child of a poor widow to his mother one morning after she had prayed, as only the needy can, "Give us this day our daily bread." Beautiful faith of childhood! Why may it not be ours? God always hears the prayers of His children, and He knows when to answer. Our spiritual as well as temporal wants are known to Him, and every sincere cry for help enters His compassionate ear. When we feel entirely our dependence on Him; when our stock of pride and self-confidence is exhausted; when earthly friends and earthly comforts fail us; then the humble cry of "O, my Father, the oftener brings the speedy answer, 'Here, my child.' God always hears when we have reached the depths of need and cry to Him for help.

See not others upon any occasion; if they be foolish, God has denied them understanding; if they be vicious, you ought to pity, not revile them; if deformed, God formed their bodies, and will you scorn his workmanship? Are you wiser than your Creator?

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

THE PRICELESS DIAMOND.

There is no gem, or jewel, or richest pearl in all the universe, of such priceless value as the soul. Worlds could not buy it—worlds could not redeem it if once lost. Such a priceless diamond you carry about with you every day in your bosom, amid the dangers of earth, and where numerous and invisible foes are seeking to rob you of it. Do not delay to place it in the hands of the Almighty Saviour, who only can preserve and keep it safely till the final day. Think, oh think, how much is at stake—even your own precious soul.

Suppose this world were a globe of gold, and each star in yonder firmament a jewel of the first order, and the moon a diamond, and the sun literally a crown of all created glory; one soul in value would outweigh them all. Here is a man standing on board of a vessel—he is sporting with a jewel worth a hundred thousand dollars, too, it is all his fortune. Playing with his jewel he throws it up and catches it. A friend noticing the brilliancy of the jewel, warns him of the danger of losing it, and tells him that if it slips through his fingers it goes down to the bottom of the deep, and can be recovered no more. "Oh there is no danger; I have been doing this a long time, and you see I have not lost it yet." Again he throws it up and—it is gone; it's recovered, gone! Oh, when the man finds that his jewel is indeed lost, and by his own folly lost, who can describe his agony, as he exclaims, "I have lost my jewel, my fortune, my all!" Oh, sinner hear me! Casketed in your bosom you have a jewel of infinitely greater value; in idling away your precious time, you are in danger of losing that pearl of price unknown—in danger of being lost forever.

LATIMER AND HENRY VIII.

In the midst of the passions and cruelty of Henry VIII, the upright prelate preached a sermon in his presence, at the Chapel Royal, condemning in the strongest terms the very crimes to which every one knew that monarch was peculiarly addicted. Emerged beyond measure at the rebuke thus openly administered to his "pleasant vices," Henry sent for Latimer and threatened him with instant death if he did not on the next occasion retract all his censures as openly as he had made them. The prelate got wind, and on the next Sunday the Royal Chapel was crowded with the courtiers, eager to hear the terms in which the inflexible prelate was to recant his censures on the voluptuous tyrant. But Latimer ascended the pulpit, and, after a long pause, fixing his eyes steadily on Henry, exclaimed, in the quaint language of the time, to which its inherent dignity communicated eloquence: "Behold thee, Hugh Latimer thou art in the presence of thy earthly sovereign who has power to terminate thy earthly life and cast all thy worldly goods into the flames. But behold also, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of thy heavenly Father, whose right hand is mighty to destroy as well as to save, and who can cast thy soul into hell fire, and immediately began in terms even severer and more cutting than before, to castigate the favorite vices and crimes of his indignant sovereign. The issue of the tale was different from what the cruel character of the tyrant might have led us to suspect. Henry, who with all his atrocity, was not on occasions destitute of generous sentiments, was penetrated by the earnestness of the venerable prelate; and, instead of loading him with chains and sending him, as every one expected, to the scaffold, openly expressed his admiration of his courage, and took him more into favor than ever.

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RANDOM READINGS.

Take heed of every sin; count no sin small; and obey every command with your might.

Those who would go to heaven when they die, must begin their heaven while they live.

Whatever is of nature's spinning must be all unravelled before Christ's righteousness can be put on.

Keep pace with the march of time in the improvement of thy heart. To fall behind is to fall into perdition.

Worldly pleasures are no more able to satisfy the soul than the light of a candle to give day to the world.

Liberty has no actual rights which are not granted upon justice; and the chief duty of liberty is to defend justice.

Front bravely the object of your worst apprehension, and your stoutness will commonly make your fears groundless.

Salvation is a well—a deep well of living waters. It is inexhaustible, and its stream ever flows on. Come, ye dying millions and drink, that you may never thirst again.

Depend upon thy religion, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will alone gentlize, if unmix'd with cant; and I know of nothing else that will alone.—*Coleridge.*

It is the mark of a generous spirit to aim at what is lofty, to attempt what is arduous, and ever to keep in view what is impossible for the most splendid talents to accomplish.—*Seneca.*

"Here am I," said Mr. Cecil, on his deathbed, "leaving this world, like a miser: he counts over his wealth, so do I mine; but here is the difference: his riches are to be left behind, but mine I am going to possess."

John Bunyan was once asked a question about heaven which he could not answer, because the matter was not revealed in the Scriptures; and he therefore advised the inquirer to live a holy life and go and see.

A good conscience is better than two witnesses; it will console your grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are thirsty—a staff when you are weary—a screen when the sun burns—a pillow in death.

If an earthly prince quit his palace to visit the cottage of a poor peasant, it is thought great condescension—what then shall we think of the King of kings, who deigns to fix his abode in the cottage spirit of an humble soul?

When a Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is: "Bless me, my God! my boat is so small, and the ocean is so wide!" Does not this beautiful prayer truly express the condition of each of us, as we sail with frail boat on life's broad sea?

WONDERFUL CHANGES IN INDIA.—A recent writer thus notes the triumph of Gospel truth among the one hundred and fifty millions of India:

"The results of missions in India are not surpassed by anything that has been accomplished of a religious character, in modern times, either in England or in America, or any other quarter of the globe. These results are both direct and indirect—direct, in the conversions from the heathen; indirect, in regard to the general enlightenment and progress of the people." "Christianity," he adds, "is not a power in India—a felt and acknowledged power—which men of all ranks and castes, including Hindus of the strictest sects, respect and fear. What is the greatest question at this moment, agitating no small portion of the millions in India? Not the increased social happiness and prosperity of the people; not the augmentation of commerce and trade, nor the vast improvements of the country, visible on every hand, wonderful as they are, but this—What is truth? What constitutes religion? What is the destiny of idolaters? and what that of Christianity in the coming ages? The people are thinking, comparing, arguing, not knowing exactly what to do. India is much in the condition of Rome previous to the baptism of the Emperor Constantine.—Idolatry, here as there, now as then, is falling into disrepute. Men are becoming wiser. Truth, in its clearness and power, is gradually entering their minds, and changing their habits and lives."

"AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT."—How sudden, how complete the change! One moment the light streams out from the scene of gladness within, through the open door; the next the blackness, the darkness, the gloom of midnight; the darkness the more profound by reason of the light so bright but the moment before. Such is the picture presented in our Saviour's words. How profound and original his teachings, that could find in the simple closing of a door a lesson so solemn as this. It is the door of salvation. It is the Lord Jesus, the Master of the feast, who himself shuts the door; and when he shuts, no man can open.

But when is it shut? When is mercy's door shut? No question more important can be asked by a sin laden soul of Adam.

"How far may we go in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does his anger, and where begin
The confoundings of despair?"

No man knows when this door will be closed to any soul. Always at the end of life, but whenever the soul is finally left off the Holy Spirit the seal is set. No more strivings of the Spirit; no more hope.

Thank God if you have not already grieved away his Holy Spirit, and hasten to enter in. If the door is closed, and you are within, think how blessed your state. A guest at the marriage supper of the Lamb, you will walk in the light and have its eternal joys. Nothing from without can get in to break the peace of your soul. No foe can assail, no sin disturb, no care becloud your soul forever. But if without, then no ray of light breaks in upon your gloomy darkness. No hope cheers the soul; yet bitter regret for opportunities lost will add intensity to all its misery.—*American Messenger.*

"FOR THE SAKE OF MY MOTHER."—Mr. Hooker used to say, "If I had no other motive for being religious, I would earnestly strive to be for the sake of my mother, that I might requite her care of me, and cause her widow's heart to sing for joy!"

Life is too short for worldly hopes, too responsible for worldly pleasures, too swift in its flight for stupidity's slumbers.