

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1870.

Whole No. 865.

SPRING, 1870.

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THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, June 3, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

ALONE! YET NOT ALONE.

Each one knows that he must die alone. How few realize that, for the most part, it is God's appointment that each one should live alone and suffer alone. Each one must "bear his own burden" (Gal. vi. 5), feel his own incommunicable grief, which often lies like lead upon the heart.

Solitude and sense of isolation are not peculiar to sickness. They who walk abroad in the busy world have their own "loneliness of heart," and "find it truly hard to bear."

This deep, weary sense of isolation is a call to the sick to sympathize with, and better to understand, the trials of those in health. There is in every heart more or less craving for sympathy; a restless craving in those who have not learned where to turn for true sympathy, and that One only and only One is enough to satisfy all their yearning.

There are few who do not think it hard that their lot of woe is not more borne by others. They think it ought to be; they expect it; they crave for it. They cry out in their pangs that their lot is hard and peculiar; that it is not so with others. They go on crying, till so loud and constant becomes their voice, that they do not, except occasionally, hear the "still, small voice" which is speaking to them, and saying, "Listen to me."

When they do listen, it tells them that their lot is not peculiar, but the common lot of all; that each one after his own manner (or rather that manner God sees fitted to his character) is living alone—some more, some less. "That there is a meaning in it all; an absolute necessity. That those who do 'hear the red and white' hath appointed it," then cease to be alone in their loneliness. That the whole end is to drive them away from creatures—from themselves, from all earthly craving—and to drive them to seek for God alone, and to dwell in Him.

The lesson is the same in all cases, but there are different ways of learning it. The path in which each man walks is untroubled by any other. He cannot judge of its roughness, or how many thorns there may be in it. No one can fully see the extent and details of the trial which another is called to bear.

The weight of life, the burden of doing, are hard to bear; still more so, perhaps, when borne in conjunction with sickness, the weary longing for work; the toilsome days which all seem spent for self, and in which you seem to do anything for others but merely to add very much to their burdens; and you grow sadder and more helpless as time goes on and brings no relief.

As each morning dawns, it seems but to open another day of selfishness. It seems to you that you could do something, what you cannot exactly tell, where to turn for work you do not know. Your friends, perhaps, think you unfit for any exertion. Their kindness, as they suppose, they do everything for you; remove all work from you; tell you that you are not wanted; that there are plenty of people who can supply your place. They mean it in true kindness, but you do not see it so; you think that if they would only find some niche for you, you should be very thankful.

That thought of being necessary to no one is part of your weary burden. You cannot truly see the love which has led your friends to speak and act thus.

Wait a little. Do not write; lie still. Do not say, "I am off from work. There is nothing left for me to do; no place to fill up." If it be so at present, it may not always be so.

Do not lose the blessing of your present state, in reaching after something either future or imaginary. Seek to find out what are your present duties; at least, there are some. Do not ask to have your world enlarged; do your present work. You may help and be a great blessing to your attendant, even if you cannot speak much. If she sees you meek and patient, submissive to your trials, bearing pain patiently, receiving the various circumstances of life cheerfully, not murmuring or repining, she may learn a lesson which may sink deep into her heart, and bring forth fruit another day.

You have relative duties, also. Perhaps you have parents, or brothers, or sisters, or children in the house with you. The more receiving them cheerfully, making them feel that they are always welcome, that you are ever ready to bear their burdens, and to sympathize with them, to share their joys as well as their sorrows, may make your sick-room the "place of blessing" to all the household. In this busy, bustling world, many "seek some place of refreshment," where they may leave behind them the jarring of this life, and draw nearer to reality. Do not then say that you have no work, but lie still, and let Him "work in you to will and to do of His good pleasure." Ask Him to make you so like unto Himself, that others may "take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus." Seek to comfort others with "the comfort wherewith you are comforted of God." You have a great work to do, to "deny yourself and worldly lusts," to "walk humbly with God." This work is "laudable, glorious and honorable." Do not despise it, lest in so doing you "found replying against God," lest you tempt Him to withdraw it from you.

Besides, even if it were true that you have nothing to do—no outward work—you have one stone at least in the temple to polish and keep in its place. This time is given you of which to do it. Look on it as a time of preparation for something, although you know not for what; it may be for life, or it may be for death. Do not pass it by; do not waste it in murmuring, or by crying out for some change. He who sees your heart knows that it is very trying to you, and He is very "pitiful and of tender mercy;" but He sees that you need just this very discipline, and He will give you no other, until this has done the work for which He sent it.

Never forget that all your circumstances, even the most minute, are in the hands of God. Look at them only in this way, and not

on each circumstance as an accident which may be removed. Receive it as your present lot—as the expression of the will of God toward you; and then you will find that it is His "yoke," He will make His yoke easy and His burden light, "if it is borne in His name and for His sake."

If any other lot would have been equally good for you, if any other discipline would have taught you as much of the evil of your own heart, or of the love of God, depend upon it He would have "given you the lighter, and kept back the heavier." Do not argue with the tempter. Do not let him persuade you that they are bad circumstances, unsuited to you; but say at once, "Get thee behind me, Satan. God placed me here. It is His will. God is love." This answer will serve for every lot in life, for every trial.—*Thoughts for Weary Hours.*

BUGS AND BLOSSOMS.

Not long since, we noted the abundant beauty of the blooming apple-trees. Such an alliance of comely life rarely overflowed that mother of the orchards. Every sprig and spray was tipped with a flower. The apple-tree seemed bursting like a flood through every vein and artery of branch and bough. Every fibre was superabundant with life. From this glory of blossom, what a glory of fruit will come. Every bud has an apple in it. It is created for that; it intends that. It means nothing else. Is its purpose being accomplished? Does that childish blossom change to many fruit?

Too many an orchard that stood forth glorious in apparel only a month ago, is brown and dead to-day. November's winds have not done it. The summer is still in its prime. The grass is at its greenest. The other trees are heavy with foliage. The gardens are full of bloom. Only the apple-tree, but lately the glory of all gardens, is thus burned and dead in all its life and fruit. What has done it? The worm attacked its beauty, and it consumed away like a moth. Every leaf bred a devourer. Every blossom hid in its bosom its pest. The ground brought them forth plentifully. They crept along the branches, or swung themselves on rope ladders, of their own construction, from bough to bough. Nothing escaped them, nothing stayed them. The buds fought the blossoms, and the apple-tree stands a Nibbe amid the overgrowing life of Nature, fruitless and leafless in her crownless woe.

Is there no lesson of a spiritual sort in this? Is not many a youthful expectation as suddenly quenched? How many a "rose and expectancy" of his home and friends has been as completely and unexpectedly destroyed. The bug was not seen when the blossom of childish loveliness broke out all over his world and actions. That oath, that passion for drink, that lust of the flesh, all were hidden from sight. Many a mere mortal would say they had no existence. Ask him if that boy of ten could be turned into such a criminal, he will say, impossible. Human nature is too good for such villainy ever to appear. See how gentle, loving, respectful, studious, he is. He is a drunkard, swearer, skeptic, debauchee! It can not be. Yet it is. Before he is sixteen, he is often trained to death. Before twenty, he is a trained and accomplished Sabbath-breaker, swearer, sinner of every sort. His Creator looked that he should bring forth grapes, and he brought forth wild grapes.

Why is this? God does not desire and design those early and fatal blights. He wishes every child to grow like the Divine child in stature and nurture, and in favor with God and man. He gives grace for such a race. The bugs can be kept from the apple-trees. Sufficient knowledge and faithful application of knowledge will keep every bud safe from every bug. We must study to know the remedies, and be constant in their application. If the farmer knew how to kill every bug, and did not use his knowledge, it would avail him nothing. So, if one seeks to extirpate the vices of his nature, or to prevent their development, he must both know the proper preventives and cures, and diligently apply them. This only will the youthful blossom ripen into richer fruit.

Grace alone is this remedy, faith its application, holy living the persistent preventive. Wherever shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word. The bug of sin lies in the germinal soul. It infests all the ground of its being. It is hidden in its crevices, under its folds, in its most subtle juices. In the hidden parts God must make us to know wisdom. The gospel is the only cure of these evils of our fallen natures. Signs of their presence appear early. They ripen with marvellous rapidity. They soon outstrip the virtues of the hot soil of youth, and unless subdued, the young man stands verdureless, burnt in soul and body, burning to the lowest hell. See Arthur Pelham, son of a duke, himself a lord, the grandest mansions of the world at his command, making himself into less than the least of all beasts, before he had scarcely reached his majority, and his crevices under a woman's attire with a man, whom he calls "husband," and "darling," and dying, at only twenty, the horrid death of a male harlot of Sodom. See the Prince of Wales, almost as abominable in the dew of his youth. See one hundred and sixty girls, gathered by the police from the streets of Boston in only one precinct, on a single evening, some as young as thirteen, and hardly any over five and twenty. See the hundreds of young men and boys who ought to have been blessed with holiness, that are their associates in sin. What a host of boys prey on the sacred altars of desolation. God help these devoted natures to turn their burnt and ruined spirits to Him.

He can clothe the apple-tree with leaves, with blossom, with fruit. So can He their souls. But only He. Unless they let His rain of grace fall upon them, unless His dew water them, and His shaded sun encourage them, they will give forth no life again. Protect yourself, O young man, young woman,

protect yourself against this destroyer. "Trust no future, however pleasant." Trust no present, however pleasant. Fly to Christ. Build yourself up in Him. Delay the first approaches of every sin. Flee youthful lusts. Be sober, be vigilant, for your enemy, the devil, goeth about seeking whom he may devour. He is no respecter of persons; age or youth, rich or poor; he is as impartial in his appetite as the vermin of the tree, those evil spirits of the vegetable world. Let no bugs destroy your blossoms. Be active for God. Love the work of a Christian. Be full of zeal of Christ. Had those young women in Boston been in prayer-meeting, they had not plunged into sin and shame. Had those young men been working for God, they had not been helping to push their sisters down to hell. The world is full of sin; it is also full of grace. Put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof. Then shall you grow up in the garden of the Lord, and bring forth fruit constantly and abundantly to His glory and your unspeakable delight.

Serene will be your days, and bright, and happy will your natures be,

when God thus keeps off every evil, and dwells perpetually in your obedient soul.—*Zion's Herald.*

GROWING OLD.

We find the following well expressed thoughts concerning growing old, in one of our exchanges, which does not give their source, however—presenting them as we do now, on their intrinsic merit:

The first shock of surprise with which advancing life announces itself is a very definite experience. It is a deep-cut notch, and the bark of life's tree never grows over it. And then set in the sophistry of devices, of all dexterous conceits, of perfunctory logic, to persuade ourselves that we are not quite so old as the calendar testifies. A spice of foolery gives a flavor to the effort. Animal spirits are zealously encouraged, young ways put on, fashionable attire assumed, light manners cultivated, boys and girls patronized, small print resisted, big type eschewed, extra lights refused, so as to disguise the fatal symptoms. But a grandchild comes, then another, and yet another, and so the sharp reality moves on its apace, the thin veneering rubs off, and the conclusion is plumply met that we are growing old. And there is a touch of pathos in it, something that vivifies one to one's self, something that empties the memory very suddenly into present consciousness, something that amazes us by the immense contents of the small world, life.

Not that the struggle is all over. The resistance to the thought of age is not ended, it is only intermitted; and back it comes on fine bracing days, or festive occasions, and when enterprises of pith and moment challenge our pluck. If we chance with elderly individuals, men that are very bald, women that are very fat, the weakness gets uppermost again, and asserts itself with charming buoyancy, verging on a little deceit. But at last the true nature begins to recover its lost ground. The gathering time of the harvest is at hand; soon the beautiful fruits are ours; and then appear on by one the sweet compensations for what has been taken away from us. Slowly, too, a new insight is granted to our inward being, and this touches the heart with strange tenderness. A deep quietness pervades us. We do not need our malignant passions to quicken our intellects, for we can be strong without anger, firm without obstinacy, decided without dogmatism, and earnest without fanaticism. If our senses have decayed, has not the soul gained thereby? The outer world has narrowed; how small its horizon, and how few friends stand in its fading light! It is all very sad, but the world within has gloriously enlarged; its horizon has widened into a shining space, and its zenith is far higher, and its lofty sky burns with serene lustre.

CURIOSITIES OF BREATHING.

The taller men are, other things being equal, the more lungs they have, and the greater number of cubic inches of air they can take in or deliver at a single breath. It is generally thought that a man's lungs are sound and well developed, in proportion to his girth around his chest; yet observations show that slim men as a rule will run faster and farther, with less fatigue, having "more wind" than stout men. If two persons are taken, in all respects alike, except that one measures twelve inches more around the chest than the other, the one having the excess will not deliver more air at one full breath, by mathematical measurement than the other.

The more air a man receives into his lungs in ordinary breathing, the more healthy he is likely to be, because an important object in breathing is to remove impurities from the blood. Each breath is drawn pure into the lungs; on its outgoing, the next instant, it is so impure, so perfectly destitute of nourishment, that if re-breathed without any admixture of a purer atmosphere, the man would die. Hence, one of the conditions necessary to secure a high state of health is, that the rooms in which we sleep, should be constantly receiving new supplies of fresh air through open doors, windows, or fire-places.

If a person's lungs are not well developed, the health will be imperfect, but the development may be increased several inches in a few months, by daily out-door runnings with the mouth closed, beginning with twenty yards and back, at a time, increasing ten yards every week, until a hundred are gone over, thrice a day. A substitute for ladies and persons in cities, is running up stairs with the mouth closed, which compels very deep inspirations, in a natural way, at the end of the journey.

As consumptive people are declining, each week is witness to their inability to deliver as much air at a single out-breathing as the week before; hence the best way to keep the full disease at bay is to maintain a long development.

It is known that in large towns, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the deaths by consumption are ten times less than in places

nearly on the level with the sea. Twenty-five die of consumption in the city of New York, where only two die of that disease in Mexico. All know that consumption does not greatly prevail on hilly countries and in high situations. One reason of this is, because there is more ascending exercise, increasing deep breathing; besides, the air being more rarefied, larger quantities are instinctively taken into the lungs to answer the requirements of the system, thus at every breath keeping up a high development. Hence the hill should be sought by consumptives, and not low, flat situations.—*Hall's Health Tracts.*

REVIVALS.

The question arises, Why are not revivals of religion more generally and frequently witnessed in our churches? And to this our answer is threefold:

1. Many ministers and private Christians cherish prejudices against them, at least, unless they come in connection with the ordinary means of grace exclusively, and without any special efforts to promote them. Rigid rules are laid down for the operations of the Holy Spirit, and he is not welcomed unless he co-operates with their plans. The Holy Spirit is not honored as he should be, and allowed to work in his own way and through diversities of gifts and varied instrumentalities.

2. Many pastors lack fitness for promoting and carrying on revivals—some from want of a proper spirit, some from inexperience, some from weakness of faith, some from want of moral courage, and some from failing to discern the signs of the presence of the Spirit and want of decisive and energetic co-operative action at the right moment.

3. In too many cases, both ministers and churches have no proper sense of the value and importance of such seasons, and do not, therefore, labor and pray for and expect them. Revivals do not come unsought. They do not happen irrespective of human agency. They come in connection with somebody's efforts, and in answer to somebody's prayers.

Said Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher once, toward the close of his active ministry: "I never had a revival come unexpectedly. When circumstances seemed favorable, I made up my mind to attempt to secure one. I never had one unless I sought it, and I never sought in vain."

What a reproach to ministers and churches that are content to live, year after year, without a single revival! We long ago resolved to avail ourselves of any and every means which God indicated as acceptable to him, and with which he was wont to co-operate, to secure the benefits of revivals, laboring ourselves as we had ability, or calling in neighboring pastors to aid when necessary and practicable, and we had much reason to rejoice in the results.—*Holbrook.*

TALKING PRETTILY TO THE ALMIGHTY.

The leading of a congregation's devotions is a very important part of the services of the sanctuary. The ability to lead them properly and effectively is an acquirement worthy of every pastor's sedulous care and study. Much of the worshipper's edification depends upon what the preacher says in prayer, and how he says it.

Not a few preachers, we suspect, attach far too little importance to this. If we may judge from the dull and listless demeanor of many who join in the sanctuary's prayers, we should infer that the amount of interest taken and refreshment found was certainly rather infinitesimal.

We remember hearing, when a boy, a criticism of a minister's prayers, that impressed us from its epigrammatic sharpness and point, the impression not being wholly effaced by subsequent years. The Rev. Dr. —, eminent both as preacher and instructor, was noted for his extremely polished and felicitous language in prayer, especially on extraordinary occasions. A person who had been present with a friend on one of these occasions, commended warmly the beauty of his prayer, and asked the friend what he thought of it. "Very well done," said the other; "Dr. — talks very prettily to the Almighty." It was a shrewd thrust—having a significance of its own—worthy of being recalled for the purpose, at least, of a lesson or a passing comment.

We have heard preachers pray who seemed to us—possibly we erred from lack of charity—to be talking in this pretty way to the Almighty; uttering, that is, smooth, rounded, and elaborate sentences, more adapted to please the ear and elicit the admiration of hearers than to bear upward to the throne the burdens and wants of a sin-laden congregation, and doing it on the wings of words simple, earnest, penitential, devoutly reverential, such as naturally burst from the soul feeling her situation and needs. We have heard people praise a pastor's prayers as being so intellectual—as though this were a quality that made them specially meritorious; or as being beautiful from their chaste style, or poetical imagery, or even rhetorical brilliancy. These things are not to be ignored in their prayer to God, for the special benefit and edification of the "great congregation," the graces of style and composition are of much avail to the ends of devotion.

Whatever diverts the mind from the great purpose for which prayer is made, and fixes it upon such trifles as rhetorical tropes or neatly-turned expressions, is an irrelevance and impertinence. It was not prayer of this kind that struck into the soul of the Queen of Scots, as the lips of John Knox uttered it. His prayer, was a simple, fervid, soul-breathing utterance. A scorned artificial adornment, and the exact antipode to that inflated, stilted sort of public prayer, which some seem to look upon as the perfection of the intercessory style.

The utmost simplicity is not incompatible with the utmost chasteness and even elegance of expression. The Lord's prayer exemplifies both. Let our young men at least, who are looking forward to the ministerial work, cultivate while they may the "gift" of praying so as not only to strengthen the devout, but to impress and, it may be, improve all who hear them.—*Editor.*

SELLING THE SOUL.

There is a story of a most eccentric minister, that walking out one morning he saw a man going to work, and said to him, "What a lovely morning! How grateful we ought to be to God for all his mercies!"

The man said he did not know much about it. "Why," said the minister, "suppose you always pray to God for your wife and family—for your children—don't you?"

"No," said he, "I do not know that I do." "What," said the minister, "do you never pray?"

"No." "Then I will give you half a crown, if you will promise me you never will, as long as ever you live."

"Oh," said he, "I shall be very glad of a half crown to get me a drop of beer." He took the half crown, and promised never to pray as long as he lived. He went to his work, and when he had been digging for a little while, he thought to himself, "That's a queer thing—I've taken money and promised never to pray as long as I live." He thought it over, and it made him feel wretched. He went home to his wife, and told her of it. "Well, John," said she, "you may depend upon it, it was the devil; you've sold yourself to the devil for a half crown." This so bowed the poor wretch down that he did not know what to do with himself. This was all his thought—that he had sold himself to the devil for money, and would soon be carried off to hell.

He commenced attending places of worship, conscious that it was of no use, for he had sold himself to the devil; but he was really ill, bodily ill, through the fear and trembling which had come upon him. One night he recognized in the preacher the very man who had given him the half crown, and probably the preacher had recognized him, for the text was, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The preacher remarked that he knew a man who had sold his soul for a half crown. The poor man rushed forward and said, "Take it back! Take it back!" "You said you never would pray," said the minister, "if I gave you a half crown; do you want to pray?" "Oh, yes; I would give the world to be allowed to pray." That man was a great fool to sell his soul for a half crown, but some of you are a great deal bigger fools, for you never had the half crown, and yet you do not pray, and I dare say never will; but will go down to hell never having sought God.

THE TEN YEARS.

"Just seventy-to-day sir!" said a handsome old gentleman, as he proudly drew himself up, "and as active as ever I was: there are few men of my age can say that."

"Few, indeed," was the reply. "You have had a long life, and ten years out of it to acquaint yourself with God, and prepare for heaven. Did that ever strike you before?"

"No, it did not; please explain." "Well, one-seventh of the time, every Sabbath day, makes ten years out of seventy; does it not? So you have had ten whole years of time given to care for your soul alone; what a responsibility to answer for!"

The old man seemed startled. He had lived to the world and for himself, and his own soul and his fellow creatures were the poorer for it; and now the accumulation of ten whole years of time to be specially inquired of as regarded his use of them for his soul's welfare placed his Sabbath days before him in a light he had never seen them in before.

"Good gracious!" he said; "you place the thing in an uncomfortable way. I hope I won't be judged in that manner. I have done my best, and wronged no one; and I hope God is too merciful to inquire closely. Who could stand it?" "Who, indeed, could stand before God?" was the earnest reply. "In his own right, not one; for all have sinned, and can be justified; and is through Jesus Christ, the well-beloved Son. O my friend! let me be faithful with you. Think how differently you would look back upon your seventy years if you had used them in his service, and were ready to say, 'Here am I, and the children which thou hast given me!' The ten years of Sabbath days would not then stand up in awful array to frighten you and judge you, and show you a life of poverty and barrenness."

"I had but my life to go over again," said the conscience-stricken old man, "I would live differently; but it is too late."

"No, indeed! Blessed be God, it is never too late while life lasts, to turn to the Lord, and witness for Him. Now, in your eleventh year, go and pray God that your seventy birthday may be the beginning of a new life to you. Though it be but to fling—to use the words of an old sailor—"the flag-end of a life in the face of the Redeemer," still be encouraged. He never casts out any who come to him; he says 'Whosoever' and you may take him at his word.—*Christian Banner.*

NECESSITY OF PERSISTENCE.—The Israelites had journeyed about two years when they drew nigh to the Land of Promise. The spies went up and searched the country, and ten of them brought back an evil report. The people murmured and God then led them backward till they fell in the wilderness. It is so now. Some, to all appearance, set out for heaven and run well. It appears as though they would soon reach the land of rest. Then they let their hearts grow cold, neglect duty, virtually complain of the way, and go back again to sin and folly. God help all who set out to persevere to the end.—*Fenton.*

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find that he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity, in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—*H. More.*

God hath two dwelling places—the highest heavens, and the lowest parts; that is the habitation of His glory; this, of his grace.