

# 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, NOVEMBER 11, 1870.

Whole No. 877.

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Frederickton, Oct. 28, 1870.

## The Intelligencer.

THE PEOPLE'S AMEN;  
Or, How to Make a Church Prosperous.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

In the first book of the Chronicles we are told that when the ark of the Lord was brought back to Jerusalem, a grand thanksgiving service was appointed by King David. Asaph led the choir with his cymbals, Jehiel struck the harp-strings, and Benaiah conducted the band of trumpeters. When the jubilate psalm of praise had been rehearsed by the Levites and the choir, then "all the people said Amen!" The popular heart spoke out in the popular voice, like the sound of many waters.

If my readers will turn to the fourth chapter of Nehemiah, they will observe that the ruined walls of desolate Jerusalem were rapidly rebuilt after the captivity. Why? Simply because every man did his best. Each one brought his contribution of wood or stone to the right spot; the apothecaries helped the merchants, and the merchants helped the goldsmiths. "So built we the wall," says the sacred chronicler, "for—the people had a mind to work."

In these two passages from the good old Book lies the secret of success for every church. And that secret is that all the people must *work*, and all the people *work*. In fact, there can be no genuine worship in God's house unless the heart of the whole assembly is enlisted in it. There can be no genuine growth in a Christian church unless the whole people have a mind to work. The popular heart must be alive; the popular hand must be busy; the popular voice must say Amen! The pastors and congregations in all our towns, after their summer scattering, are just opening a new spiritual campaign; and we predict that, in a majority of cases, success or failure will depend more upon the *people* than upon the *pulpit*. Paul himself could not build up a church unless the people worshipped, and unless the people worked.

What is "worship?" According to the actual practice of scores upon scores of congregations, it is the assemblage of a certain number of persons into a sanctuary on the Sunday, to be preached at, to be sung to, and to be prayed for. The aforesaid persons, in the meanwhile, sit as the more passive recipients of the entertainment furnished from the pulpit and the music-gallery. They are spectators, they are auditors, or they are sleepers; but how many of them are active worshippers? The minister is expected to furnish the discourse, and they are to sit and listen and criticize. If the discourse is brilliant and popular, they worship him; if the sermon is stupid or scanty, they go to sleep or go home sulky. The minister is expected to pray, and the people listen and say to themselves, "That was a beautiful prayer," or, "that prayer was too long." While the pulpit is not engaged in interesting or instructing or entertaining them (for the contrary, they turn to the choir, who furnish them a few minutes of musical performance. Throughout they are a mere audience.

Now, suppose that instead of this passive reciprocity, there were just as much activity of worship in the pew as in the pulpit. Suppose that every man and woman felt "this is my hour for praising God and for profiting my own soul." Accordingly, when the invocation for God's blessing is pronounced, the people join in it inwardly, and at its close all break out in a full, audible "Amen!" Then the Word of God is read, and each one opens his Bible and follows the reader, instead of staring about at the "new bonnets," or at the newcomers in a neighboring pew. Then comes the service of song; not a scientific "rendering" of a sacred air by a paid quartette, but the outburst of hundreds of voices, when "everything that hath breath praises the Lord." At the close of the next prayer there is another full, responsive "Amen;" or perhaps the whole assembly join in repeating with the pastor that exquisite model petition taught by our Saviour to his disciples. After such a preliminary service, the congregation would be prepared to give their ear and their heart and hand to the sermon. They would listen as God's ambassador, and not to a hired lecturer, who was giving them just so much preaching for so much pay. At the close of a discourse so delivered and so received, there should be another united anthem of devotion, culminating in the doxology of a thousand voices and grateful hearts. Such a service would be *worship*—the worship of God, and not of a fellow-creature in the pulpit or the music-loft—the worship in which every heart should devoutly say "Amen."

A Sabbath service of this kind would be repeated in the prayer-meetings of the week. Those meetings would not be led by the minister, but by the elders or the deacons, or some qualified member of the flock. The burden of giving freshness or interest to the services would not be laid on the pastor, even though his tongue were as eloquent as Mr. Beecher's in his Friday evening gatherings. It would be the people's meeting, for the people's profit, and they would be responsible for it. Such meetings are always possible during a revival. But, God pity us! As soon as our churches have regaled themselves with the luxuries of a revival, they usually slide back into the old, listless, formal, stupid, dreary way again, and "straightway forget what manner of persons they were of." God's spirit is grieved away, and the drought begins again.

This paragraph may be read in some congregations which are now in a declining or decaying condition. Everything drags, "Zion mourns!" This is the stereotyped complaint uttered in the dull, dreary meetings. "Zion mourns! No doubt she does; and so does the Spirit mourn over such sinful folly. But it is time you 'laid aside mourning,' and put on the whole armor of God. Pray don't begin by asking for a new minister. Ask for new hearts. Don't go about inquiring, 'where

can we find a man that will *do*?' or 'where is the man who will build us up?' Instead of looking abroad, look at home! "Look to yourselves." Look to God. How many a declining church has foolishly gone off searching for some pulpit Samson, who should fill God's temple with a crowd to behold him "make sport" for their gratification. If he is a true Samson and strong in the Lord, he will soon teach them that a living church must do their own worshipping and their own work. Alas! if he be only a poor blind Samson, or a shorn Samson, both they and their helpless idol will soon perish together!

I honestly believe that the success or the failure of most of our churches for the next twelve months will mainly depend, under God, upon *themselves*. If they have a pastor who is at all worthy of his name and high calling, let them rally around him and strengthen his hands. Let them give themselves to prayer and to work. Let them come to church on Sunday, not to carp or to criticize, or seek selfish enjoyments, but to worship God, and hear the truth, and grow in grace. Whatever holy request the pastor makes in prayer, let the people all cry Amen! Whatever call of duty he proclaims, let all the people say Amen! Whatever proposal he makes for the rebuilding of the flock or the salvation of souls, let all the people second it and carry it out thoroughly, stand by him. If he calls for workers in the Sunday-school, or the mission-house, or the temperance reform, or visitation among the poor and outcast, let each willing heart respond, "Here am I!"

God forbid that we should excuse or shield the indolent, inefficient pastor! His punishment is to be what he is. If the church cannot improve him, they ought to dismiss him. But a minister who has a ten-men power in himself cannot move a church that has no heart to worship, and no "mind to work." It was not Von Moltke's genius that rolled back the invaders of the Rhine. It was German unity, and German bravery, and German self-sacrifice, when to the trumpet call of duty "all the people said Amen!" He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit now saith to the churches!—*Independent*.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON'S VICTIMS.

BY PROF. W. M. WELLS.

Among the first decrees of the new republican government in France, was one for the liberation of all political prisoners. The world can scarcely imagine what glad tidings this was to thousands of men who have been for years suffering all the horrors that it is possible for human beings to bear. We read accounts of the enthusiasm caused by the liberation of such prisoners from the forts of Paris, but this tells but a small portion of the story.

When Napoleon throttled the republic in December, 1851, it will be remembered that the Republic made a feeble resistance during a few days. Thousands of them were shot down in the streets, and many thousands of others were seized by the police and brought before a so-called "Commission of Safety." These were sentenced without hearing or defence, to be transported to distant islands, and be kept there in a state of exile for a certain term of years, or for life, and some of the more slightly implicated were sent to Algiers to be distributed to forts in the steppes of Africa. It was enough for men to be actively engaged in endeavoring to sustain the republic, or even to belong to secret societies, to insure to them these terrible sentences.

It is affirmed that in 1852 no less than fifty thousand were transported, and in 1853, after the attack on the emperor's life by Orsini, about 25,000. These figures seem almost incredible, but they are the assertions of the Republicans. This "deportation," as the French call it, has been going on more or less for the last seventeen years. The islands chosen for the victims lay off the shore of French Guyana, in South America, and they are said to be the most deadly on the entire coast. The principal ones are Cayenne, King's Island, and Devil's Island. The victims were first sent to the bagnios of Brest or Toulon, where they were accepted as galley-slaves; and their hair was cut as short as possible; they were clothed in the well-known dress of the galleys, and chained by the foot to iron bars.

Some of these poor wretches served out their five or ten years, conquering the climate and ill-treatment, but the greater part were struck down by the fever, or succumbed to some other species of horror. Among the few who have returned is Charles Delcoulx, the editor-in-chief of the *Reveil*, one of the principal radical papers of Paris. A few months ago he was again sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment for too freely criticizing the government, and being too ready to converse with the "horrors of Cayenne."

He is now free again, and can write to his heart's content about his arch enemy, which he does faithfully without doubt. A mixed commission condemned him to ten years' deportation to Cayenne for being a member of a secret political club. He was first landed on Devil's Island in October, 1858, which he describes as a perfect picture of desolation and misery. He was told by the military commander that he must report himself three times daily at headquarters, sunrise, noon, and sunset, and sleep at night in the common barracks; as for the food that he would give him, "After this the rest he must take care of himself with the food that he would find among the stunted vegetation and the rocks to see what he could find. In the distance were a few bits of stone and mud, covered with thatch; in these he found some more of the victims, to whom he found himself known, and who kindly welcomed him to share their misery. The poorest hut in France was a palace to these cabins, with holes for doors and windows, and no other furniture than a coarse wooden table and benches.

There were thirty-five of these poor wretches on this island, the principal man, a comrade of Ledru Rollin and Mazzini, in a conspiracy that these men always insisted was nothing

but a fabrication of the police. These two found refuge in England, while Tibaldi, former Prefect of the Department of the North, was sent to Cayenne. Rollin refused to return to France under a recent amnesty of the emperor, but now returns to the republic, and is, it is said, to be sent as French minister to this country. Since Tibaldi had been on Devil's Island, he had not heard a word from his family. They led a purely vegetable life, getting their own wood and water, and doing their own cooking and mending. When their shoes were worn out, they were privileged to go barefoot on the stony soil. Their daily rations consisted of one pound and a half of bread, sometimes eatable and sometimes not so, and this was occasionally replaced by mouldy biscuit. They had fresh beef and salt pork, but the former was rarely fit to eat, and the latter never so; the beans were so hard that they could not be made digestible, and the rice was full of worms.

When Delcoulx received his first ration, he put it into a banana leaf for want of any other receptacle, and looking at it said to himself, "To be or not to be;" existence or death. He had neither kitchen nor hearth, pot nor plate, knife nor fork nor spoon, and he had not the first idea of the art of cooking. A fellow exile offered to assist him, or he must have eaten his portion raw or starved. There was not the least care for the health or comfort of the victims; they were clearly sent to Cayenne to die. "Cayenne is death," was a saying among them. Of a transport of thirty-six that had lately arrived on one of the islands from Toulon, no less than eleven had succumbed to the murderous climate. Once a month letters were sent to France, but they were transmitted to the commandant open, written only on one-third of the page, and were always to bear at the head the name, number and section of the exile. In many instances they never reached their destination, nor did the prisoners often hear from their friends in return.

At night the discharge of a cannon brought them to their sleeping barracks, where they had nothing but board blankets, without bed or pillow. A woollen blanket was their only covering, and they had reason indeed to envy the uncivilized Indians their swinging hammocks. And even then their sleep was disturbed by mosquitoes, so enormous that their sting was like a dagger's thrust, and the wound as painful. The Devil's Island was most appropriately named; it was terrible enough by nature, but to make it still more fearful and deadly for French republicans every tree on the island had been cut down, which left it all day to the stifling heat of a burning sun. The island had been made a story desert because some of the prisoners had made canoes out of the trees and thereby escaped.

When the victims had been fully broken on this Devil's Island, they were transported to others, and sometimes to the forts of the mainland, where the treatment was a little better if they were perfectly humble. But no pen can depict the horrors of these hells, and their human atrocities will write a fearful leaf in the book of accusations against Louis Bonaparte. How these islands will ring with joy when the glad tidings arrives that the tyrant has fallen and his victims are free!—*North Western Advocate*.

## OVERTHROW OF MORMONISM.

The "Reform party" among the Mormons is developing a strength almost incredible for the short time it has been in existence. It took an organized shape only last January, but its numbers have been so augmented that the schism in the Church is now complete. Defection from the orthodox party is slowly weakening it and adding to the strength of the reformers. The disaffected are not only withdrawing their allegiance from Mormonism, but they are boldly attacking it, and raising their voices against the corrupt autocracy of Brigham Young. Opinion, which heretofore has been fettered, now has a means of free expression in the Salt Lake *Tribune*, the organ of the reform movement, and many are availing themselves of the privilege by pronouncing emphatically against the practices of Young and his Church. Brigham and his party have done all in their power to silence the opposition and suppress the movement, but these efforts have been of no avail. A few years ago, they would have had little difficulty in disposing of schematics, but now a public opinion has been created which cannot be overcome.

As an example of the boldness of the reformers, we give quotations from a letter which recently appeared in the Salt Lake *Tribune*, by G. W. Thurston, an ex-Mormon. He opens the article with a cordial approval of the reform movement, exposes frauds practiced by the leaders in the Mormon Church, and closes with the request to President Young that his name be stricken from the list of priests and the roll of membership:

"They, the Mormons, call themselves the chosen people of the Lord—profess to enjoy his peculiar favor and blessing—call themselves 'holy,' write 'Holiness to the Lord' over the doors of their institutions, and are so uncharitable to their poor brethren that they cut them from the church and turn them over to the buffings of Satan for destruction, for spending their hard-earned dollar where they can get the most for it. Though one-tenth of the produce of the industry of the entire Mormon Church here and in all the world is paid to the 'Trustee in Trust' for support of the poor, for the priesthood, to build temples, etc., yet no temple is builded, and the priesthood who leave their families, spend their means and travel without remuneration from nation to nation, get nothing even for the support of their families in their absence; but even their families in their distress are required to pay one-tenth of what they can earn! . . .

The unlimited power vested in the priesthood is, as might be expected, used for self-aggrandizement; charity, brotherly love, and kindness are sacrificed to Mammon! . . . Its genius (Mormonism) is to degrade man by his own estimation and in the estimation of all

intelligent beings, by placing another man over him to dictate to him in all things, both temporal and spiritual, whose word he is bound to receive in everything as 'the word of God.' This bars the exercise of reason, the noblest attribute of man—that attribute without which man would be but an idiot or a beast.

"If the slavery which binds the body of man, that places him under a master whose right it is to dictate his actions—the disposition of his property, the disposal of his family—I say, in other words, if that slavery which makes a man a low, degraded serf, be bad, what shall we say of that which binds both soul and body, that man should not dare presume to either think or act? All we can ask, and all we feel disposed to accept is protection from the zeal of a few bigots who think, as did Paul of old, they would be doing God service to put us 'out of the way.' This is a conflict of truth over error, of light over darkness, of intelligence over ignorance, bigotry, and superstition. . . . I hereby request President Young to drop my name from the roll of the priesthood and from the church records, as I hereby withdraw all allegiance from the so-called 'Kingdom of God,' and declare that my experience in the same for the last twenty-five years—from childhood unto the present time—has demonstrated to me beyond the possibility of a doubt that it is a huge deception from beginning to end, got up for self-aggrandizement, to 'monopolize power and profit.'"

Powerful agencies are now at work undermining this anarchism in the civilization of the nineteenth century, which we call Mormonism. The reformers are, perhaps, doing as much unconsciously for the overthrow of this abomination as the antagonism of the whole country effects. With the Pacific Railroad penetrating their territory, we can let in enough light to make plain to the Mormons their deep degradation.

The telegraph, a few days since, reported that Brigham Young had resigned his Trusteeship, at the same time refusing to give an account of his administration. If this be true, it is very like Brigham. Certain it is that the entire fabric of the "Church of the Latter-day Saints" is being slowly undermined. We shall soon see the end of this pseudotheracy.

## I LOVE THE PRAYER MEETING.

1. Because, after the toils and perplexities of the day, my mind finds a sweet relief from the burdens that have oppressed it. The privilege of praying for others relieves my own heart. My repinings are lost in anxieties for them. "When I went into the sanctuary then understood I their end."

2. There I often obtain new views of truth. A spark is struck from the Word of God that kindles a flame in my heart. A vein hitherto hidden is opened. My soul bows down to drink the reviving element, and is refreshed.

3. It brings me nearer God. It is the place of special promise. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." If many are absent, God is always there. I am never disappointed in this. He never stays away. If but "two or three" meet, he condescends to make "one." And what a "one" he is! We see him not, but we feel his presence; and something seems to say, "Lo, I am in the midst of you."

4. It brings me near heaven. Like Jacob, we are often constrained to say, "This is the gate of heaven." Here I come to look upon my Saviour, and the glories of my future eternal home.

## SAINTS HELPING THE DEVIL.

There was a young minister once preached very earnestly in a certain chapel, and he had to walk some four or five miles to his home, along a country road after service. A young man, who had been deeply impressed under the sermon, requested the privilege of walking with the minister, with an earnest hope that he might get an opportunity of telling his feelings to him and obtaining some word of guidance or comfort. Instead of that the young minister, all the way along, told the most singular tales to those who were with him, causing loud roars of laughter. He stopped at a certain house, and this young man with him, and the whole evening was spent in frivolity and foolish talking. Some years after, when the minister had grown old, he was sent for to the bedside of a dying man. He hastened thither with a heart desirous to do good. He was requested to sit down at the bedside, and the dying man, looking at him and regarding him most closely, said to him:

"Do you remember preaching in such and such a village, and on such an occasion?" "I do," said the minister. "I was one of your hearers," said the man, "and was deeply impressed by the sermon." "Thank God for that," said the minister. "Stop!" said the man; "don't thank God until you have heard the whole story; you will have reason to alter your tone before I have done."

The minister changed countenance, but he little guessed what would be the full extent of that man's testimony. Said he:

"Sir, do you remember after you had finished that earnest sermon, that I, with some others, walked home with you? I was sincerely desirous of being led in the right path that night, but heard you speak in such a strain of levity, and with so much coarseness, too, that I went outside the house, while you were sitting down to your evening meal; I stamped my foot upon the ground; I said you were a liar, that Christianity was a falsehood, that if you could pretend to be so earnest about it in the pulpit, and then come down and talk like that, the whole thing must be a sham, and I have been an infidel, said he; 'a confirmed infidel from that day to this. But I am not an infidel at this moment; I know better. I am dying and about to be damned; and at the bar of God I will lay my damnation to your charge. My blood is upon your head.' And with a dreadful shriek, and one demoniacal glance at the trembling minister, he shut his eyes and died."

O, ye who profess to love Christ, be ye minister or layman, hath not Satan legions enough

of devils to drown men's souls in perdition, without employing you? Let us be more careful of our conversation. Let not our words destroy men's souls. It is a fearful thing to go to the bar of God with the blood of souls upon our skirts. "Let our conversation be always with grace."—*Christian at Work*.

## THE WATER OF LIFE.

The freshness and fullness of Gospel blessings add to their richness. How beautifully and eloquently is this set forth by Dr. Wadsworth in a published sermon:

And then other convicted sinners came to us, saying,—"O, sir, I cannot understand these doctrines of the Atonement, of Faith, of Repentance. Explain them; explain them." As if a poor, thirst-stricken man, by a sparkling spring should say, "O, tell me, tell me what this water is made of, and how came it here in this hot wilderness, and why is it offered to me, and how can it quench my intolerable agony?" Alas, poor, foolish questioner! Let the philosophy alone. Come, drink—drink—the water of life.

"Come, take the water of life freely." Oh, what a precious and glorious call this! "The water of life!" Who can tell us all its meaning?

"Water—water!" How sweet the sound to a poor, fainting pilgrim! "Water—water!" How

It cooleth the lip, it cooleth the brain, It maketh the sick one well again.

A fountain of water! Not a poor reservoir, stagnant and hot, but a living fountain, with its green banks and bright palms. How sweet to the sun-stricken wanderer as it bursts in sparkling freshness in the midst of the desert!

A fountain of the water of Life—life! Life physical, spiritual, immortal, eternal. Oh, that glorious vision of John! A pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, and on either side of the river the tree of life, which bears twelve manner of fruits and yields her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations."

Oh, what means it? "The water of Life!" Tell us, ye bright ones! Ye risen spirits before the throne! Ye ransomed out of every tongue, and tribe, and kindred, and people! Ye that walk in the green pastures, beside the still waters! Tell us what it means—"The water of life!"

Dear, dying fellow-sinner, why stay ye from the fountain? Why do you talk of future times and convenient seasons? How marvelous to procrastinate the thirst quenching! To say, "I am in love with my agony, let me pant and pine a little longer."

Oh, no, no, no! Come to-day—come this moment—come just as you are. Oh, for an angel's voice to utter the call fittingly! You are a poor prodigal in a far country—come home! come home!

## RANDOM READINGS.

God transforms, purifies, perfects. There are certain schools which can only mutilate, cut off and destroy. God's mode of procedure seems to displease them. They like exclusion better than selection.

There are two ways of attaining an important end—force and perseverance. Force falls to the lot only of the privileged few, but austere and sustained perseverance can be practised by the most insignificant. Its silent power grows irresistible with time.

How often does the stealthy slanderer, whence no one knows, destroy character, if not life. Like the good Baldr, in the Scandinavian Edda, who was slain by the mistletoe the blind Hodur threw, how many a reputation has been destroyed by a slander springing from a shadow!

Revolutions use one to seeing in the vanquished of to-day the victor of to-morrow. The constant thought of surprises makes us instinctively provide for all times in one. There is no oblivion save that of eternity. We neither exult nor defend what is, and we smile at what may be.

God has entrusted man with the raw material. He creates the world and gives it to man finish. Man originates nothing, but continues and develops all things. Speech is furnished him; and he invents writing. The ocean, fresh from God's hands, puts continents assunder; man makes it only the broader of highways. The earth is delivered to him rough, and often sterile. He smooths and renders it productive. He grafts the wild stock. And in the plan of salvation, the sufferings of believers finish and perfect the passion of our Lord.

Some one has very truly remarked: "When I see thousands on thousands of people drifting hither and thither at the beck of every odd invitation, and reflect how few of them will ever lift themselves out of mediocrity, and achieve anything noteworthy, either within or without, I see plainly what is wanted. It is less subjection to fickle impulses and chance lures, more sensibility to great prizes, with a girled resolution to toil heroically for them in that solitude of the soul where the Father of spirits seeth in secret without mistake, and rewardeth openly without fail."

PATIENT FAITHFULNESS.—It is not by a few, fragmentary, or occasionally great and brilliant efforts that Christ's work is to be done, but by those influences, indirect as well as positive, which distil from a life. Patient, earnest Christian labor never fails. Its results may be unostentatious, moulding, reforming, vitalizing the character, unrecognized perhaps by the dim spiritual eye of the world, but they are not unseen or unblest by Christ himself, for whose dear sake it has been wrought.

There are admirable examples which, when applied by the weak and faulty to their own cases, are transformed into snares.

If prayer does not cause us to leave off sinning, sinning will soon make us leave off praying.