

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. XVII.—No. 7.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1870.

Whole No. 839.

CLEARANCE SALE.

JANUARY 1, 1870,

CHEAP DRY GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN

Begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that in order to effect a clearance he will sell the balance of his Stock of the following Goods at greatly

REDUCED PRICES:

DRESS GOODS,

REPPES, FRENCH MERINOES,

MINNIVER TWILLS,

DROUGETS, EPINGLETTES,

COBURGS, ALPACCAS, &c.,

BLACK, BROWN AND VIOLET

VELVETEENS,

WOOL AND PAISLEY SHAWLS,

MUFFS AND BOAS,

WOOL HOODS, CLOUDS AND BREAK-FAST SHAWLS,

TWEED SKIRTS AND SKIRTINGS,

SCOTCH TWEEDS

AND MANTLE CLOTHS,

CANADIAN BLANKETS.

The above Goods are all this Season's importations.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, January 14, 1870.

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

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NEW AND FASHIONABLE

GOODS.

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

FANCY

AND

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

TO WHICH

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE

THE

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS,

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Sept. 24, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

CONFESS YOUR FAULTS ONE TO ANOTHER AND PRAY ONE FOR ANOTHER.

BY PROF. D. M. SYCE.

Our intercourse with others is almost constant, and our character, whether good or bad, is chiefly made manifest in this intercourse. But we daily err, the duty of confession is hence a daily one. It is in the line of duty of prayer; but it comes before it as first in importance. Confess to one another, then pray for one another. Your fellow-man, not God, is directly wronged, and directly to be reconciled. Like a debt to my neighbor, my first business is to pay it. Prayer is out of order here, only as it gives me wisdom, or light, or the means to do this; and until the heart is right on this point, and the effort is earnest to do this, even the prayer will be an abomination. (Prov. 28: 9)

The duty is without conditions. Have I done wrong? Do I know this? and does my neighbor know it? Then confess it. Is he also in fault? This is not my concern; my business is not to attend to his fault, but to my own. Is his fault greater than mine? greater a hundred-fold? This does not make me faultless or alter my duty at all. One due-bill, in business, may cancel another. But there is nothing in God's law that cancels transgression in this way. A sincere regret and a humble, and full, and free owning of it can alone make the needed atonement. Money paid to the injured, unless that be the debt that is due, cannot atone for it. A humble confession, fully and frankly made, is a far better payment than money, and much harder, unless the heart is penitent, to give. A Catholic priest once presented me with five dollars and told me it was mine, and hoped I would accept it. It was stolen from me, and returned through the priest at the confessional. There was some honesty here in the priest which I loved, and a power of conscience which I fear, Protestant pastors sometimes do not have over their flocks. But there was nothing of the religion of Christ in it. The confessor of the theft should have come with his money to me and frankly owned it. This would have humbled him and been open, manly, and given evidence that he would not steal again.

Confession is the only way of reconciliation. God requires in the wrongdoer, humble and contrite heart, and man requires the same. Neither God nor man can ever feel reconciled till he owns his fault and makes what amends he can. This is the only way to bring him back to his former innocence. You have wronged another. You know it. You have, perhaps, admitted it to others. You are neighbors in the same business, and members of the same church and related together—it may be the brother of his wife, or it may be his own brother. He feels, often dreadfully, but says little, and, situated as he is, he thinks best to maintain, as best he can, an outward peace. He has, for a long time, drank of the cup of bitterness, but his only way is still to swallow it. Happiness in your presence is impossible. Your conscience, too, is never easy when you see him. The parable of the prodigal son, designed to show how a sinner must return to God, is taken from a life-like exhibition of the duty of true confession to your injured friend. You must arise and go to him and say you have sinned. A dozen wiles may remove the guilt and wretchedness of many years. A little girl said to her playmate who struck her, and afterwards asked her forgiveness: 'If you are sorry, the stroke does not hurt me.' It was not the hand, but the angry heart that inflicted the wound, and a heart broken and penitent removes the suffering at once. How marvellously blessed are the fruits of a good confession! How wicked and blind to self-interest the stubborn pride of the man that will not do this.

A brother, the compiler of a large hymn-book, was requested by a minister, who was preaching on the subject, to make the selection of hymns. Here was a hard work for him; he could find nothing directly appropriate. The happiness of the penitent, in the conscience throwing off its long and heavy burdens, and the gushing of forgiveness in the injured one in crossing forever from his thoughts all cause of former grief, would seem to form one of the most appropriate themes of song. And were the duty frequent, as it should be, the theme would, I think, be far more frequently embodied in verse. Let poets fill their minds with this highest and holiest manifestation of God's grace, and then let them sing and write—let them mingle the songs of God's house with the blessedness of confession between brethren, and more abundant work.

When a student of Princeton Seminary, New Jersey, thirty-five years ago, Dr. Alexander, whom we all loved for his faithfulness, said to us, 'Gentlemen, I have a hard rule for you: "when you are wrong own it." The pungent, laconic manner of uttering this familiar Bible truth made an impression that never left me. I have been, all life long, a wonderfully erring mortal, and done many wrongs I know, and many, no doubt, I have never thought of. But I have made confessions to those who I thought were more greatly in the wrong than I was, and I have been ambitious that the humblest and most despised man should not be before me in this duty. And no remembrance in the past gives me greater comfort than this. My reverend teacher, I have found, was eminently right in his reading that the duty was a hard one—a rare one. I can make a confession to God. He is far off. I realize no one else present. So the Catholic can to his priest. The confessional is a secret place. There need be no open exposures, but confess one to another. There is no hiding here. Here pride is tested.

I know of no duty I would urge more earnestly than this, and none I would be more anxious that my children should learn. If conscientious to pay their debts, they will not be to make them. If conscientious to make amends for every injury given, they will be to give none. These are high and noble attainments, and they give to our holy religion its highest excellency. Parents, remember the lesson of the little girl referred to. Sorrow will remove mostly all that hurts in children's quarrels.

Some men are as covetous as if they were to live forever; and others as profuse as if they were to die the next moment.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF PRAYER.

This is an age of great achievements. The wildest dream of the past is but a sober reality of to-day. Discovery has followed discovery, and power after power has been evoked, while the end is not yet. Amid all this progress the church has made rapid strides. She has called the press to her aid, and can scatter like snow flakes 'leaves for the healing of the nations.' She has endowed her institutions of learning and can give her ministers all needful culture. She has built elegant and massive churches all over the land. She has raised the standard of benevolence and found the means for inaugurating gigantic missionary enterprises abroad. Better still, perhaps, she has dropped somewhat the controversies of the past, to marshal her forces for a war against sin, in its selfish, the human heart, and has devised, and is still devising, ways and means to bring her power to bear effectually upon the masses. The great danger of the hour is not that she shall too easily endow the temporalities of the church, and raise ourselves to great denominational influence. It is a matter of grave doubt whether our gifts have brought us up to the pitch of the single world service. The thing to be feared is, that we shall come to regard all these as the chief elements of power on which we are to rely in evangelizing the world. We are to remember that 'the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God.' Men are employed as agents in human redemption, but the Holy Ghost, alone, is the efficient power making their labor availing. All effort that does not turn back upon the Spirit to find its sole strength, and that is not energized by it, must be without fruit. Hence it is that the church is mightiest when in her closets and around her altars pleading with God. Hence it is that the shortest way to a sinner's conscience is the well-written essay, or the eloquent preacher; but, rather, the way of earnest, prevailing prayer. Human logic has never of itself convinced any of sin. The great Convincer moves upon all. While, then, we are multiplying our material and intellectual resources, we should be multiplying in a far greater ratio our prayers. We are finite and powerless in the one way—we may be omnipotent in the other.

What undeviating testimony is borne to the truth of this in all the experience of the church. How often have believers banded together to pray, and praying have waited until the answer came in a powerful awakening. In times of great declension and indifference, when hopes have died out of nearly every breast, the refreshing showers of grace have fallen, as from a cloudless sky. Whole communities have been moved, backsliders have been reclaimed, and penitents by hundreds brought to the cross. Men have said, at the first view, that all this was entirely without the employment of human agency; but a closer examination has always discovered that there were a few 'faithful' and 'faithful' found, who had constantly prayed in unwearying faith for this very end, and who hailed it as the direct answer thereto. Everywhere the Scriptures declare this power of prayer, and we must doubt the truth of inspiration, if the truth of Jesus Christ himself, if we disbelieve it.

Perhaps some brother or sister, who has followed us thus far, will say 'Men are free agents; God will not coerce their will; how, then, can we pray for their unconditional conversion? And if we pray conditionally, how can we pray without doubt? Soberly, brother! sister! all prayer must be in harmony with the will of the Master, and all promises he has given are thus given. He does not ask the consent of the will before he convicts. This is his 'sovereign good pleasure to do.' The Spirit 'lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' For conviction—deep, pungent conviction—we may pray, and pray without doubt.

Do not say, 'I cannot preach convincingly; I cannot exhort powerfully; I have no direct influence of my own to bring sinners to Christ.' Say again, but add 'I can do better. Because the Master has said it. I can bring the Holy Spirit in illuminating and convincing power upon the consciences of men.'

O ye believers in Christ, know ye this power? It is omnipotent, for his prevailing Spirit indites such prayer. He is not bound by 'summer's heat or winter's cold.' How unceasingly, then, ought it to be made! Men are living in open transgression. Your own sons and daughters are breaking away from golly restraints, and pressing in the way to death. Their time, your time, God's time is today. Are we not fearfully responsible for the indifference of those around us? Ah! if a burden for souls, like that Christ bore, rested upon the church, then, indeed, would sinners know no rest day or night, until they embraced the cross. It is in her power to make very difficult the descent to the pit. Let us then—

"Awake to earnest prayer,
Our covetous again renew,
And walk in his fear,
The Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
'Till rebels shall obey."

—Zion's Herald.

SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL LABOR.

The disciples of the Lord Jesus should labor with all their might in the work of God, as if everything depended upon their own exertions; and yet, having done so, they should not in the least trust in their labor and efforts, and in the means which they use for the spread of the truth, but in God; and they should, with all earnestness, seek the blessing of God, in persevering, patient, and believing prayer.

Here, Christian readers, is the great secret of success. Work with all your might; but trust not in the least in your work. Pray with all your might for the blessing of God; but work, at the same time, with all diligence—with all patience—with all perseverance. Pray, then, and work. Work and pray. And still again pray, and then work. And so on, all the days of your life. The result will surely be abundant blessing. Whether you see much fruit or little fruit, each kind of service will be blessed. We should labor, then, for instance, with all earnestness in seeking to circulate thousands of copies of the Holy Scriptures, and hundreds of thousands of tracts, as if everything depended upon the amount of copies of the Holy Scriptures and tracts which we circulate; and yet, in reality, we should not in the least degree put our dependence upon the number of copies of the Holy Scriptures, and upon the number of tracts, but entirely upon God for his

blessing, without which all these efforts are altogether useless. This blessing, however, should be sought by us habitually and perseveringly in prayer. It should also be fully expected.—*Heavenly Tidings.*

RELIGIOUS SUCCESS.

"Nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net," said Peter to the Master. It had been a toilsome time. But nothing had come of it. Through the long night the two fishing boats were passing back and forth over the water. These fishermen knew their work well. They dwell upon the lake side. The scenes around are homelike scenes. With every cool and deep and shaded cove where the fish love to gather, they are familiar. They have searched them thoroughly with their nets. Yet where they usually have caught so much, to-night they can catch nothing. At last the morning breaks. The night the best time for fishing—has been fruitless. It is useless to try more. So the morning finds them with their boats moored, and they—cleaning their nets. "They have toiled all the night, and taken nothing."

Picture of discouraged workers! So many hours consumed, so much toil expended—nothing done. We have nothing!—how that will keep breaking from the spiritual fishermen! We have "taken nothing" in Christian experience. We are not what we might be—what we ought to be. We have entered too little into the perfect peace of the soul that is stayed on God. We have reached up too little into the jubilant experience of the Apostle—certain that nothing can separate him from the love of Christ.

And then we have "taken nothing" in Christian achievement. We are sure that much is to be done. We are filled with a vague longing to do something; and we often do make, at least some small attempt. We throw overboard our nets and drag sea; but, alas! they too often come up empty. The sum of our Christian achievements seems very small comparatively. We may have toiled all the night; but it does frequently seem as though we had taken nothing. But must we always live at such a poor dying rate? Is this forever to be the Christian plaint?—We have toiled all the night, and taken nothing! Is it true that the promises of a rich and exalted Christian life which flow before us are only a sort of pious ignis fatuus to allure us?—is nothing solid which we can grasp? Must our nets come up empty for evermore when we seek to enter upon a Christian fishing? Are we always to be discouraged with failure and never exultant with success? So, shall we follow the Disciples—stop trying and moor the boats of our attempt?

Never! Success is possible and certain. It always follows such spirit and answers as this: "Master, we have toiled all the night and taken nothing. Nevertheless, at thy word, I will let down the net."

Here, then, is the way into a religious success. It takes always two steps to walk this way, and so to get into success.

The first step is faith.

"At thy word, I will let down the net." If it be Christ's word, that is sufficient. If only Christ order it, that at once legitimizes and renders reasonable any undertaking, however hopeless. It may be noon tide—the very worst time for fishing—when the glare of the sun has sent the fish down, the dark holes, too deep and jagged, into rocks, to be reached by any net. Yet, if Christ say, "Cast in the net," His time is the best time, and faith is to believe Him. That is the only faithful, and so the only Christian attitude—waiting for Christ's word. This step of faith is the first one to be taken along this way into religious success. It is very certain that nobody ever found himself amid such success who had not taken it.

The other step is that of Obedience. A faith, pure and firm as it may be—if it be only a secret and cloistered faith, is not enough; that faith must come out of its seclusion into daylight, and give itself for action. Not simply believe that what Christ says is to be done—just the thing to do—but it must address itself to the doing it. Faith must pass out into obedience. See, it is all in Peter's answer: "Nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net"—and forthwith the net is hauled from the boat and hurled into the sea, and soon it goes to the bottom. Obedience—that is the second step on the way out into a religious success.

For see, now they begin to gather in the net. They live upon it. It does not come in light and sun as it has before. Look, how they tug and pull. The boat dips beneath the wave at the weight upon it. The net cannot stand the strain. The other boat must come to help; nor can the two boats hold the entire treasure. Why, even failure, which had toiled all night and taken nothing, taking but those two steps of Faith and quick Obedience, has passed on and out into the most alluring success.

For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him." Just as the sunlight presses round the opening flower, to fill it and to point it and to nourish it, so it is with the strength of God's word in Obedience. For such a heart is a perfect heart—it holds itself in pure intent. And the good Christ waits upon it to show himself strong in its behalf. A heart like that can never fail.—*Christian at Work.*

BLASPHEMOUS PRETENSIONS OF ROMISH PRIESTS.

At the fifth anniversary of the first celebration of the mass by Pope Pius IX, last April, Father Scarsbrick, at St. Peter's, Liverpool, said the power possessed by the priest was so great, so prodigious, that in his exercise of it he spoke not as man, but as God, and he took the place of God when he said, 'I absolve thee from sins.' His power was greater than that of the angels. The heavenly spirits, though superior to the priest by the excellence of their nature, had nothing at all in their functions which could compare with the function of the priest—they had to look on from a distance with face veiled and bowed to the altar. The angels adored what the priest held in his hand. The priest was the agent of God; and he it was who bound and unbound in God's name. After alighting to the power exercised by Moses and Joshua in prayer, the reverend gentleman said the priest could do still greater things. He could call down from heaven Him who was God in part, equal with the Father, and he became

incarnate in the hands of that priest, and allowed himself to be immolated by him, to be placed here or there wherever that man pleased; and to be done with as he (the priest) liked. Joshua only told the sun to stand still once, but the priest ordered Jesus Christ to come down from heaven to earth every time he pronounced the words of the Gospel. That was the power of the priest. What was it that could raise up a man when he had fallen? Call upon the angels and archangels, upon St. Michael himself even, the conqueror of heaven, could they say to a man, 'I absolve you from your sins?' No, they could not. Call upon the blessed Virgin Mary, the queen of heaven and the terror of hell, she could and she would pray for them, and her prayers would have great power before the throne of God, but she could not absolve from any sin. She could not, but the priest could. The responsibility and dignity, and position of a priest were far beyond that of a magistrate, an ambassador, a prime minister, or a sovereign, because his duties were far more important; he was the first Lord of the treasury of heaven.

ON THE CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

Of all the snares to which the Christian is exposed, perhaps the most fatal, the most ruinous, are those which spring from improper companions. The word of God expressly forbids association with evil companions. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." If sinners notice thee, consent thou not. My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path! "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But what company is evil? Not that only of the profligate and profligate, of the dissolute and abandoned; but that of all those who are strangers to vital piety. The vain, giddy, thoughtless multitude, who disregard the interests of eternity, and live without God in the world, although moral in their conduct, and amiable in their manners, are associates that would be ruinous to your best interests. There is no snare by which young processors of religion are more likely to be undone than by this.

All that are strangers to converting grace have the carnal mind, which is at enmity against God; and 'should you love them and hate the Lord?'—take pleasure in those, in whose ways God takes no pleasure?—find delight in them who have no delight in the Saviour, and in whom he has no satisfaction? They cherish intimate acquaintance with those who are strangers to vital religion; is represented as the way to destruction. 'A companion of fools shall be destroyed.' Beware, little Christians and great Christians, how you mingle or associate with persons—male or female—of the habit of saving grace, or with more formal professors. Labor to do them good. You may warn them to flee the wrath to come—fall not point them to Jesus, the Lamb of God! evermore—but take heed of your companionship. Do your business with worldly men dispatching and run, as one caught in a thunder-storm; while the rain is descending in torrents, run!—escape for your life! The atmosphere of the ungodly is infectious malaria, more to be feared than the deadly simoom of the fatal 'Upas.' Professed disciples of Jesus, that while away a single moment in idle, common-place chat, engage in light or frivolous conversation with the irreligious, are already fearfully backslidden, if grace they ever had.

There is an atmosphere surrounding every human body which naturally affects every one who comes within its limits. There is something analogous to this in regard to a human spirit. If you continue long in the atmosphere can you help being affected? The contagion spreads from soul to soul. The least spot on a beautiful white robe mars its beauty sadly. 'We are known by the company we keep.' If we are seen with vain persons, trifling, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, it is taken for granted we are one of the number—an enemy to the cross of Christ. Young reader, do you love the society of the vulgar? If then you are already debased in your sentiments, do you seek to be with the profane? In your heart you are like them. Are jesters and buffoons your closest friends? He who loves to laugh at folly is himself a fool. Do you love and seek the society of the wise and good—is this your habit? Would you rather take the lowest seat among such than the highest among others?—then you have already learned to be wise and good. You may not have made much progress, but even a good beginning is not to be despised. Hold on your way, and seek to be a companion of all who fear and love God. So shall you be wise for yourself and wise for eternity.

TRUST IN GOD.

What is the deepest sentiment of religion? It is trust in God. In its perfected degree, the soul reposes unlimited confidence in the power and wisdom and goodness of the invisible and eternal Father. The events, the trials, the struggles, the storms and sorrows of life, all serve to try and test this prime element of religious character to the very utmost. At times it seems that the gracious God himself were ordering the dispositions to thwart all your plans in life, to compass you even in your best endeavors to make a noble personal history, and by a well-concerted arrangement of difficulties fairly to overthrow you. You cannot penetrate his designs, you cannot understand his ways, as they appear to your reason to contradict the teachings and laws of Providence as disclosed in Scripture and in the general course of history. It is at this point of contact between the failure of reason's vision and the steady poise of faith that the sublimity of the religious life is seen as the soul, rising above the atmosphere of sense, looks down upon the world, and says, 'I trust in him.' Let the storm rage; let the wild tempest strew the earth with his desolations and heave the deep sea into mountainous ridges of foam and vengeance; let the blasts of adversity assail me with tenfold fury, my soul shall never give up her trust in the God of my salvation. Does the mariner, when the gloom hides from his view all the guiding stars, lose his confidence in the compass? Does he mistrust the laws of nature as he thus steers for the distant haven over the wide waste of waters? No more does the

mature Christian doubt the continuous operation of the laws of that economy of redemptive grace that pledges all the attributes of the Almighty for the ultimate safety and blessedness of those who commit their entire existence in loving obedience to his care and mercy and love. 'Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.'—*N. Western Advocate.*

PATIENT WAITING.

BY H. A. S.

"Strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering, with joyful hope." Col. i. 11.

FIRST VOICE.

Slowly the days pass and wearily,
Sorrow throughout the land;
Swiftly the days pass yet dearly,
The night seems ever at hand,
The night seems ever at hand,
Tempers and darkness and sorrow,
These are our portion for aye—
Never a hope for the morrow—
Nor one hour of gladness to-day.
Toil we from morn until evening,
Our work is never done;
Bear we with patience, or murmuring,
Still we must suffer on,
God has forgotten his children,
Hearts not their pitiful cry,
Far from our earth is his heaven,
And we all undecided may die.

Die, die, die!
Return to the dust whence we came,
Die, die, die!
Even the spirit on God hath no claim.
He spoke and we sprang into being,
A part of the world he has made,
This something that mortals call living,
Is but passing from shade into shade,
From the world of the unknown we enter,
To re-enter again at our death;
Life, on which all our fondest hopes centre,
Like a flame flickers out at a breath.

SECOND VOICE.

Only unto God we render
Up the life which Godhead gave;
God the giver lives forever,
He hath made and he will save.
Save from sin through Christ the Saviour,
Save from darkness and the grave,
Prove himself our kind Protector,
Give the comfort which we crave.
What though heaven be his dwelling?
God, our Father, reigns above;
Earthly mist can never hide us
From our God, the God of Love.
What though heaven be his dwelling?
Ours is present in his King—
And 'mid sorrow, darkness, danger,
We his praises loud will sing.

Trusting in them they cannot see,
Heavenly Father! still to thee
Come thy children. Save and bless,
Heal our sore distress.
After labor cometh rest;
Doubtless are those toilers blest
Who for God their strength have spent,
On their Master's glory bent.

Thanks for sorrow, thanks for pain,
Earthly ills work heavenly gain;
Clouds must soon all pass away,
Darkness yield to brightest day.
Weary though thy children be,
Patient, Lord, they wait on thee?
Not till thou dost bid us come
Would we enter Heaven and Home.

—MORAVIAN SEMINARY, Bethlehem, Pa.

THE PASSWORD.

During the recent American war a noble band of Christians, called the Christian Commission, at the head of which was Mr. Stuart, accompanied the army wherever it went, and amidst the sick, wounded, and dying, did a great work for Jesus. Late one night Mr. Stuart had to pass the lines of the two armies, and before starting he asked the colonel of the regiment for the password. "Chicago," was given him, and away he rode, feeling all safe. At the lines a sentry challenged him with the usual "Who goes there? friend or foe?" "A friend," said Mr. Stuart. The sentry presented his rifle, and demanded the password. "Chicago?" was the confident reply. Without moving, the sentry said, "Mr. Stuart, it is my duty to shoot you, for you have given the wrong password. Ride back to head quarters and get the right one, for it would be death to me to give it to you."

Mr. Stuart turned his horse's head, galloped back to the colonel's tent, and rushing in, said, "Colonel, you gave me the wrong password 'Chicago,' and it is wrong."

How could I be such a fool? said the Colonel; that is the one for yesterday; to-day's is 'Massachusetts.' I am deeply sorry for the mistake, Mr. Stuart."

Again he approached the line, and again the challenge met him. "Who goes there? friend or foe?" "A friend," said Mr. Stuart. "Have you the password?" "Massachusetts," was the reply. At once the rifle was lowered, and the word given, "Pass."

As Mr. Stuart rode up to the sentry, he said, "Well, you have asked me for the password twice; once I gave it wrong; it might have been fatal to me. Let me ask you, my lad, do you know the password for heaven, which will only be asked for once?" The sentry replied, "I thank God I do, sir; I learned it from your lips in a New York Sabbath school. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin'—that is the password, sir."

See to it that you have the right password at heaven's gate. The blood, and only the blood, of Jesus, is sufficient then. Jesus only in life, and after this life. Luther, whenever he wrote a letter, headed the sheet "Jesus," as if to intimate that all must be done with reference to him. Let this be your motto, as it was of many a Scottish martyr who, for his faith, suffered death by burning: "Jesus only."—*The Happy Secret.*

Words are little things, but they sometimes strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fifth, spoken, their fall like sunshine, the dew and the fertilizing rain; but when unskillfully, like the hail, the hail, and desolating tempest.