

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, APRIL 15, 1870.

Whole No. 847.

ALBION HOUSE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1870.

WHITE COTTONS.

5,000 yards White Cottons in different makes.

CARLISLE, MEDIUMS,

SUPERS & HORROCKESSES

LONG CLOTHS,

Direct from the Manufacturers.

The above are the BEST VALUE ever offered in this City.

JUST OPENED:

TUCKED COLLARS AND CUFFS, for Spring wear;

ONE BALE WARPS, ONE BALE PATCH COTTON.

A LOT OF

STUFF REMNANTS,

with a few light

DRESS GOODS,

will be cleared out at nearly

Half Price.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Mar. 25, 1870

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,

REPPS, FRENCH MERINOES,

MINNIVER TWILLS,

DROUETS, 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.

The Intelligencer.

FORGIVENESS OF TRESPASSES.

BY REV. D. SHUCK.

The forgiveness of trespasses is one of the many duties commanded by our divine Teacher. Its necessity grows out of our own ignorance and imperfections, which cause us to make many blunders along life's journey and to neglect many important duties, in consequence of which we are taught to pray 'Forgive us our trespasses.' The law is imperative, forgive, or we will not be forgiven. Whatever may have been the nature of the trespass—affecting property, person, or character—we are to show mercy, without demanding justice, and forgive even as Christ has forgiven us. When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.' Mark xi. 25. In this passage we are plainly taught the exercise of this grace, whenever we are disposed or have a mind to pray. 'But if you do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.' Mark xi. 26. Also, Matt. vi. 14-15: 'For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' These quotations certainly establish this law as the rule by which we should live before God. They who pray 'Forgive us our trespasses,' as we forgive those who have trespassed against us, and at the same time have not in their hearts forgiven, certainly are sealing their own damnation; for, how can they hope for pardon if they refuse to comply with conditions laid down as the rule upon which pardon is promised? Surely, there can be no ground for such hope while such is the state of the heart; and the dark cloud of despair must continue to hang over their spirits.

It was a maxim among the ancient Jews that no man should lie down on his bed without forgiving those who had offended him. Adam Clarke says 'that man condemns himself to suffer eternal punishment who uses this (the Lord's) prayer with revenge and hatred in his heart. He who will not attend to a condition so advantageous to himself—remitting a hundred pence to his debtor, that his own creditor may remit him ten thousand talents—is a madman, who, to oblige his neighbor to suffer an hour, is himself determined to suffer everlastingly. This condition of forgiving our neighbor, though it can not possibly merit anything, yet it is that condition without which God will pardon no man.'

If when the Lord taught Peter that when his brother offended, and returned again and said, 'I repent,' he should forgive seventy times seven times a day, the apostles said, 'Lord, increase our faith,' how appropriate for us to repeat the same language—'Lord, increase our faith.' For who does not need more faith in the authority of this teaching, and that the obedience of the heart thereto is necessary to salvation? Who has not been trespassed against? Who has not suffered in influence, in reputation, and in feelings because of the unforgotten, uncharitable imputations, the malevolent expressions, or the unjust acts of others? Or who, in the language of our dying Lord, says: 'Forgive them, they know not what they do.' From this subject I wish to present two special conclusions.

First, We see clearly one of the reasons why some persons, who are deeply convicted for sin, and seem to be sincerely repenting, do not go away justified; they do not forgive others.

Second, We find the cause of so much deadness or lukewarmness in churches. Many members habitually absent themselves from the stated services and social meetings. They are negligent in the Church, if not positive for evil. In their social intercourse, they have but little good to say of others, and are always brooding over the wrongs they have suffered. They harbor in their own bosoms the cause of their misery. Remove the cause and the effect will cease. Let them forgive from their hearts, and darkness and wretchedness will flee away. The clouds dispersed and the Sun of Righteousness shining in their hearts, they will enjoy new light and increased joy. Their feelings, their thoughts, and their actions in harmony with Christ, how happy their lives. Zeal for the honor of God's house will mark their conduct, and they will be fruitful in every good work.—Telegraph.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

Several years ago a celebrated balloonist ascended from one of our Lake cities, and on his descent gave a thrilling account of his adventures. He reached a high altitude, and sailed away directly over the water. On descending to a lower air current the valves became disarranged, and being caught in a gale the balloon was borne for many miles over a Canadian forest, and at last caught in a gigantic tree, bruising its occupants severely, and leaving them in the thick forest. After wandering about for several days, subsisting upon roots, they reached a rapid stream, and by means of a rude raft they floated along until they met some friendly Indians, who directed them to the nearest settlement. In their published account they represent their feelings while lost as indescribably painful.

Man attempted a perilous ascent in the act of partaking of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; but Paradise the beautiful and lovely was lost, and the bold adventurer was lost in the world wilderness. Here, say the Scriptures, his descendants wander amidst many perils. It is true that many are so charmed with worldly beauties that they do not realize their sad position. As the birds, trees, mosses and flowers of a forest would so engage for a time the attention of a lost naturalist as to cause him to forget his danger, so the luxuriance of the world's attractions keeps the wanderer from realizing his situation for a long time. But the realization that this profusion of 'things of sense' will not save the soul comes at last; and then, what are all world beauties to him who cannot live upon them, or find means to enable him to enjoy them?

With the consciousness of the soul's situation comes the desire to extricate himself. How shall he find the way through the wilderness? Upon investigation, he will see many paths claiming to be the path of life. Just here many mistakes are made. When the soul, after wandering in a cir-

cle, at length discerns a path and rejoices in the result, it may soon find its joy turned to disappointment, for among the many that appear to lead right out of the forest there is but one true path. It is plainly marked, yet the soul will miss it, unless divinely directed. Centuries ago the Psalmist said: 'Thou wilt show me the path of life.' It has been cut through the tangled undergrowth of sin, and laid out over all obstacles. 'The breaker' has gone before us, and now 'the wayfarer' man though a fool need not err therefore. In God's Word we have a complete directory for our course; and the experiences of many who have preceded us are like the notches 'blazed' upon trees by pioneer travellers. Though we walk on the brink of precipices, and go through thickets and deep dark valleys, we will fear no evil, for our God is with us. Many saints have gone before us, and their recorded utterances encourage and animate us. Though the path has its roughnesses, it is pleasant, because the gracious Saviour is leading us, and insures our safe arrival home.

Reader, do you feel your lost condition, and do you sincerely wish to be directed. God will be your light and your salvation.

An artist once spent a night in the catacombs of Rome, for the purpose of copying a picture. He provided himself, as he supposed, with a sufficient quantity of candles and matches, and went into the cavern at nightfall. He particularly noticed, as he thought, the peculiarities of the different avenues, giving special attention to a statue of an old saint, and marked the peculiar effect of a dim light that struggled down through a crevice. While enthusiastically copying his picture, he noticed that but an inch of his candle remained. It would give just light enough to enable him to reach the entrance. But it was deceitful. The wick did not reach the bottom, and he had taken but a few steps when it fell over and went out. By striking matches he made some headway, but became bewildered. He sat down almost in despair. At length he saw the dim gray light, and in a transport walked to it, then going in the supposed direction of the image he struck his last match and saw the statue. He bounded to the stairway, and flung himself completely exhausted against the door, and was found there in the morning.

The man's matches may illustrate the human reason, and human guides. The light from above shines even in our deep darkness, and leads, not to the statue of a saint, but to the feet of the living Jesus, and from that point our course to the glory of the upper world is clear.

As the artist, when his matches were exhausted, sat down in despair, so must we give up all hope from human help, and then we shall see the heavenly light that shines from the Crucified One. Jesus says 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' If the light is faint now, it will grow exceedingly for the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Prov. 4: 18.

GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, the founder of the Royal Naval Female School for the education of naval officers' daughters, was in command of a ship crossing the Atlantic Ocean. His course brought him within sight of the island of Ascension, at that time uninhabited, and never visited by any ship except for the purpose of collecting turtles, which abounded on the coast. The island was barely seen on the horizon; but as Sir Thomas looked at it, he was seized by an unaccountable desire to steer towards it. He felt how strange such a wish would appear to his crew, and tried to disregard it; but in vain! The desire of the straightforward and excellent commander became more and more distressing and urgent; and seeing that they were fast leaving the island behind them, he told his Lieutenant to prepare to 'put about ship,' and respectfully to represent to Sir Thomas that changing their course would greatly delay them; that just at that moment the men were going to their dinner; that, at least, some delay might be allowed. But these arguments seemed to increase the Captain's anxiety, and he gave the word of command which is never resisted. He saw in the countenances of his officers an expression of wonder, and even blame, as strong as is ever shown on an order from the Captain; but he was obeyed, and the ship was steered towards the uninteresting little island.

All eyes and spy-glasses were immediately fixed upon it, and soon something was perceived on the shore.

'It is white—it is a flag—it must be a signal!'

were the cries which at intervals broke from the excited crew.

When they neared the shore, a painful spectacle met their view. They found that sixteen men, wrecked on the coast many days before, and suffering the extremity of hunger, had set up a signal though almost without hope of relief. The shipwrecked men were taken on board, and the voyage completed.

A story related by Mr. Finney, will illustrate the power of the mighty prayer of faith, even when every human aid seems withheld, and nothing remains but the burning, throbbing heart, breathing out its longings, and pouring out its groans and tears before the Lord.

In a certain town there had been no revival for many years, the Church was nearly run out, the youth were all unconverted, and desolation reigned unbroken. There lived in a retired part of the town an aged man, a blacksmith by trade, and of so stammering a tongue that it was painful to hear him speak. On one Friday, as he was at work in his shop, alone, his mind became greatly exercised about the state of the Church, and of the impotent. His agony became so great, that he was induced to lay aside his work, lock the shop door, and spend the afternoon in prayer.

He prevailed, and on the Lord's day called on the pastor, and desired him to appoint a conference meeting. After some hesitation, the minister consented, observing, however, that he feared but few would attend. He appointed it the same evening, at a large private house.

The people gathered from far and near, doubtless to the surprise of the unbelieving and faint-hearted. A solemn sense of the presence of God seemed to oppress the assembly, and feelings too deep for speech were welling up in many hearts.

All was silent for a time, until one sinner broke out in tears, and said, if any one could pray, he

WORKING FOR JESUS.

Activity in the Christian life is a duty frequently enforced by the precepts of the Word of God. Be strong, all ye people of the land, and work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of Hosts (Haggai 2: 5). Also in the parable of the two sons, our Saviour inculcates the same idea of work. 'Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.' And is it not strange that Christians, those professing to have received eternal salvation through the sufferings and death of Jesus, should need any other incentive than that fact, to lead them to consecrate their time, talent and property to his service. Should not all such anxiously inquire, with the apostle Paul, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'—and then watch for opportunities of doing good, which they can find all around them daily, and then embrace the opportunity cheerfully, looking to God for his promised blessing on their efforts?

In the church, and out of the church, there is a large amount of work to be done, and all can do something. The youngest and weakest lamb of the fold can give a tract, or invite a child to the Sunday school. None need be or should be idle in the vineyard. Jesus says 'The harvest is great and the laborers few.' As in the physical world, men are endowed with different degrees of spiritual and mental strength, so in the church of Christ men form various grades of spiritual qualifications—but none can be excused; all have at least one talent. If that talent is the tongue, they employ it in speaking for Jesus—if it is the hand, it can be employed in scattering the seed of the Word of God, and giving a helping hand in some way to others.

If we have health combined with the spirit of the Master, the poor, the sick and dying all demand some portion of our time. Above all, pointing these to Jesus gladdens their hearts and affords grace to our own. The requirement of every Christian is imperative, 'Follow me.' He went about doing good. Having been connected for a number of years with a working band of the church of which I am a member, and active in the Sabbath school also, I have found it profitable to labor outside of the church, among the destitute who are seldom ever found in the church.

I can, therefore, from personal experience testify to the benefit and enjoyment to be derived from such a course; and would urge upon all in every church, who at present stand with folded hands to enter at once into this, or some other department of Christian labor. For as activity of the body using its members increases their strength, so with the soul, its spiritual strength will be increased by active exertion in labors of love. It is written, 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whether thou goest.' Jesus also says, 'The night cometh, when no man can work.' This truth stands as a perpetual warning against indolence in the Christian life, and a motive for earnest effort. 'For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.' Let every Christian then obey the Saviour's command, and be 'always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.' J. A. S.

THE BLACKSMITH'S PRAYER.

There are persons who seem to look upon prayer as an end rather than as a means to obtain an end. Hence they criticise the prayers men offer, and busy themselves with the style, the words, and the tones that persons use in their devotions; with no reference to the real point of importance, namely, the results that follow, and the answers that are obtained. But what does these beautiful prayers amount to? Who cares how prettily they are said, if they never get what he asks for?

Of course, it is well for people to speak good English, and pray in natural tones; and it is a great pity to have persons fall into such strange, uncouth ways of talking to the Lord as would cause men to think them crazy if they came to ask a favor in the same style or tone. But great as these faults may be, they are comparatively small; for there is no blemish so bad in God's sight as the blemish of an idle, unbelieving heart. And the poorest prayers that men offer, are prayers that never have an answer from the Lord. Let us beware how we offer to the Lord rhetoric instead of righteousness, and fine words instead of love and living faith.

The question that tests the worth of each man's prayers is this, 'Does God answer them?' 'Does the man get anything in return?' It is not, 'How can he speak to man?' but, 'Can he gain the ear of God?' 'Does he have the audience with Deity?' 'Does his cry move heaven and earth?' 'Does he prevail before the throne?' 'Does he find answers to his petitions?' If so, then how small are the criticisms of men, when passed upon prayers inspired by the Holy Ghost on earth, and accepted before God and Christ in heaven! The man who can lodge his prayer on Heaven's altar need not be discouraged if rhetoricians condemn it, so long as the Omnipotent One approves it and grants him his request.

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begged him to pray for him. Another followed, and still another, until it was found that persons from every quarter of the town were under deep convictions. And what was remarkable was, that they all dated their conviction at the hour when the old man was praying in his shop. A powerful revival followed. Thus this old stammering man prevailed, and as a prince had power with God.

And thus may we prevail if we will tarry by the cross and gather near the throne. There is a God; and if the time spent in pleasing and amusing and disputing with men, was spent in urgent, fervent supplication before the Lord, we could see such a wave of blessing roll over these moral wastes, as would make earth smile, and heaven rejoice, and Satan tremble at the conquering power of Jesus Christ.

How many Churches are to day arid and parched as was the realm of Abah, when 'it rained not on the earth by the space of three and six months,' but let the lone Elijah lift to God the effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man which avails much, and the heavens shall give rain and the earth bring forth its fruits once more.

One fact is worth a thousand arguments, and a thousand facts, certified by inspired Scriptures and by living witnesses, testify that God heareth and answereth believing prayer. And all experience and observation bear witness that the real victories and triumphs of the Church of God are born, not of boast and shout, of tumult and self-laudation, but of self-abasement, poverty of spirit, humble faith, lowliness and contrition of heart, tears of penitential gratitude, and inarticulate groanings before the Lord Most High, whose strength is made perfect in our weakness, when that weakness is known, and felt, and confessed before the Throne of Grace.

AN EXAMPLE OF MORAL COURAGE.

Sir George Sinclair, of whom a biography has recently been published in London, was on various accounts, a very admirable man, but he did few things more admirable than a certain letter he once wrote to King William the Fourth, in answer to an invitation to dine with him on a Sunday.

Since—No one can value more than I do the honor and privilege of being at any time permitted to enjoy that social intercourse with which your Majesty has, on so many occasions, been pleased to indulge me for so many years. But I am fully aware with how much consideration your Majesty enters into the feelings, and sympathizes with the wishes, of those whom you honor with your friendship. I have, for some time past, been led to entertain very different notions from those which I once cherished as to the observance of this day, and subscribe fully to the views which the Church and, I may add, the Legislature, have laid down with respect to its importance. Encouraged by the latitude of discussion which your Majesty has so long and so kindly vouchsafed, I lately took the liberty, though in opposition to your Majesty's opinion, to maintain, that not merely a part, but the whole, of this day should be devoted to those great purposes for which Divine authority has set it apart. I may be permitted to add, from grateful experience, that this decision has its reward even here. I have found that God honors those who honor Him, and though encompassed with sin and infirmity, I can testify that He is not so austere a master; that He has strength for all our weakness, indemnity for all our sacrifices, and consolation for all our troubles.

I feel bound, on principles of conscience, to deny myself what is always one of my most valued gratifications, that of paying my humble and most affectionate respects this day, and must rest satisfied with renewing in my retirement those earnest supplications for your Majesty's health and happiness which are equally dictated by regard for the public welfare, and by thankfully remembered remembrance of much distinguished and unnumbered kindness. I have the honor, &c.,—GEORGE SINCLAIR.

'Let it be recorded to his Majesty's honor,' says the London Examiner, 'that on the following Monday a royal messenger arrived with another invitation to the Pavilion for that evening. The King made no allusion to the letter, but showed his appreciation of his guest's motives by treating him with more than his ordinary kindness and courtesy.'

Sir George wrote a second letter to the King a few days afterwards, to vindicate the character of those who held evangelical views from the aspersion cast upon them by members of the court circle, and sometimes by His Majesty himself.

"NOW SQUIRM, OLD NATURE."

A stingy Christian was listening to a charity sermon. He was nearly deaf, and was accustomed to sit facing the congregation, right under the pulpit, with his ear trumpet directed upwards towards the preacher. The sermon moved him considerably. At the time he said to himself—'I'll give ten dollars,' again he said, 'I'll give fifteen.' At the close of the appeal, he was very much moved, and thought he would give fifty dollars. Now the boxes were passed. As they moved along, his charity began to ooze out. He came down from fifty to twenty, to ten, to five, to zero. He concluded that he would not give anything. 'Yet,' said he, 'this won't do—I am in a bad fix. My hopes of heaven may be in this question. This covetousness will be my ruin.' The boxes were getting nearer and nearer. The crisis was upon him. What should he do? The box was now under his chin—all the congregation were looking. He had been holding his pocket-book in his hand during this soliloquy, which was half audible, though in his deafness he did not know that he was heard. In the agony of the final moment, he took his pocket book and laid it in the box, saying to himself as he did it—'Now squirm, old nature!'

This was victory beyond any that Alexander ever won—a victory over himself. Here is a key to the problem of covetousness. Old nature must go under. It will take great giving to put stinginess down. A few experiments of putting in the whole pocket book may, by and by, get the heart into the charity box, and then the cure is reached. All honor to the deaf old gentleman. He did a magnificent thing for himself, and gave an example worth imitating, besides pointing a paragraph for the student of human nature.—Rev. G. F. Clark.

TESTIMONY.

The divinely appointed instrumentality for saving men is testimony. It pleases God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe; not by controversy, nor oratory, nor metaphysics, but plain, simple, and honest, witness bearing for God. The apostles were witnesses, testifying to Jews and Greeks the power of God to raise up Jesus and save mankind. The basis of Christianity was not theories that they argued out, but facts which they had seen. They were not asked what they knew. That which their eyes had seen, and their ears had heard, and their hands had handled of the word of life was the subject of their discourses; and in speaking of the things which they did know, and testifying of the things which they had seen, their words had mighty power. They were not alone, their testimony was unity; and then an unseen witness was present working conviction in their hearers' minds. Thus they spoke: 'This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses of these things, and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him.'

And while they thus testified to both Jews and Greeks, repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, their simple, honest words convinced their hearers, and men believed the glad tidings and were saved.

God calls for witnesses to day. They may not be able from personal knowledge to tell the vision of a transfigured Christ, or the story of an opened sepulchre and an angelic message on a Saviour's resurrection morn, but they can testify of the present grace of God, and the living, pardoning, healing power who saves the lost. They can tell of sins forgiven, or sad hearts cheered, of gracious guidance, and heavenly joy.

And this is what the world needs. From the vast multitudes of the weary, the troubled, the sinful and the lost, rises an ancient and oft-repeated cry, 'Who shall show us any good?' And while Pharisees and fanatics are working in multitudes the terrible conviction that conversion is a sham, and Christianity a solemn fraud, there is need of men and women, multitudes of them, who know and can tell that the Son of man yet lives, and lives to save the lost.

In a noon day prayer meeting in Chicago, the following fact was stated: An aged Christian lady once prevailed on an infidel to undertake the reading of the Bible. He read it faithfully till he came to a certain passage which referred to the personal experience of the children of God, and when he read it he said, 'If I can find any one to testify to the truth of that I will believe.' He went to the minister, 'Can you testify of that truth? Are there any in your church that can?' 'Oh, yes,' said the minister; 'there are many. Go to such a brother and ask him.' He went with the solemn question, 'Can you testify to that truth?' The brother gave him the same evasive answer, and sent him to another brother, who was supposed to be very devout; and so he was sent from one to another, bearing the same question, and receiving the same response until he said at last, 'All of you say that others can testify, but no one is willing to do it himself; and he went away an unbeliever in the gospel of Christ.'

Reader, how would he have fared had he come to you with the question? John said, 'We know that we are of God.' Do you know it? Paul said, 'I know in whom I have believed.' Do you know it? John says, 'We know that we have passed from death unto life.' Do you know it? Job saith, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Do you know it? O, believers, call for witnesses, souls, and where are they to day?

'I am not eloquent,' says one. But eloquence is not what is wanted. The dying man wants to see, not the greatest talker in town, but the man who has been sick just as he is, and who can tell just what he cured him. And sinners, longing for salvation, want some sinner who is saved to testify to the fact. Can you do it? You need not dispute, or boast, or argue, just testify. When they brought Paul before the rulers he told what God had done for him. Can you do the same? You need not undertake to make speeches, or deliver orations, or put on airs.

Tell what you know. If men don't believe it, tell it over. If they contradict it, tell it again. Keep telling it. Do not boast, but testify. Do not equivocate, but testify. Know something, and tell it out. Preach salvation. Testify for Christ. Many will heed your words. 'A faithful witness delivereth souls,' and in the kingdom of God's glory you shall be numbered among those of whom it is said, 'They overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony.'—The Christian.

A DEATH-BED SERMON.—A New York secular

paper gives the following:—

A gentleman died last week, at his residence in our up-town fashionable streets, leaving \$11,000,000. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, in excellent standing, a good husband and father, and a thriving citizen. On his death-bed, lingering long, he suffered with great agony of mind, and gave continual expression to his remorse at what his conscience told him had been an ill-spent life. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, and his weeping friends and relations gathered about his bed—'Oh! if I could only live my years over again. Oh! if I could only be spared for a few years, I would give all the wealth I have amassed in a life time. It is a life devoted to money getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter.' His clergyman endeavored to soothe him, but he turned his face to the wall. 'You have called it a wise economy and forethought, but my riches have been only a snare for evil, a poor soul! I could give all I possess to have hope for my soul.' In this sad state of mind, refusing to be consoled, this poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to the mere acquisition of riches. Many came away from the bedside impressed with the uselessness of such an existence as the wealthy man had spent, adding house to house and dollar to dollar, until he became a millionaire. All knew him to be a professing Christian and a good man, as the world goes, but the terror and remorse of his death-bed administered a lesson not to be lightly dismissed from memory. He would have given all his wealth for a single hope of heaven.

Coleridge remarked, that the great ends which a statesman ought to propose to himself in the government of a nation are: First, Security to possessors; second, Facility to inquirers; and thirdly, Hope to all.