

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, MAY 13, 1870.

Whole No. 841.

ALBION HOUSE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1870.

WHITE COTTONS,

5,000 yards White Cottons in different makes.

CARLISLE, MEDIUMS,

SUPERS & HORROCKSES

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,

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DROUGETS, EPIGLETTS,

COBURGS, ALPACCAS, &c.,

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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 imports.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, January 14, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

AFRICA.

An Arabic letter has been forwarded to the English Church Missionary Society by a Mohammedan prince in Africa, promising protection to all missionaries laboring within the bounds of his kingdom. Among the Fingoes and Kaffirs, in Independent Caffaria, an encouraging account is given of the progress of the gospel. Regular schools, numerous and successful, and stated congregations with nearly 300 communicants, are the proof of the progress of Christianity.

It is announced that the most powerful king in the regions interior of Monrovia, who holds in his hands the road to the sea and the trade of all the interior States, shows a laudable desire for the education of the children of his town, and is desirous that missionaries should take up their abode with him.

In the region of Sierra Leone no less than ten parishes maintain their own native pastors, and provide for all the expenses connected with their church ordinances and schools.

Good news continues to be forwarded in regard to the powerful and extensive revival of religion in connection with the churches in and around Monrovia. Many scores have been awakened. A stand for Christ in the midst of their heathen countrymen. Nearly two hundred have been converted, and the work is still extending.

The Niger countries, far up to the interior, are opening more and more to peaceful commerce and the gospel.

Among the Zulus, several boys in a mission school have lately been made the subjects of renewing grace.

Few missions have been more satisfactory than those in South Africa. Within the colonies of the Cape, Natal and the Dutch Republics, there are now employed 69 missionaries, who report 11,624 church members, 6,134 children in schools. During two years a revival of religion has prevailed, which has been productive of immense good. A native ministry has been raised up, several editions of the entire Scriptures in Kafir have been issued, and a Christian literature is in process of formation.

SYRIA.

At the close of the term in the Theological Seminary, all the young men go to various parts of the field to make known the message of the gospel. They manifest an earnest desire to save souls. In one of the fields an aged man is spoken of, who sold his sword, his favorite weapon, to buy a Bible. It is said that the Arab congregations, crowded by a multitude of converts of both sexes, and the literary institutions established by the missionaries are all flourishing. There is some persecution. The Jesuits are proposing to print an edition of the Bible in Arabic, translated from the Vulgate. Once they burn the Scriptures in Mount Lebanon. For their efforts to circulate the Word of God, even marred by the errors of the Vulgate, there is reason to thank God.

TURKEY.

At a place in central Turkey there has recently prevailed a religious revival, quiet, deep, and powerful. A thousand persons are said to have been present at a common prayer meeting, which was well conducted by a native pastor.

Great and successful efforts are employed at present to induce the Turkish women to learn to read in their own language, and some of them have at times much improved by spiritual things. To one, who thought it a formidable work to learn to read, the narrative was related of an aged man who commenced to learn when he was 75 years old, and who made his Bible and hymn book his constant companions for fifteen years.

INDIA.

A growing appreciation of the Scriptures is manifest in Southern India. A heathen man is often found, here and there, reading the Bible attentively. Almost all the well educated natives express a high regard for God's Word. A Hindu man, holding a high official station, makes a practice of always reading a chapter or two of the Bible before he goes to his office. Dozens of wealthy natives have copies of the Scriptures with them, and they are always attentive and interested listeners to the gospel. A heathen schoolmaster has adopted the Bible as a text book in his school. One man in the bazaars bought the Book of Proverbs for his son, and told him to commit it to memory, because it contains instruction adapted to men in all situations. A heathen lawyer of distinction, it is said, always reads a Psalm of David in the morning.

SIAM.

The American Presbyterian missionaries to the Laos, in Siam, were at first received in a very friendly manner, a few months since, by the authorities; but more recently, for some unexplained cause two of their converts were arrested and put to death, and the missionaries had much apprehension for their own safety. A deputation of missionaries has visited the Regent of Siam in reference to this act of persecution. They were kindly received, and a promise given that an official should immediately be sent to the King of the Laos, enjoining him to protect the missionaries.

CHINA.

In Peking there are signs of good. Here and there one accepts the gospel, and is joined to the visible church. The girl's mission school is a place of interest. One pupil has lately been converted, and most of them attend the weekly prayer meeting for the school. At a recent meeting every male member of the church took part, and one or two besides. This meeting is held in a hall, and a man received at the chapel, three years ago, some Christian instruction and a copy of the Old Testament. He took it home to a place thirty or forty miles distant, read it, and undertook to worship God by bloody sacrifices, according to the Levitical ritual, offering a goat and other things. After some months he met with a native preacher, who gave him a New Testament, and instructed him to believe in Jesus. A missionary of another denomination has recently visited the place, and finding the man a genuine believer, has admitted him to the church. Thus one sow and another reaps.

POLYNESIA.

On the Sandwich Islands, the sixty native churches, and the entire body of native pastors

and preachers receive no pecuniary aid from this country. The native Christians of Hawaii last year contributed nearly \$30,000 in gold for various benevolent objects, sent forth five foreign missionaries from their own people to the regions beyond, and employed on the islands a native Chinese to labor among his immigrant countrymen. On one of the islands, Puna, the monthly concert contributions average a hundred dollars or more. All the native pastors preach acceptably, and cultivate their fields with a good deal of zeal and fidelity. There is a training school for young preachers on Hilo, in which there are many active and promising young men. An account is given of a native ordination, at which each of the members of the ordaining council gave to the candidate the right hand of fellowship, with a few words of Christian salutation—an exercise which drew tears from many eyes.

CONCLUSION.

Thus, from the east and the west, the north and the south, from the continents and the islands, come the tidings of the triumphs of Christ's gospel. It is our part to labor, to sacrifice, to pray; it is God's to save and to bless. As he will not be wanting on the one hand, so let us not be wanting on the other. And soon, he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together.

LITTLE BEGINNINGS.

There is, in the Old Testament, this story:—Hazel was the favorite of Benhadad, king of Syria. And Benhadad was sick. Hearing that Elisha was come to Damascus, he sent Hazel to him with costly presents, to know if he should recover. When the man of God saw him he burst into tears. And Hazel said, Why weepeth my Lord? And he answered, I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel; their strongholds will thou set on fire, and their young men will thou slay with the sword and wilt dash their children and will rip up their women with child. And Hazel answered in amazement and perhaps in horror, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' And Hazel went back and told the king that he should recover of his illness, and the next day took a thick cloth and dipped it in water, and spread it on his master's face so that he died, and reigned in his stead, and went on to do those very things which were prophesied. So little does a man know himself, and to what results a little deviating from the right may lead.

The temptations a young man will hardly find himself exposed to will come from the society of which he thinks himself a part, from his companions, from his occupation. There are of course temptations in himself, but they are more or less affected—created, shaped, intensified—by his external relations.

None of these, however, assert their full power at once. A man does not see, does not suspect the end to which they lead from the beginning. He will not believe any one who warns him of evils. He does not see them, so he will not believe them. But nothing grows more rapidly and secretly than the power of temptation. It begins a little thing, as the night river begins, in some tiny, far-back spring. It grows upon you as tropical epidemics grow. Its power lies in the swift onset of attack, the insidiousness of repetition, the added strength that every repetition gives. A man has first only an evil desire, then it grows to a wish, then to a purpose, then to a deed, and then to many deeds or some big one. You couldn't make him believe that danger lay in that far-back evil desire. He will not allow that any such innocent looking thing has any harm in it. But Judas had first only an avaricious feeling, then it became a longing, then he handled the money in the bag in which the disciples kept their little property, he began to take it, and at last thirty pieces of silver tempted him to betray his Master. Hazel shrunk with horror from the picture Elisha drew. He answered in confidence—in indignation, 'What, is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' Yet the prophecy worked in him. It mastered every prompting of loyalty, friendship and principle; he killed his master, and entered rebelliously on the very career he had shrunk from, because even worse than the prophet had said.

Just so subtle and insidious is the power of temptation in us all, as every man finds in his own experience. At first it is something quite a little wrong, something that excites no suspicion, something not wrong at all, only one of the things he had better not do. You could not give a moral reason, lay down a law against it, only he had better not do it. He repeats it. You can't define the reason of your caution to him, or your apprehension for him, nor can you draw the line where the repetition makes the difference, and the thing becomes positively injurious, immoral or fatal. Atoms make the solid reefs on which great ships go down; trifling things repeated break the strongest power to temptation, gigantic and tyrannous, and the man is overwhelmed by them before he realizes that in any way he has lost self-mastery. Or you recognize the danger in the outset. There is something you know you ought not to yield to. It is persistent and imperious, and it has that fatal ally within yourself without which its appeals would be powerless—for it is the traitor within that, after all, makes the mischief. The sense of danger rather pleases, excites, adds zest. You know you shall yield, so you toy with it as man toys with poisonous reptiles. You are wary for a while, but you become bold, careless, the fatal fang is planted in you while you are showing off your power. Then conscience rouses, has its say, inflicts its lash; or consequences overtake, or the great fear of detection comes, and you must cover up the wrong. The terrible, oftentimes fatal, next step is necessitated—the step you never dreamed of taking, that you shrink from and shudder at as Hazel did. You did not mean to go so far, did not dream of this, but inexcusable law—an interior impulse, an exterior compulsion—grabs you. You are no more your own master, have not the power of holding back. You are like the locomotive on the downward grade, the rails coated with ice, no grapple for the breaks, the wheels slipping, the head of steam full and not to be shut off, the deep, dark, broad, black gulf before, and the headlong, inevitable, deadly plunge from which no law of matter or of man or of God can save it. And that point is reached before the reckless, desperate man is aware. The downward grade is under him before he detects the shift in the level. He passes the point of hope while he yet flatters himself upon the time and power of recovery. He may apply all known out-

ward means to stay his career, but they don't take hold. He has lost the power to grapple, and becomes, at last, inevitably, utterly, hopelessly, the prey of that thing which once he laughed at as having no power to injure him. Not like most desperate men, the most determined scoundrel, but is surprised to find himself where he has not dreamed to be, with no power of recoil amid his terrors and agonies. We are not born scoundrels any more than we are born saints. We grow into either gradually.

This gradual power and over-power of temptation is one of the worst things about it. If we but realized results, there would be scarcely the shadow of difficulty. Hazel, Judas, no one would have begun to yield had they known what a first yielding entailed. If results were at once before us, sheer and abrupt, we should at once draw back. A man with a precipice before him starts back and is safe, but a head-slide loosens itself, his fatal start before it is noticed, and not till we are hopelessly under way do we see the danger. That is why heathen philosophy as well as Christ put the emphasis on the entrance into temptation. It is at the gate which leads to destruction that the struggle is to be. Enter, once pass it, and you are beset by all sorts of things you cannot name or number. The record of the galleys uniformly is that the first step was the fatal one; that each succeeding step followed surely and rapidly as the links of the chain follow each other over the side of the vessel, when the anchor is dropped into the black abyss.

PERSONAL LABOR FOR THE SALVATION OF THE SINNER.

Public addresses have a province in the gospel system which it would be ruinous to despise or attempt to supersede; yet personal individual effort also has a power which should not be neglected. This latter agency is not always properly estimated. We give an extract from a discourse by Dr. S. J. Nichols, of St. Louis, on the text, 'And he laid his hand on every one of them and healed them,' which enforces the necessity of this personal labor for the salvation of the sinner. 'Brother, Christ has left you in the world to be witnesses for him, and to continue his work. Reach out your hands, then, and lay them on the impenitent, 'one by one.' Begin a personal warfare with them. Employed, there is a young man with you, who serves you faithfully. Have you taken him by the hand and said, 'My dear boy, I am concerned for your soul's salvation? Young Christian, you have a worldly friend, sore diseased with sin. Have you ever put your arms around his neck and said, 'Come with me to Jesus?' Teacher, your class has come to you. Have you laid your hands on every one of them? Said a lady, who has professed a great deal of sentimental interest in a certain class of the poor and oppressed, 'I never understood my duty, until one afternoon as I was watching two children at play. One of the little girls became greatly offended at her companion, and despite of her entreaties, would not be reconciled. At last her companion went up to her and threw her arms around her neck; that was sufficient; she was instantly healed of her anger; the evil spirit was cast out. I never till then said the lady—understood the deep meaning of the passage, 'He laid his hands upon them every one and healed them.'

Men are not converted as congregations, or as classes, or as crowds, but as persons. They are to be addressed directly, and oh, how many might be healed from sin, and helped into saving faith if only they felt the pressure of some hand, warm with Christian love, upon them, assuring them that some one cared for their souls. Have we not been negligent, brethren, in this our great work? We have, perhaps, at times in the church been astonished at Christ's doctrine, but have we gone out animated by his Spirit? Ah! perhaps we have, ourselves, used healing first of all. Our hearts are raised, we can not stretch them out in this holy work. Our hands are so unclean with the leprosy of sin, we fear others will regard their touch with aversion; or we are blind, so that we do not see the spiritual needs of others. Then let us ask him to lay his healing hands upon us. Let us beseech him so to come nigh us that the thrill of a new life shall flash throughout us, and we know, by all the waiting and throbbing of the heart, that we are made whole. It is our joy and hope to think that he is able and our misery and wretchedness still touch him, and all his heart is outstretched to him who comes seeking his aid. Nay, more, his arm is not shortened so that it can not reach down into the deepest depths of our guilt and need, and lay a saving hand upon us there. Sinners, sufferers, let him touch you. Do not hide from him. That touch will open the springs of a new and immortal life within you. It will bring the sweet consciousness of release from sin and death, and the glorious hope of living and being something for God. That touch—it is salvation! He who feels it here, shall know its full meaning in that day, when, held close to the bosom of Infinite Love, he shall hear Our say, as God only can utter it, 'Welcome home my child.'

A GOOD BEGINNING.

William IV. expired about midnight, if we remember right, at Windsor Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers and high functionaries of the kingdom, were in attendance. As soon as the 'sceptre' had departed with the last breath of the king, the Archbishop quitted Windsor Castle, and made his way, with all possible speed, to Kensington Palace, the residence at that time of the Princess (now Queen) Victoria. He arrived long before day-light, announced himself, and requested an immediate interview with the Princess. She hastily attired herself, and met the venerable prelate in her ante-room. He informed her of the demise of William, and formally announced to her that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch. 'The sovereignty of the most powerful nation of the earth lay at the feet of a girl of eighteen.' She was deeply agitated at 'the formidable words, so fraught with blessing or calamity.' The first words she was able to utter were these, 'I ask your prayers in my behalf.' They knelt together; and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young King of Israel in olden times, by asking from Most High, who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, 'an understanding heart to judge as great a people who could not be numbered or counted for multitude.'

Young readers. This is a lovely example to

imitate. There is true prosperity wherever there is true prayer, but nothing ever prospers without it. Begin every day, with prayer to God. Prayer will sweeten every sorrow—clear away every cloud—overcome every danger—assist in every duty—and above all, eminently prepare for heaven. Let our motto then be, 'Pray without ceasing.'

SIGHTS AT CANTON.

In enumerating the things to be seen in Canton most likely to interest a stranger, I should mention, first the streets of the city; which, notwithstanding their contracted dimensions and great irregularity, are as varying and entertaining in their aspect as a kaleidoscope. They are never more than eight or ten feet wide; not a street in the city will admit of the passage of any kind of wheeled carriage, the only mode of conveyance for passengers being the sedan chair. The houses are never more than two stories high, and the streets are often covered with light matting to keep out the sun, throwing everything into the shade; but they are nevertheless a panorama that ceases not to entertain the passer by who come from foreign lands. The principal streets are hung with all sorts of gay banners, suspended from the tops of the houses and from the fronts of the shops. The signs, which are gaily, stand upon the end and, with their bright colors, give a showy aspect to the fronts of the buildings; the shops are arranged with great taste, and in many streets have a fine display of beautiful goods of all kinds; the noisy tide of human beings, which is all the while surging through these narrow avenues on foot and in chairs, with the coolies carrying burdens of all sorts; the processions which one often meets, and which take up the whole street as they are passing along; altogether make up such a scene as can be found in no other city in China, and the like of which is not to be found in any other part of the world.

The temples of Canton, as of China generally, are very inferior in magnificence and in beauty of architecture—as they are in cleanliness, also—to those of Japan. There is nothing that I have seen anywhere in China, that will bear comparison with the grand old temples of Shiba at Yedo. The latter are kept with scrupulous neatness, the surroundings as well as the interiors showing perfect taste; while the temples here are simply curious places, the approaches to them being often obstructed with rubbish and dirt. One of the most celebrated is that of the paragon god of the city, better known as the Temple of Horrors, from a series of rude representations of the tortures of purgatory, or perdition, which occupy, but do not ornament, the square in front of the temple. They are wooden or clay images, one group representing the several stages of transmigration which the human being undergoes, in becoming the inhabitant of the body of one of the lower animals. One man is represented as undergoing the process of boiling in a caldron of oil; another is ground between two mill stones, his head and body having gone through the purifying process, the lower part of his legs and his feet only projecting from the mill. Another is placed between two planks, which are closely pressed together, and he is sawed longitudinally downwards, the blood oozing out at the sides. But it is all done in such a rude style, as to make the representations ludicrous instead of horrible.

In the square in front of this temple, I saw a small enclosure, with a placard in English at the entrance, 'Mormon; ten cents to go in and see it.' But being invited by the manager, without the little ceremony of ten cents, we went in, and found one of those curious Japanese manufactures which are known as the work of a monkey's paw, more or less affixed to the body of a doll, and conceal the line of junction. I asked the man who had it in charge if he came from Japan, and he replied, 'No, humberg?' He evidently got hold of a term the meaning of which he did not understand. The same square was crowded with groups of persons, gambling, consulting astrologers and aeromancers, and having a good time generally; while the thoughts of religious worship were among the last that could have entered their heads. The temple itself is more resorted to by the people of the city than any other, but there is very little of the form of worship at any. Every man has his shrine at the door of his house or shop, at which he burns his joss-sticks, and with this vicarious devotion he is probably satisfied.

The temple of 500 gods is another of the celebrated places. The Chinese deified their ancestors, and it is thus easy to make a large collection of gods. These 500 are carved and gilded life-size images as of many sages, real or imaginary, arranged in long rows up and down the temple. They are quite a curious sight, especially in the great variety of faces and forms which they present—all classes of features and all nationalities being represented, sometimes with very good effect. Among the gods was one in European dress, tight bodied coat and pantaloons; but how he came to be deified in China, I did not learn.

As we approached this temple, we saw half a dozen priests standing in front of a sort of altar with their books open ready to commence the service, which we afterwards heard them intoning in true ritualistic style. One of them happening to turn his head, saw us approaching, and the whole group immediately left their altar and prayer books and gathered around us, the lady who was with me, as usual, attracting the chief attention. They at once, as I judged from their looks, fell to criticising her dress. They assumed that we could not understand their conversation; but a gentleman was with me who had been ten years in China, and was perfectly familiar with their language, and he informed us, in English, that they were discussing the material of which the lady's dress was composed. One said it was gauze, another maintained it was worsted and silk. One of them spoke with great commendation of her wearing a veil, which they all thought was eminently proper for a lady. After they had discussed these points to their satisfaction, they returned to their prayer books, and as we walked on through the temple we heard them drawing out the service.

The finest temple at Canton, and that which seems most strictly devoted to purposes of worship, although few of the people are seen in it, is at Honan, directly across the river. It is reached by a long avenue of stately trees, with a large archway about half the distance from the entrance to the grounds. It has some claims, though not very great, to magnificence of structure. It is a Buddhist temple, well endowed, and supports a large number of lazy priests with closely shaven

heads, and a considerable number of that sacred animal known as the hog. The animals, I mean the swine (though the priests have scarcely any stronger marks of intelligence in their countenances) are fed from the funds of the temple, and literally roll in fat. Whether they die a natural death, or are made to contribute to the support of the priests, I do not know; but the preservation of life is a part of the Buddhist religion. I attended the service, which is—formed daily by the priests without any worshippers. About twenty officiated, and the service, which consisted of chanting or intonation, ringing of bells, striking a ton ton, and various bowings and genuflections, with marchings up and down the temple, was very like that which may be witnessed in any Roman Catholic Church. The chanting was well done, and had a pleasing effect upon the ear.

I visited some of the large gardens in the vicinity of Canton, but with the exception of the Puntinga Aquatic Garden, about two miles above the city, I saw nothing which was really pleasing. Chinese gardening is very stiff, and consists, in a great measure, in training plants and shrubs and trees in grotesque shapes, distorting the vegetable kingdom into a supposed resemblance to the animal. The Puntinga Garden is laid out on a magnificent scale, is chiefly devoted to the cultivation of aquatic plants in picturesque lakes with beautiful summer houses and palaces scattered among them, and is provided with all the requisites for elegant entertainments. The furniture is of the most costly in order, by a high officer of Government, who made an immense fortune by speculation, as it is asserted. Just before I reached Canton, his estate of several million of dollars had been confiscated, and the extensive and beautiful monument to his taste will probably become a ruin.

The silk weaving, which is largely carried on at Canton, is accounted among its curiosities; but it is chiefly interesting, as showing how the most beautiful fabrics can be wrought in small and dirty hovels and retain their purity. All the silks of China, for which Canton is most celebrated, are woven by hand on the loom of looms, frequently by more girls and boys. I watched with no little surprise the growth of a fine brocade, a little boy managing the harness, and a girl seated at the loom and casting the shuttle. Every figure came out of their hands perfect, the whole piece looking as if it just came from the fuller without spot. The processions at Canton—several of which I saw, one of them more gorgeous than anything of the kind that I had conceived, after becoming familiar with the ordinary plain dress of the Chinese—I must reserve, with many things more, for another letter.—*Cor. N. Y. Observer.*

THE PRESENT NEED.

That there is, in every department and walk of life, some great want at the present time, is evidently very widely felt. In defining what that want is, doubtless there will be a very great diversity of opinion, and many would decide it from their own particular condition or circumstances in life. The man in a humble lot in life, with little to meet his own and his family's necessities, would be tempted largely to say that his present want is the means of living. Another, with an abundance of this world's things, but with an active and useful engagements in life, will necessarily have a want. It would very properly be a want of some thing to occupy his mind, and give healthful and useful employment to his powers and his possessions.

The present need, we conceive, very largely, in the Church and among professing Christians, is a higher tone of vital, prevailing piety.

More is wanting in godliness in the sense of Godwardness. Much is needed of the spirit that leads men to have their affections set on things above, and not on the things in the earth. Far more is wanted of that spirit of anxious, absorbing concern for the well being of immortal souls, and of the cause of God, in the community around and in the country at large, which John Knox had when he was heard sighing and weeping as he cried in prayer to God, 'Give me Scotland, or I die.' What blessed and glorious results would follow, if men felt and sought after, and sought till they found, and then kept in constant exercise, the spirit which our great Exemplar had when he said, 'Wist ye not, I must be about my Father's business?' and again, 'My meat and my drink is to do the will of him that sent me.' O, that men could realize the present need, and seek to have it supplied!

The ONE LEAF.—There was once a caravan crossing, I think, the north of India, and numbering in its company a godly and devoted missionary. As it passed along, a poor old man was overcome with the heat and labour of the journey, and sinking down was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and when the others had passed along, kneeling down by his side, whispered into his ear:

'Brother, what is your hope?' The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with a great effort he answered:

'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' and immediately expired with the effort. The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer, and in the calm and peaceful appearance of the dying man he felt assured that he died in Christ. 'How or when,' he thought, 'could this man, seemingly a heathen, have got this hope?' As he thought of it, he observed a piece of paper in the hand of the corpse.

He succeeded in getting it out. What do you think was his surprise and delight when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, in which these words occur: 'On that page the man had found the gospel of salvation.'

'How long does it take to be converted?' said a young man to his father. 'How long,' asked his father, 'does it take the judge to discharge the prisoner when the jury have brought him in 'not guilty'?'

A Christian merchant should see that his customers shall see and know that he is a Christian. Is it so with you? How far does the difference between you and the worldly man lie in the fact that on the seventh day you have a little tabernacle of religious experience into which you run? What wonder that truth makes such slow advances in the world, with one Christian to tell what is true for two hours on Sunday, and hundreds to deny it all the week by their lives?—*Henry Ward Beecher.*