

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, JANUARY 28, 1870.

Whole No. 824.

ALBION HOUSE.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.

NEW GOODS,

For Autumn and Winter,

PER STEAMSHIP "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

STOCK OF

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.

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,

DROUGETS, EPIGNETTES,

COBURGS, ALPACCAS, &c.,

BLACK, BROWN AND VIOLET

VELVETEENS,

WOOL AND PAISLEY SHAWLS,

MUFFS AND EGGS,

WOOL HOODS, CLODS 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.

SKETCHES OF EMINENT FREE BAPTIST MINISTERS.

No. 1.

BENJAMIN RANDALL.

Benjamin Randall, son of Captain Benjamin Randall, and founder of the Freewill Baptist Denomination, was born February 7, 1749, in New Castle, New Hampshire, on an island at the mouth of Piscataqua river containing 438 acres. He followed the sea until old enough to go to a trade. Though his opportunities for literary pursuits were rather limited, yet he obtained a good English education. From an early age he kept up the external of religion, and thought himself at least in a hopeful way for heaven. Still his mind was subject to deep convictions, especially on the announcement of Whitefield's sudden death. Previous to this he felt toward him the spirit of opposition; but now his heart melted, and he was led to repentance and conversion. Through uniting with the Congregational church of his native town, he at once embraced the doctrine of a free and full salvation. At length, finding the church in a corrupt state, he, with a few others, withdrew and set up a separate meeting. Being convinced, in spite of his early education, that believers only were proper subjects of baptism and that by immersion, he was baptized by a Baptist minister, and joined the church in Berwick, Maine, in 1776. He soon commenced preaching, and witnessed the next year quite an extensive revival, under his labors in New Castle. He extended the following year, his labors more into the country, which resulted, in 1778, in his removal to New Durham, a county town, forty-five miles east from Concord, the State Capital. The work of revival also broke out in various places.

About this time he was called to order by the brethren for not preaching the doctrines of John Calvin, upon which he had considered but very little, as these doctrines had not been in dispute among them. But as the call of the gospel was to all, and he was not willing that any should perish, the same love constrained him to go forth, and call upon all men to come to Christ and be saved. He was called upon three or four times, to answer for his errors, and on one occasion the debate lasted two days. On the last day of the meeting, the leading minister made public declaration of non-fellowship with Randall's principles, to which Randall replied, that it made no difference with him, who disowned him, so long as the Lord owned him.

Thus the division openly and publicly took place. It is obvious that it was nothing of Randall's seeking; but that he was driven to the necessity either of embracing Calvinism—the odious sentiments of which he could not honestly believe—or of taking a stand by himself. He chose the latter. Ministers and private brethren not only heard but discussed the matter, taking sides as their views and the word of God accorded. In the early part of 1779, a church, which had been formed in London and Canterbury, New Hampshire, protested against Calvinist election. In the same year a church was organized in Barrington, mostly composed of brethren of liberal sentiments, standing as a branch of Berwick church. Randall having applied to the Berwick church for a regular dismission and no notice being taken of his request, now considered himself at liberty to act as he saw fit. In March, 1780, he united with the church in Barrington, and April 25th he was ordained as an evangelist, by Revs. Towner, Lord and Edward Locke, pastors of the churches above named. On the 30th of June following, a church was formed in New Durham, by Mr. Randall. This was the first Free Baptist church organized, and is regarded as the first of the denomination, though in reality it commenced a year previous.

In the spirit of a faithful ambassador for Christ, commissioned by God, Randall entered the vineyard of the Lord, and saw his labors abundantly blessed. For awhile the converts were added to the New Durham church; but soon there were several churches associated with this. Revivals spread and increased. Ministers and churches came out from other denominations and united with the new connection. As the reformation extended, other ministers were raised up, and other churches were organized. One of the first four ministers—Rev. John Towner—was a liberally educated. The little vine grew and extended, and in less than two years several churches were organized in the State of Maine, making the whole number nine. Many effectual doors were opened to receive the gospel, and Randall, during the thirty years of his ministry, was instant in season and out of season, to reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all long suffering and doctrine. He travelled extensively and preached continually, chiefly confining his labors to Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. He died, after an illness of about nine months, Oct. 22, 1808, aged fifty years, at which time the number of churches and ministers had greatly increased.

Mr. Randall was endowed with strong and brilliant powers of mind. He was not classically instructed; yet by close application and untiring diligence, he became well informed in general knowledge, biblical literature, and practical theology, to which may be added a clear knowledge of human nature, and deep and fervent spirituality. He was an earnest and God-impulsive spirit, which faltered in no good work. As a speaker, he was calm and argumentative. A clear, strong voice, and a distinct pronunciation, gave effectiveness to his public ministrations. He often, in the course of a sermon, wept, which was usually followed by powerful peals of gospel truth. Though earnest and impulsive, his gestures were few; but his language, generally correct, was to the point. Possessing a retentive memory, he abounded with facts, which were brought to bear on any subject under discussion.

To personal appearance, he was erect and free from corpulence, and about five feet nine inches in height. He was active in all his movements, the nervous temperament predominating. His hair was dark; his forehead high; his eyes gray, inclining to hazel, his nose was straight and handsome, his mouth large, with thin lips, his features sharp. Neatly but plainly dressed and gentlemanly in appearance, he commanded the attention and respect of his hearers.

His remains lie interred in New Durham, on the small farm which he occupied during most of his ministry. Until 1859, nothing but a plain, common marble slab indicated the place of his interment. But this has been removed, giving place to a beautiful monument, erected by the denomination. It is of Italian marble, ten feet high, with a large granite rock for its base, and upon each side of the shaft a suitable inscription.

MY LITTLE VINE.

One morning in early summer, I went to one of my parlor windows to close the blinds, that the glare of the hot sun might not find its way into my room. As I reached out my hand, I saw a branch of my neighbor's grape vine had stretched itself up, and with one of its tiny tendrils had taken hold of my blind, as if it intended to stay.

"Dear little vine," I said, "did you want to look into our little home? Did you want to see the books and the pictures, the playthings and the treasures?"

"Did you hear us laughing and talking and singing, and think we were very happy with our 'Robin,' our one little pet? Did you come with your beautiful, delicate green dress, to bring us more cheer and joy, and to tell us how God is making everything to grow and to blossom this lovely weather?"

"You are welcome, little vine. Come and teach us to trust Him more who has clothed you with such wonderful beauty; who has sent the sun and the rain that you might grow, and lift your delicate head. Come and teach us, that we are of more value than the flower of the field or the grain of the garden, so our heavenly Father will care for and love us."

Saying this, I closed the blind very gently, and touched the tiny thing, which seemed to cling closer, as if to thank me for my pleasant words. Every time I went into the room, it looked so cheerful and bright, I was glad I had made it stay; and I said to my little boy when he joyfully discovered it, "We must be very good; for God has sent it here; and I think the little vines love to grow where every one is sunny and happy."

Day by day, we watched it climbing up on its strange support, till by and by the little bud appeared, and unfolded their beautiful leaves.

The vine looked into our room, then up over the shutter, and out again, as if to look in upon us once more; and as I examined it, and saw how it twisted itself around, and how hard that tiny thing had become, I said, "Now I must throw you back again, and you must grow on your own lattice."

But it looked as if it said, "Do let me stay a while longer. I have not finished my lesson to you yet."

So I kept it; although it had grown so large I could not turn my shutter; but it looked quaint and beautiful to see a vine coming right from the glorious sunlight into our room.

I think it came because we loved it; and I know it made us better; for, whenever we see anything beautiful in Nature, we cannot help looking up to Nature's God, and thanking him for all the blessings he grants us, and trusting him more implicitly for the days that are yet to come. And day after day our vine staid; and my little 'Robin' and I watched it, and talked to it, and talked to each other about it, and about the precious Saviour who called himself the Vine and us the branches, and said, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

And so it staid with us, and we loved it, and never thought of going into the room without giving it some loving look or word.

But it grew so hard and strong, so very tough, that, after a while, it closed my blind, and I could not throw it back. There were so many other windows, we did not need the light; and I hurried the little vine in its queer notion of staying with us. When the cool days came, and the winds blew, my little vine threw off its green and russet dress, and the brown, bare stem was left.

It had been so beautiful, and given me so much comfort and delight, I did not want to cast it off just because its freshness was gone. So I allowed it to keep my window darkened till one of the dull October days, when my good duty needed more light on the quilt she had stretched in the room.

Then I said, "Now, my little summer pet, you must go. Good-bye! Come again to me when the snows are gone, and the warm days are here!" I opened the window, and tried to loosen it, but it clung so very firmly, I had to twist and pull and push, till finally I was obliged to turn back for my scissors, and then it would not let go till my patience was almost gone.

I thought, "Is it possible that that little tiny tendril, that just peeped through my shutter one morning, four or five months ago, has come to be this stout, strong, brown branch, that clings so obstinately to day? Oh, how much is it like the habits we form, the sins we commit! They are so tiny and slender at first, one touch with the tip of our fingers will cast them away; but, when we hesitate and encourage them, they are taking such a deep, firm hold, that with great difficulty we break away from them at last."

And then I thought, "I will tell the boys and girls this simple story of my vine; and I will tell of several vines that will grow in the little gardens of their hearts, some of which are to be trained and cultivated, while others are to be cut down as quickly as they are noticed!"

God has made your young tender hearts like gardens; and it is for you to say whether they shall be filled with ugliness and deformity, or if the flowers and vines that grow there shall be so lovely and graceful, they will delight and cheer all that comes near you.

There is one vine that will spring up in almost every little garden. It is very small at first; but it grows so ugly, and so full of disagreeable little creepers, it can give you no real comfort, and make you very unhappy. We call it 'selfishness.'

Look out for it, children; and if it tries to lift its head, say, 'Go, go, and never come to spoil my garden!'

Another little vine we call an 'angry, quick temper.' Watch that it does not grow; for, oh! by and by, if you don't pull it up now, it will make so many roots, and be so strong, you cannot get rid of it.

The name of another vine is 'obstinacy.' It is full of bad odors, and covered with thorns. Pull it up, children, while it is very tender—before it grows so hard and tough, that like the 'vine of my parlor blind,' it will be almost impossible to cast it away.

Another vine we call 'rudeness, incivility.' This is not so ugly looking as the others; but it grows so fast, and creeps everywhere, it is a constant annoyance. Friends hurry by, saying—'There may be lovely flowers in that garden; but that disagreeable, untrained, creeping vine hides beauty.'

There are many other unwholesome vines you must guard against, children; and remember and do it while you are young; for they grow hard and tough sooner than you think, and then it will be difficult to uproot them. Go to the precious Saviour, who said, 'I am the Vine,' when you need help, and he will assist you to cast away the bad, and in their places cultivate the flowers and vines of love, gentleness, unselfishness, generosity, truth, patience, and forbearance.

Always find your greatest joy in making others happy; and, by the constant cultivation and constant training of the beautiful and the good, you will at last be able to dwell in that glorious city, into which 'there shall be no wise entering anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.'—*Sabbath at Home.*

"GO WORK TO-DAY."

As we have entered upon another year, it is a fit time to take these words as an incentive to duty—a spur to renewed diligence. There is some work waiting for every one to do; and it is left with us to decide whether or not we will do it. The fact that we are still permitted to live, is proof that God has something for us to do; and what that work is he has also given us means to determine. During the year just closed, very many around us have passed away. Their opportunity to labor on earth has been closed forever; and they have passed to the world of rewards. Not so with us; we have the Master dead. We are yet in the vineyard; the harvest field is white all about us; and we may every moment gather fruit unto life eternal.

The sluggish laborer will perhaps assume that, as he has been spared so long, he will yet continue many years and may still have time and opportunity for usefulness. But the Master warns such to remember that Divine forbearance will not always continue. The barren tree will be finally cut down that it may no longer cumber the ground; and perhaps the axe will fall suddenly. The warning voice of Jesus comes to every one: 'Let your loins be girded about and your light burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately.'

But with the Christian, love and gratitude should act, rather than this fear of Divine judgment. Fear should spur the sluggish soul to effort, if love fails to do it; but to those who have been renewed and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God, who have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, to these love and gratitude should be an ever present inspiration.

It is, moreover, permitted to the Christian to determine whether he shall occupy a humble or an exalted place in heaven. The faithful servant will receive an 'abundant entrance into the heavenly world, and he will be fitted for higher enjoyment and wider knowledge there by his faithful service here. To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but from him that hath not (does not improve) shall be taken that which he seemeth to have.'

Let us then enter upon the new year with earnest determination to be more faithful in the performance of our duties, more devoted to the service of our Master, more zealous in our preparation for eternity than ever before. Let us strive to bring our will into entire accord with God's will. In whatever station he has placed us, we may acceptably do his work if we perform every duty as to him and not to man. If our station and work be his appointment, it is honorable, and he will accept the service and reward the faithful worker. Let us pray for grace to see our duty as well as for strength to do it.

CLING TO THE OAR, BOY!

A gentleman had just fastened his little skill to a small wharf in a remote place, and with our consent took, after a pleasant sail, and with our hand started for his home, when he heard the cry, 'a boy overboard!' Looking behind him, he saw several little fellows on the wharf, frantic with fear, at seeing one of their mates fallen overboard. To the extent of his speed he ran to the boy's relief. But he, as well as the boy, was unable to swim, and the waters were above his height.

The moment was one of extreme peril; if the boy had sunk once, and the tide was gently flowing him from the reach of the piers. 'Help! help!' he cried, and sank again. Suddenly throwing himself down, the man pushed his body over the edge of the wharf, the boys making fast to his clothes to prevent his being drawn overboard, and reaching the oar as far as possible, bade the little fellow as he arose, to 'catch the oar!' and in an instant, with all the fierceness that the fear of death, and the love of life could inspire, he plunged out his hand, and with his finger ends caught hold of it.

Almost exhausted, it seemed hardly possible he could retain his hold; but the hoarseness of his comrades, and their shouts 'Cling to the oar, boy! cling to the oar, John!' and the hope of safety, gave him increased strength and courage, and, making a desperate effort, he grasped it with both his hands. The man, rising to his feet, conducted him along the wharf to a point where he could easily reach the solid earth again; and now, weary from his struggles, and drenched with the water, he stood before his rescuer with a brimming heart, and words of thankfulness to him for his efforts to save him from a violent death.

So the cry to every mortal is, 'Cling to the oar, boy! cling to the oar, woman!' and it should ring in the ears, and pervade the thought of every thinking being. Cast out on this broad earth, surrounded with its temptations and snares, having the world, the flesh, and Satan, for moral and spiritual foes, unless the faith be pinned on Christ, and He be chosen as guide and counselor; unless He shall be clinging to us as the great oarsman; the cry, 'overboard!' will resound through the foul sea of sin, and its fearful tide will sweep him on, and far down its dreadful current till he is too far away from the sure foundations of truth

and virtue to lay hold of its strong promises and redeeming power.

But if fallen, He only can save; He is the only Deliverer. His cross is reached out for help. It is held within his grasp, and leaving every other help, one must lay hold on it, and cling to it till landed on the shore beyond; for clinging there, though vile from the taint of sin, His blood will wash all its stains away.

The world-wise, the vain philosopher, or the easy-going moralist may point to other sources for help, but heed them not. Those are words that will lead to woe; this is the hour of peril, Jesus and His cross must be firmly grasped, else there is no hope. His must be the way, and His salvation, and the prayer, and the faith of every soul must be—

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.

'Cling to the oar' then young man or woman. Perchance the morning days of life may be dark, and the way seem hedged up before you. But, having the heart right with God, the promise to you is that all needful things shall be added. Besides, the great oars of human life, labor and perseverance, are held within your reach, and are for your use; and if they be bravely manned will prove the mightiest of powers for the removal of obstacles in the way of progress.

Has the tongue of evil waged her war against you, and jeopardized your fair fame? Remember, if your cause be just, you have little to fear the consequences. Your spotless character shall be the oar to guide you through the vapory sea of slander, and by bringing you off conqueror over your loudest enemies.

Have noble impulses inspired you? Have you the consciousness of a heart and soul to do worthy deeds? Then will the inspiration that has given you those impulses, if clung to, give you the power in the providence of God, to realize all reasonable higher expectation and longings.

Aye, fellow traveller, 'cling to the oar.' If you have laid fast hold on truth, whosoever you are, wherever you may be, or whatever your position, all fortune may sweep away the accumulations of years of toil; but let not the heart grow asunder; 'cling to the oar,' man, a better day may yet be coming. But if wealth return not, then a better treasure, a mansion prepared beyond awaits you. Have friends failed you? Then cling to Him who loveth more than the brother can love. Does strength fail, and the eye grow dim? Hope then; thy anchor has been cast within the veil; soon, free from struggles, and toils, and fears, in the happy beyond—

In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across your peaceful breast."

Devine.

A PERPETUAL REVIVAL.

It is sometimes thought to be inevitable that the spiritual life of the great majority of Christians should experience an ebb and flow, a period of full, rich, blissful enjoyment of God's presence and favor, succeeded by one of coldness, poverty, and depression. Doubtless Christian men ought always to rejoice; but such is the composition of the generality of men, that 'ups and downs' of religious experience—the alternations of deep feeling with shallowness, of light and joy with gloom and depression, of tenderness with hardness and indifference—seem to come as naturally as the changes of the seasons or the weather. And these do not lack plausible excuses for such an unsteady course of spiritual life. The cares and temptations of the world, the engrossing pursuits of business, natural temperament, and so on, all are urged as valid pleas in extenuation of conscious failure to reach the true standard of holy living; though each, so far from excusing, really condemns him who pleads it, inasmuch as it is these very things we are required to resist and overcome, when they elude our upward pathway.

But it is a great misfortune to the churches that there is so much unsteadiness, such a blowing hot and cold by turns, in the religious life of their members. If all bear who the name of Christ lived always up to their duty and their privilege as sons of God, how vastly would the churches gain in spiritual power! The same long which are now brought to bear upon the world lying in wickedness only in sporadic efforts, often at large intervals, and losing much in real effectiveness, sometimes, from the very violence of their fervor when at last put forth, would, if applied constantly, with calm persistence accomplish far greater results. Indeed, the very fact that Christians seem, at one time, deeply concerned for the welfare of souls, and at another totally indifferent thereto, wears an appearance of inconsistency which of itself greatly diminishes their ability to do good, especially to the young, and to the crucifixion a wayward line of conduct, unbecoming a professed follower of the Lord Jesus.

It is, in truth, undeniable that the long periods of abstinence from active labor which characterize the majority of churches have a most unhappy influence upon the world. Unbelievers argue, and justly so, that if Christians were as deeply interested as in seasons of peculiar religious excitement they say they are, with the doctrines of the Bible, they would always be on the alert to win others to the acceptance of them. Instead of the seasons of coldness and inactivity, when the line between Christians and the world at large, if at all apparent, consists mainly in abstinence from certain pleasures which the world allows, there would be constant activity, a never ceasing anxiety for souls, a loftiness of life which, far more than any artificial distinctions—which may be maintained without a spark of real piety—would separate the Christian from the world.

Now this reasoning of unbelievers—and it is often on their lips—every Christian ought to apply to his own case. Is it not my duty to myself, to the world, to God, to be always in the enjoyment of a perpetual revival of religion—of that holy enthusiasm in the work of the Master which I sometimes experience? Sinners are pushing about me every day, and I wait for some indefinite future time before telling them glad tidings of redeeming grace; is this the way to fulfill the great commission of the Saviour?

But, it is said, we must wait till the time of refreshing comes, when God will pour out his Spirit, and we shall be in the proper frame of mind and heart to work. This is a very prevalent, but a very false feeling. God is always ready to bless, his ear is always open to the prayer

of his people—always to be found by those who seek him with all the heart. There is nothing in Scripture or in reason to warrant such waiting in gloom and coldness for special manifestations of his presence and power. The call of God to sinners is now to repent, not when the next revival comes around.

Is it, then, inevitable that men should die in their sins because Christians will let their love grow cold, and sit in idleness and sloth while the vineyard of God lies waste, waiting till the fatal spell is past? No, it is all wrong. There should be perpetual activity in the life of every servant of God, a ceaseless toiling for souls, as ebb in the tide of love and holy joy, but a constant, full, and glorious flood. So would the churches, putting on their strength, and arraying themselves in their beautiful garments, become a power in the world far beyond that to which they have ever yet attained.—*Exchange.*

OUT IN THE COLD.

With blue cold hands and stockinged feet,
Wandered a child in the cheerless street;
Children were many, who, housed and fed,
Lovingly nestled, dressing in bed—
Caught their joy in a land of bliss,
Without a thought or care of this.
They were warm in humanity's fold,
But this little child was out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Black blew the wind through the cheerless street,
Dashing along the merciless sleet,
All forced and shivered, men, women, and child,
Hurried along, for the storm grew wild;
They could not bear the wind's blast,
Winter so rude on their pathway east,
Alas! none pitted—no one consoled—
The little wanderer out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

She had no father, she had no mother,
Sisters none and never a brother;
They had passed on to star worlds above—
She remained here with nothing but love.
'Nothing but love'—oh! aen did not know
What wealth of joy that child could bestow,
So they went by and worshipped their gold,
Leaving the little one out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Wandered she on till the shades of night
Veiled her shivering form from sight;
Then, with her cold hands over her breast,
She prayed to her Father in Heaven for rest.
When bones had fled, 'neath the world's dark
frown,
Hungered and chilled, she laid herself down—
Lay down to rest, while the wealthy rolled—
In carriages past her, out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Out in the cold—lo! an angel form
Brought her white robes that were rich and warm;
Out in the cold, on the sleeping child,
The sainted face of a mother smiled;
A sister pressed on her brow a kiss—
Led her and sear of heavenly bliss;
And angels gathered unto their fold,
That night the little one out of the cold—
Out in the cold.

—Selected.

THE ROLL CALL IN HEAVEN.—An incident is related by a chaplain who was in the army during one of our hardest fought battles. The hospital tents had been filling up fast as the wounded men had been brought to the rear. Among the number was a young man mortally wounded and not able to speak. It was near midnight, and many a loved one from our homes lay sleeping on the battle field—that sleep that knows no waking until Jesus shall call for them.

The surgeons had been their rounds of duty, and for a moment all was quiet. Suddenly this young man, before speechless, sits in a chair, distinct voice, 'Here.' The surgeon hastened to his side and asked what he wished. 'Nothing,' said he, 'they are calling the roll in heaven, and I am answering to my name.' He turned his head and was gone—gone to join the great army, whose uniform is washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Reader, in the great roll call of Eternity, your name will be heard; can you answer, 'Here?' Are you one of the soldiers of Christ, the great Captain of Salvation—*Christian at Work.*

EYE TO EYE PREACHING.—It is evident that in the first Christian age what is now a sermon was only a talk about matters of the direct interests and in the direct way. This is true, too, about the Reformation. All the sermons then that went to the heart of the people from men like Latimer were full of the plainest possible talk, as of one plain man to another. And these did but follow the great models they found in the gospels and in the prophets. If we will go through these books to get an idea of the ancient preaching, I think we shall be amazed at the way those preachers of the old time contrived to bring their truth home. Everything served their purpose, and they never beat 'round the bush' to come at it. But preaching now has got to be a fine art, and has taken its place among the rest of the fine arts. A sermon must be about so long, and so logical, and so good, and be written down so that you never have to wait for a word, or else it won't do. It is possible sometimes, I feel sure, for a written sermon to be better than one preached right out of your heart and mind. There is a compactness and solidity to be attained in that way you cannot come at otherwise, and I suppose men like Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Dowe would preach better right along from manuscript than from mind; and James Martineau could no more preach without his manuscript than a bird could fly without wings, and one sermon like those he preaches would weigh more also in the solid gold of truth and genius than a hundred of the pulpit-talks of some other men. But the popular heart still responds to the pulpit talk. Mr. Spurgeon has six thousand people to hear him. Mr. Martineau perhaps seven score, and I think the six thousand know what they are about. They do not want so much

Judas comes to Christ with fawning words and demeanor, 'Hail, Master, and kissed him.' Here is honey on tongue and poison in the heart. He heard Christ himself preach, he joined often with him in prayer, but he was never better for it all; it was but the watering of a desolate, which will never make it grow, but is the sooner.