

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod.]

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1871.

Whole No. 930.

## LEMON'S VARIETY STORE.

TO THE PATRONS OF LEMON'S VARIETY STORE. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—We desire to inform you that we have moved our Stock of Goods (including those of our Branch Store, Lehigh, Canada) to the Brick Building lately occupied by Messrs. ROBINSON & WHEELER, only next door below our old stand.

Feeling thankful for the patronage we have received during the last twenty years while doing business in Fredericton, we would respectfully ask for a continuance of your patronage. With the largest Store and Vastness in the City, we shall have greater facilities for carrying on a Wholesale and Retail trade, enabling us more promptly to attend to the wants of customers. There are three Showrooms, eighty-three feet deep by twenty-three feet wide, besides a cellar under all, giving a floor space of 7,600 feet. The Store is situated between the Queen Hotel and Barker House, and is but three minutes walk from the City Hall.

We shall in the future, as in the past, keep the largest Stock of Goods in New Brunswick Furniture, White Stoneware and China, Crockery, Cut and Pressed Glassware, Cutlery, Kitchen wares, Tin and Black Tin ware, Silver Plated wares, Lamp and Lamp Stock, Fancy Goods, Wooden ware, Household Hardware and Varieties, to be seen in Fredericton, and an assortment equal to any in the Province.

Our second-hand Furniture Department will be well supplied in Mahogany and Walnut Goods, bought at Auction by Mr. MARTIN LEMONT, in the Markets of New York and Boston. We have not kept common second-hand Bedsteads, Feather Beds or Mattresses for ten years past, nor do we intend to. These Goods are of best quality, and warranted clean. In this line will be found many Bargains.

We buy our Goods direct from the Manufacturers in England, France, Germany, United States, the Canadas, and in the Province, and shall sell lower than any other house in the trade.

Parties going into House-keeping, and others wanting Goods, will find this the best and most reliable place to buy their goods in Fredericton. The special attention of the ladies is desired. Respectfully yours, LEMONT & SON, Fredericton, June 16, 1871.

Goods to be found in Lemon & Son's Variety Store.

Bedsteads, Chairs, Bureaus, Sofas, Couches, Washstands, Tables, Hat Racks, Parlor Suits, Bedroom Suits, Mattresses, Feather Beds, Pillows, Looking Glasses, Picture Frames, Lamps, Globes, Wine Glasses, Tumblers, Preserver Dishes, Dishes, Lanterns, Silvered Glassware, Cake Boxes, Tea Trays, Smoothing Irons, Galvanized Buckets, Spice Boxes, Flour Sifters, Butter Trays and Prints, Coal Scuttles, Scissors, Razors, Nailers and Forks of all kinds, Spoons, Cake Baskets, China Vases, Bohemian Vases, Toilet Bottles, Parian Figures, Games, Opera Glasses, Card Cases, Napkin Rings, Lamps, Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Pocket Books, Toys in variety, Brushes, Combs, Paper Machie Goods, Children's Carriages, Indian Work, Mosses, Stools, Music Stools, Steel Engravings, Chessmen, Card Tables, Teles-Tetes, Egg Beaters, Dish Covers, Hair Rugs, Venetian Blinds, Bird Cages, Wash Tubs, Brooms, Tyle Mats, Door Mats, Churns, Baskets, Flower Pots, Stone Jars (covered), Butter Crocks, Preserver Jars, Spittingons, Parian Vases, Metal Covered Pitchers, China Figures, Plated Cake Baskets. We warrant our Albata and Plated Spoons and Forks, &c. Wire Goods, Glass and Putty, Spinning Wheels, Fox and Otter Traps, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, and hundreds of other articles. Buyers of all kinds of Fare. Goods delivered at the Hotel, Steamboat and Private Residences, Free of Charge. June 16.

## LONG'S HOTEL.

THE Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, has Re-fitted it now Second to no other House in the City, and will respectfully request a call from those travelling for pleasure or on business. The comforts of a home will always be found at this Hotel. Terms Reasonable. In connection with the Hotel is the Very Best Stables in the city, with a careful Hobbler in attendance. THOMAS W. SMITH, Fredericton, June 12, 1871. Proprietor.

## FIVE CANES.

BOOTS and SHOES, just received, and others daily expected. A. LOTTIMER, Opposite Upper Stone Barracks, Queen Street, Fredericton.

## NEW FALL GOODS.

OCTOBER, 1871.

## THOMAS LOGAN

HAS received per Steamships from London, Liverpool and Glasgow, the greater portion of his

## FALL STOCK

OF

## STALE AND FANCY

## Dry Goods!

Because of its revelation of the divine nature, because of their own sinner conviction in holiness by the great drama of Human Redemption; and because of their full sympathy with Jesus, who rejoices in his own kingly and priestly triumph, among angels over every journey of the good shepherd to resume his lost charge.

## DRESS GOODS,

In all the novelties for the season.

## WOOL SHAWLS,

In New Stripes and Plain Tans.

## TWEEDS AND WINCEYS.

VELVETEEN AND CLOTH JACKETS.

A GREAT VARIETY OF

## NEW MANTLE CLOTHS.

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.

## COTTON AND LINEN GOODS

of every description.

Clouds, Sontags, Breakfast Shawls, &c.

## GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

"PARKS" ST. JOHN

## COTTON WARPS.

Socks, Mitts, Yarn and Homespun wanted in exchange for Goods.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, Oct. 27, 1871.

## The Intelligencer.

### JOY OF ANGELS OVER PENITENTS.

Why should there be more joy over the recovery of the fallen, than over the preservation of the unfallen? We answer, in part, because it is here, as in the human relationship, where the mother seems most to love the child whose sickness has cost her most alarms and watchings, and drawn most heavily on her maternal tenderness. Just as in the strifes of life you attach new importance and value to the interests that had been nearly wrecked, and that was with effort and risk secured again. Just as in the dying benediction of Jacob, he reserves for his favorite Joseph, a portion especially dear to the patriarch, which he, the father, had taken with his sword and bow out of the hand of the alien. The struggle had made that one of the dearest of Jacob's possessions. Not only was Labor wrought into the boon, but Valor also, and Endurance. Just as in your national affairs, Liberty and Union will acquire new preciousness from the expenditure of treasure and blood required to vindicate and secure them, and from the taunts and insults of despotism over your expected loss of these rich franchises.

But we suppose, that for the high joy of angels there is another reason. They might themselves never have been so effectually guarded against the approach of sin to themselves; so thoroughly ceased against all temptations to emulate the treason and join the revolt of their old associate and compeer Lucifer, had not the incarnation and sacrifice of the Son shown the evil of sin; had not the punishment of evil men and evil angels so illustrated God's wrath against iniquity.

The timeliness of our planet, it may be, is not preventing it from serving as the great battlefield of God's moral universe. How oft a spot of military encounter, itself not larger than one of the city wards, may yet in our recent national struggle have decided by the battle there fought, the political destinies of the broad continent. So it is in God's government of our world and race. On our small nook of a globe may yet gather and centre all the solitudes of heaven, and all the fierce hopes of hell. Good and evil may come here in one long death-grapple. The Apostle said he was a spectacle to men and angels. And all the Church on earth, widely dispersed and variously schooled, affords a spectacle of divine wisdom and faithfulness, into which angels, stopping down, desire to look, catching thus profounder glimpses than the Godhead, not unclouded and not inaccurate, elsewhere allows them. These angels of light might have answered, had not Christ's care and skill, in saving the saved of earth, so developed new wonders of divine truth and grace before entirely unsuspected.

In Christ, and in Christ's Church, the heavenly powers see more glorious exhibitions than elsewhere of the excellence of Jehovah, and every new convert is a trophy, having its own new and peculiar memorial of the Redeemer's goodness, and gentleness, and forbearance.

Angels rejoice, again, with an especial exultation at Christ's work, because of their full and adoring sympathy with the Lord of angels and men. Now Christ rejoiced in spirit at the revelation of the Father to babes and sucklings; that mere lambs astray from the flock of the holy, should be made more than conquerors over him who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, was a matter of exultation to Christ. He is "anointed with joy above his fellows," in his mediatorial work. Angels sympathize with Jesus from their admiring admiration of his nature and career. They minister to the heirs of salvation. They did to the disembodied spirit of Lazarus, borne from the gate of Dives; and fresh from the dangle where his body groined his spirit mounts, on their wings, and under their escort, to the fields of light, to meet and to enhance the hymns of just men made perfect.

Because of its revelation of the divine nature, because of their own sinner conviction in holiness by the great drama of Human Redemption; and because of their full sympathy with Jesus, who rejoices in his own kingly and priestly triumph, among angels over every journey of the good shepherd to resume his lost charge.

Now, brethren, beloved in the Lord, are we Christ's? We have, in such case, his spirit. What joy to serve such a Master! But, if imbued with his temper, we go forth to seek the lost, the world's mountains of error and wrong, and care, and toil, and persecution, and blasphemy, must be threaded. The gospel is an aggressive and itinerant onslaught of mercy as upon earth's sinners, the vile, the forlorn, the outcast, the barbarous. Its messengers go out into the highways and hedges, by the Master's express commission and charge. It reaches the far. It grasps the self-deceived. It hopes for the hopeless. It pities the pitiable. It weeps, and prays, and loves, though confronted by the unlovely and unloving.—Dr. W. B. Williams.

### ORPHANED CHRISTIANS.

I often wish I knew Greek, so that I could read my New Testament in the original tongue. I mean that my boy, whether he becomes a minister or not, shall have a chance to learn both Greek and Hebrew, that he may read the child of David as David wrote it, and the eloquence of Paul and of Jesus in the very words that thrilled the audience who first heard them. This want has been brought to my mind this afternoon in reading the fourteenth chapter of John. The eighteenth verse is, in our English Bible, "I will not leave you comfortless," but in the margin it is, "I will not leave you orphans." I do not know which is right, but it seems to me that there is a wonderful significance in the latter translation, and so I take it. That is not a very good critical reason, but then I am not a critic. There seems to me to be a host of orphaned Christians. And as I have been pondering and praying over your perplexities, that seems to me to be the root of them all. You are an orphaned Christian. Do you ask what I mean by an orphaned Christian? What is an orphan? Not one who really has neither father nor mother. He has the sweet memory of their past presence. It is dearer to him than the presence of any living friend. There are hours in that past that no earthly consideration would induce him to efface. But they are past, and he can never recall them, except dimly and as a vision. He has a living hope in a future meeting with those parents. They stand on the shore of the far future, and the expectation of again being in their conscious love is one of the brightest that ever cheers his dreams by day or by night. But now and here he has them not; in weakness and struggle no father's strength to which he may appeal, in sorrow and in trial no mother's sympathy in which to confide, and no one to whom to look as cheerful as possible. And so, despite memory and hope, he is alone.

By orphaned Christians I mean those whose God is a memory of the past, or a hope of the future, nothing more. They look back to a Jehovah who once guided His people through the wilderness, and who revealed Himself to them in vision and in dream, to a Christ who walked with His disciples the fields of Galilee and the streets of Jerusalem, and on whose bosom the beloved disciple rested, and wonder why there is no longer any "open vision." They look back in their own experience to the hour when first they saw the Lord, and felt His pardoning love, and long with inexpressible yearning for a return of that experience—an experience which, alas! is like the covenant bow of promise, being in the sky but for an hour, to grow dim and disappear, and leave the cold, hard, pitiless rain of this sorrowful life to come back again. They look forward with hope, often dim, sometimes bright and eager, to an hour when they shall awake in His likeness, and be satisfied because they shall see Him as He is; a hope that just tingles their dark life with light, as the long night is lightened by the dawn of day, while the sun is far below the horizon, and before as yet the birds have begun to sing it a prophetic welcome. But of a present God, here and now, they know nothing. They never go up into the mount to see Him, but remain at the base where all is cloud, and smoke, and storm. They never seem to know that God is a present help in time of trouble. He is not their strength in hours of weakness, nor their consolation to whom in hours of weeping they fly, that as a mother comforteth her children, He may comfort them. When they stand at the grave weeping, they do not recognize their Lord in the garden. When they walk in the dusty road, they do not know Him whose very presence makes their blind hearts burn. They believe in a God of a glorious past, in a God, too, yet to arise in a glorious future, but now and then they are contented and silent.

But ah! our God is a living God, our Saviour is a present Saviour. He is yet Immanuel, God with us. He still walks the world as of old, our pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night, the bosom on whom we rest our weary, way-worn heads, our strength in weakness, our consolation in sorrow, our all in all. We walk by sight, not by faith, if we must see and handle, and hold fast, as we do with Him to trust in Him. We walk by faith, not sight, when we believe in a God who dwelleth in those that are of a contrite spirit. I have read some, and heard many arguments on the "evidence;" but there is one "evidence" I wish I could hear more of in prayer-meeting and from the pulpit than I do.

"The Spirit itself beareth witness in our spirit that we are children of God."—III. Christian Weekly.

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### A LITTLE PRAYER-MEETING AND ITS RESULTS.

It was a time of coldness in the Church in the thriving village of M. There was no want of interest in debating clubs and literary societies and "sociables," all profitable and very commendable in themselves. No lack of zeal was displayed among the young people in getting up fairs for the benefit of the church and the Sabbath school, and the new and commodious house of worship was well filled on the Sabbath with attentive listeners. Indeed one who looked only at the external appearance of things, would have pronounced the church in a very prosperous condition. But there was a burden weighing heavily upon the minister's heart.

He felt that a spirit of worldliness had gained such possession of the minds of his hearers, that as far as expecting any good results from his preaching was concerned, he might as well preach to the empty ships. He felt as though he was alone in his efforts to save sinners, and he was becoming very much disheartened. One evening he returned from the weekly prayer meeting more than usually depressed. He had met there the faithful few whom he was always sure to see; the white-haired deacons, some of the wives and mothers, and two or three young persons. But where were the enterprising business men who were among the members of his church, and the throng of young people who would be such a power in the church if converted to Christ? His heart sank as he thought of them rapidly drifting down the stream of time, devoted to present enjoyment, thoughtless and unconcerned about their souls, and their growing powers all devoted to the world.

On the same evening in one of the cheerful parlors of the village, sat a young girl engaged in deep thought. Delia W. was the only child of wealthy and independent parents. And although she scarcely knew a wish that was not gratified by them, her naturally generous and sunny disposition had not been spoiled. She remained unselfish and warm-hearted, and was a general favorite in the circle of young people in which she moved, and of which her beauty and her sprightly ways fitted her to be the leader. Two years before she had made a profession of religion, but fond of pleasure and influenced by the gay throng about her, she had grown very cold. On this evening she had been entertaining some young friends who had come to call upon her, and now that they had gone, she seemed troubled and sad. "I ought to have gone to the prayer meeting to-night," she said aloud. "I am afraid I am losing all

my religion, and am no better than those who do not profess any." A remark dropped by the young man who had called, had aroused her from her lethargy and set her to thinking. "He has reason to think lightly of religion when he sees my indifference," she added with a sigh. She remained for some time in deep thought, and then sinking upon her knees she acknowledged her sin, pleading for forgiveness, and arose with a new purpose in her heart.

The next day several of her young friends received a little note inviting them to come to her house to attend a little prayer meeting on the following evening. She did not venture to speculate about the manner in which the invitations would be received, but tried to leave the result with God. When the time drew near for the meeting, she arranged the room so as to look as cheerful as possible. The lamps were shaded so as to prevent a glare of light, and the centre table furnished with a Bible and some time books which she had obtained for the occasion. By and by two or three came in and quietly took their seats, and then others, till the little circle was almost complete. Delia took her seat at the piano and played "Sweet hour of prayer," and all joined her in singing it. The voices on the different parts blended well, and the music sounded very sweet. Then she read a chapter from the Bible, and knelt down and prayed. With a trembling voice she confessed her past coldness, and pleaded for strength to commence a new Christian life. All felt that every word came from the heart, and as she closed her prayer, a gentle hush rested upon the little group. Then she sang, "To seek Jesus just now," and after appointing the meeting for the next week at the same time and place, she dismissed them.

Two or three young girls lingered to press her hand and say good-night, and Delia felt that her first meeting was not a failure. The interest increased from week to week in the little prayer meeting till many were anxious about their souls, and prayers of rejoicing were heard from some of those who had been the most thoughtless. The minister wept tears of joy as one beautiful spring Sabbath morning, fifteen young people stood up to profess Christ before him. But the work did not stop there. The members of the church were led to humble confession of their past coldness and neglect, and to pray earnestly for a revival of religion among them, and before the close of the year, fifty were added to their number. We may now hope to never return to their former cold and lifeless condition.—Congregationalist.

### THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

One of my neighbors, in town and church, is an old lady whose dress is of a style belonging to no period of fashion. I wonder, sometimes, if for forty years, the cost of it has exceeded as many dollars. Her step is light as a girl's, her manner bright and cheery, and over her otherwise homely face spreads the glow of a heart at peace with God. Her youth was spent in a struggle for daily bread, and scarcely was this pressure removed before she was called upon to mourn the loss of her first and then another loved member of her family, until she has outlived every relative. Her home is plain, almost bare of the luxuries custom has made indispensable to comfort, yet there is not one to whom I so much enjoy a visit as to this solitary woman, even so warm and greeting, so cheerfully companionable.

"There is no so much heart-ache about you," I once said to her, "that it refreshes me to meet you. Why, you are the youngest and happiest person I have seen to-day."

"Oh, yes," she replied smilingly, "I have stopped growing old, for each day brings me nearer the possession of endless youth, in my better home. And how can I be unhappy in this beautiful world where my heavenly Father has placed me?"

"Still, you have had your full share of trials and sorrows."

"Yes, I have surely passed through the valley of Baca, but by the grace of God I have been able to make it a well. But, my friend," she continued, "I have been happy only since I ceased to strain after what was beyond my reach, and resolved no longer to hug to my bosom my griefs and disappointments, but to take them all to God, and leave them with him, content to be what he wishes, and only that."

—Christian Weekly.

### "I HAVE NO TROUBLE ABOUT THAT NOW."

These were among the dying words of an aged minister, who, a few weeks ago, crossed over the river to the land of promise. They were spoken in response to an inquiry as to the outlook before him. "I have no trouble about that now." Blessed, inexpressibly blessed confidence! The victory of faith through Jesus Christ, the Lord!

How many there are who have trouble on that question. Multitudes, many of them professed Christians, shudder at the thought of looking Death in the face. The grave to them is associated only with horror. The thought of the uncertain future awakens a soul-chilling and unutterable dread. The fact that Christ died and is risen again does not fill them with assurance and comfort.

"He knows better than that," said another aged herald of the gospel shortly before his departure. The decrepitude of over ninety years, total blindness, and trembling palsy, had robbed his physical man of all its energy and delight, and deep poverty darkened his chambers with its shadows. He was asked whether in view of all these circumstances, Satan did not sometimes assail him with temptation. The veteran looked up with a smile and replied, "He knows better than that."

Truly enough, what Satan do to with a victor just advancing to receive his crown? The battles have all been fought, and the foes vanquished, earthly weakness and mortality are just about to be exchanged for immortal strength and beauty. Jesus, the invincible conqueror, directs the earthly disrobing and prepares the heavenly adorning; why should

Satan intrude his dark presence into so holy a scene? "An angel appeared unto Him, strengthening Him," when the Prince of life struggled in mortal conflict in Gethsemane. Here the Prince himself, fulfilling the "Lo, I am with you," administered strength to his servants and lifts them up to the glories of unspeakable victory.

"I have no trouble about that." Dear reader, can you utter these assuring words? The Apostle of the Gentiles in prison, reclining upon the cold, hard stones, surrounded with the darkness, forsaken by all his earthly friends save one, in anticipation of an early departure, declared that he had "fought the good fight, had kept the faith, had finished the work, and now he remained for him a crown of glory, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, would give him in that day." Can you, if you are already tracing its symbols on your brow, thus affirm your trust in Jesus? Or can you, if you are yet in the midst of the battle, or just entering upon the threshold of life, declare that, engaged in faithful duty, you give your soul no trouble as to the future?

Precious beyond the highest power of language to express it is this sublime faith in Jesus. It is the secret might of victory. No foe is potent enough to stand before it, and the soul, filled with its strength and moved by its life, advances from conquest to conquest. In youth, in middle life, and in old age, it lifts man above all uncertainty, and enables them to contemplate tranquilly the things which for the present are enshrouded in the mysteries of the unrevealed future. "I have no trouble about that," is the formula in which it gives language to its satisfied trust.—Telegraph.

### "THE SHELL OF MORALITY."

Some years ago a clergyman, in a neighboring city, had in his congregation a gentleman of rare moral worth and intellectual culture, with an urbanity of manner that was irresistible. Day after day he sat under the ministry of the word; always in his seat, polite, affable, interested, but immovable in the fastness of a morality that could not be impeached.

In the providence of God, the pastor was called to the care of another church in the same city. What was his surprise to find his friend had taken a pew there. He had become so much attached to his pastor that he could not and would not leave him. Still he was a weight on that pastor's heart; friendly visits, religious conversation, the most pointed appeals glanced and rebounded; the man was always there, it made no difference what kind of weather, the same affable gentlemanly manner, but unmoved and unmovable as adamant.

When addressed personally, he was always ready to admit the necessity of Christian teaching. The beauty of a Christian life. He also admitted the depravity of the natural heart; but in his own individual case the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit was unthought of.

At length the pastor, wearied with unavailing effort to arouse him to a sense of his true condition, turned reluctantly away. He made no more pastoral calls, no more pointed appeals. "He is joined to his idols, let him alone." This state of things continued for seven years, and the pastor felt that his friend was given over to hardness of heart, that his shell of morality would never be broken by the gospel hammer.

One Saturday, when the pastor was in his study, Mr. A. called at the door with a request to see him. The good man's time had been broken with unavoidable calls during the week. It was Saturday, and he was not prepared for the Sabbath. "He had given orders not to be disturbed. Still, Mr. A. was there."

"If your business is not very urgent," said the pastor, "could you as well put it off till Monday? I am very busy to-day. I shall have plenty of leisure then."

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I can wait." Still, he hesitated, while there was that in his countenance which betrayed anxiety. At length the pastor, seeing the distressed, hesitating look, said, "If your business is very urgent, Mr. A., come in."

"If I may be pardoned," replied the gentleman, "intruding upon your time"—and throwing himself into a chair he burst into tears.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" cried the pastor. "Has misfortune overtaken you; any disaster happened to your beloved family?"

"Nothing of that," responded the gentleman, trying to stave his tears and speaking brokenly. "I have come to see that what you have so often told me is true. I am a helpless, wretched, undone sinner. I want you to pray with me."

The pastor was nearly as much overcome as his friend, and sinking on his knees, he bore on the strong arms of faith the case of his friend up to the mercy-seat.

"Never before," said the pastor, as he related the scene, "did I witness such a perfect breaking up of all the old feelings; such agony, such prostration. The walls of his old morality swept completely away; the love of God rushing in and over him like the swelling tide of a great sea."

When he left the pastor's study he was a new man. No longer trusting in his own works, but in the precious blood of Christ; rejoicing in salvation as a free gift, not because of his morality, but because Christ died.

All these years he had been trying to buy salvation. He had been careful to lead a pure and spotless life. He had not committed open sin. He was constant in observance of the Sabbath. He was always to be seen in the sanctuary. His example was good, what more did he need? He needed just what you and I need; he needed a new heart; a heart to love Christ; a heart to labor for Christ.

The blood-shedding of Jesus is the propitiation for our sins. This is the good news: "God commendeth his love towards us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." You must have forgiveness, or perish forever. Why not have it now? God pardons freely and at once. All the preparation that you need is to feel the want. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son,

cleanseth from all sin." All that you have to do is to accept what God, for Christ's sake, so freely gives.

### I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH.

Paul kept the faith at Antioch, even when the infuriated crowd attempted to drown his voice with their clamor, and interrupted him, contradicting and blaspheming. He kept the faith at Iconium, when the envious Jews stirred up the people to stone him. He kept the faith at Lystra, when the fate of Stephen became almost his, and he was dragged, wounded and bleeding, outside the ramparts of the town, and left there to languish, and for aught they cared, to die. He kept the faith against his erring brother Peter, and withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed. He kept the faith when shamefully treated at Philippi, and made the dungeon echo back the praises of his God. He kept the faith at Thessalonica, when few fellows of the baser sort accused him falsely of sedition. He kept the faith at Athens, when to the world's sages he preached of Him whom they ignorantly worshipped as the unknown God. He kept the faith at Corinth, when compelled to abandon that hardened and obdurate city, and to shake off the dust from his garments, and to shake against it. He kept the faith at Ephesus, when he pointed his hearers not to Diana, but to Jesus Christ as their only Saviour. He kept the faith at Jerusalem, when stoned by the enraged and agitated mob—when placed upon the tortured rack, and bound with iron fetters. He kept the faith in Caesarea, before the trembling, conscience-stricken Felix, when he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. He kept the faith before Agrippa, and, by his earnestness, compelled the king to say, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian;" and ever in the closing hours of life, when the last storm was gathering over his head, when lying in the dark and dismal Roman cell, he wrote these triumphant words: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."—Macedon.

### IT SHALL NOT FALL.

The Word of God shall endure forever. The Bible is immortal. The more people endeavor to destroy it the more does its divine origin and authority appear. Infidels have pitted science against it, but the Bible has always been the gainer. The progress of science has brought an increase of faith. The wisest writings of men soon become antiquated and drop into discredit. What work on science survives a single century? Theory supersedes theory, author supersedes author; old books on science are dead, laid aside, ignored. Not so the Bible. It is a live book, and was never so emphatically alive as to-day. Some old interpretations which man's ignorance had foisted upon it have passed away, but to the advantage of the divine record. As light increases faith increases; science helps revelation; all truth is one; error and ignorance are the worst enemies the Scriptures have ever met. The Papists sought to shield the Bible by covering it with clerical mantles, skepticism was the result. The more criticism was depressed and the more doubt prevailed. Protestants challenged discussion, scientists have dealt tremendous blows, and sometimes caused believers to turn pale with fear, but in every instance revelation has been the gainer; enemies have knocked off encumbrances, and made its truth more evident and more precious.

The faith of to-day, in the Bible, exceeds that of any and every other period. The quantity and quality of faith is increased; both the number and the intelligence of believers are increased; and the practical, every day, power of the divine Word upon the great currents of thought and life was never so great as at present. The truths of Scripture, the great doctrines of the gospel, enter into and give character to our literature, to our laws, to our customs and modes of thought, more than ever before. The cruelties of war are mitigated, society is elevated, education promoted, treaties of peace on principles of justice and mercy prompted, benevolent endeavors multiplied, all the currents of life are shaped and colored and inspired by them, as in no other age. The Bible grows in power and authority; as it grows older it becomes stronger; while other books fall into disuse this gains in veneration; while other books die this becomes more and more alive; while the influence of others wanes, this waxes strong.

Science has upset many a cherished dogma and put man's wisdom to the blush, but it has never weakened any item of testimony in support of the divine origin of the Bible. It has discovered no source of prophecy through natural laws; it cannot account for miracles except by the intervention of God. The testimony of both prophecy and miracles becomes more emphatic and conclusive as science progresses, and shows that they have come direct from God. And being from him they confirm the truth as to the origin of Scripture. The evidences upon which faith rests grow stronger as light increases, and hence the sovereignty of the Bible over all books and all minds, shall never fail.

LIFE.—Life is the jailer of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is death; what we call life is