

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLeod,

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

[Editor and Proprietor,

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1871.

Whole No. 898.

## THOMAS LOGAN

Has received, and now opened, per "City of Dublin," via Halifax:

SIX BALES

## NEW CARPETINGS;

ONE BALE

## HEARTH RUGS

AND

## Door Mats;

ONE CASE

## ENGLISH OIL CLOTHS,

1, 1½, 2 and 3 yards wide;

ONE CASE

## NEW DRESS GOODS.

An inspection is solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, April 7, 1871.

## The Intelligencer.

### THE CONVICT SAVED.

BY REV. J. G. BASS.

In my labors as a city missionary in the King's County Penitentiary, my attention was called to a young man—a convict—whose history may serve to illustrate the mysterious providence of God in treasuring up and answering the prayers of his people.

J. W. is the son of a clergyman, the rector of a parish in the Established Church of England; he had received a sound religious education, and the advantages of social position and culture which his father's profession gave him. His mother, a woman of deep religious experience, was taken to her heavenly home years ago; but while she lived, by careful teaching and holy example, she labored to lead her children to the blessed Saviour, and in her last sickness and dying hour, in earnest prayer commended them to God. Especially was her eldest boy, J. W., near her heart, and the subject of her constant prayer.

Less than a year ago, this young man left his father's house, with letters of introduction and recommendation; and with his heart filled with brightest hopes, landed in this country, spent a month in travel, and then, through his letters, his personal appearance and general intelligence, obtained a respectable place in a mercantile house in this city. Away from the influence of a Christian home, among strangers, he forgot the counsels of his father and the prayers of his mother, and listening to the seductions of pleasure, formed sinful associations, contracted evil habits, and in less than four months from the time he left his father's house, became a convict, with blasted reputation and ruined hopes. I give, in his own words as near as I can, the interesting and remarkable means by which God spoke to his judgment and his heart:

"I was taken to the prison in company with several other men, and put in a cell to await my turn to have my hair cut and change my garb. Alone in the cell, I felt my utterly helpless, hopeless, characterless condition; I was ready to fall; my eye measured the cheerless place, the like of which should be my home for months to come. In the corner of the cell, I saw a piece of paper. I stooped and picked it up; it needed no human voice or some printed word then to call me back from despair. The paper was the first half of 'Good Cheer,' No. 1, having on the first page an engraving of 'The Kind hearted Policeman.' The first thing that struck my eye was an article from the pen of my own mother. It brought to my mind the image of my dear deceased mother, her smile, her counsels, her prayers; it was like a voice from the unseen world. As I raised my eyes from reading the article, blinded almost as I was with tears, I read at the head of the column, over my mother's article, these words: 'The last opportunity'—conviction for sin, deep and pungent, seized upon me; the pains of hell got hold upon me; I cried un-

to God in my anguish, and on the Sunday following, in the prison chapel, while singing the hymn,—

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me;  
And that thou biddest me come to thee;  
O Lamb of God, I come!"

I was enabled to cast my guilty soul on the world's Redeemer and find peace and pardon through His atonement. God suffered me to go to prison, that my mother's prayers might be answered."

J. W. served on the term of his sentence, and is again at liberty; but is now rejoicing in that liberty wherewith the Lord Jesus Christ makes his people free. He has written and presented me a hymn, desiring me to read it to the prisoners when gathered for worship on the next Lord's day; a copy of which I enclose. I have, within a week or two, had the pleasure of reading the volume written by J. W.'s mother, from which the article before alluded to is taken.

The paper ("Good Cheer") which so providentially fell in this young man's hand, was one of a package brought and given me by a Christian gentleman, for distribution in the penitentiary. God bless him and all who in their prosperity think on the poor and the out-cast.

### THE HYMN.

Just as thou art, with naught to plead,  
But that I suffered for thy need,  
And for the vilest sin did bleed;  
Come then, O sinner, come!

Just as thou art, no longer stay,  
Topping thy guilt to wipe away,  
My grace will all thy fears allay;  
Come then, O sinner, come!

Just as thou art, through struggling still,  
With unbelief at evil will,  
My grace can conquer every ill;  
Come then, O sinner, come!

Just as thou art, thy aching breast,  
Shall find in me no need of rest;  
I welcome all with sin oppress;  
Come then, O sinner, come!

Just as thou art, with all thy need,  
Thy Father waits to clothe and feed,  
And yearns thy wand'ring heart to lead;  
Come then, O sinner, come!

Just as thou art, at no delay,  
Yield thyself wholly from this day,  
And thou shalt ne'er be cast away;  
Come then, O sinner, come!

### JOY OF SAVING THE LOST.

In Mr. George Kennan's fascinating "Tent Life in Siberia" is a very thrilling account of a search made by the author for a party of his lost countrymen on the Anadyr river. After a journey by dog-sledge for two hundred miles over drifted snow, they reach the spot where they conjectured the missing Americans to be buried away under the snow. Mr. Kennan and his companion are well nigh perishing themselves from a cold which has sunk the mercury to fifty degrees below zero! The feet of their poor dogs spot the white snow with blood at every step. One of the two brave explorers has already sunk exhausted on his sledge, and is fast falling into the sleep of death. Suddenly, at midnight, Mr. Kennan hears a faint, long-drawn halloo across the wintry waste. It comes from one of his "Chockchees," who has gone on in advance. He hurries to the spot, all the blood in his veins throbbing at his heart. As he comes up, he discovers the Chockchee standing by a small black pipe projecting from a snowbank. The lost wanderers must be under it. "Thank God! thank God! I repeated to myself, so," says the heroic writer, "and, as I climbed upon the snow-drift and shouted down the pipe, 'Halloo the House!' I heard a startled voice under my feet reply, 'Who's there?'

As I entered the snow-cellar, and seized hold of my long-lost friends, my over-strained nerves gave way, and in ten minutes I could hardly raise my hand to my lips."

Reading the above thrilling scene in my friend Kennan's book I found the tears stealing down my own cheeks in sympathy with the brave fellows who had perished their lives in order to rescue their lost friends from death by cold and starvation. After concluding the narrative, which had almost the sweet "lineament of a gospel-book," I opened my Bible, and read this parable which Jesus spoke: "What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing."

With this vivid scene of the Siberian search fresh in my mind, I read this exquisite parable with a new delight. I seemed to see our Divine Shepherd starting off after the lost sheep. He knows the thickets or the quagmires into which the silly straggler must have strayed. He may hear its bleatings afar off. He goes until he finds it. He does not beat the air for straggling, but, pulling it out of the mire or drawing it from the tangled thicket, he layeth it on his shoulders—the clean carrying the unclean, the Holy carrying the unholy. Beautiful picture of Jesus the sin-bearer! Every sinner saved has been upon Christ's shoulders. When he "bare our sins," and "carried our sorrows," then was the befouled yet precious lamb upon Jesus's shoulder. Yes, and he bids us "cast our cares" upon him too! The whole load he takes up joyfully.

The transcendent joy in Heaven over a sinner is not confined to the angel bands. It is only witnessed by them, and partially shared by them. "It is in their presence" that the celestial rapture breaks forth. But the supreme joy is in the bosom of the enthroned Redeemer! His was the sorrow, when he was "exceeding sorrowful unto death." His is the joy, when he presents even one repentant sinner "before the presence of his glory." He sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied.

Oh, beloved Saviour! When we behold thee on thy throne, the shepherd and his ransomed flock; thy victories complete; the last wandering sheep brought home; the last recovered jewel glittering in thy crown; then we will confess that the triumph was worthy of the toil, and the ransom of thy glorified church was worthy of all bitter agonies of Him who came to seek and to save the lost!

"Worthy the Lamb that was slain, to receive power and riches and strength and honor and glory and blessing for ever and ever!"—Z. Cuyler.

### OF MARTHA AND MARY.

Martha was the senior sister, and mistress of the family. The duties of the housekeeper fell to her lot, and she considered herself responsible for the manner in which they were performed. The reputation of her family for neatness, for smartness, for hospitality, for cooking and other excellences, were doubtless high in her neighborhood, stimulating the whole town to wholesome pride in these matters. She made her home attractive, and Jesus loved to rest there, probably not altogether on account of the domestic perfection to be found within doors, and yet, in part, perhaps, because he was not insensible to the charms of a well managed household.

Company disconcerted Martha and made her nervous. It set her heart to palpitating. Instantly her anxious mind made vivid the condition of the house from roof to basement, recollected every particle of dislodged dust, every crumb in the linen, every tarnish on the ware, every disarranged article of furniture, the cobweb she had omitted to brush away, the dishes and knives and spoons that she was too tired the other day to scour;—in a word, all the serious blots on the escutcheon of her industry and fame. Her eye was microscopic then, magnifying every crumb to a loaf, and every wrinkle to a billow, and she supposed that the eyes of her guests were equally enlarged for the inspection of all the corners, and the discovery of each slightest mark of her untidiness.

Moreover it was a responsible and arduous task for her to furnish a suitable table for her friends,—a table in the presence of whose sweet, ascending flavors her good name, as a cook, would maintain its standing. As dear to heart was the wide repute of her skill in this direction, as is their fame as poets, to Bryant and Longfellow.

So when Jesus, weary with bearing the scorn of the world, turned aside to Bethany, and honored the abode of Martha with his presence, and sought, in the quiet of its society rather than in the luxuries of Martha's table, for refreshments, she could not but be excited, and misconceive the appropriate way of entertaining him. Little time could she spare to sit at his feet, while he was in her house. Little space could she allot for religious converse with him. She must show her appreciation of the honor received from her guest by preparing food, and spreading a feast, and going to an excess of serving.

Mary was more wisely disposed, and had not that mania for housekeeping which gave it attention in preference to the society and instruction of Jesus. She was content with simple fare, seasoned with the grace the presence of her Lord gave to it. Her appreciation of Christ took on a character unlike that of Martha, and found expression in eagerly listening to the words of Jesus, and sitting at his feet. She hungered for spiritual food. Wants deep in her heart, unsatisfied by the best training of her elder sister, wants that remained unmet at the close of all feasting in the society of her young companions, under such teachings as Jewish rabbis gave her, wants that nothing ever reached, were, by the teachings of the Son of Man, speaking at the threshold of her humble home to the villagers, for the first time amply fed. Therefore she cast the labor of hospitable entertainment on the hands of her more practical sister, and gave herself up to the society of Jesus.

The spirit of Mary was little prepared to interpret the finer, hidden feelings of Mary's heart, or to appreciate the position in which she stood. The quiet demeanor of Mary famed the indignation of Martha, cumbered with her much serving. It vexed the senior sister to see such unconcern in so important a time, and perhaps generally, about household affairs. It provoked her to have Mary take life so easily. It seemed to her either that she had been lamentably unsuccessful in the education of her younger sister, or that Mary wanted some of the essential qualities of a true woman. Was it indolence or stupidity that explained this parable which Jesus spoke: "Probably this was not the first trial her patience had received from her." It occurred to her, and she at once resolved to ask Christ to reprove the girl, no doubt thinking that a rebuke from him would make an impression on the mind that seemed so insensible to her teachings. How Martha executed her purpose we all know. The gracious words of Christ in reply will bear repeating. "Martha, Martha," said Jesus kindly to her, and his soft answer drew all the venom from her feelings, "thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

Housekeeping and its necessary drudgery is not here condemned. Something more excellent is commended. The sensible choice was Mary's. To earthly things she preferred things divine. She chose a station at the feet of Christ, instruction from the lips of the great teacher, the privilege of listening to him who spoke as never man spoke, and of catching the spirit of heaven from nearness to the Saviour; this, as above all the fine arts of the housekeeper, and as more precious than the luxuries of the table, Mary chose. From an interview with Jesus, she might carry power to make her mission in life sweeter with the fragrance of purity, charity and faith. To allow the Son of God to come right to her door, become a guest within her house, and pass over, where she might not see his face, or hear his voice, or breathe the spirit of his presence again, and she was absorbed in caring for physical wants, busy about articles of food, the inviting guests, and how to serve them, was to her a desecration of the most enviable and sacred privilege ever given to a woman. The feast she hungered for, the words of Jesus spread. The cup of peace Christ put to her lips, she drank, and lost relish for temporary and sensual things.

She was not an aged woman. The glow of youth, the aspirations of the young, the love of variety and excitement, were as much known to her, as to others of her age and sex. She was not insensible to the charms of life in its gayest moods. Wealth and society, as far as they were accessible to the women of that day,

drew on her heart with the same strength that they had over the hearts of her companions. But she chose to set these things aside, for that character which always has access to the ear of God, is always an inward spring of peace, always carries its own enjoyment with it, and is, always, in this dry world, dew, and light, and warmth. She thought less of dress, personal appearance, parties, social standing,—the ambition of her sister,—than of what we call female piety.

And her choice was right. It was the good part. It sent her forth a better, nobler, more lovely woman, fitted to do something nobler in life, and receive nobler rewards in the skies. Her schooling at the feet of Jesus was more to be desired than all of Martha's excessive serving.

From this incident, it is easy to draw many lessons. The minister who reads these lines will think of many a Martha and Mary, whom, in attending meetings of the Board, anniversaries, convocations, ordinations, and other gatherings that have thrown him upon the hospitality of Christian friends, he has met. He will look around his parish and see more Marthas than Marys; more good housekeepers than humble devotees of the Saviour; more hands busy with sweeping and dusting, scrubbing and scouring, cooking, sewing and serving, than hearts eager to catch from the presence of Jesus the spirit of heaven. Perhaps he will be reminded of the state of things in his own household, when some good Doctor of Divinity unexpectedly rang his door-bell and was welcomed to his home; how then his "help meet" grew nervous, how there was hurried flying to the best room, and from the best room to the pantry, how little time his companion saved from her much serving, for enjoying the conversation of this distinguished guest, and the vain efforts that he made to convert his Martha to a Mary. He will sigh for the return of wisdom and grace to woman, and will secretly pray, not that household duties may be given up, but reduced to more simplicity and plainness.

Some good sisters will read these lines, and ask, "How can we be less cumbered in the directions named?" The answer is by independence of custom, by freedom from the tyranny of fashion, by neglecting the least important things rather than the most important, tending down desire for dress, luxuries, delicacies, and serving, and tuning up desire for the good part, which, neither society, company, housekeeping, nor aught else could keep away, or, having, take away from us.—J. A. H. in Star.

### STRATEGY.

A writer in the *Sunday School Times* thinks the Sunday-school army, as well as the Christian army generally, has need of careful planning.

We are told that Von Moltke had the present great campaign in his brain years ago. He was once found by French officers near Sedan, studying the spot where he should hurl down the power of France. An invasion had been written out, and was ready for the alarm of war.

Christians are an army of invasion. They are commissioned to take this world for Christ and hold it, too. The enemy has long been disturbing the peace of all about him. He has a great territory, and encroachments as strong as sin can secure in ruined human nature.

Victory will not come as an accident. It may not reasonably be supposed to be at hand. There is a struggle of world-wide proportions before the army of the Lord.

Could we not gain much by plans that shall be far-reaching? Plans to win a soul, a family, a neighborhood, a State, the Republic? Plans that shall be the best that the joined thought of the laity and ministry can give? Plans that, while they credit the Spirit with omnipotence, do not ignore the duty of using skill and persistence in methods any more than the Bible does? Plans which shall not be abandoned, but shall lay siege to the kingdom of darkness with Prussian patience and persistence?

Protestantism has lost much by being fragmentary, and wanting in plans that reach through decades and centuries, as the purposes and policies of Romanism do.

Occasional excitement and spasms of effort will not save the world.

Consistent thinking is essential to this success. It is necessary to united evangelical triumphs. What think ye?

### THE STRANGE SENTENCE.

"A little wrong-going in the beginning leadeth to a great sin in the end."

One day somewhere took up a volume in which this sentence was quoted from some old English author. It stood on the title-page and headed the first chapter. I turned over the leaves, and again and again it frowned upon me: "A little wrong-going in the beginning leadeth to a great sin in the end."

I was startled. The quaint type made the words look gloomy, and the very repetition of them gave them a fearful ring. I did not read the volume. This strange sentence, however, I have often recalled as one of singular significance and power.

Go to yonder libertine. Ask him how he came to be the feeble wreck he now is—by what fearful steps he sank so rapidly, and has fallen so far. He pauses, while recollection slowly brings up the past. He points to the scene when he took the first glass, and had some misgivings as to his safety. He tells you all his woe was there, in that little wrong-going; that one act turned him from the path of safety, and led on to all the wretchedness and sin that have embittered his intervening years.

Go to yonder hopeless heart, once so blithe and hopeful, now dwelling in a gloom that nothing can fully illumine—a gloom which awakens a longing for the oblivion of the grave. Ask what it is which has so poisoned existence. No, do not ask! You know that it was a little wrong-going in the beginning—only a doubtful step; but it led to a frightful depth.

Go to yonder criminal. Ask him how he came to be exposed to the penalty of crime. He points back to his boyhood. He tells you of a single offence, trifling as a petty theft or a lie, and traces all his crime to this one root. It was then that the evil nature asserted its dominion, and thence pushed him on to the guilt and shame which now thicken about him, and to the just punishment which awaits him.

Go to yonder apostate. Ask him how it came about that he is now an enemy of the cross of Christ, he who once avowed himself a friend; how he reached a state of mind where comfort has fled, and appalling fears at times assail him. He looks at you with surprise that you have so thoroughly read his heart. He sighs heavily, and answers: "It began with a little neglect. I left off God, spiritual enjoyments fled, and I sought pleasure in the world. It was then I sowed the wind, and already I reap the whirlwind, in the fears of which you speak. I tell men there is no such thing as religion. I do it with a strange frenzy, for I mean by it, there is no religion for me—none for me!"

Do not forget the words—words so full of warning, and especially to those who have taken or are about to take a doubtful step: "A little wrong-going in the beginning leads to a great sin in the end."—*Observer.*

### STRONG TESTIMONY.

We have stronger evidence of the divinity of Christ, than miracles or prophecy; we have fulfillment. Could Nicodemus have looked down through 1800 years, and perceived the fruits of the Lord's mission, the change his influence would work in society, the good he would do to our race, his eye would scarcely have lingered a moment upon the works which he did in Judea, so grand and wonderful would the moral results have appeared. What would we think of a young man in our day, of whom such sublime achievements could be certainly affirmed? Would it be reasonable to set him down as an impostor? Would we not look upon him with wonder and admiration? Is there a man living, or has a man ever lived, who should excite such feelings and reverence for his person as we should feel for Christ? We would travel further, and incur more expense to see such a man, than to see any man, or wonder of nature, known in history. The glory of kings and heroes, scholars and men of renown, the greatest the world has ever seen, or known, would fade into utter obscurity in his presence. We should inevitably attribute to him, and confess that such results could not possibly flow from anything less than a divine source.

But the fruits of the Saviour's power and influence, grand and wonderful as it is, was fully foretold by himself and prophets. They plainly disclosed that he would do these mighty deeds, work out these great reforms, wield this tremendous influence, and achieve this great renown, and now time demonstrates that these prophecies were all true, that all that Christ claimed for himself were justifiable. There is no mistaking these facts. It was plainly declared that the young man from Nazareth would bless the world as no other man ever did, and have a name above every name, and wield a power greater than that of kings of potentates, and behold it is so; our eyes look upon the facts, our ears hear the testimony that all has been fulfilled.

Here is comfort to the believer, and a good foundation for faith. There is no chance for deception, no possibility of being mistaken. It is infinitely more difficult to doubt, in the presence of these facts, than to believe. Conceding that Christ was divine, as he claimed to be, and these results are natural, legitimate, easily accounted for; but denying his divinity, denying what he claimed for himself, and the whole case becomes inexplicable and the facts impossible.—*Baptist Union.*

### WASHING JUDAS'S FEET.

"But there is so little satisfaction in doing anything for her," complained Mrs. Hyrst to her friend, in reference to a certain afflicted yet querulous member of their congregation.

"Why not do it for Christ, then?" asked Mrs. Hyrst, the person addressed.

"But I am not sure that this is work for Christ. Mrs. Zack, surely, does not seem to be one of His."

"I do not profess to judge in this matter," replied Mrs. Hyrst. "Yet grant for a moment that she is not; still we are met by this grand precedent: Christ did for one far more unworthy a greater act of condescension than you have ever done for Mrs. Zack."

"I do not just now perceive to what you refer," said Mrs. Hyrst.

"Washing the feet of Judas," replied her friend.

"Ah! was that so? I never thought of it before, and had I been asked, would have replied that Judas was not present at the time."

"The thirteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel will convince you of the fact. I often pause in reading to endeavour to picture that scene, and to draw from it the rich instruction it is calculated to convey. Christ, with all His exquisite susceptibilities, with His intense hatred of evil, especially evil under the guise of goodness, of treachery such as Judas's—what must have been His mental anguish in view of such base ingratitude! With feelings of love which we cannot fathom, He stooped before the ardent Peter, the gentle, affectionate John, and all the other faithful ones. But if we cannot fathom such a love as this, how much less can we comprehend the love which actuated the Divine Redeemer, as, in the form of a servant, He bowed before the traitor, and washed his feet, and wiped them with the towel with which he was girded!"

"Ah! this was humiliation," replied her friend. "He would make Himself of no reputation; even laying aside His garments, and appearing just like a serving-man of those days, girt with a towel. Do you think that Christ had other reasons for not omitting Judas than mere setting us an example?"

"I do not pretend to say that. And I love to think of the act as He speaks of it at the time: 'That ye should do as I have done unto you.' There is a deep significance in the

fact that that our Lord did not wait until Judas had gone out, he would wash his feet with the words, 'But ye should do as I have done unto you.' But as I am fain to believe, also, that in this act was manifested a love which yearned to reach the heart of Judas; a love which would not leave a single means untried to bring back to repentance the guilty transgressor, if haply his heart might be touched by this marvellous manifestation. He surely had the opportunity to relent."

"Ah, yes!" replied her friend; "and, had Judas been passed by, it might have been said, 'O, if Christ had only washed his feet!' The surely must have relented under the power of such an action on the part of His Master, his injured Lord, who, Judas well knew, must have known his guilty purpose; for He had already said, 'One of you shall betray me.'"  
—*Christian Banner.*

### A GOOD TEST.

A few years ago, as Rev. Professor Finney was holding a series of meetings in the city of Edinburgh, many persons called upon him for personal conversation and power.

One day a gentleman appeared in great distress of mind. He had listened to Mr. Finney's sermon on the previous evening, and it had torn away his "refuge of lies." Mr. Finney was plain and faithful with him, pointing out to him the way of life clearly, as his only hope of salvation. The weeping man assured him that he was willing to give up all for Jesus—that he knew of nothing he would reserve—all for Jesus.

"Then let us go upon our knees and tell God that," said Mr. Finney. So both knelt at the altar, and Mr. Finney prayed, "O Lord, Thine as his God, and to cast himself upon Thy care, now and forever."

The man responded "Amen" heartily. Mr. Finney continued, "O Lord, this man vows that he is ready to give his life, family, and all their interests up to Thee."

Another hearty "Amen" from the man. He went on, "O Lord, he says that he is willing to give Thee his business, whatever it may be, and conduct it for Thy glory."

The man was silent—no response. Mr. Finney was surprised at his silence, and asked, "Why do you not say 'Amen' to this?"

"Because the Lord will not take my business, sir; I am in the spirit trade," he answered.

The traffic could not withstand such a test as that. "The Lord will not take" such a business under his care. He demands its destruction, as one of the mightiest obstacles to the progress of his kingdom in the earth.—*Am. Messenger.*

### HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

To some the Bible is uninteresting and unprofitable, because they read too fast. Amongst the insects which subsist on the sweet sap of flowers, there are two very different classes. One is remarkable for its imposing plumage, which shows in the sunbeams like the dust of gems; and as you watch its jaunty gyrations over the fields, and its minute dance from flower to flower, you cannot help admiring its graceful activity, for it is plainly getting over a great deal of ground. But, in the same field, there is another worker, whose brown vest and business-like straightforward flight may not have arrested your eye. His fluttering neighbor darts down here and there, and sips elegantly wherever he can find a drop of ready nectar; but this dingy plodder makes a point of alighting every where, and wherever he alights he either finds honey or makes it. If the flower-cup be deep, he goes down to the bottom; if it is shallow, he goes up to the top; its lips he sunders, and if the nectar be peculiar or recalcitrant, he explores all about till he discovers it, and then having ascertained the knick of it, joyful as one who has found great riches, he sips his way down into its hidden recesses. His rival, of the painted velvet wing, has no patience for such dull and long-winded details. But what is the end? Why, the one died last October along with the flowers; the other is warm in his hive to-night, amidst the fragrant stores which he gathered beneath the bright beams of summer.

Reader, to which do you belong?—the butterfly or bee? Do you search the Scriptures, or do you only skim them? Do you dwell on a passage till you bring out some meaning, or till you can carry away some memorable truth or immediate lesson; or do you flit along on heedless wing, only on the lookout for novelty, and too frivolous to explore or ponder the Scriptures? Does the Word of God dwell in you so richly, that in the vigils of a restless night, or in the bookless solitude of a sick-room, or in the winter of old age or exclusion from ordinances, its treasured truths would perpetuate summer round you, and give you meat to eat which the world knows not of.—*Jos. Hamilton, D.D.*

PUNISHMENT OF LIARS.—When Aristotle, the Grecian philosopher and tutor of Alexander the Great, was once asked what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods, he replied, "Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth." On the contrary, it is related that when Petrarch, an Italian poet, a man of strict integrity, was summoned to take an oath before a court of justice, the judge closed the book, saying, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient." From the story of Petrarch we may learn how great respect is paid to those whose character for truth is established; and from the reply of Aristotle, the folly as well as wickedness of lying. In the country of Siam, a kingdom of Asia, he who tells a lie is punished, according to law, by having his mouth sewed up. We read, likewise, that God Almighty struck Ananias and Sapphira dead for not speaking the truth. Read Acts 5.

To whom you betray your secret you betray your liberty.

A guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in all to itself which would otherwise pass by.