

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.

Vol. XVIII.—No. 45.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1871.

Whole No. 929.

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!

DRESS GOODS,

In all the novelties for the season,

WOOL SHAWLS,

In New Stripes and Clan Tartans.

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.

Frederickton, Oct. 27, 1871.

ALBION HOUSE.

PER STEAMER "ASSYRIA"

22 CASES AND BALES

NOW OPENING,

Comprising Newest Goods in the Markets, personally

selected in the

LONDON MARKETS.

NEW HATS,

BONNETS,

FLOWERS,

RIBBONS,

GLOVES, &c.

NOW READY FOR INSPECTION.

and will be sold at

Lowest Living Profits.

JOHN THOMAS.

Frederickton, May 5, 1871.

The Intelligencer.

WINNING SOULS TO CHRIST.

BY THEODORE L. CUTLER, D. D.

A new year of labor is opening in most of our churches, since the return of pastors and people from their summer wanderings. Many of the city churches have but nine months in their year; during the three summer months they are as migratory as the swallows. In this shortened year our whole work must be done, as far as combined efforts are concerned. Let me suggest as the key-note for the coming year—*winning souls*. Some one inquired of Dr. Lyman Beecher, in his old age: "Doctor you know many things; but what do you think the main thing?" The sturdy old hero of forty replies answered: "It is not theology; it is *winning souls*."

This is a personal work. Each man and woman must be a fisher. It is a great mistake to suppose that a whole church can lay hold of a huge drag-net, and draw in at a single haul a multitude of fishes. This is an individual work upon individual hearts. The pastor must do his part in the pulpit and in personal interviews. The Sunday-school teacher must take hold of his pupils one by one. The Christians who would win Harlan Page's success must adopt Harlan Page's method; and that was to try to do *some good to every one he met*. Sometimes it was only a kind but impressive word; sometimes it was a faithful private conversation; sometimes he wrote a letter to the unconverted, inviting to the Saviour; sometimes he did a kindness to unlock the heart, and then followed it by a close appeal. A great many cruel things have been said about the "machinery of revivals," but there is one sort of machinery as old as the apostles, and which never wears out—it is the simple method of personal effort, prompted by love. The acts of the Apostles are not a history of churches, but of individual Christians; the fishery for souls was not by a combined pull on an ecclesiastical drag-net, but each fisher dropped his own hook, baited with love.

We emphasize this last pithy word. Souls must be *won* toward Christ. He that *wineth* is wise. Cutting words to the unconverted are only the foolish attempt to bait flies with vinegar. "Cutting it in love" is the literal meaning of Paul's method which he commends in his letter to the brethren at Ephesus. Sinners will bear tremendously close and searching truth, if it is only spoken out of a heart that is unimpeachably moved by an unselfish affection. The first point is persuasion; or, in other words, move the sinner to move himself. It has been well said that the divine method for winning souls is not by a "thou shalt," but by persuading each sinner to say for himself "I will." To accomplish this persuasion, the first essential is to love a man's soul, and to convince him that you do love him. The only people in our churches who really do much good are those who have established a confidence in their own sincerity and who get credit for a disinterested benevolence. Ungodly persons will sometimes phrase their opinion of a church member on this wise: "I believe in Mr. A—." He pays his debts and he came to sit up with me when I was sick. He's no Pharisee." Now, such a Mr. A— is the only one who has sufficiently won the confidence of impenitent people to win them over to Christ. No others need make the attempt.

There is a class of censorious Christians who pray and speak vitriol and vinegar in the prayer-meetings, who are perpetually berating the whole church for its coldness and lethargy, and whose stereotyped harangue is "Men and brethren, sinners all around us are going down by thousands to Hell!" These are the fishermen who perpetually lash the waters into commotion with their fishing rods, but who never catch even a nibble. These people need a "revival" themselves—a revival of the spirit of Christ in their own hearts. Our All-wise Master never would have won Zaccheus over by denouncing him as an extortionate publican. He did win him by personal attention. When the man whom all Jericho was in the habit of kicking at found at last a friend, who had a "fellow-feeling" for him, he opened his heart to him. Christ "went to be a guest with a man who was a sinner." He not only got into that sinner's house, but into his heart.

Whenever I think of *winning souls* to Christ, I recall the history of a beloved friend, who thirty years ago was a wretched wail on the current of "fast living" (which really means fast dying). The reckless youth seemed abandoned of God and man. He spent his nights in the buffooneries of the dram-shop, and his days in the waking remorse of the drunkard. On a certain Sabbath afternoon he was sauntering through the public square of Worcester, out of humor with all the world and with himself. A kind voice suddenly saluted him. It was from a stranger who touched him on the shoulder, and said, very cordially: "Mr. Gough, I believe?" "Yes, sir that's my name." Then followed a few kind words from the benevolent stranger, with a pressing invitation to "come to our meeting to-morrow night, where I shall introduce you to good friends, who will help you keep a temperance pledge." The promise was made on the spot, and faithfully kept. The pledge was taken and by God's help is kept to this hour. The poor boot-maker who tapped that youth on the shoulder has gone to Heaven. But the man he saved has touched more hearts to tears than any other living man on the globe. Methinks, when I listen to the thunders of applause which greet John B. Gough in vast crowded lecture halls, I am only hearing the echoes of that tap on the shoulder under the elms of Worcester. He that *wineth* souls is wise.

If I may be allowed to suggest the class upon whom the soul-winning process should be attempted, I would suggest not the easy, but the *hardest*. It is not enough to reach those who are nearest to the kingdom of Heaven. Let us try for those who are furthest off. A "revival" that shall gather in the scoffers and the Sabbath-breakers, the drunkards and the sensualists—in "high life," as well as in low—can only come from a revival of Christ's loving and laborious spirit in the hearts of his

people. The best warfare against the Devil is to win away his victims, one by one, to the side of Jesus.

THE MEETING FOR PRAYER.

The "prayer-meeting" should be a meeting for prayer. Being such, in it petition should prevail. Often it does not. Some long-winded brother thinks that it is a meeting for talk. So he spins his slender thread of common-places on and on, rejoicing that no time "runs to waste," possibly secretly congratulating himself that there is one man in the church who can keep the meeting moving. Some musical sister concludes it a service for song. So she sings verse on verse with exultant chorus, glad that she is blessed with a faculty for enlivening the meeting.

Both are wrong. If it is rightly named, it is a gathering for the one central, if not absorbing purpose of asking God for something. If any other exercise than actual prayer be had, it must be secondary, and that only as it subserves petition.

This view is modified, just so far as the assembling ceases to be purely for prayer, and becomes partly for conference. To what extent the two are usually intended to be combined in our ordinary prayer-meetings, I am unable to say. Usually they present the only opportunity, aside from covenant meetings, of speaking one to another. Under such circumstances, it may be well to devote part of the time to conferences. It strikes me, however, as better to have half an hour of speaking followed by another of prayer, or *vice versa*, than to mingle the two indiscriminately throughout the hour. Singing and talking are not praying, and they never can make a prayer-meeting.

These two carefully used may help the asking. Remarks on praying, reflections on the prayer habits of eminent saints or Jesus, the relation of experience calling for intercession, &c., may not be injurious, may be profitable. But more than this, I think, will not. All talk in such meetings which does not stir prayer stays; it is thus turning the current away from its appropriate channel.

The same is true of singing. Not only should the songs be brief, but their sentiment should be prayerful. Such hymns as "Sweet hour of prayer," "Saviour, like a shepherd lead us," "Jesus who knows full well," &c., in proper proportion help. Such as "Jesus, I love thy charming name," "In the cross of Christ I glory," "I love to think of the heavenly land," &c., while excellent in some services, are not petition producers, and consequently are intruders in a purely prayer-meeting.

I write this with full faith in the presence and activity of the Holy Spirit in every assembly of saints; also with the understanding that He may will any exercise at any time. Still, I am persuaded that when he leads into the appointment of a prayer service, he will also lead into the service of prayer.

The reason that the service is not consistent with the appointment, I suspect, is not that the Spirit's leading is inconsistent with itself, but that our allegiance to the Spirit is imperfect. We decline doing what he would have us do. One refuses to be led into uttered prayer, explaining that he cannot pray in public. Another refuses to be led into silent prayer, forgetting that God sometimes chooses stillness. So that, were both obedient, there would furnish open petition and the other prayerful silence, both quench the Spirit with unauthorized exhortation. The blending of the emotions of all into tender, earnest prayer, which the spirit would wisely accomplish, is frustrated, and instead, the hour is eaten up with spiritless song and lifeless talk. Is not this the experience of many "prayer-meetings," and have I not indicated correctly the source of such experiences?

Actual praying is very hard work. Petition is more difficult than other exercises, requires deeper spirituality, more of the divine life. Hence comes its neglect. As we receive the mind of the Comforter we shall be more endowed for prayer, consequently will pray more. Let the leading of the Spirit be untrammelled by our judgment and fears, and I am persuaded that our prayer-meetings will pray.

THE LORD SENT HIM.

One Sabbath a poor drunken man walked into one of our wealthy and fashionable congregations, and seated himself near the pulpit. He came in at the close of the first hymn, and his shabby appearance and unsteady gait attracted the general observation. The minister had scarcely commenced preaching when the stranger had sunk into a deep sleep; his loud snoring almost drowned the voice of the speaker, and one of the officers of the church approached to lead him out of the building.

"Let him remain," said the minister, "he does not disturb me. If he does, you try and bear with him. I hope he may hear some word before he leaves which will persuade him to lead a new life. The man is not in his senses; there is some influence which we do not perceive which has led him here. I believe the Lord sent him."

He continued to sleep on, but more quietly. The pealing of an organ and the singing of the choir at last aroused him. He started to his feet and gazed in bewilderment around. It was the old hymn, "Rock of Ages," which they were singing. He sat down and buried his face in his hands. What memories came thronging upon him, who shall say? That he was afflicted might be seen by his flowing tears. He listened to the prayer which followed, a touching petition that all might repent and seek the Saviour, and that each one might find pardon and peace.

The next Sabbath he was again in church. This time he was a punctual and attentive listener. Although still shabbily dressed, he had paid some regard to his attire. He continued to attend and to improve in his appearance. In one of the prayer meetings he arose and said he hoped he had become a Christian. He had a pious mother; her great desire was that he might become a Christian. Since her death he had become a victim of intemperance. For years his course had been downward. On the Sabbath when he first entered the

church, he had heard the singing and paused to listen. A voice seemed to bid him enter. He thought it might be the voice of God speaking to him for the last time. Half over come with drink and almost in rags he entered the church. He heard part of the hymn: "Rock of Ages," the hymn sung by his mother upon her death-bed. The prayer which followed seemed meant for him. He resolved to leave off his old habit, and by the grace of God he had kept his resolution.

He became a sincere and devoted Christian. Of that church he became a member and subsequently a deacon. "I do not know," said his pastor, "a man more earnest, or more successful in doing good than he."

SPURGEON'S COLLEGE.

At a meeting recently held in connection with the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pastor's College," reported in the *Freeman*, Mr. Spurgeon gave an interesting view of its results in the increase of the churches—a mode of estimating it which he regarded as "too arithmetical," but which seems to us eminently practical, and adapted to awaken gratitude and praise. We think also his advice to applicants from foreign countries wise and Christian.

He said—
I ought to say how glad I was, when lying on a bed of sickness, to see how your interest, instead of diminishing, seemed rather to grow stronger. Since I have been better I have seen each week some occasion for gratitude, and when I find there has been given £11 or £12 absolutely in coppers, £40 or £50 in fourpennies and threepennies, I know how many have given, and how hearty is the love of our friends for the work. Truly, my brothers and sisters, you do well to help it, for God blesses it. I once knew a gentleman who used to get reports from various societies, and would see how many conversions had been made in the year. He would then divide the amount of money subscribed by the number of conversions, and ascertain how much each cost. If he found they were expensive he did not subscribe, but if he saw there was a good deal of work done for a little money he then would give his £5. I do not quite approve of this method myself—it is too arithmetical. Still there is something in it. During the last six years we have had a record of the churches in which students of the college have become pastors, and in those six years there has been an increase of 16,450 members to the different churches. Deducting those removed by death and other causes, the actual increase amounts to 11,177; and that this number is correct is shown by the baptisms, which amount to 11,261, and all these have been baptized by brethren educated in the college. I greatly question whether so large a number of men selected from any other college in any part of England have been rendered so useful, and I greatly rejoice and bless God that all these 11,261 souls have been permitted to find peace with God, and have been washed in the precious blood of Christ. Does not this repay you? I am sure it repays me, and the students who have been chosen to do the work.

As for the men who have gone out from the college, there are many among them whose names are fragrant and savory in this church. I have constant applications from different places in the United States, Germany, and France, from persons who wish to come to the college, and whom I always discourage, because I think they ought to be educated at home to save expense, and because they ought to be used to the ways and manners of their own people.

BE SOCIAL.

A young man comes to your church; he is a perfect stranger to the majority of those he meets; his home is far away, and his church he has left far behind. He listens attentively to the service, and is pleased and profited by what he hears. The service over, he goes out. Although many know him to be a stranger, yet no one extends the friendly hand, or in any manner notices him. He is somewhat discouraged, a little home-sickness steals over him, but he resolves to go there one Sabbath more. He goes, with the same result. Discouraged, he seeks another sanctuary, where the warm grasp of the hand, information about the evening meeting, invitation to the Sabbath school, and the interest taken by the second church in his welfare, at once decide his course. The result is that a zealous worker is gained for one church and lost by the other, and simply because the young men were social.

Young men and young women of our churches, never let a stranger go away without notice; never let that chilling feeling of loneliness come over any person in the house of God. It should be your pleasure to make every stranger at home. Try it, and your reward will be speedy.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

There ought to be no sweeter hour in the day than that in which comes the morning meal and the family worship. Yet it is sorrowful to see what sometimes passes for the latter. A chapter of the Bible hurried through, a rambling, stereotyped prayer mumbled over, and the participants rush off to the work which they have been meanwhile thinking about, and which they enjoy a great deal better. The exercise is wrapped in fog, instead of being crowned with heaven's light. It is a mistake to suppose that education or education are specially needed in conducting family worship. It wants a heart most of all. Let there not be a single petition that is not born of real desire—even if the prayer be not two minutes long. Blessed be the home where the spirit of song dwells and adds its charm to the morning worship. The exercise need not be long, but it should not be crowded. Break up the formality; carry all the soul-life you have into it; and its savor shall not go through the day alone, but among all the home memories none shall be stronger to hold the grown up children to the faith of their fathers.—*Christian at Work.*

SOWING THE WIND.

"My child!" said Mrs. A—, "I do not wish you to go with the Thompson children. They are very good, no doubt, but they are not just the kind for you. There are the DeLaceys, now; they are such nicely brought up children; I wish you to be friends with them." And so the simple, unaffected children of Mrs. A— get their first lesson in worldliness. They are to "out" the Thompsons, whom they like, and they are to cultivate the DeLaceys, whom they do not like, but whom their mother recommends for reasons which the youthful mind readily guesses.

Ten years pass. Mrs. A— is in widow's weeds. She is consulting a friend of her late husband as to what she shall do with Charley. Listen to her once more:

"I would be glad to get him sent away anywhere. Young DeLacey has led him into such a reckless and extravagant life that he cares for nothing, and will do anything now to get money. He is my greatest sorrow. Ah, sir! a living grief is the worst grief." Poor Mrs. A—, it is her sad harvest time. "Well, for my part, I don't approve of such strictness. I like my children to enjoy themselves, and see no harm in a play. I feel as good, for my part, in a theatre as I do anywhere else." Mrs. B— was sincere, and probably correct in this remark, and she acted upon it, and now and then took her boy "Harry" to the theatre. It was very nice to both, and she brought him safely home. And when Harry went to business in New York, which could boast of a stage such as his native city poorly rivalled, he saw no harm in spending his nights in the same manner. He made friends; he found his way to the bar-room; to other rooms, and to such as had little principle. Any time that might have been given to sober reflection, he spent where reflection is impossible.

Several years pass, and here is a distracted line from Harry:

MY DEAR MOTHER—It breaks my heart to say good-bye to you—but I must. I am ruined; and if I stayed, would be arrested. I go off to-night—where you will hear if I have any better luck. I am your unfortunate son.

That is Mrs. B—'s melancholy harvest. "Money I at all risks. I must make money, and keep it too when I have it." So said Mr. D—, a young man of steady habits, with a cold grey eye and a narrow forehead. He came from the village of Westfield, where his parents lived, but he did not go to it. To go cost money. He had no gifts. He made few friends. They took money. He joined no church. It cost money. He supported no charities. They took money. And so Mr. D— sowed the whole field of his life with wind.

Forty-five years pass. Mr. D— is old and sick. He has no friends about him. He has sore trouble of mind. His one servant is faithful, but wants his money he suspects. His "man of business" charged high, and he is now getting a little made by a sharp attorney who scented the prey from afar, who will do anything he is asked while his client lives, and pay himself when he is dead. And there he is dying. Sympathy from man he never sought. He sought money. "Grace from God" he never sought. He sought money. And there he dies without love from earth or hope from heaven. The harvest is as the seed.

But one has not always to wait so long. Here is a corner of a harvest-field, for example. "I am very sorry to say it," says old Mrs. G—, "but I have little comfort in my children. They did not marry the kind of persons I would like; and when people marry, they generally go with those they join, and somehow they do not think much about their mother." Now let us go back fifteen years. Then, after a period of hard work to bring up their children, Mrs. G—, having attained to some means of comfort, resolved to have "society" and "life" for her children. She drew about her people of light mind, and old-fashioned morals were laughed at in her parlors, and "modern" ways were introduced. Some pious friends drew off in consequence, but their places were filled by others. The associations so formed grew closer. One daughter married in haste, and soon obtained a divorce. The sons united themselves to women who do not believe in the old-fashioned obligation to honor one's mother, especially when it is a mother-in-law. And the youngest daughter is "engaged" to a man of "varied accomplishments," who is a scolder. They will be married as soon as he can get something to do. The seed was sown in worldly ambition; the harvest is gathered in heartless disappointment. O parents! who make your children pass through the fire of fashionable folly, in the hope of advancing them in life, you know not what you do!

Now, if all these things happen in life, as it is easy to see, is it to be wondered at that the rule reaches on to eternity? You have been honest, and men trust you. You have been industrious, and God—who rewards natural virtue in its own department and as far as it goes—has given you prosperity. But you have sown only natural seed—not spiritual. And as you sow, you will reap—only more of the seed.

You live here without God. Then you can only expect to be without God always. You sow no spiritual seed. Then you look for no spiritual fruit. You live for men. Let them reward you if they can. You let God alone. Then He will let you alone. You sow the wind of worldliness; you can only hope to reap the whirlwind of judgment and despair. "Oh, God forbid!" you exclaim, "that I should come to that!" But God will not forbid it. His already established rule is, that if we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption; if we sow to the Spirit, we shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. You can read it for yourself in the Epistle to the Gal. vi. 8. How can you expect God to forbid the workings of His own laws? How absurd to sow thistle-down, and say, "God forbid that I should have thistles!" Go, then, at once to God, and beg His mercy for Christ's sake. Take His word and keep it. Beg Him to lead you in the way of life, and to show you how

to sow to the Spirit. And to show that you are in earnest, move in the direction of your prayers.—*Messenger.*

THE JEWELS IN THE CUP.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUTLER.

There was a fine touch of poetry as well as of Christian philosophy in the cheerful words of a young servant of Christ who was near his last hour. "When I have the most pain in my body," said he, "I have the most pain in my soul. I do not doubt but that there is love in the bottom of the cup, though it is terribly bitter in the mouth." It was at the bottom of the cup that God had placed the precious blessing; and it was needful that he drink the whole bitter draught in order to reach it.

"The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" This was the submissive utterance of the Man of Sorrows in Gethsemane. Thousands of His followers have faltered out the same words through their tears, when a heart-breaking trial was trying their faith to the utmost. But the "sweet breath of Jesus has been on the cup," and made it more palatable. And the lips that tasted the draught of sorrow have uttered such prayers as they had not made, and could not make in seasons of prosperity.

The richest jewels of grace often lie at the bottom of sorrow's cup. Jesus could not push from Him the bitter agony of Calvary; redemption was at the bottom of that cup. He could not save Himself and yet save a guilty world of sinners. Either He must drink the cup of suffering, or we must drink "the wine of the wrath of God."

Looking down into the draught of sorrow which God mingles often for His children, what precious jewels glisten in the depths! Promises are there sparkling like pearls. "As thy day so shall thy strength be." "Whom I love I chasten." "My grace is sufficient for thee." What afflicted child of God would fling from him a cup which contains such priceless gifts as these?

Graces sparkle, too, in the goblet of grief which Divine love mingles for those who are to become more "perfect through suffering." How lustrous shines the grace of patience! I used to go occasionally and read the Bible to an invalid who had been tortured for forty years with excruciating pains; and her words of submission were the *concordia*. I used to go home ashamed of my own impatience under paltry vexations. She never asked God to take her cup of suffering from her; in it were her jewels—patience, meekness, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Experience of the love of Jesus is another of the pearls dropped into the draught which is mingled for His chosen ones. Christ has His *chose* ones. Dr. Arnot says that the true meaning of the text, "many are called but few are chosen," is this—"many are called to be Christians, but only a few are *chose*." Only a portion of all the flock are "called and *chose* and faithful."

These *chose* Christians are often chosen for affliction, and become more *chose* and excellent through the regimen of severe trial. There is an experience of the love of Jesus which they gain in their hours of bereavement, or poverty, or hardships, which they never could have acquired in any other way. The "love in the bottom of the cup" was only to be reached by drinking the sorrows which held the jewel. The school of suffering graduates rare scholars. To the disciples in that school it is often given to "know the love of Jesus which passeth knowledge." Suffering Christians! be not in haste to quit this Master's school; thou art fitting for the *High School* of Heaven. Push not away peevishly thy cup of sorrow; for the sparkling diamond of Christ's love for thee is in the draught he gives thee to drink.—*Evangelist.*

OH! IF ONLY I HAD.

There is a wretched man pacing to and fro the corridor of a lunatic asylum in New York State. For nearly five years, day after day he has walked the same passage; and continually the same words come from his lips. If you address him his eyes glare upon you as though they would start from their sockets, and he shrieks in your ears "oh? if only I had." Formerly he was a railroad watchman, in charge of a certain drawbridge, and one day he had been telegraphed to by the superintendent of the line to keep the bridge closed, as a special train might be expected between certain hours, the exact time unknown. The watchman fully intended to obey orders and rightly refused many temptations offered by captains of vessels. At length, however, an intimate friend of his, the captain of a small craft, entreated him to open the bridge. His case was urgent, he would not be delayed, time was everything to him. With considerable reluctance the watchman was prevailed upon to consent. He opened the bridge, and the vessel made ready to pass up the river, when a shrill whistle pierced his ear and thrilled him with horror. The train swung round the curve, and was making straight for the river. Oh what would the watchman have given if only he had heeded the orders received from headquarters. But it was now too late. The poor man threw up his hands and stood petrified to the spot, and cried out in the anguish of his soul. "Oh! if only I had."

The promises in the Bible are not made to one act, but to the continued habit of prayer. It evinces more depravity not to repent of a sin than it does to commit it at first. A good man may be hurried away by temptation to commit a sin, but he will invariably repent of it afterward. To deny, as Peter did, is bad; but not to weep bitterly, as he did, when we have denied, is worse. One mark of a true convert is that he continues to repent of his sins after he hopes that they are pardoned. The true Christian desires to be saved from sin; and his hatred of sin and repentance for it increase in proportion as his assurance of heaven increases.

If you would be wise, learn justly to estimate heaven and earth, the soul and the body, time and eternity.