

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. XIX.—No. 47.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1872

Whole No. 983.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE,

ALBION HOUSE,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

STAPLE AND FANCY

Dry Goods,

Have now ready for inspection,

78 PACKAGES OF FIRST-CLASS GOODS,

For the Fall and Winter Trade, purchased in the European

markets.

SHAWLS,

MANTLES,

CLOUS,

MUFFS,

TIES,

SCARFS,

DRESS GOODS,

TWEEDS,

FLANNELS,

SHIRTINGS,

BREAKFAST SHAWLS,

SONTAGS,

SILKS,

VELVETS,

LACES,

RIBBONS,

FLOWERS,

FEATHERS.

A splendid Stock of

BLACK GOODS,

English, Scotch, Canadian and Domestic Cloths,

for Boys and Gents' wear.

Balance of Stock daily expected.

SAINT JOHN COTTON WARPS,

In all colors, at factory prices.

All Goods sold with small profits and at one price.

Inspection solicited.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE,

Fredericton, Nov. 1, 1872.

Albion House.

THOMAS LOGAN

Has now completed his New Stock of

Dry Goods,

For the Fall and Winter Trade, comprising all the

novelties in

DRESS GOODS,

SHAWLS,

GLOVES,

HOSIERY,

SILKS,

VELVETS,

RIBBONS,

LACES.

CLOTHS,

for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear.

LADIES' FURS,

In Mink, Ermine, Grebe, Fitch, Astracan, Arctic Mink, &c.

WHITE, SCARLET, GREY AND FANCY

FLANNELS,

and every description of

COTTON AND WOOLLEN GOODS.

A large stock of

BERLIN WOOLS,

Fancy kinds.

Together with a General Assortment of all kinds of

DRY GOODS, SMALLWARES, &c.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, Nov. 15, 1872.

The Intelligencer.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN!

PT'S MUIMS FOR BOTH OLD AND NEW SUBSCRIBERS!!

FRIENDS OF THE "INTELLIGENCER" TO THE FRONT!!

All amounts now due to be paid up, and all present subscribers to renew for 1873!!!

ONE THOUSAND (and as many more as possible) NEW SUBSCRIBERS WANTED BY JANUARY 1ST!!!!

Every one may work to the profit of himself and the INTELLIGENCER too!!!

The INTELLIGENCER has nearly completed its nineteenth year. For almost six years the present Editor and Proprietor has borne the burden of both its editorial and business management alone. Despite difficulties, that at times seemed almost insurmountable, the work in his hands has (by the blessing of God) measurably prospered. To the many friends who have so faithfully stood by him and the paper he returns his hearty thanks. For their efforts (so largely successful) to increase the paper's circulation, he does, and always will, feel under obligation to them. In taking charge of the INTELLIGENCER he found it considerably burdened with debt, though it was through no fault of his predecessor. That debt is almost removed. To wipe off the last vestige of it is his ambition. To this end he will continue (as in the past) to give his strength. To aid him he appeals to the tried friends of the paper. A prompt payment of what is now due by subscribers, together with renewals for 1873, and a good increase of new subscribers, will place the enterprise upon a firm financial basis.

As an inducement to present subscribers, as well as a recognition of their long attachment to the INTELLIGENCER, we have made arrangements by which we are able to make the following offers, unprecedented in the history of Provincial Journalism:—

FIRST.—To each present subscriber who will pay for his paper up to December 31st, 1873 (of course covering arrears where there are any), we will send a fine steel engraving, 18x23 inches in size. The subscriber can have his choice of the following: "The Farm Yard," "The Homestead," "The Child's First Prayer," "Off to the Rescue," "Saved," or "The Heavens declare thy Glory."

SECOND.—To any present subscriber who will send (in addition to his own payment) the name and money (\$2.00) of one new subscriber, we will send the pair of Engravings (each 18x23) entitled, "Off to the Rescue," and "Saved," or if it is preferred, we will send, instead of the pair, a large sized Photograph of the late Rev. E. McLeod, originator and for fourteen years Editor of this paper.

THIRD.—To each new subscriber forwarding (either by himself or another) \$2.00, we will send the paper one year and either of the pictures named in section first.

FOURTH.—Any new subscriber, sending \$2.00 for himself, who will also send another new name and the money, will receive the pair or photograph, as in section second.

SUMMARY.—Each old subscriber, paying his whole bill and advances to Dec. 31st, 1873, will receive one picture. Paying his own and sending a new name, he will get a pair or the photograph named.

Each new subscriber, in every case, will receive one picture. If he sends another with his own, he will get a pair or the photograph as he may choose.

One great object had in view in making the above liberal offer is to collect the large amount of arrears now standing against subscribers on our books. For want of the sums due we have been much pinched, financially, and unless they are promptly paid we may be seriously embarrassed. The pictures we offer are very fine steel engravings; and we have been at considerable search and trouble for some time in order to find them and make the arrangements by which we are able to offer them to our subscribers. Now that we have launched the offer we shall anxiously, yet confidently, await the response. Let it be general and prompt.

"FIRST COME FIRST SERVED" shall be our rule in the distribution of the premiums.

ST. PAUL AT ROME.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

To many tourists this wonderful city owes its chief attractions to its rich stores of art. I have been gazing for the first time at the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, and have stood by his grave, in the old Pantheon. I confess that the "Last Communion of St. Jerome," by Domenico, impressed me as powerfully as Raphael's world-honored masterpiece. To other tourists Rome is chiefly attractive from its ancient classic associations. These have had an intense charm for me. In company with an eminent antiquary, I have spent hours in exploring the latest excavations and those now being made. For Rome is being raised from the dead. Those who saw it a few years ago—when the Pope discouraged all excavations—would not recognise the Forum, or the Palatine Mount, or several other spots, as they look to-day. Scores of workmen with shovels and carts, are now unearthing the old buried Rome. Only yesterday I stood on the beautiful pavement of the newly-opened Forum, and saw the very stones on which Julius Caesar's mangled body was burned by the people, after his assassination. I saw the newly-found spring of water in the middle of the Forum, which probably gave rise to the fabled story of the "gulf" into which Curtius leaped. I walked through the frescoed rooms of the very house (on the "Palatine") in which the father of the Emperor Tiberius once lived.

We saw the paintings of the fruits and flowers on the walls of the dining-room, and the actual lead water-pipes that ran through the house! We sat down in one of the reception-rooms, and looked at the picture of "Galatea" on the walls; and the colors almost as fresh as if laid on a year ago! Nothing in Pompeii is more wonderful.

But the deepest interest of Rome, to my mind, clings around the few spots that are connected with the last days of glorious old Paul. To Papists this is the city of St. Peter. To me it is the city of St. Paul. His mighty presence seems to haunt the streets to-day. I sat down and read the Epistles to Philippi, and to the Colossians, and to his beloved "son" Timothy; and it thrills me to think that right here these wondrous words were penned, the Holy Spirit moved the writer's hand! Last Sabbath morning, as I was preaching (in the new "American Union Chapel") on one of Paul's messages to the Colossians, it seemed as if the old man eloquent must yet be sitting in his "own hired house," a few rods off; or, perhaps, up in Caesar's old guard-house, on the Palatine Hill.

Yesterday I stood on the ruins of Septimius Severus's palace, and got my first view of the "Appian Way," over which Paul came up from the sea coast to the imperial city. There it was, right before us, as straight as a rule, and shining white in the sunlight. Over on the distant Alban Hill he must have caught his first view of majestic Rome, with its two millions of inhabitants, and its gorgeous marble palaces flashing on the Palatine. The road is still lined with the very tombs that the apostle looked upon. He probably entered the city near an old ruined house at the spot now known as the "Porta Capena." We may, then, imagine him as passing through the old "Viva Særa," which now leads under the Arch of Titus, and whose ancient monument is visible to-day. He would then pass by the Temple of Castor and Pollux, which stands at the entrance of the newly-excavated Forum, and which in ancient Rome was as central a thoroughfare as Union Square is in New York.

But where did he dwell in Rome? We read that he dwelt "for two years in his own hired house." If that house could be assuredly identified, it would be the focus of pilgrimage to all tourists from every land. The Popish authorities here claim that they have actually discovered this "hired house," down under the Church of St. Maria, on the corner of the Via Lata and the Corso. It is many feet under ground, contains two or three cellar-like rooms, and has a spring of water in it which is claimed to have burst forth miraculously. Thousands visit this subterranean dwelling, and there is a clear tradition that this is the veritable spot. But the best Protestant archaeologists in Rome do not consider it certain that Paul ever resided there. It is possible; it may be probable; it is not certain.

But there is one most remarkable spot in Rome, which I visited yesterday, and under the clear conviction that Paul's feet had stood there many a time. It is the house of his friend Clement, to whom Paul refers in his letter to the Philippians. Clement was a Christian convert in Rome, a man of standing, whose house was often used for religious worship by the early disciples of Christianity. Now, that house of Clement has been discovered within a few years; and yesterday, in company with an eminent archaeologist and with Rev. Newman Hall (who has published a volume on Rome), I went down into that extraordinary subterranean dwelling. It must be remembered that ancient Rome lies buried at a depth of ten or fifteen feet, in some places of thirty feet, under the present city. Napoleon III. started the work of excavating on a grand scale.

In visiting the house of Clement we first entered the beautiful church of St. Clement, which is very ancient. Beneath that church stands still another and most elaborate church, which was built about the year 350. We lighted our torches, and descended a stone stairway, which led us into a church of the same dimensions with the one above. By the time we reached the bottom, we had descended a depth of thirty feet, under the present city. Napoleon III. started the work of excavating on a grand scale.

In visiting the house of Clement we first entered the beautiful church of St. Clement, which is very ancient. Beneath that church stands still another and most elaborate church, which was built about the year 350. We lighted our torches, and descended a stone stairway, which led us into a church of the same dimensions with the one above. By the time we reached the bottom, we had descended a depth of thirty feet, under the present city. Napoleon III. started the work of excavating on a grand scale.

Two more localities I sought for. One is the site of Nero's judgment-hall, in which Paul had his trial. That was probably the spot now known as the "Basilica Jovis," or the Palatine Hill. The other judgment-hall, in which there stands a beautiful white marble remnant of a tribunal, and which was thought to be Nero's "bar," has now been identified as the Emperor Domitian's who came after Nero. But where was the Pretorian guard-house, in which Paul was confined? Hitherto, it has been supposed that the archaic brick apartments near the old wall of Romulus was the spot. But they, and the carictures scratched on the walls by the soldiers, are ascertained to belong also to Domitian's era. Probably the Pretorium in which Paul was held prisoner was that series of arched rooms beside the Palace of Tiberius, and only a few yards from the house of Tiberius's father. Those arched rooms I stood yesterday. With what thrilling emphasis did those heroic

words—there written—come into my mind: "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand!"

After standing in that sacred place, I did not care to visit the spot—three miles from the city—on which Romish tradition claims that Paul was beheaded. The tradition is not authenticated; and I was in no mood to be imposed upon by Popish fables about "miraculous fountains." It was enough to have seen the actual pavement Paul once trod, the rooms in which he had once prayed and partaken of the Sacred Supper, and the guard-house in which he once wore a chain for his beloved Lord.—*Evangelical Christendom.*

DRIFTING SOULS.

It is a sorry sight to see a fairly well-endowed nature living a life that is fitfully and adequately described by the word "drifting." It is not less sorry because it is common. If such things were rare and exceptional, that fact would be somewhat comforting. But they may be found without any long search. They are all about us.

And if the drifters were thoroughly sad and ashamed over their style of life; if they bewailed it with strong crying and tears; if they struggled against it with an energy that was even spasmodic and desperate, even then it would not be so pitiable a thing. So long as the true ideal is kept in sight, there is hope of rising above the lowest level of the actual. A resolute protest against what is unworthy, we may hope will be followed by actual abandonment. He who really aspires may yet rise. But when one is content to be carried whithersoever the current would take him, losing all high ambition to live an independent life, maintain a positive attitude and bear an individual character, there is little to gratify and not much to awaken hope. The slave who was always plotting for an escape, whose agony would not let him rest, who would fight to the death with blood-hounds rather than be captured, and lie a week in the swamp waiting for the clouds to scatter that he might find the north star and follow its beckoning to a distant and even a doubtful liberty,—such a slave did not exhibit the full terribleness of oppression. This came out in the poor abject vassal to whom freedom was a powerless wish; who could hug the tyranny that brutalized him; who found welcome music in the clanking of his own chains; who felt the lash to be no disgrace; who mounted the scaffold with a bound and a grin; and who never tired of bragging over the atrocity of the master who owned him and the value of the estate of which he formed a part. In killing his higher ambition, treading out his manhood and making him content to live and die a chattel and a thing, the despotism showed its worst elements and its most terrible side. And so a soul that only drifts in its moral life, shows us the most pitiable picture when it seems satisfied with itself and its condition.

There is a tendency to drift in the highest sphere of life is the saddest of all. It is commonest there too. It shows itself in several ways. For example: Here is a man who drifts in respect to his religious opinions. He does not set earnestly about the work of finding the truth. He does not study his Bible. He does not interest himself to learn what it teaches, what authority attaches to it, or what consequences spring from its acceptance or rejection. He hears all sorts of expositions it may be, but takes no pains to sift them, and get the truth separated from the error. The whole list of isms, from high Calvinism to bald atheism, passes before him like the sections of a panorama, and they receive about equal attention and deference. He hears the denials of Free Religion and the dogmatism of science, but drifts on and settles nothing. He has no definite convictions. He is identified with no set of principles. He lazily floats along with what chances to be the prevailing current of thought, held by no anchor, the sport of every gust and eddy, everything by turns and nothing long, without a single fundamental principle to cling to or a solitary and ennobling truth to defend. Such drifting is a pitiable thing for a man endowed with a human brain, and "set and bidden by a divine voice to 'buy the truth and sell it not.'"

Here is another man who drifts easily in respect to his moral purity. He knows his highest duty. He hears the call of Heaven, bidding him rise and give himself earnestly to sacred tasks and ends. He knows the true path. He is profoundly impressed at times with the duty of walking in it. But he never rouses himself in a manly way to meet his duty. He only drifts. Now and then the strong current of feeling in the community catches up his almost unresisting nature and bears it Godward. Those who don't know him are hopeful, thinking he is moving, under the direction of his own settled purpose, to the gate of the kingdom and will surely enter. But there is far less than this in his case. There is no royal purpose by whose aid he moves. He is carried in his passiveness. And when the tide of surrounding feeling ebbs, he is stranded, and lies inactive till some other current, setting in just the opposite direction, floats him off and bears him downward, meeting no special resistance, awaking no strong protest, provoking no earnest struggle.

Even within the church these drifting souls may be found. And if the whole truth is to be told, we must add that the pulpit is not wholly free from them. They are samples of religious routine. They just keep along in the irresolute, lifeless way. They just echo the general feeling. They gauge the rise and fall of the general feeling. They yield no momentum. They plan nothing new. They never stir and quicken other souls by their active and vital forces. They can never be leaned on in an emergency. They are never to be found standing in a breach. They move as they are impelled or carried. Their virtues are chiefly of the negative kind. They are to be felt but little while they stay, save as burdens to be borne; and they are but slightly missed when they are gone, except that the room they vacate is welcome for the occupancy of living and positive forces such as they

always lacked. They only drifted,—at first drifting in, then drifting along, and finally drifting out into speedy forgetfulness.

All this is pitiable, always and anywhere. But in the sphere of religion such an aimless and yielding soul is a sight sad enough for tears. It always stands for sin and peril, and forever prophesies failure. The primary and vital thing in the Christian life is positive and resolute purpose. The yielding, aimless soul is only the world's servant and Satan's victim. Ever a royal and dutiful will gains God's favor and truly serves men. The independent, personal life is alone victorious, and nothing but strenuous, persistent and heroic endeavor to win the truth and serve the soul is exalted into honor and crowned with victory.

(From the Christian Messenger.)

"That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."—Heb. iv. 12.

Dear Father, may my offering be As Abel's was, pleasing to thee, And may my walk at home, abroad, As Enoch's was, be close with God.

May I plod on, and persevere, As Noah did, though many sneer, May I go forth at God's command As Abram, left his native land.

May I submit when trials come As Isaac did, that freeborn son, To give a tenth may I never fail Like Israel, may I prevail.

Humble, and chaste, and true, and wise, Like Joseph, may I grow and thrive, With meekness may my life be crowned Like Moses, faithful e'er be found.

To lead the tribes to promised rest, Like Joshua, may I be blessed, And may my time and strength be spent Like Samuel, who by God was sent.

When'er I sin, may I repent, As David did, when penitent, And though I seem to be alone, Elijah's God, I still will own.

When grief and trials on me roll, And Satan tempts my weary soul, With perfect patience then, like Job, I still will bless my Maker, God.

Through all my journey here below, Isaiah's spirit, may I show, When Satan sows the church with tares, O give me Jeremiah's tears.

To name them all would needless be, Since in the main they all agree, And O, how plain by them is shown, How I may reach the eternal throne.

And yet a clearer light is shed, Since Christ has risen from the dead, The way to glory now is clear, And Jesus lives to bring us there.

Believe in Christ, obey his laws, Take up thy cross, promote his cause, Follow the light that He has given, The only light that leads to heaven.

R. S. M.

ANTIOCH IN SYRIA.

BY JOSEPH FULLERTON, D. D.

There was a city called Antioch in the Province of Pisidia. Paul and Barnabas preached there with some success; but there was such opposition they were driven away, and having shaken off the dust of their feet as a testimony against the inhabitants, they went to another place. The Antioch more prominent in the Scriptures as the scene of great wonders in the early efforts to establish Christianity, was in Syria, north of Palestine. It was founded B. C. 300, by Nicanor, and named in honor of his father Antiochus. It was on the river Orontes, twenty miles from where it falls into the Mediterranean sea, was advantageously situated for trade, and became so large that in its greatest prosperity it contained about 500,000 inhabitants.

Josephus says many Jews resided there. They had such freedom allowed them in their worship that they won many of the Greeks to their faith. This prepared the way for the gospel when it was carried there.

The first account of the true faith in this city was immediately after the stoning to death of Stephen. The disciples of Christ scattered after that martyrdom, but it was only to proclaim the word, and plant the standard of the cross in other sections. Antioch was one of the places visited. Great numbers believed. News reached Jerusalem and excited deep interest. The conversion of Jews and Gentiles in one of the largest cities was an occasion of great joy. The church at Jerusalem immediately sent Barnabas to Antioch to help. He went, saw the grace of God, was glad, exhorted them all to cleave to the Lord, and many were added.

So great was the prospect of good that Barnabas thought it best to have more done. He went to Tarsus for Saul, then young in the service of Christ. He brought him to Antioch and they continued a year teaching and preaching. And about that time the disciples were first called Christians. But whether the name was taken by themselves or given by opposers is not certainly known.

The next event of special importance at Antioch was the setting apart of Barnabas and Saul for the work of the ministry. This was later than the year they had preached there. The work was done by fasting, prayer, and laying on of hands.

The church prospered and became large. But good churches are liable to divisions, contentions and troubles. There arose difficulty in this church about circumcision and some other matters. This was settled by a council held at Jerusalem. A letter containing the decision was sent to Antioch by Judas and Silas. The letter was read to the church, which accepted it and rejoiced in the consolation it gave. The messengers exhorted and confirmed the members in the faith. Silas remained there for a time. Then, or very soon, Paul and Barnabas were there again, teaching and preaching the word of the Lord.

This church also was favored by a visit from Peter. He was zealous and useful, but

some erroneous views of his, relative to eating with the Gentiles, Paul was obliged to reprove and correct.

Paul, Barnabas, and others that preached to this church were at length dead. But God in goodness gave others. Ignatius, who had been religiously instructed by the apostle John, became Bishop of Antioch, A. D. 70, and continued forty years, when the Roman Emperor Trajan, visiting Antioch, summoned him before him and ordered him to Rome to be destroyed by wild beasts. His zeal, fortitude and faith were equal to the emergency. He said: "Let fire and the cross; let companies of wild beasts break all my bones; only let me enjoy Jesus Christ. I would rather die for Jesus Christ than rule to the utmost ends of the earth." He was brought into the amphitheatre, lions were let loose upon him, and he went to heaven.

It is one of the glories of a good church that while blessed with good ministers it raises up others to go forth and bless the world. It is generally believed that Luke, who wrote the book bearing his name, also that of Acts, was born at Antioch. He was a physician, and aside from inspiration, wrote in a more learned style than the others who wrote gospels. He put down many things the others did not, all highly interesting. Among them are the birth of John the Baptist, the particulars of the birth of the Saviour, Christ's conversation with the doctors when twelve years of age, the parable of the prodigal, the raising to life of the son of the widow of Nain. St. Chrysostom was a native of Antioch, became a preacher, but was sent into exile from Constantinople, and died A. D. 407.

The church at Antioch flourished about 300 years, a power for good. From different causes it declined and became extinct. The city became small, and in time the Mohammedan religion prevailed.

Antioch has been subject to great earthquakes. A destructive one took place in the sixteenth century, another occurred August 13th, 1822, and laid much of it in ruins. Mr. Wolf, a Jewish missionary was there and gave a full description of its destructive power. In April, 1872, it was again terribly convulsed by being shaken and rent. Many of its inhabitants went down alive into the pit.

CHRIST'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Four men wrote the life of Jesus Christ. They knew him, saw him, followed him, talked with him, leaned upon his breast, handled him, and satisfied themselves of his identity by many infallible proofs, and yet in the whole of their writings there is not one hint or word concerning his bodily form, his features, or his personal appearance, which can give us the faintest idea of the outward semblance of the Saviour of men. Every extant description, picture, engraving, or sculptured representation of him, ancient or modern, is pure fancy, or forgery. As unknown to us as "the image of the invisible God," there remains no trace of any beauty in Christ but the beauty of his holiness and grace and love,—nothing to gratify our curiosity, captivate our fancy, or charm or repel our sense. Can this omission be accidental and undesigned? Does it not rather convey to us a lofty lesson? Can we not see, in this seal of silence which the Holy Ghost has set upon the lips of the inspired biographers of the Son of God, something that should shame the perturbed mortals who crowd themselves forward, and parade their faces, and narrate their doings, and make self prominent at every opportunity? Can we not see in this what God prizes, and what he deems of value to be transmitted to mankind?

Over the early life, as well as the form and features of Christ, is cast almost a similar mantle of oblivion. And even his mature and official life is by no means fully described. Many other things did Jesus—so many that it written an unbelieving world would not accept the books or give room in their minds for the astounding record; much is passed over, many things are omitted; no connected journal, no daily bulletin of his words, and works, and wonders was preserved,—a few of the many facts are recorded, and "these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, and that, believing, ye might have life through his name."

The one great object of the evangelical records was not to gratify curiosity, nor even exhibit Christ in the human phases of his manifestation to the world,—but to lift up before all the ages, even "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," Him who is the light and life of men, who draws all men unto him, and in whom the soul which looks and trusts, finds life and healing salvation and eternal peace.

And shall they who proclaim this salvation to a ruined world, and whose only calling is to preach this Jesus to mankind, seek the notoriety from which their Master shrank, and as the followers of the man of sorrows, covet an applause and fame which Jesus never had? Shall they not rather hide behind the sacred cross, and glory only in the Saviour and in his death, to save a perishing race?

A writer in an exchange tells a story of Prince Henry, the son of the crown prince of Germany, who refused to be washed one morning, and was tolerated by his father in his waywardness. But as he rode in the royal carriage with his father that day he noticed to his great chagrin that the soldiers who served as sentries did not give the customary salute. In the evening he told his father, the crown prince, that he had not enjoyed the ride in the least on account of this omission, and asked what could be the cause. The crown prince said: "You must understand my boy, that no Prussian soldier will present arms to an unwashed prince!" The writer continues with the suggestion that no angel or soldier of the prince of life will give either welcome or admission to heaven, to an unwashed prince, though in the trappings of royalty, but will discern between those whose robes are made white in the blood of the Lamb, and those with garments spotted by the flesh. Truly sin is the most unclean thing in the universe. All should be washed from it.