

# 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. 2.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1872.

Whole No. 928.

McLEOD & BEVERIDGE,  
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OF THE

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Besides this immense capital, the Company have invested  
a premium reserve to meet maturing Policies of seven  
hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars, making their total  
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sixty-six thousand dollars. Their liabilities to same date  
were \$877,280, or in other words, they have more than two  
dollars assets for every dollar of liabilities. This success  
is owing to the facts that their business is conducted upon  
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has been economical and cautious.

In this Company there are none of the bewildering  
uncertainties and disadvantages of the "Mutuals,"  
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plans of Mutual Companies. The insured pay what they  
pay for insurance. They are not called upon to insure  
others, but they are insured by the Company.  
Instead of charging thirty per cent. more than is necessary  
to cover possible losses, the National charges the net  
cost of insurance and risks its capital to cover any extra  
mortality. Mutual Companies may not need to use this  
extra thirty per cent.; but in case it is returned to the  
Policy-holder and not called a "Dividend." The National  
does not need any extra, guarantee, its capital being sufficient,  
and consequently its rates are from 25 to 30 per  
cent. lower than those of Mutual Companies.

The National's Policies are more liberal than any issued  
in the Province, allowing residence or travel anywhere in  
temperate climates. No extra Premiums, Policy-fees,  
Penalties, or extra charges, except upon the half-dozen  
occupations generally recognized as EXTRA HAZARDOUS.  
The National is the only Company which has made the  
required deposit at Ottawa for the benefit of Canadian  
Policy-holders. All others are for "POLICY-HOLDERS  
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Five cents per day will insure a young man a thousand  
dollars, 15 cents, payable to him at the age of sixty, or to  
his representatives should he die sooner. Four cents a  
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provision? Is it not worth your while to investigate?

Agencies are established throughout the Lower Provinces  
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Should there be none to whom you can conveniently apply,  
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References in regard to the Company's standing will,  
upon application, be given to prominent men in all parts  
of the Lower Provinces. (mar 3)

**CHURNS! CHURNS! CHURNS!**

**HEALTH! TIME! MONEY!**

WHY SHOULD I BUY KITCHEN'S PATENT CHURN?  
Because they preserve health, save time, save money,  
and the churning is all done in 5 or 10 minutes. You  
will not believe what I assure you is true, viz.: That I  
have for sale the best churning ever invented—KITCHEN'S  
Patent Rotary Double Dasher. This churn has two  
disks, each revolving in an opposite direction. It is  
useless to attempt a description of this churn in an adver-  
tisement, it has to be seen to be appreciated. It is estimated  
by practical farmers that it will produce one-tenth more  
butter from the same quantity of cream than any other  
churn now in use. The public are respectfully requested  
to call at my store, examine the article, and select for  
themselves. ELY PECKINS,  
Fredericton, April 23, 1870. Sole Agent.

**NEW BOOK STORE, FREDERICTON.**  
PSALMOLOGY, Sunday School Libraries, Packages Sun-  
day School Cards, Theological Books. For sale by  
Fredericton, July 31.  
H. B. HALL.

## The Intelligencer.

PREMIUM TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS!

"THE OPEN DOOR" WITH EACH PAPER!!  
We are anxious to increase our list of subscribers.  
We have therefore been at some pains to make ar-  
rangements whereby we can offer the following  
liberal inducement:

TO EACH NEW SUBSCRIBER SENDING ONE YEAR'S  
SUBSCRIPTION (\$2.00) WE WILL SEND (POST-PAID) A  
COPY OF "THE OPEN DOOR."

INDUCEMENTS TO CANTASERS.

To our present subscribers we are deeply thank-  
ful for their faithful adherence to the paper. That  
they may also receive the premium, we make them  
the following offer:

To each person who will send us FIVE NEW SUB-  
SCRIBERS (with the cash, \$10.00) WE WILL FOR-  
WARD A COPY OF "THE OPEN DOOR." The names  
may be sent singly or all together, it only being  
required that the whole number be sent to secure  
the premium.

The book which we propose to give is a good  
one, and we know the reader cannot but be in-  
terested in its perusal. Its retail price in the United  
States is \$1.25; and it is only by special and very  
favorable arrangement with a friend in New York  
who is interested in the work, that we are able to  
offer it as we do.

Shall there not be a grand rally of the friends of  
the INTELLIGENCER to increase its subscription list?  
Begin the work at once, and carry it on vigorously,  
and we do not fear for the result. Send the  
names along as soon as possible.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

POETRY.

True poetry is beautiful ideas beautifully  
embellished, pure thoughts elegantly adorned,  
chaste sentiment eloquently expressed, sacred  
meditations magically revealed, and sweet  
consolations wisely administered. Verse, to  
be poetry at all, must be beautiful and elegant;  
but when purity of thought and chasteness of  
sentiment pervade every line and mark every  
word, there is something in it that touches the  
heart of our common humanity, and which  
does not often come to the surface in the daily  
intercourse of man with man. Sacred medi-  
tation, when revealed in a proper manner, touch-  
es a chord in our hearts that we were hardly  
aware we possessed, and causes such a welling  
up of music in the soul as to produce emotions  
the most sacred and ennobling that the human  
heart is capable of enjoying; and where once  
these emotions are felt, there arises a longing  
for purer scenes and holier occupations than  
earth gives; and joys serene and elevating  
fit across the imagination, giving peace and  
happiness to the soul that resolves to strive  
for a lasting realization of those transient joys.  
But on attempting to do so, the infirmities of  
our nature, caused by sin, inform us of our  
terrestrial attachments, and cause us to re-  
quire consolation sweet and soothing, to keep  
hope from dying within us, and leaving us in  
despair and the dark.

Thus true poetry, while it gives higher  
thoughts and nobler aims to our sin-imprisoned  
and grovelling natures, also points out,  
either directly or indirectly, the path to free-  
dom, and cheers us on the way by giving an  
impetus to our strivings for a purer life with-  
in. A pure fountain gives pure streams; an  
impure fountain, impure; so with our hearts,  
just as we strive to have them, only the bad  
can be had without striving for it; the good  
requires much careful labor to obtain it; and therefore,  
whatever will make us appreciate the pure  
sufficiently to strive to obtain it, is of great  
value to us, and should be so considered by all.  
Poetry is a great benefit to us in purify-  
ing the thoughts and elevating our actions  
and words.

But poetry, like every other useful and  
beautiful gift of God, has been prostituted by  
base men of great poetic ability, to the most  
degrading position that anything naturally  
pure and sacred can be. The poetry of Byron  
and others of like stamp, is like a beautiful  
and stately palace, perfect in architectural  
symmetry and grace, without a defect in all  
the structure, from turret to foundation  
stone, every room gilded most elaborately  
and elegantly, hung with rich tapestry and  
fine linen, furnished with the most costly  
and rest-inviting furniture throughout, and  
with every appliance for the comfort and en-  
joyment of the inhabitants, but having all  
these elegant rooms and with noxious gases  
and miasmatic odors of the most subtle and  
deadly kind, which lulled to sleep all the senses  
by slow degrees, and irresistibly bring on the  
slumber that seldom knows a waking.

Thus, while beguiled by the beauty of the  
palace, we are made a victim to death. So  
with all poetry which is the production of  
skilful heads, but whose hearts are cesspools  
of moral iniquity. While fascinated with the  
words, we do not feel the poison silently creep-  
ing through the veins of our moral system,  
and numbing our senses, till too soon we are  
wholly under its influence. True it is we often  
have to explore these dangerous halls and  
poisonous avenues; but we should beware of  
their deadly damps as cautiously as does the  
miner provide against the choke-damp and  
fire-damp of the mine.

Protected by a full knowledge of the dan-  
ger before us, which the Bible gives us, we  
may explore these poisonous mines not only  
uninjured but benefited. But if we disregard  
the warnings of the good and wise, and ne-  
glect the voice of revelation, we shall reap an  
awful harvest of blasted hopes and tormenting  
regrets, the natural result of our own temerity  
and foolhardiness.

No doubt many have been destroyed by the  
influence of the productions of some of the  
greatest poets, intellectually, the world ever

saw. Yet, on the other hand, thousands have  
been enabled to select the good and reject the  
evil, and thereby obtained incalculable benefit.

Immoral poetry is to the conscience what  
the pontine is to the atmosphere of its vicini-  
ty, viz., a subtle miasma that is not apparent,  
but requires careful analysis in order to  
fully understand its dangerous properties.

Much of the trash called poetry is so de-  
perately salacious and unblushingly sensual  
in its sentiment, that no one whose mind is not  
already poisoned by such venom need be de-  
ceived of its true character, and leave it to the  
fate it so much deserves, viz., unrelenting con-  
demnation and immediate banishment from  
the world.

But there is another kind scattered broad-  
cast over our land, silently instilling into the  
minds of youth the most pernicious and heart-  
corrupting sentiments. In this class of poetry  
corruption is gilded over with honied words  
and fascinating metaphors; deadly moral poi-  
son is sugar-coated and then adroitly intro-  
duced into the moral stomach, while the victim  
is under the effects of hearty laughter at the  
foul and far-fetched wit of the destroyer, who  
cares naught for men or morals further than  
his own selfish ends are concerned. Such  
poetry comes to us as comes the siren, pre-  
tending to do us good, and making head pre-  
tensions of great worth, but like the shining  
scales and brilliant eyes of the fabled dragon,  
it fascinates only to poison, and charms only  
to destroy. Beware then of this monster, who  
is more unmerciful than death, and unrelent-  
ing as hell. Flee from its deadly power as  
you would from the most venomous of rep-  
tiles, or the most malignant of fevers. Select  
the pure and sublime poetry of our language.

Read Milton, Cowper, Young, Graham, and  
the sacred poetry of divine revelation. But  
study Byron, Burns, Shakespeare, and even  
Scott, as does the chemist the poisonous gases,  
viz., with great care and much precaution,  
lest while you are acquiring a vast fund of  
knowledge the poison gets mixed with the  
moral atmosphere you breathe, and of neces-  
sity you inhale the poison too, and much of it  
is to the moral senses what nitrous-oxide is to  
the physical—a great tickler of the risible  
faculties, and when one gets laughing at moral  
purity and sacred chastity, there is much fear  
of utter destruction and eternal ruin. But  
while lust-suggesting and infidel innuendo  
poetry of gorgeous apparel and rich attire is  
to be shunned at any cost, we should also be-  
ware of similar effects by prose writings of  
the same character. As you value purity of  
thought, action and character, beware of soul-  
polluting and moral-corrupting prose as well  
as poetry.

"Needful austerities our wills restrain,  
As thorns fence in the plants from harm:  
Reason's whole pleasures, all the joys of sense  
Lie in three words, health, peace and competence.  
But health consists in temperance and industry,  
And peace, oh virtue! peace is all thy own."

T. W. M.

## TURNING POINTS OF LIFE.

The switch-tender was weary, and, as he sat  
at his post, his eyes were heavy, and he fell  
asleep. The train came thundering along, and  
as it neared the place, the man heard the  
whistle and rose to adjust the switch for the  
train. He was just too late. He sprang aside;  
the cars moved on, were thrust from the  
track, and a scene of death and disaster was  
the consequence.

It was only a little switch. A bar of iron  
a few feet in length, which opened at one end  
only an inch, to allow the flange of the wheels  
to pass through the narrow way. Only a few  
seconds more would have placed the little bar  
at the right angle, and all would have been  
well. But the few seconds were lost; the lit-  
tle bar was out of place, and the train, with  
its invaluable freight of life and property, was  
nearly all buried in a mass of death and ruin.

A young man was once under a state of  
deep inquiry about his eternal interests. Two  
or three of his companions learned that he was  
going to prayer-meeting, and they determined  
to change his purpose. They persuaded him,  
only this once, to go to the accustomed place  
of resort. He finally yielded. They plied  
arts of amusement, gaiety and pleasure, and  
bound him at last in the snares of a female  
companion. It was his fatal moment. In a  
few weeks from that time he had committed  
murder, and followed the deed with instantane-  
ous self-destruction.

A young man had appointed to meet some  
friends to go to one of the public gardens in  
London on Sunday evening. While waiting  
at the place assigned for rendezvous in one of  
the streets, a Christian friend, a lady, passed  
by, and asked him where he was going. He  
was ashamed to confess his intention, and re-  
solutely yielded to her invitation to go with her  
to church. It was the turning point with him.  
He was arrested by divine truth, was brought  
under a sense of sin, became a Christian—a  
faithful missionary, a devoted and exalted  
hero, an apostle of Christ—and died a martyr on  
the shores of the Bermangos, a victim to hea-  
then rage, but a sacrifice of love to his Re-  
deemer. It was John Williams, the missionary.

A young man went to visit his friends on  
New Year's day, according to the customs of  
New York. He had abandoned the intoxicat-  
ing cup. He had suffered from its evils,  
and was a sworn total abstainer. He uniformly  
refused to taste or handle, until he called upon  
a young lady, who, finding her invitations  
all declined, began to banter him for want of  
manhood, and plied her ridicule so far  
that he at last yielded. It was the setting of  
the switch, and a few months afterwards he  
died, uttering terrible curses upon the tempter  
who had been the cause of his ruin.

A young man who had been prayerfully  
trained came to the city to enter a place of  
business. His fellow-clerks invited him to  
join in their pleasures and pastimes. For a  
time he resisted, but at length he thought he  
would go to the theatre, only once, just to  
please his friends, and see what a theatre was.  
The devil was the switch-tender that night,  
and the course of that man subsequently lay  
through the paths of extravagance, gambling,  
shame and the grave.

Two young men were walking along one  
evening towards a prayer-meeting, when they

were accosted by several acquaintances who  
were on their way to a place of usual resort.  
They entreated them to join them, but they  
refused. Finally one of them consented, and  
turned aside, only once more, for an evening  
of worldly pleasure, and let his friend go to  
the prayer-meeting alone. One found peace  
with God; but his companion became harden-  
ed, and in three months, while his associate  
on that eventful night was honoring his Mas-  
ter by his faithful and consistent life, he was  
the inmate of a prison, awaiting the penalty  
of the law.

Our life is full of these turning points of for-  
tune and of ill, of peace and of woe, of life  
eternal, or of despair and death. The track  
we travel has a switch at almost every step.  
We need to have them well guarded. The eye  
must be kept open. The hand must be steady.  
The arm must be strong. The soul should be  
well armed, so that it may be prepared for  
every tick, or for every expedient of the ene-  
my. Life, honor, virtue, success and immor-  
tality are before us. Little things, at first  
unaccounted of, may lead to the other ex-  
treme!

## EAST LONDON CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This is one of the numerous agencies in  
London which are seeking to bring the poor  
and degraded under the influence of the gos-  
pel. I arose, apparently, in an incidental  
way. Rev. Wm. Booth had resigned his pas-  
toral charge with the intention to remove to a  
distance; but before doing so, he resolved to  
devote a week to evangelistic work in White-  
chapel, which is one of the low and degraded  
parts of London. For this purpose he erected  
a tent in a piece of unoccupied land. Many  
came to hear him preach in these novel cir-  
cumstances. God blessed the effort; and the  
result was, he concluded to remain and labor  
in this vicinity. The field widened, and Mr. B.  
has followed what he believed to be the lead-  
ings of the providence of God, till he finds  
himself at the head of an extensive mission,  
embracing many departments of Christian  
effort, with numerous co-laborers to assist him  
in this work. When in London two years  
ago, I became acquainted with this mission,  
and saw something of its work; and I have  
recently received from a member of the mis-  
sion, an octavo pamphlet of eighty-eight close-  
ly printed pages, entitled, "How to reach the  
Masses with the Gospel," which gives an ac-  
count of the work and results of the mission.

THE OBJECT OF THE MISSION.

This is stated to be "To go out into the  
highways and hedges, and bring in the thou-  
sands who at present seem to be outside the  
pale of all religious influence and operations;  
who, if not positively and bitterly opposed to  
Christianity, are totally indifferent to it." In  
the east of London is to be found "a dense  
population given up to all kinds of wicked-  
ness. Here are infidels, drunkards, thieves,  
harlots, gamblers, blasphemers and pleasure-  
seekers without number." The large majority  
of this class of the population can not be per-  
suaded to enter a regular place of worship;  
and if the gospel is to reach them, it must be  
taken to them; and in various ways, and by  
extraordinary means, it must be brought un-  
der their notice, and pressed upon their at-  
tention.

MEANS USED.

Among these are preaching in the open air.  
This is carried on at numerous points both on  
Sabbath days and on week evenings; and in  
the winter as well as in the summer. Mr.  
Booth says that notwithstanding the strong  
aversion of this class of people to churches  
and chapels, they will "cagerly listen to any  
speaker who, with ordinary ability, in a lov-  
ing and earnest manner, sets before them the  
truths of the Bible in the open air," and that  
at any hour, even in the dark, dreary nights  
of winter, a congregation can be obtained in  
the great thoroughfare of London." These  
open-air services are usually made auxiliaries  
to in-door services, which are announced at  
the close as immediately to follow. The  
preachers and their assistants then form a  
procession, and go through the streets sing-  
ing, followed by a crowd, to the theatre, hall,  
concert-room, or other place where the meet-  
ing is to be held. Mr. B. says, "We strive to  
bring the crowd in. The devil and his  
followers act on this principle, and by so do-  
ing they succeed. We have been enabled to  
do this also to a limited extent, and have  
thereby won hundreds to the cross," who  
would not have been reached in more obscure  
places.

House-to-house visiting is also carried on by  
the laborers in this mission; the sick and dy-  
ing are visited; tracts are distributed, mothers'  
meetings, children's meetings, and Bible lec-  
tures are held; while temperance societies for the  
relief of poor women in the time of their great-  
est difficulty, soup kitchens and cheap pro-  
vision stores, with free breakfasts and teas,  
are all used for the twofold purpose of ben-  
efiting the people temporally and spiritually;  
special care being taken that efforts for the  
former, shall be made to secure the latter. It  
is not to be expected that such work can be  
carried on without

OPPOSITION.

The keepers of houses for the sale of intox-  
icating drinks will sometimes interfere; drunk-  
en men interrupt the services, roughs will try  
to break up the meetings, and sometimes the  
police will interfere, and prevent a meeting  
from being held. But with forbearance, kind-  
ness, and tact, these difficulties are surmount-  
ed, and the work goes on. On one occasion,  
a half-drunken Irishman, who had been fight-  
ing at a public house, came raving and push-  
ing his way through the crowd, with blood  
running down his face. Before the close of  
the meeting, however, he fell on his knees say-  
ing, "I am such an awful sinner. Can God  
forgive me?" At another time some roughs  
brought a whitewash brush, and daubed it  
over the coats of the preachers; but when they  
fell on their knees in the streets, and  
prayed for the conversion of their persecutors,  
a young man who had been laughing at what  
he thought was "a good joke," was led to se-  
rious reflection, saying to himself, "Surely  
there must be something about this people  
more than common." On another occasion,

the preachers were pelted with paper bag  
filled with flour, and afterwards with mud and  
stones; but they bravely kept at their work,  
and one young man, who afterwards united  
with a church in the neighborhood, in relat-  
ing his experience, dated his conversion from that  
meeting, saying, "I shall have to bless God  
forever that I was in a flour storm on Bow  
Common." Usually when the police interfere  
the preachers desist, and go to another place  
but in some cases, where it is evident that the  
police are acting under improper influences  
and are manifestly exceeding their duty, the  
preachers resist, and allow themselves to be  
taken into custody. In one such case, the  
policeman had to make an apology; and in  
others, the preachers have used the opportu-  
nity for singing, praying, and speaking for  
Jesus, in places to which they would not  
otherwise have had access.

A large portion of the pamphlet is occupied  
with a statement of remarkable

CASES OF CONVERSION.

These result from the labors of the mission-  
aries. I wish I had room to transfer many  
of these to your columns. The titles of some  
of them will give an idea of their character.  
They are such as the following:—The drunk-  
ard's wife; A lion changed to a lamb; The  
infidel husband; A converted butcher, who  
had been a thief and a drunkard; A blasphem-  
er and an infidel; A drunken sailor rescued.  
THE CONVERSION OF A WIDOW. Saved by fami-  
lies. I will try to condense two or three  
of these cases, and give a brief account of  
them. At a preaching place in Mile End, a  
young girl, loose in dress and habits, was  
accustomed to lead a group of girls in striving  
to annoy the "devil-dodgers and ranters," as  
she called them. One evening, while a lady  
was addressing the crowd, this girl tried to  
interrupt by saying, "You're all sinners, and  
going to hell." After the preaching had  
ceased, while they were singing,

"Oh, could I hear some sinner say, I will go,  
I'll start this moment, clear the way, let me go,"

this girl exclaimed, "At any rate, I will see  
where them devil-dodgers be going to," and  
she followed the procession to the hall. Her  
attention was arrested, and she went again  
the next evening. She says that on the fol-  
lowing day, while thinking over the sermon  
and a hymn she had heard, she said to herself,  
"Well, them people seems happy; if there's  
anything to be had, I'll have it. I began to  
pray, and ask God to change my heart."  
She believed Jesus, and instantly felt, oh, so hap-  
py. I spent the whole day in singing and  
prayer." She met with much persecution  
from her sister and the neighbors, and her  
father turned her out of doors for attending a  
prayer-meeting; but she has held on her way  
as a consistent and active Christian.

One Sunday evening, an Irishman who had  
lately returned from Canada, and had lived a  
life of sin, and had just spent a hundred dol-  
lars in a few days of dissipation, was passing  
the Mile End road while the preachers and  
their friends were singing.

"We are bound to the land of the pure and the holy,  
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love,  
Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of folly,  
O say, will you go to the Eden above?"

He said to himself, "Sure, that is the very  
place where I would like to go to. He fol-  
lowed them to a dancing-hall, where they held  
a religious service, was deeply convinced of  
sin, went again, obtained peace in believing,  
withstood much persecution, and is now a use-  
ful helper in the mission.

One evening, after one of the preachers had  
closed the service, a man came up to him, and  
said, "I thank God I ever heard you speak in  
the Mile End road. While I stood and heard  
you there, I was convinced I was a sinner and  
you there to hell. I was so much affected that  
I could scarcely stand. I went home, shut  
myself up in my room, fell down on my knees  
for the first time in my life, and with tears  
running down my cheeks, cried out, 'Lord  
save me.' I obtained mercy, joined the Me-  
thodist society, and have ever since been tra-  
veling with rejoicing in the way to heaven."

A young man from the country fell into bad  
company, and indulged in habits of dissipa-  
tion. One evening he went to a concert-hall,  
where he was accustomed to waste his time;  
but when he reached the door, he felt no in-  
clination to enter, and turned to go home again.  
Passing the Mission Hall on the Whitechapel  
road, his attention was arrested by the word,  
"Now," which was placed in large letters over  
the door. Wondering what it meant, he went  
in, was awakened to a sense of sin and danger,  
soon after found peace in Jesus, and became  
one of the happiest and most zealous members  
of the mission.

There were several other cases I hoped to  
get in; but my space is filled. Let us thank  
God that his word is preached; that the truth  
is believed; that sinners are saved and that  
Jesus is still able to save "to the uttermost,"  
and that he uses feeble instruments in his  
work.

W. H.

## "I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE"

In these words the English language fails  
to give the full meaning of the Greek. It im-  
plies, "never, no, never; no, nor ever!"  
This world is a world of "leaving, parting,  
separation, failure, and disappointment."—  
Think of finding something that will never  
leave nor fail. Grasp this promise, "I will  
never leave thee," and store it in your heart;  
you will want it one day. The hour will come  
when you will find nothing so comforting or  
cheering as a sense of God's companionship.  
Stick to that word "never." It is worth its  
weight in gold. Cling to it as a drowning  
man clings to a rope. Grasp it firmly, as a  
soldier attacked on all sides, grasps his sword.

"Never!" Though your heart faints, and  
you are sick of self, failures, and infirmities—  
"Never!" Though the devil whispers, "I  
shall have you at last; your faith will fail, and  
you will be mine"—even then God will keep  
his word.

"Never!" When the cold chill of death  
creeps on, and friends can do no more, and  
you are starting on that journey from which

there is no return,—even then Christ will not  
forsake you.  
"Never!" When the day of judgment  
comes, and the books are opened, and eternity  
is beginning,—even then the promise will bear  
all your weight; Christ will not let go his  
hold on your soul.—*Rev. J. C. Ryb.*

## "ALASKA DIAMONDS—AS GOOD AS THE GENUINE."

Al! Is that possible? So cheap, so nice,  
and just as good? And we look curiously at the  
sparkling representatives, as they nestle on  
their silk and velvet cushions in the show-case  
which bears the above startling announcement,  
and which we pass nearly every day. "Good  
as the" what? "Genuine." And as we go to  
our office that word rings in our ears. We  
turn it over, think of it. Not the genuine,  
only just as good. Can it be possible? We  
grow skeptical. Doubly so. We not only  
disbelieve the statement, but we begin to doubt  
the honesty of the man who makes it. It is an  
imposition. Real values cannot be so cheap-  
ened. The genuine is the best.—Is worth the  
most. Ought to be. *Must be.*

But this man stands not alone in his effort  
to sell his Alaska diamonds. "Good as the  
genuine" is heard everywhere. This vice is  
glossed over and gilded, set, perhaps, in pure  
gold, until it is heralded as, good as the genu-  
ine. It is a scheme dressed up in some spec-  
ious garb and rechristened, honest business  
transactions, "good as the genuine." Char-  
acters black as night, men and women all de-  
formed and wretched are passed, under the in-

fluence of these result from the labors of the mis-  
sionaries. I wish I had room to transfer many  
of these to your columns. The titles of some  
of them will give an idea of their character.  
They are such as the following:—The drunk-  
ard's wife; A lion changed to a lamb; The  
infidel husband; A converted butcher, who  
had been a thief and a drunkard; A blasphem-  
er and an infidel; A drunken sailor rescued.

THE CONVERSION OF A WIDOW. Saved by fami-  
lies. I will try to condense two or three  
of these cases, and give a brief account of  
them. At a preaching place in Mile End, a  
young girl, loose in dress and habits, was  
accustomed to lead a group of girls in striving  
to annoy the "devil-dodgers and ranters," as  
she called them. One evening, while a lady  
was addressing the crowd, this girl tried to  
interrupt by saying, "You're all sin