

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1872.

Whole No. 957.

## SEASONABLE GOODS!

## The Intelligencer.

THOMAS LOGAN

Is now showing a large Stock of the following Goods:

TABLE DAMASKS,

CLOTHS,

TABLE COVERS,

NAPKINS

DOYLEYS,

LINEN SHEETINGS,

PILLOW LINENS,

GREY AND WHITE SHEETINGS,

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OSNABURGS,

TICKINGS,

PATCH WORK,

QUILTS, TOILET COVERS,

GREY AND WHITE

Cottons,

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An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, March 1, 1872.

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The balance of stock to arrive per Steamers "Cambridge" and "Olympia." Inspection solicited.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE.

Fredericton, May 3, 1872.

### SPRING'S WORK.

The compliments of the season to the tillers of the soil. You seem to be beginning the work of spring under the most favourable circumstances. Seeds is plenty, the earth is warm and eager for it, and these bright days are like so many friends standing about and smiling a sort of glad, sunny smile in appreciation of your labour. May they and you work with one aim through the season, and Autumn crown your toil with a rich and golden harvest.

To be frank about it, we almost envy the farmer as he is going to his field this May morning. How the dew sparkles at every step, as though his footfalls were shaking diamonds from the grass. How the birds sing over his head and all about him, as tho' they would make his hours of toil hours of glad enjoyment instead. How Nature lies fair and beautiful before him, as though she would welcome him to her embrace, that her barrenness may become fecund with springing life. How much better that, than to be shut up in a second-story office, with nothing but the noise of carts outside and the dust doing its best to blind what little sunshine would otherwise look in at the window.

But we have often thought that farmers are not in a condition to appreciate the cheerful things that are said about them in the newspapers. It is a comfortable thing, comparatively, to sit at the desk and long for a smell of fresh air and write about the happy lot of those who revel in it from morning till night. It is quite another thing to dig all day in the dirt, with the sun spending his hottest force full upon one, while the back is besieged by constant and remorseless aches. We contemplate only the theory, divested of its plain week-day garb and clothed in its Sunday best. They go arm in arm with the practice through the week, clad in its working clothes, with the dust and dirt sticking to them. With us it is as though we met the theory in the parlour, surrounded by ten-roses and canaries, and laughed and chatted with it till we were quite enamored of its charms. With them it is as though they met it in the kitchen, bending over the hot cooking-stove, so ugly and irritated by its work that it would be a pleasure to thrust it out of the back door, and then go without the dinner it was cooking.

But there is a cheerful side even to the practical part of farming. How welcome the sight of springing germs! What joy in seeing the growing and ripening grain! What satisfaction in gathering the harvest! How like the lord of the manor the farmer stands at the close of some day of toil, at the edge of some waving field, and with hands thrown behind him looks out with calm contentment over the evidences of his toil! What a philosopher must he be, if he is able to account for the existence of even one of the growing stalks that he sees before him! What a chemist, if he could only mingle the elements that entered into but one spire of grass! Nevertheless, whether looked in philosophy or not, he can not thus daily mingle with the mystery of Nature without having some thoughts of God that, but for our sensual vision which will always see his solid clothes, would make him appear transfigured before us.

And then what sturdy sense he usually manifests in doing his work! How he adapts it to the season, taking advantage of Nature in all her moods and conditions! Could we not meet better success in the Master's vineyard if we would work with some of this same common sense? How the farmer, for instance, sows the proper seed at the proper time;—first the oats and peas while the ground is cold and wet, and then the corn and wheat after it has become warm and mellow. So there are vital, hardy truths that the mind can grasp and nourish much earlier than it can those that demand a broader and deeper experience. You may show a child in an hour the meaning of the Golden Rule, but fail after twenty years to make him comprehend the mystery of the Trinity.

The cheerful assurance with which he goes to his work could also be safely imitated. We watched one the other morning going to his field. With his hoe over his shoulder and a little bag of seed in his hand, he sprang over the fence and struck off for the plowed piece as though he was morally certain that it contained pots of gold for the mere digging. To be sure, the dew on the grass would have ruined what polish might have been on his boots, but he didn't care for that. And then on coming to the plowed piece the dirt stuck to his bedewed boots to an extent that would have earned him a good scolding if he had worn them into the dining-room at noon. But that was a trifle. He was there to put in his seed, and so he bent to it as vigorously as though he knew that every hour's toil then would yield him a week's fare next January.

Well, our work as Christians often takes us to dirtier places than that field was. It will often give us experiences that suggest something more than dew and mud;—but if we can plant a seed of truth, if we can coax an idea to germinate, and then help it to grow up into a strong and fruitful life, that would be worth more to the world than all the wheat and barley that will be sown this spring.

So that there is a good deal more for us to learn from the farmers than for them to learn from us. What can we tell them about putting in corn and beets and beans and potatoes? Not much, for they have learned the nature of those seeds and know just what they like the best, and when they like it. Let us study the nature of the seed that we are trying to sow. Why should the farmer plant with more confidence in the promised seed-time and harvest than we in the richer promises that are made to us? And he doesn't always confine his work to the tilled up-lying, black-browned pasture-land, that he can plow and harrow and rid of stumps, and then assist his neighbours with the crops it yields! A good deal of Christian work could well be chosen in equally forbidding localities. It would certainly yield richer harvests, and the sheaves

would bring us better pay at the Father's hand.

But we only set out to congratulate the farmer on the beautiful weather that seems to be waiting on them. May they, however, have rainy days enough to rest in, to fructify the seed they sow, and to keep it growing through the season, even to the richest harvest they have gathered these many years!—Star.

### "WORKING OUT OUR OWN SALVATION."

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The apostle says that we are God's husbandry. Our souls are his farms. And when God begins his work in your soul, and seeks for humility, and meekness, and love, he says to you, "Work out these traits. Grow them. Sow seed for them. And when they come up, cultivate them. And when they are ripe, garner and harvest them." Every one of these traits are to be made subject-matter of careful thought, much prayer, much endeavour, much skillful education. And that is the interpretation to a large extent of the divine providences which are co-operating with grace, and are giving men opportunity to develop these traits.

How shall men learn to be patient, if everything is just as they want? How shall men learn perseverance, if they have everything without endeavour? When men are crossed, when their plans are subverted, when they find the world bearing heavily upon their shoulders, God is saying to them, "Work out patience; work out perseverance; work out courage." When men find that pride dominates in them, and that by pride they are led into trifling, and into fault-finding, and perhaps into interrogating God, saying, "Why am I thus dealt with, O my Father?" God is saying, "Work out humility; work out gentleness." Are circumstances depressed? Is home scowling and cloudy? Is life obstructed? Do you from day to day find yourself kicking against the pricks? The providence of God is saying, "Work out, by these helps, your own salvation." Educate yourself in those moral traits which if you bear up manfully, and act the part of a Christian, under such circumstances, cannot fail to be developed and established in you.

But we are commanded in working out our own salvation, to develop in ourselves those traits of character which shall make us like Jesus, and make it possible for Christ to be companionable with us, and to save us throughout all eternity. We are commanded to do this with fear and trembling.

Is it, then, that our God is capricious? Is it that we are like courtiers in an Eastern despotism, who are liable to be supplanted, and are suspicious of each other all the time? Is our God one that inspires fear? No. What is meant by fear and trembling is the antithesis of that confidence which springs from overweening confidence or indifference. If men think they are so nearly good that they do not need to be anxious, the word of the Lord to them is, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? but there is more hope of a fool than of him;" but if a man, on the other hand, has such a sense of his real deficiency, that he feels the need of education in divine things; if he says, "The work is so great that it can only be accomplished by the putting forth of every endeavour, then there will be that fear and trembling of which the text speaks—that natural insight, that alertness, that earnest circumspection, which every man has who addresses himself to a thing which is valued, and which stands in distinction from that moment which a man has who thinks he is well enough off.

At any rate, bring to this work that earnestness which men bring to things which they desire and mean to have in secular life. There is nothing in this world which requires more spirit, more purpose, more watching, than this work. There is no more various culture than that which is derived from seeking those great ends which are set before every one in a Christian life. We cannot afford to be indifferent Christians. We cannot make progress in Christian life, if we live in a state of supine indifference. We are to work out our own salvation as earnest men work, thinking before, thinking after, full of resources, full of desires, as men are when they are searching for things which their whole heart is set upon.

It is not, then, servile fear and trembling, but generous, manly, courageous, wholesome fear and trembling, which come from the best feeling, acting in the best directions, and are inspired by the best influences, that we are called upon to be actuated by in working out our salvation. And surely the apostle teaches us that every man needs to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling—that is to say, with unceasing vigilance, with untiring watchfulness. So many are the things which obscure the mind; so many are the things which tone down a man's purpose; so many are the diversions which lead the soul with care, and obstruct a man's purpose; so many are the diversions which lead a man from the goal toward which he is aiming, that no man can succeed in maintaining a religious life except at the price of continual thought, and continual faith, and continual determination, and continual dependence upon the grace of God.—Plymouth Pulpit.

### THE WONDERS OF PRAYER.

"Abraham's servant prays—Rebekah appears. Jacob wrestles and prays, and prevails with Christ—Evan's mind is wonderfully turned from the revengeful purposes he had harboured for twenty years. Moses prays—A malek is discomfited. Joshua prays—Achan is discovered. Hannah prays—Samuel is born. David prays—Abithophel hangs himself. Asa prays—a victory is gained. Jehoshaphat prays—unto God—God turns away his foes. Isaiah and Hezekiah pray—one hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrians are dead in twelve hours. Daniel prays—the seventy weeks are revealed. Mordecai and Esther fast—Haman is hanged on his own gallows in three days. Elijah prays—a drought of three years succeeds. Elisha prays—a child's soul comes back; for prayer reaches eternity. The church prays ardently—Peter is delivered by an angel."

### SIEGES OF JERUSALEM.

Probably no capital city of equal consequence was taken and retaken so many times as Jerusalem. We have no record of the date of its foundation; yet its subsequent history is one of continual conquests and continual restorations; and it is no doubt owing to these changes that the ground of the modern city is in many places thirty feet above the level of the old, and that the valleys, which formerly intersected its divisions, are now filled to their summits with soil and debris.

The following are the principal sieges and conquests which the metropolis of Palestine has undergone, not including however various brief capitulations during the Maccabean and later Syrian disturbances:

BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA.	
Joshua, - - - - -	1425 B. C.
David, - - - - -	1048 "
Shishak, - - - - -	974 "
Joash, - - - - -	839 "
Assyrians, - - - - -	771 "
Pharaoh-Necho, - - - - -	610 "
Nebuchadnezzar, - - - - -	587 "
Ptolemy Soter, - - - - -	329 "
Antiochus Epiphanes, - - - - -	170 "
Pompey, - - - - -	63 "
Crassus, - - - - -	54 "
Herod, - - - - -	37 "

AFTER THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

Titus Vespasian, - - - - -	70 A. D.
Adrian, - - - - -	135 "
Chosroes, - - - - -	614 "
Heraclius, - - - - -	628 "
Omar (Saracens), - - - - -	637 "
Seljuk Turks Ahsis, - - - - -	1077 "
Adel, vizier of Egypt, - - - - -	1098 "
Godfrey of Bouillon, - - - - -	1099 "
Salah-ed-din, - - - - -	1187 "
Turks, - - - - -	1217 "
Crusaders, - - - - -	1229 "
Turks, - - - - -	1244 "
Selim, - - - - -	1517 "
Bonaparte, - - - - -	1799 "
Mahomet Ali, - - - - -	1832 "
Turks, - - - - -	1840 "

More than eighteen hundred years ago, the Prophet of Nazareth sat on the brow of Olivet, east of Jerusalem, and looked over the city, and foretold its terrible doom. It was to be compassed with armies, and made desolate. Days of vengeance were to come upon it, with great distress in the land, and wrath upon the people. "And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and be led away captive into all nations; and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." Luke xxi. 24.

This was the prophecy, uttered while Jerusalem was standing full in view, written down by those who heard it, transmitted to different parts of the world, copied by various writers, and so disseminated that all might observe its fulfilment.

That prophecy has come down to us; and manuscript copies exist which were probably written fully fifteen hundred years ago. Let the sceptic mark its fulfilment as shown on all the pages of history.

Sixteen times since it was uttered has Jerusalem been besieged and conquered. The land of Israel has been desolated; and the city, shorn of its glory, has seemed almost a worthless prize. And yet, century after century has witnessed the bloody struggle for the control of that coveted spot. No nation has been especially enriched, or profited, or strengthened by its possession; nor has any race or people derived for any length of time a centre of authority, or of commerce; yet they have striven and quarrelled over it, and passed it from hand to hand, so that it has been possessed by Romans, Saracens, Turks, and Crusaders, again and again; but never has it been possessed by Jews! Once only have they attempted to regain their ancient capital, when led by Bar-Cocheba, the false Messiah, who was crowned king at Bethor, and led the Jews of Palestine to Jerusalem, where they took possession, and attempted to rebuild the temple. But calamities overwhelmed them. Julius Severus, the greatest general of his time, was summoned from Britain by the emperor Adrian, to quell the revolt. Two years of fierce guerrilla warfare ensued. Bar-Cocheba was slain. To the dismay of the Jews, the subterranean vaults on Mount Zion fell in, leaving fearful chasms, and the Romans became masters of the city, and subsequently, after a terrible siege, conquered Bethor, A. D. 135, slaughtering five hundred and eighty thousand persons, besides the countless myriads who had already perished in the warfare and in the siege.

From that time, Gentile rule has been supreme over the holy city. Israel have only been outcasts and strangers in their ancient capital. Scattered in all lands, they have ever turned their weary, longing eyes to this city, hallowed by their most sacred memories, and linked with all their bright hopes. For this city they have prayed, and wept, and waited, and longed. And yet this nation, the only one of all the nations that has had special interest in the sacred spot, has never had the opportunity of possessing it. Sixteen times Jerusalem has been conquered, but always by Gentiles. Before the Christian era, Jews and captivity was followed by a restoration. But in the last eighteen hundred years, though Jerusalem has had seventy-two alien kings and twenty-three changes of government since our Lord pronounced its doom, it has never fallen under the control of the Jews.

Why is this? Who can explain the fact that this nation, wealthy, numerous, powerful, and patriotic, have never been able to regain the city of their fathers? Romans can conquer it; Crusaders can conquer it; almost any nation can have it for the asking;—but the Jews alone are denied its possession. Let the skeptic solve this mystery if he can, and as he will. The Christian sees in it the fulfilment of the immutable words of Him who spake as never man spake; and who said, "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." Luke xxi. 24.

### WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

What hast thou done to show thy love  
To Him who left His home above—  
His glorious home in yonder sky—  
And came to earth for thee to die?

Tell me, my soul.

What hast thou done in all these years,  
Since Christ in love dispelled thy fears,  
And in their place gave peace of mind  
And access to his throne to find?

Tell me, my soul.

Has thou the world renounced entire,  
And for its praise felt no desire?  
From every folly turned away  
To seek for joys that last away?

Tell me, my soul.

When'er a brother in his need  
Appealed to thee to clothe or feed  
Didst thou with generous soul reply,  
And for Christ's sake thyself deny?

Tell me, my soul.

Has thou e'er dried the widow's tear,  
Or sought the orphan's path to cheer?  
Has thou e'er raised the fallen up,  
And bidden him once more to hope?

Tell me, my soul.

Or hast thou lived in selfish ease,  
Seeking alone thyself to please,  
Forgetful that thy God would claim  
Thy service if thou bear his name?

Tell me, my soul.

Forget not, soul, that by-and-by  
A reckoning comes in yonder sky.  
When Christ as Judge will ask of thee,  
"O soul, what hast thou done for me?"

Remember, soul.

Christian Observer.

### THE GREAT HEALER.

There is need for a physician of the soul. Moral and spiritual health is not man's natural heritage. There is no picture truer to the life than that which represents the world as a multitude burdened with ill, afflicted, diseased, labouring and heavy laden. Sorrow and grief are as much the common lot as joy and death. Disappointment and unrest are as general as pain and disease. Evil and few are our days; we are born to trouble as the sparks fly upward; we are tossed to and fro like the sleepless waves of ocean. The world groans and travaileth in inward unrest; care furrows the brow; hard lines of toil and suffering mark the countenance; even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and prosperity brings of itself surfeit of worldly good and weariness of pleasure. The soul of man is ill at ease in the midst of earthly pursuits and ways. The leprosy of sin is upon it, or an alien power possesses it. It is fever-stricken with the hot flame of passion, or its power for good is paralyzed. It is blind or filmy in its vision of its own things; or it is deaf to the spiritual harmonies of creation, dumb in its voice of thanksgiving and praise. It needs a great Divine Physician.

But to crowd to the great Healer is as little as possible what the multitude does. The widely-cared-for. Its wants are met, its necessities considered. Its ills awaken anxiety, its pains occasion alarm, without delay its diseases and needs must be removed and supplied. How obsequiously and devotedly the immortal mind waits upon the perishing body! How the thought serves the outward man, and the soul caters for the flesh! How mind and soul are harassed in the work of this "earthly house of our tabernacle!" Or should the needs of the spirit be felt, what vain endeavours are made to satisfy them. Indulgence, excitement, forgetfulness of care and self-life, the oblivion of the flowing bowl, or the sensation novel, or the wild whirlwind pleasures of a "fast" life. Or these real deep needs are mocked by the follies of superstition or the delusions of false religion and empty fanaticism. What a happy day for men would it be if they cared for the soul as for the body, and flocked like the multitude to the great Healer. Virtue would go out of Him and heal them all. The golden age of the earth would return and man be truly blessed.

For the one Physician of man's soul is Christ. His voice awakens in the slumbering spiritual life; his spirit gives quickening and inspiration, when the heart is dead in trespasses and sin. He opens the eyes and unlooses the tongue so that wondrous grace is seen, and praise and gladness flow forth. Crushed and broken with sin, His words are a healing balm to the soul. Palsied by depravity and evil so that it cannot do what it would, He gives power to the will to execute the desires of the better nature. Troubled and disturbed with the dread of something after death, He gives calmness and peace to the conscience. Inflamed by the heat of unholiness passion and desire, He cools the breast with the sweet clear water of life. Possessed of purpose and idea foreign to the true end of being and the real blessedness of man, He casts out the intruding, usurping presence, and gives us to sit at his feet clothed and in our right mind. Restless and anxious about the present life, He bids us trust our Heavenly Father who cares for the sparrows and the grass of the field, who feeds the birds of the air and clothes the lily, and who knoweth we have need of these things. Sorrowing and fearful amid the shadows of disappointment and grief, He imparts sweetest consolation and joy in the Holy Ghost. He is the sympathizing friend and comforter of weary and aching souls; the healer of our backslidings, the life-giver to languid, dying hearts, the great Physician of mankind. No one has power such as His. Only to touch Him by faith is to have life, health, blessing forever more.

But what unthankfulness and ingratitude mark the character of man. Christ lived in the flesh, and Palestine had a jubilee of blessing. The multitude was taught, was fed, was healed. But another multitude soon flock about the great Healer crying, "Away with him, crucify him." He is hurried away, and shut into man, and giving forth the healing balm of his love for the nations. Because he has suffered and died, the bitterness of woe and sharpness of death are passed away to

thousands. His gospel lives; His spirit abides in man; the consolations of his grace remain. Because he has suffered and died, life is sweeter, hope is brighter, joy is fuller, heaven is all glorious to millions of souls. But for him and his healing work the years would not register as they pass growth in humanity and the charities of life. Because he has lived and died, benevolence and philanthropy have made their home among us; the sick are visited, the infirm are pitied, the poor are fed, the slave is free. Virtue goes forth from him to heal all the nations of men. He is the great physician of all time. The life of Him who spake by parable is itself a parable, and the centuries furnish its exposition.—E.E.

### SAVED TO THE UTMOST.

In the winter of 18— a precious revival of religion was enjoyed in the town of M. There lived in the place an aged man, who all his life had been a bitter opposer of religion. Of course he was a drinking man. From boyhood he had indulged in that terrible practice which makes demons of men and prepares them for any crime against man or blasphemy against God. For many years the wife and mother had tried to lead a Christian life, but he would never allow her to make any public profession whatever, and with his none too sweet temper "set on fire of hell" by his daily portions of whiskey, she had a hard life indeed. Would to God there was no wives and mothers whose lives are, to-day, as bitter as hers. One son also gave his heart to God, and finally became a minister of the gospel of Christ lived a few years, and died in a distant land, praying for his ungodly father. The news of his death reached the father's heart, for though hardened and debased by the accursed stuff, he loved his boys, and we could see that he made faint efforts to reform, though he would converse little, and few had any hope of a permanent change. Indeed a neighbor, an aged minister, said, about the commencement of the meetings, that he believed "there was no hope of old —", he was too far gone, and did not know enough to get religion." So helpless seemed his case. He was finally persuaded to go to church, and for some time he and his suffering but now hoping wife were in their places in the house of God. After every effort had been made for him, all of which seemed powerless to move him farther, one evening, after the altar had been neatly filled, and no more were looked for, he arose and calmly walked up the aisle, followed by his wife, he quietly knelt and as calmly and quietly gave his heart to the loving Saviour, who, after more than sixty years of rebellion, was willing to accept it and to give him a "heart of flesh." Near him knelt the son's widow who had always loved him, notwithstanding his degradation, and as a consequence had won his confidence to a great degree. On rising, she gave him her hand and pronounced the word "father." "Yes," said the renowned man, "it is father now," and his countenance beamed with more than earthly light. Did the angels come down to mingle in the sacred scene? Did the spirit of the beloved son come to rejoice with us over the returning prodigal? Who shall say, nay?

From that blessed evening Father — "walked and talked with God" for several years, and then "he was not, for God took him." Notwithstanding his system had become so thoroughly permeated with the soul-destroying alcohol, that his friends had been obliged to confine him while raving with delirium, yet from that time he never tasted a drop.

Two or three years after, the writer, while passing with him that "breathing hole of hell" where he had formerly obtained most of his liquor, inquired if he did not wish to go in and take a drink. "No," said he with a pleasant smile, "I have never had the least desire to taste it, — not even when I see and smell it." His old companions tried by coaxing and ridicule to get him back to his old habits, but the noble Christian, always gentle, answered them so decidedly that they soon left him, and only wondered how old — could live without his whiskey. They were sure they could not. But the blessed secret was, God can and did save to the uttermost.

We must accept Christ, or accept nothing. There is one thing for us to do, and only one. If the drowning man refuse the rope, he is lost. If the prisoner reject the pardon, he dies. If a dying beggar refuse the bread, he starves! It may seem very courageous to go down a third time and be drowned. It may seem heroic to tear the pardon to pieces in his cell. It may seem very brave to throw away the bread and starve, but in the light of calm common sense, it looks like insanity and nothing else.—Dr. Egan.

A HINDOO AND A NEW ZEALANDER met upon the deck of a missionary ship. They had been converted from their heathenism and were brothers in Christ, but they could not speak to each other. They pointed to their Bibles, shook hands, smiled in one another's faces, but that was all. At last a happy thought struck the Hindoo. With a sudden joy he exclaimed: "Hallelujah!" The New Zealander, in delight, cried out, "Amen!" These two words, not found in their own heathen tongues, were to them the beginning of "one language and one speech."

SEVERAL delights in the story of the genuine conversion of a servant girl. When she was asked, on joining the church,—  
"Are you converted?"  
"I hope so, sir."

"What makes you think you are really a child of God?"

"Well, sir, there is a great change in me from what there used to be."

"What is that change?"  
"I don't know, sir; but there's a change in all things; but there is one thing, I always sweep under the mats, now."

Follow after holiness, it will repay your pursuit.

If you would please God, be much in his company.

A desire to love Christ springs from the love of Christ.