

The Religious Intelligence

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, MARCH 28, 1873.

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The Intelligencer.

THE LIGHT REFUSED.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

God will condemn many of his own creatures to punishment on the Day of Judgment. If anything is clearly revealed in the Bible, this is revealed. Not in cruelty, but in justice, will our God of love condemn many of his sinning children to endless banishment from his presence. But for what will God condemn sinners?

Will it be for an inherited depravity? Will their guilt consist in the fact that they were born with a sinful nature? No. For no man is accountable for the entire want of holiness with which he came into the world. His native condition of sinfulness he is not responsible for. If I ask my little boy, who is but five years old, to repeat the multiplication-table, he is perfectly excusable in answering: "I don't know it. I'm not old enough to learn it." But if I ask him at twenty years of age to repeat the table, and he cannot do it, then his ignorance would be his fault and his disgrace. It was not his fault to be born in ignorance of the multiplication-table; but it was his fault to remain so. He had a free choice between instruction and ignorance; his disgrace would be that he chose not to learn.

Precisely so it is with every sinner. His guilt does not consist in his being born sinful, but in his remaining sinful. "This is the condemnation that the Light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than the Light." In our common version this important text is not given correctly. The article *the* should be inserted before the word *Light*, and that word spelled with a capital. It refers not to moral light in general; but to Jesus Christ, the Light of the world. Whoso followed him shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. It is the office of light to reveal; and Jesus Christ is the divine revealer of truth. He reveals the sinfulness of sin, and at the same time God's pity for the sinner. Light discovers the path of safety. So the blessed Jesus shows the way to holiness and heaven. He is Himself "the Way, the Truth, and the Life." He brings salvation; He offers salvation; He promises to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him. It is the office of light to cheer; and what being in the universe has poured such floods of joy and peace and comfort into this dark world as our precious Saviour? Really all the spiritual light that illuminates humanity comes from him. The spiritual power, too, that propels all holy enterprises of love and philanthropy is generated from Christ.

Dr. Buckland and George Stephenson (the inventor of locomotives) were one day looking at a railway train that was roaring by at full speed. "Buckland, will you tell me," said Stephenson, "what is the power that drives that train?" "Well," replied the Doctor, "I suppose it is one of your big engines." "But what drives the engines?" "Oh!" replied the geologist, "very likely one of your canny Newcastle engineers." "No," said Mr. Stephenson, "that train is driven by sunlight. The rays of the sun absorbed by plants and vegetation in the long ages of the earth's 'beginning' produced the carbon in the bowels of the globe. The carbon is in the fields of coal; and now that liberated light in yonder coal is driving that locomotive!" Whatever judgment we may pronounce upon George Stephenson's scientific opinion, his answer to Buckland furnishes a beautiful illustration of the truth that all the truly spiritual power that now exists and is driving man heavenward comes from Christ the Light—the Sun of Righteousness.

This Light, this truth-revealing, sin-condemning, soul-cheering, and soul-saving Light has come into the world. If it has come, then those who are not benefited by the Light are those who refuse its blessings. They "love darkness rather than the Light." On a plain phrase, they prefer sin rather than holiness. God treats all men as free agents. He offers them the deliberate choice between the light and the darkness. All that God's love can possibly offer to us sinners is already offered us in Jesus Christ. He is Light, Life, Liberty. "There is no condemnation to them who are in Jesus Christ."

Now, if you, my reader, prefer to remain in guilt, rather than to be pardoned; if you prefer to be a slave to eternal sin, rather than to be Christ's freeman; if you choose death eternal rather than Heaven, do you not see that you condemn yourself? Every deliberate sinner condemns himself. You might be delivered from the curse of sin if you desired it. But you choose sin and its consequence. You actually declare by your conduct (which speaks louder than words): "I am wrong; but I prefer to remain wrong. I am guilty, and I choose to be so. I see before me a dark hereafter; and I am willing to risk it, rather than to abandon my sins and come in penitence to Jesus Christ." And God leaves you to your own choice. The Light has come to you, and you love darkness rather than the Light. And God will take you at your word. As you choose the darkness, God will leave you to the darkness and to all eternity!

But you may say: "I do not choose darkness and everlasting banishment from God. No sane person can deliberately prefer to be eternally wretched when he might be eternally happy." This is plausible, and there is a sense in which it is true. No man chooses ruin, and yet millions are choosing the very paths that inevitably lead to ruin. No man wishes to be a sinner; but thousands of them do choose to drink that which surely brings them to disgrace, disease, and damnation of drunkenness. Did that silly girl, who gave her hand and heart to that showy scoundrel who has basely deceived her, choose to be wretched? Certainly not. Yet she did choose to marry him, and she must accept the consequences. Your loving God tells you just what those consequences will be. You will be lost. It will not be your Heavenly Father's fault. He says to you, "Choose life!" It will not be the compassionate Saviour's fault. He de-

clares: "I am the Light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." The Divine Spirit pleads with you.

"There for thee the Saviour stands, Shows his wounds and spreads his hands. Christ is love; this know and say; Focus weeps and loves thee still."

And, if you persist in trampling on this wondrous love and spurning this heavenly light, God will take you at your choice. Your mouth will be stopped. You will be speechless. This will be your condemnation that the Light came to you, and you loved darkness rather than the Light. Will you still refuse Christ?—*Independent.*

OVER-SEA SKETCHES.

AMONG THE SOURCES OF THE JORDAN.

By Rev. S. Graves, D. D.

We were going south from Damascus—it was our third day, and were passing over the lower and eastern spurs of Mount Hermon, which rose so grandly "in the sides of the North;" near the summit at this late season of the year—Nov. 3d—was a single patch of snow, which gleamed like a diamond on the brow of a monarch. When rising one of the higher ridges which obstructed our laborious and sometimes hazardous climbing, I first caught sight of old Canaan. There lay a mass of purple hills piled up along the west. That is Galilee. Those are the mountains of Naphthali!

I was half a mile in advance of my party. It was a calm, bright Sabbath forenoon. All the morning the distant hills of the Haouron had been in sight. I was passing through the land of ancient Bashan, and was about as full as I could contain, of the memories which crowded upon me, and now the same range of hills on which Moses had stood, though far to the north, I was looking as he had done, upon the "Land of Promise." I need not say that this was one of the supreme moments of my life. It might have seemed a vision or a dream, if I had not encountered so many hard knocks in getting here. These made it quite real.

Where are the famous oaks of Bashan? Where its bulls? On the sides of the lower hills were the stunted and straggling descendants of those magnificent forests which so moved the poetic fancy of the Hebrew bard. These forests, if the scattered shrubs along the hills deserve that name, are cut down by the inhabitants and burned into charcoal for the Damascus markets. We met caravans after caravans of donkeys and camels loaded with huge sacks of this product, winding their tortuous way up and down those mountain passes, and threading the narrow ravines, making it sometimes doubtful, sometimes vexatious, sometimes amusing and ludicrous, to get by them without being knocked off our horses, or scraped and smeared by half a dozen sacks of the smutty merchandise. But patience and good nature, which are virtues of the Arab, work us at length out of all these difficulties. The Arab, whatever he may have lost, retains his courtesy and politeness; the fittestest, raggedest, wretchedest specimens you meet, bow to you with the grace and dignity of a king, at the same time touching the forehead and the heart with the fingers of the left hand.

A little further on and the broad plain, or as it is improperly called the *marsh* of the "Hulch," lies spread out before us, and then, like a thread of silver, winding in and out among the faded verdure of the plain, is the Jordan, and far down to the south end of the plain, flashing back the sunlight, is the charming little Lake Hulch, or the ancient "Waters of Merom," and that break in the encircling hills, like a fracture in the rim of a saucer, is the bed of the Jordan when it leaves the lake, and just beyond, but out of sight, sleep the waters of the Galilee!

In our descent to the plain we pass, or rather visit, the ruins of the Castle of Banias, or as it is better known, the Castle of Shubbeibeh, an immense fortification, still remarkably preserved, built upon a projecting cliff of the mountain, a thousand feet above the plain, commanding the entrance to Palestine from the north. This castle was built by one of the Herods, and in after ages enlarged and strengthened by the Saracenic chieftains, and was famous in the days of the Crusaders at the residence of the "Old Man of the Mountains." From earlier ages, this must have been an important strategic point, and may it not have been the Baal-gad which Joshua took as the northernmost stronghold of the Canaanites, after the defeat of Jabin, in the plain below? It answers in position, exactly, to the description given in Josh. xi. 17, as "under Mount Hermon," while the ruins of Baalbek, which many Biblical scholars would identify as the old Bagdad, are at least four days' march of the valley, a distance farther northward than we have any reason to believe that Joshua pushed his conquests. Descending from this, we reach the plain, and pass through a large grove of venerable olive trees, some of which, as their trunks spread out near the ground, must have been twenty-five or thirty feet in circumference. The women and boys were gathering the ripened berries for winter use.

The little village beyond, where our tents were pitched, is called Banias, pronounced *Banyas*. It is the ancient Caesarea Philippi, and as I rode through the village and crossed the old stone bridge, how strange were my emotions, for here I first touched the path traced by the footsteps of our Lord. Caesarea Philippi was the northernmost limit of his journeyings, as Tyre and Sidon were his westernmost. Here it was that he put the question to his disciples: "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" and to which Peter made the noble confession, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God," and to which our Saviour returned the celebrated reply, of which Romanists make so much, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

This, too, is supposed by many, and it seems to me, with reason, to be the place of the Transfiguration of our Lord. Some one of these lofty shoulders which stand around and

form the base of Mount Hermon, is the "high mountain apart," at least answers to it, far better than Tabor, the traditional mountain of Transfiguration, in which he took the three favored disciples, when, in converse with Moses and Elias, that glorious change came over the Redeemer's person, which dazzled, by its insufferable brightness, the eyes of the three entranced beholders. The connection in which this scene is recorded seems to point to this place, and be sure, I never read the last part of the 16th and the 17th chapters of Matthew with a title of the interest that I did, sitting on the fragment of a half-buried column, with those peaks before, in the solitude of that spot.

At this place, too, according to early Christian tradition, lived the woman who was healed of the issue of blood. Eusebius says, "Her home is still shown in the city, and the wonderful monuments of our Saviour's benefit to her are still standing. At the gate of her house is the frozen image of a woman on her knees, with her hand stretched out before her, like one entreating. Opposite to this is the statue of a man erect, clothed in a mantle, which is meant to represent Christ. This still remains, and we saw it ourselves," says Eusebius, "when we were in the city." This was in the third century. Julian, the Apostle, is said to have broken the monument in pieces.

But the impatient reader may ask, what has this to do with the heading of this letter? why don't you lead us to the Jordan? We are at the "Sources," at least one of the sources. For, within ten minutes' walk of our encampment at the foot of Hermon, and close by a celebrated cave, called the cave of the Fountains, the waters gush out in twenty copious springs of the purest, sweetest, coolest water in all Palestine. Over this cave, which according to Josephus was once a fountain of great depth, but which is now dry and shallow, Philip, the tetrarch, built a temple in honor of Cesar, and hence the name of the city, Caesarea Philippi. Fragments of this temple are still seen, and various Greek inscriptions, on the face of the native rock, attest the antiquity and importance of the place.

The streams from these numerous fountains unite and flow off to the west over a bed of pebbles, half overgrown with briars, wild flowers and olears; half choked by ancient ruins, but in a sweet and merry brook among so seldom heard, and so refreshing amidst the barren hills and arid fields of Syria.

Leaving our tent the next morning, we rode northward ten hours, to the larger, and what is accounted the true source of the Jordan; and along this route we passed a forest of oaks, which were worthy representatives of those ancient monarchs of Bashan. They are like our oaks which are grown in the open field, in their gnarled and angular appearance, though the leaf is smaller, the acorn larger, the trunk immensely thicker, the tree shorter, and the branches so close and near the ground, that we thought of Abasalom as we ducked our horses to avoid being knocked off, if not hung up by the hair of the head, as he was, in riding through just such a grove.

On the side of a small conical hill, or quite at its base, there gushes forth a river—not a large one, but a stream that deserves at least to be called a rivulet. It spreads out into a large pool, fifty by seventy-five feet, I should say, in breadth and length, and then sweeps off with the rush and roar of a young cataract, as if in anticipation of its subsequent career. Here we sat for half an hour, in the thick jungle that surrounded it, reclining upon the roots of an ancient fig-tree. The eminence above us was the ancient *Dan*, or the more ancient *Laish*, the northernmost city of Palestine—"from Dan to Beersheba,"—where, in the earliest times, "the people dwelt carelessly and secure in a large land, a place where there was no want of anything that is in the earth." So the scouts of the Danites reported when they had returned from spying the place.

Here we were, on the very confines of the Holy Land, with our faces set southward. We drank again and again of the water, bathed our hands and faces in it, filled a phial from the very innermost and nethermost fountain, mounted our horses and rode around the springs, and were in Canaan without crossing the Jordan."—*Standard.*

THE CHRISTIAN CONFLICT.

It is a battle, stern, hot, relentless that is before you; but consecrated, blood-washed manhood, in fellowship with the almighty Christ, is sure to conquer, and be glorified in the end.

A few years ago, at the close of the late war, I saw the gathering up of all the old regimental battle-flags of the State of New York, and the depositing of them in one of the public rooms in the Capitol at Albany. It was a public holiday. The stores were closed. The city was gayly dressed in flags. The President and his staff, the Governor and his staff, and a great many military and civil notabilities, and crowds of people were present. Those old flags, one by one, were carried by some officer of the regiment across the platform upon which the President and the Governor sat, and passed over to the charge of the Adjutant-General of the State.

There was a wonderful difference in the reception which the people gave to the flags. When a neat, clean, bright, whole flag, with stripes unstained and stars undimmed drifted across the platform, there were no shouts or enthusiasm. But when some old battered standard, with its staff broken, and tied up ropes and bits of leather, with its stripes stained and bleared; and its stars dimmed with crimson spots; when such a flag, riddled with shot and shell, a drabbed, cloaked mass of rags, was shaken out before the people, how they cheered, how the enthusiasm rent the very skies!

O grant, O consummate hour! when we shall come marching in from our various fields of work and sorrow and fighting, to deposit our battle-flags at the feet of the Great Captain of our salvation, in the presence of the adoring universe. Be it ever remembered that the huzzas of angels, and the "well-done" of God

will follow most quickly the gleam of the flags most tattered and soiled. Holiday banners will challenge no honorable response, but the banner which has the marks of battle upon it will wake the admiring shouts of heaven. Christ lifts his cross aloft, and with his own pierced hands is bearing it across the world to victory. He invites us to fall into line, and help him conquer the world. Gladly we will do it, and with the victory win and wear the crown.—*Rev. L. G. Biddell.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

HELPS FOR S. S. WORKERS.

Money prizes have been offered by a Baptist School in Titusville, Pa., with good results. The first prize for bringing in scholars was \$10, the next \$5, and so on down to \$1—making in all \$55 in distributed prizes. The attendance has risen very rapidly and is still going up.

Ernest Sunday-school workers need not stop at any difficulties. The Rev. Mr. Van Meter is establishing his Sunday-schools all over the chief city of Italy, though he understands not a word of Italian. Albert Woodruff introduced the American Sunday-school system into the chief city of Germany, though he knew not a word of German.

A Good Example.—A young lad, member of a Presbyterian school in Rochester, N. Y., has just completed the seventh year of his attendance there without missing a single Sabbath, making an entire year of Sabbaths, 365; in which he has been uniformly and promptly in his seat. In token of the fact the school presented him with a silver watch. The superintendent of this school has been in office nearly thirty consecutive years.

No "Model" Sunday Schools.—It would hardly be wise for superintendents generally to try to be altogether original in the management of schools. Yet any one worthy of the position ought to be able to decide what is best for his particular locality, and avoid a slavish copying after some other school, perhaps very differently situated, which has gained a reputation for successful management. The *Independent* says, emphatically:

There is no such thing as a "model" Sunday school, either as to time or place of holding, or order of exercises. What is the best thing in one place is not in another. A wise observer can find something to help him in his school he visits. He will not be willing to follow the best school he finds in his travels. *A Model of Punctuality.*—It is not every one who can be as punctual as the teacher referred to below. But certainly every one can try to be. Very often, if there were only a school he visits, he will not be willing to follow the best school he finds in his travels. The *Evangelist* says:

Gilbert C. McKinstir, a teacher in the Brick Church (Rochester) Sunday school, has been present every Sunday for more than nineteen years. Mr. McKinstir carries on a nursery, lives more than three miles from the church, has frequently been called away on business, and to attend State Sunday School Teachers' Conventions and meetings of the American Board, but has so timed his movements as to get to and return between Sundays. Rain, snow, or mud have never interfered with his punctuality. He has also for many years been as regular in attendance at a mission-school two miles from his home in another direction.

What a Class of Little Boys Did.—At one of our large religious meetings in the country, there was received a beautiful note. On opening it we found ten names of ten little Sabbath school boys, and ten dollars. The note said, in substance, that "one year ago I said to my class of little boys, Can we not do something for the salvation of the world? I propose this to you: Each boy bring each Sabbath two pennies, and I will keep your accounts for you, and we will see how much we can do in one year for Home Missions." The little boys went to work with a will to save up and earn all the pennies they could for their missionary work. The result was an offering, from that class of little boys, of ten dollars. This came just from a little thoughtfulness on the part of that teacher. How many teachers will go and do likewise? Train your children for Christian work as you are training them for Christ. He has no use for idlers in His kingdom.

Real Object of the Sunday School.—The *Home Mission Herald* says that the real object of the Sunday school is the religious education and conversion of its members, and their culture in Bible truth. As to who should belong to the school, the mode of study, and the composition of the classes, it adds:

The Scriptures should be studied as in the sight of the Lord, and as the word of the Lord. The classes should be composed of pupils alike advanced in Bible knowledge, and to teachers of highest attainments and largest experience in teaching the Word of God should be assigned the more advanced classes in the school.

With few exceptions, such, perhaps, as would justify the absence of a member from church, or the failure of a member to contribute for the support of the church each member of a church and congregation should be a member of its school, and in the school should either teach or be taught.

In such a school a growth in grace, and in a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, will be quite as manifest as under an able ministry without the school. Happy is that people that has both the ministry and the school.

Aid the Sabbath School.—Do something to keep up the interest in the Sabbath school, and increase it. Let all, teachers and scholars, and church members, too, take this course, and the school will prosper.

What is wanted is work—strong, personal, united effort. Let the scholars, all of them, get their lessons, and be present every Sabbath to recite them. Let each try to persuade others—as many as can be persuaded—to come into the school, and thus increase its numbers. Let the teachers prepare themselves by a

study of the lesson they are to hear, and do all they can to illustrate and enforce it, and by this punctuality and faithfulness manifest an interest in the school.

Also, let every member of the church consider the Sabbath school as an important instrumentality, and do all he can by his presence and co-operation, to contribute to its prosperity, and there can be no doubt as to the result.

Friends of Christ, just try these means, and you will have no reason to complain in regard to a poor Sabbath school.

RANDOM READINGS.

If THOU SEEKEST JESUS in all things, thou shalt surely find Jesus.

AND HE THAT LOSETH JESUS loses overmuch, yea, more than the whole world.

Lady Burdett Coutts supports a sewing-school of 200 pupils, in Spitalfields, and a night-school in Shoreditch.

WHAT A WORLD OF gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.

Among the victims of the storm in Minnesota was the Rev. Mr. Evans, a Welsh minister. His whole family, consisting of himself, his wife and two children, were frozen to death.

NOT TO HIM who sets out in the morning with resolution and gallantry, but to him who holds out till the evening of life does the promise apply. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved."—*Flavel.*

A PERSON once said to his minister, the Rev. Mr. C—, that it was impossible for a man to carry on business in this imperfect world, and be honest, and get a living. "Die, then!" was the emphatic reply.

A CHRISTIAN was asked a few nights since by one whose long experience should have made him a teacher rather than a learner, "Do you not sometimes doubt? 'Doubt' was the exclamation of faith, 'Doubt whom?' Let us have a live-long doubt, and even despair of ourselves, but none of our Saviour and his mercy.

A CHRISTIAN has advanced but a little way in religion when he has overcome the love of the world; for he has still more powerful and important enemies: self—evil tempers—undue affections—a stubborn will. It is by the subduing of these adversaries that we must chiefly judge of our growth in grace.—*Cecil.*

THE "ARK OF SALVATION" has no state-rooms for passengers, but all who wish to embark for heaven must ship as crew, and be always ready to man the ropes, scrub the deck, work the pumps, or watch at the mast-head. At the command of the Captain, every Christian engaged in his appropriate duty with an hearty "Aye, aye, Sir," upon his lips, and a glow of gratitude in his heart for the privilege of serving Jesus the Master.

THREE STEPS.—A learned divine one day accosted a simple-hearted Christian busy in his daily toil:

"Well, John, it is a long and hard way to heaven, is it not?"

"O no, Sir," was the ready answer; "it is only three steps."

"Three steps!" How is that, John?"

"Why, Sir, nothing plainer. First step out of yourself; second step into Christ; third step into heaven."

The astonished minister, years afterwards, acknowledged his indebtedness to that rustic for one of his profoundest and most comprehensive lessons in experimental theology.

A MAN HAD committed a murder, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. A few days before his execution, he drew upon the walls of his prison a gallows with five steps leading up to it.

On the first step he wrote, *Disobedience to parents.*

On the second step, *Sabbath-breaking.*

On the third step, *Gambling and Drunkenness.*

On the fourth step, *Murder.*

The fifth step was the platform on which the gallows stood.

This poor fellow doubtless wrote the history of many a wretched and lost life.

McCHRYNE'S HINTS TO MINISTERS.—Expect much and much will be given. Like Mary, do what you can, and no doubt God will bless it, and reward it openly.

Seek to be lamb-like; without this all your efforts to others will be as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

Get much of the hidden life into your own soul, soon it will make life spread abroad.

Never forget that the end of a sermon is the salvation of the people.

Do not fear the face of men. Remember how small their anger will appear in eternity.

O! fight hard against sin and the devil. The devil never sleeps; be ye also active for good.

But an inch of time remains, and the eternal ages roll on forever; but an inch on which we stand and preach salvation to the perishing world.

HE IS ABLE.—God is able of these stones to raise up able to Abraham.

Able also to save them to the uttermost that came unto God by Him.

What he has promised he is able to perform.

Able to make all races abed and towards you, that you having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.

I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, who is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

Able to keep that which I have committed unto Him.

Able to keep you from falling, and present you faultless before the presence of His glory, with exceeding joy.

Able to succor them that are tempted.

Able to keep all whom the Father hath given Him, so that He will lose not one.

Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.

Believe ye that He is able to do this?