

# 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. XX.—No. 46.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1873.

Whole No. 1034.

## NEW GOODS

FOR

Fall and Winter.

Thomas Logan,

FREDERICTON,

HAS now Opened a large and well assorted Stock of

**Dry Goods,**

SUITABLE to the wants of Purchasers, which he offers at such prices as will defy competition.

DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS,

Flannels, Blankets, Tweeds,

COTTONS, PRINTS, OSNABURGS,

and every description of

COTTON AND WOOLLEN GOODS.

**Carpetings**

AND DAMASKS CURTAIN.

**Ladies' Furs**

In MINK,

ERMINE,

GREBE,

FITCH,

ALASKA ELLINK,

MUSQUASH, &c.

A FEW PAIRS OF

**Men's Fur Gloves.**

Good Goods and Fair Prices.

Fredericton, October 1873.

**ALBION HOUSE,**

FREDERICTON, N. B.

SEPTEMBER 19th, 1873.

## NEW FALL GOODS

Per Steamships "LADY DARLING," "SIDON."

IAN, "AUSTRIAN," and "ISMALIA."

**MILLER & EDGECOMBE,**

BEG to announce that they have received by the above

Steamships a large Importation of

STAPLE AND FANCY

**Dry Goods,**

For the Fall and Winter Trade. Now ready for Inspection:

DRESS GOODS,

Shawls,

Cloth Jackets,

Fur Muffs,

and Collars, &c.

PRINTS,

Tweeds,

Grey & White Cottons,

Felt Skirts,

Yarns, &c.

**CAMP BLANKETING.**

**Grey & White Blankets,**

**BLACK GOODS.**

ALPACAS,

QUILTS,

MERINOS,

CRAPPE CLOTHS,

PERSIAN CORDS,

SATEEN CLOTH, &c.

All at our usual Low Prices.

Balance of STOCK by following Steamers.

**MILLER & EDGECOMBE,**

Fredericton, Oct 3, 1873.

## The Intelligencer.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

The following concerning the late Elder Robert Colpitts, who departed this life in Norton, King's County, on the 7th November 1855, aged 86 years, was written by the late editor of this paper, and appeared in the INTELLIGENCER immediately after Elder C's decease. It is now re-published by request, and we doubt not will be read with interest by many who remember the subject of it, as well as by many who know him only from having heard of his abundant labours as a servant of Christ:—

The wisest of men has said by the spirit of inspiration that "the memory of the just is blessed," and we believe that few men have lived and died more generally beloved, or more highly esteemed by those who knew them, than the late venerated Father who is the subject of this sketch. "He being dead yet speaketh;" and long will his memory be cherished not only in that branch of the Christian church to which he belonged, but by many others also. We regret that we have no more of the facts and incidents of his life and experience at hand to give our readers—we are unable to gather them, he having kept no diary, and the generation among whom his early labours were spent having principally passed away. For much of the following we are indebted to the venerable widow, who for sixty years shared with him his joys and sorrows, and who at the advanced age of four score years still survives him. The deceased emigrated to this country from England with his parents and the rest of his family, when he was about fourteen years of age. His parents belonged to the established church, according to the forms of which they taught their children. They settled in the country on the Pettaudiac river, which was then with but little exception a dense and uncultivated forest. The preaching of the gospel was at that time rare in this new country, and whether the deceased enjoyed any opportunity of hearing it, until he was twenty-three years of age, we cannot say. At that time, however, a Mr. Bishop—whose name and labors may still be remembered by some who survive—visited the settlements on the Pettaudiac river, and preached to them the gospel of Christ, with the Spirit sent down from Heaven. He was a Frenchman by birth, and reared a Roman Catholic. He belonged to a wealthy and respectable family, and was well educated. But God had converted him, and the "love of Christ constrained" him to seek the welfare of his fellow men. If we are correctly informed, he was one of those devoted men who were sent out as missionaries to this country by the pious and excellent Lady Huntington. Of this, however, we are not quite sure. Under the labors of Mr. Bishop, the mind of Robert Colpitts became deeply moved to seek religion. A single enquiry made while crossing a small stream in a canoe was the words "fifty spoken," and accomplished that whereunto they were sent. This enquiry was, "Do you know the Lord?" The importance of this knowledge pressed upon his mind and led him to seek God, until some time after when plunging in the field near his brother, in the bitterness and agony of his soul, he was enabled to cast himself upon the Saviour and found relief. Like many others, however, he kept these things in his heart, and confessed not with his mouth, until he began to doubt what God had done for him; but the reading of the Bible and such other good books as came in his way he still followed. At the age of twenty-six he married the daughter of Mr. Christian Steeves. Mr. Steeves who was converted under the labors of Mr. William Black of Cumberland, was a devoted Christian, and frequently held meetings and taught the people. Mrs. Steeves was converted under Henry Allene; she was the first person converted on the Pettaudiac river—and at that time considered *unpagan*. She could not then speak English—being with her husband recently from Germany. About three years after Mr. Colpitts' marriage, he attended meeting at the Pollett river, where a revival was in progress—under whose labors is not definitely known. In this meeting he for the first time opened his mouth to speak of God's dealings with his soul; on the same evening also one of his brothers was convicted of sin, and soon afterwards converted. At this time he began to pray in his family; but after a while in consequence of being much from home—and other causes, declined the public exercise of his gift. At this juncture he began to feel the chastening hand of God; a little daughter was removed by death—he felt the blow, but all was not accomplished that was necessary—God's hand was again stretched out, and a little lad—the eldest son—seven years of age—was taken away. This was a heavy stroke, but designed to save the sorrowing father. How often does the disobedience and wilfulness of parents render the loss of beloved children necessary! What compassion is often manifested in the sordest bereavement! Happy he who like him whose history we are sketching recognizes God's hand in these things, and says from the heart, "Thy will be done."

The remains of this dear child were brought up the river about 15 miles for interment. Returning on the following day in a boat with Mrs. C. and infant, he was called to converse with a sick man, who was thought to be dying, and who was *out of Christ*. After leaving the melancholy scene, as he rowed down the river, suddenly he drew in his oars, rose upon his feet, and began to proclaim aloud the salvation of God! Mrs. C. was deeply affected, while he continued in this exercise until the boat reached the landing, a distance of some miles below, to which place it drifted with the tide without any human agency. So exhausted was he on landing that he had to be aided in ascending the bank of the river. In his account of the extraordinary exercise, he said an unnumbered throng of people were present before him, the side of the river seemed lined with precious souls, while he felt within

him the love of Christ constraining him to preach the Gospel of the grace of God. This exercise, perhaps will only find sympathy in those who have been similarly led, and similarly called of God. He now began to labor more frequently and more publicly in the vineyard of Christ. Tilling hard through the week with his hands for the support of his family, it was no uncommon thing for him on a Saturday night, when the tide served, to row his boat several miles to attend an appointment the next day, and return the following night. He resided at this time about four miles below the Bend of Pettaudiac, and frequent were his visits to Hillsborough on the opposite side of the river, then called the "Lower Settlement," as also to Shepody. In both of these places God owned his labors, and his ministry was much blessed. The following in relation to his first visit to Shepody has been communicated to us by one acquainted therewith, and will give some idea of the nature of his toils, and the result of his labors:—Leaving home on Saturday evening in a boat alone, he rowed to the place he intended visiting (a distance, we think, of some fifteen or twenty miles). Arriving there some time before day, and being a stranger, he wrapped his great coat about him, and laid down in his boat until morning. On going to the settlement at daylight, he found that nearly all the people had gone to a meeting which was appointed at some twelve miles from the place. He resolved to go also, and obtaining a horse without any saddle, he made a saddle of his coat that had been his bed and his blanket while he slept, and before the services commenced he reached the place of meeting. He was introduced to the minister (a Presbyterian we believe), who kindly received him and requested him to speak to the people. With much fear and trembling, he consented, but as he rose and gave out that beautiful hymn of Watts:—

"When strangers stand and hear me tell  
What beauties in my Saviour dwell," &c., his fear passed away, he felt bold in his Master's cause, and the season was one of great power. An aged brother who still lives was present at that meeting, and when he saw the weeping multitude, he wondered why they wept, and thought if he could be moved that way, he should then think there might be something real in it. Soon he was moved—he felt and saw the burden and sinfulness of his sins, and never found rest until God, for Christ's sake, delivered him. Such seasons about this period were frequent, and they were times of the Redeemer's power. But his early labors in the ministry were not without great struggles of soul in relation to whether he was really in the path of duty or not. We remember hearing him relate the following incident many years ago:—On one occasion while in deep conflict as to the subject of his continuing in the ministry or not, he repaired to the wilderness to wrestle with God for an inward assurance of duty in the matter. There alone, with no eye upon him but God's, and no ear but his to hear, he wrestled and prayed. While in the exercise of prayer, his mind would be calm, and he would feel satisfied in relation to his duty. Then again temptation would assail him, and he would be in doubt. After wrestling several times with God in prayer on this occasion, something occurred to whisper to his soul, "Go and be tried by the Bible." He immediately returned to his house, took the Word of God, praying for direction, and the first words that his eyes rested upon when he opened the sacred volume was Ezekiel 34 ch., from 17th to 21st verse: "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel, therefore hear the word of my mouth, and give them warning from me." &c. These were accomplished to his soul with such a powerful assurance of their applicability to his own case, that all doubt in relation to his duty was at once removed, and he afterwards felt confident that God had called him to the work in which he labored.

About four or five years after he commenced preaching, he removed from where he then lived (below the Bend), to Dutch Valley in Sussex. A new field of labor was now opened before him, and he ceased not to labour in it with all that unceasing toil which his worldly circumstances would allow. Each Sabbath would find him in some settlement—sometimes many miles from home—warning and persuading the people to be reconciled to God. Frequently was he called long distances to visit the sick, and bury the dead. After residing about nine years in Dutch Valley, he removed to Upper Sussex, where he resided nine years more. From this place he removed to Norton, where he continued to live until his death, a period of about twenty-four years. For about sixty-three years he was a believer on the Lord Jesus Christ—for about fifty-seven he made a public profession of his faith, and for forty-eight—with the exception of a part of the last two, in which he was prevented by age and infirmity—he preached the faith he professed.

There is one thing in the history of this venerable Father which we must not omit mentioning. We allude to the fact, that during the greater part of the time in which he was laboring as a preacher, he belonged to no visible church, or denomination of people. This was not because there was no door open for his admission into fellowship with different unions. Repeated offers were made him for union, and also for his ordination; all of which he refused—because they involved a sacrifice of the faith and principles which he esteemed higher than any visible church union or fellowship. With a tenacity which often subjected him to the charge of singularity or obstinacy, he held on to what he believed to be the faith of the Gospel. When satisfied of his duty in regard to baptism, he did not even then consider that to receive that ordinance would justify his yielding any other point of doctrine which he had learned from the Bible, and he chose to defer the ordinance until God should open a way for its untrammelled performance. In this, we think, he exhibited a high degree of Christian integrity. He believed in the universality of the atonement, making salvation possible for all men; the free communion of all God's people without

respect to denominational differences; and believers' baptism; and not being able conscientiously to yield any of these points, he was obliged to defer church fellowship until the organization of the Free Baptist denomination in this Province. The views peculiar to this denomination always had pious, warm, and devoted adherents, and hence Elder Colpitts, though without an organized fellowship, had many friends who were with him in doctrine and practice. But the time at length came, when under his labours, and the labours of others, the number of these increasing, and organized churches began to come into existence in different parts of the country. About 1836, he and Brother Wayman (neither of them having been baptized), visited Wakefield, and on their return were accompanied by Elders N. Churchill and S. Hartt (the latter not yet ordained), and on the following Sabbath Elder Colpitts, together with Mrs. C. and three others were baptized at the Millstream in Stodholm; Elder Churchill administered the ordinance. He now became identified fully with the Free Baptist denomination, and about two years subsequently received the imposition of hands at the same place from Elder Hartt and Cronkite. For several years he held the pastorate of the church in Middleland. As a preacher he was zealous and practical; well calculated to support the weak and comfort the feeble-minded. In every respect he was a peace-maker, and we believe he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. Though earnestly contending for the truth, he was no bigot, and was always ready to co-operate as far as he could in every good work. He enjoyed the confidence and esteem to a high degree of the Rev. Mr. West, an Episcopal clergyman from England, who was sent out to this country several years ago to look after the interests of an Indian community to whom a large grant of money had been made. Mr. West frequently spent days at his house, from whence he made short excursions among the adjoining neighbors, seeking the spiritual interest and welfare of all. He was a pious and devoted man of God, who had spent several years as a missionary among the Indians at Hudson's Bay. He urged Elder Colpitts to receive his family to Canada, and take charge of the community of Indians there. This, however, he declined. As a token of his high esteem, Mr. West forwarded to him and also to an old and highly esteemed Christian brother (Father Fenwick) a large supply of valuable books, among which was his own journal in two volumes.

The labours of Father Colpitts in the ministry were gratuitous—he went forth receiving nothing. It is probable he never received as many pounds for his labors as he spent years in the ministry. His own hands ministered to his support, and those that were his. Often, very often, he was called to leave his field in the midst of seed time or harvest, and travel long distances to attend funerals—going and returning perhaps in the night, but never complaining. He is now gone to his reward. During the greater part of the last two years of his life, age and infirmity prevented his labours—his memory left him, and during the last few months he was insensible to all the objects around him—sometimes not even knowing his own children. But whenever he awoke, his mind was the same as the Saviour precious. His death had been looked for for several days by his family, and on the 7th inst., at 10 o'clock, a. m., he breathed his last, and yielded up his happy spirit to the God who gave it. His interment took place last Sabbath (the 11th) attended by a large concourse of people—all anxious to show their respect and esteem for one, whom we think they all loved. The funeral sermon was by the writer from 2d Timothy, 4th chap., 6, 7, 8 verses. He is gone—but being dead, he yet speaketh. Nearly a century of ministerial labors, of trial, toil, and privations, and sacrifices now unknown, ever maintaining an unblemished character, and unabated devotion to the cause of the Redeemer, have left him an enduring name. While many departed and some still living witnesses who will bear testimony in the last great day to his ministerial success, are among the imperishable evidences that he did not live in vain. Rest now, thou venerable saint of God—thy mild countenance bespoke the spirit of Christ within—thy hoary locks were a crown of glory. Sleep on, thou sacred dust—ill requited with the happy spirit—thy brow will be crowned with unalloyed light and beauty; while with all the redeemed host of God thou shalt forever reign and reign! O happy day—O glorious reward! Let us live and labour that we too may share the same!

## THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Jacob prays—the angel is conquered; Esau's revenge is changed to fraternal love. Joseph prays—he is delivered from the prison of Egypt. Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited; Israel triumphs. Joshua prays—the sun stands still; victory is gained. David prays—Ahithophel goes out and hangs himself. Asa prays—Israel gains a glorious victory. Jehoshaphat prays—God turns away his anger and smiles. Elijah prays—the little cloud appears; the rain descends upon the earth. Elisha prays—the waters of the Jordan are divided; a child is restored to life. Isaiah prays—one hundred eighty and four thousand Assyrians are dead. Ezekiel prays—the sun-dial is turned back, his life is prolonged. Mordecai prays—Haman is hanged; Israel is free. Nehemiah prays—the king's heart is softened in a moment. Ezra prays—the walls of Jerusalem begin to rise. The Church prays—the Holy Ghost is poured out. The Church prays again—Peter is delivered by an angel. Paul and Silas pray—the prison shakes; the doors open; every man's bonds are loosed.

## THE "I AM'S" OF CHRIST.

FEB. I. "I am meek and lowly." (Matt. 11: 28).—Jesus is what he seems; he really stoops to sinners. It is this lowliness of heart that makes him a teacher suitable to the worst and most unteachable. His is lowly love and lowly lowliness. 2. "I am, he not afraid." (Matt. 14: 27).—In our translation we have, "It is I;" but, more correctly, "I am." In the hour of danger, Christ needs but to show himself, nay, to announce himself and all is well. To see him, hear him, feel him nigh, is the ending of all fear. 3. "I am with you always." (Matt. 28: 20).—He alludes here to his name Immanuel, "God with us." This name is our watchword during his absence. "Immanuel,"—Christ always present; invisible, yet near; as near to his Church on earth as to his angels in heaven. I am with you now—ye shall be with me hereafter. 4. "I am." (Mark 14: 62).—He bears testimony before kings to his being Jehovah, the Christ, the Son of the Blessed, the Son of God. To his I am, we respond with our joyful *Thou art*—"Thou art the Son of the living God." (Matt. 16: 16). 5. "I am among you as he that serveth." (Luke 22: 27).—The name I am that is else, when coupled with the glory of Godhead, is here joined with service. His life is one of service. He is the servant of sinners. He came not to be served, but to serve. He is the Father's servant for us, and our servant too; once on earth now in heaven. 6. "I am myself." (Luke 34: 39).—Our version has it, "That it is I, myself;" but, more literally, "I am myself." His disciples doubt: he removes their doubts by showing his hands and feet. It is his own very self—Jesus and none but Jesus. 7. "I am He." (John 4: 26).—This weary, thirsty man, asking drink of a sinful woman, is Messiah. What a message! And to such a sinner! Not in Jerusalem but in Samaria! Ah! this is grace. 8. "I am the bread of life." (John 6: 35).—Of all true life, Christ is the giver and sustainer. False life may feed on anything; true life on this bread alone. His flesh is meat indeed. 9. "I am the light of the world." (John 8: 12).—The first Adam was the world's darkness; the second is its light. The one shut out God, the other brings him back. As the revealer of the Father, and of the Father's holy love, Jesus is the light of the world. 10. "I am from above." (John 8: 23).—He came from God; and it was with heaven, not with earth, that he was connected. As the *Sent of God*, the "Apostle" of the Father, he came down to tell us what was above: especially of the Father's love. 11. "I am the door." (John 10: 11).—He is the shepherd, the fold, the pasture, the way, the door, all in one! It is by him we go in to God. Does any one ask for the door? We point to Jesus—it is yonder, go to him. 12. "I am the good Shepherd." (John 10: 11).—He who said, "Feed my sheep," is himself the shepherd. He is no hireling—he is the good shepherd. He feeds and guards his flock. Not one shall perish or lack pasture. 13. "I am the Son of God." (John 10: 36).—True sonship is his. His eternal relationship to the Father can only be expressed by this word; so close it is, and so intimate. It is into sonship that he brings us, teaching us to say, Abba, Father. 14. "I am the resurrection." (John 11: 25).—Not the raiser merely, nor the risen one, but the resurrection; all things pertaining to it—power, life, glory—being deposited in him. As the overcomer of death, he is the resurrection and the life. 15. "I am the way." (John 14: 6).—He has made the way to God for us; nay, he is the way. It is through, and by him, along him, that we go to Jesus. Jesus of Nazareth, the dead and risen Christ, is the way; not a way, but the way; the one way to God. 16. "I am the true vine." (John 15: 1).—Israel was God's vine; but Christ more truly so. He is the vine—root and stem; and from him comes our sap and fruitfulness. Apart from him we are not only barren, but lifeless. 17. "So I am." (John 13: 13).—I am your Lord and master. Blessed master, and thrice blessed servants and disciples of such a master! We own him such; let us follow him; let us do his will. 18. "I am a King." (John 18: 37).—Yes; King of kings, and Lord of lords; true King of heaven and earth; true Melchizedek; true Solomon! Oh take to thyself thy great power, and reign. 19. "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." (Acts 9: 5). Jesus persecuted even in heaven! How strange! Yet he says it himself. If all the members suffer when one suffers, how much more may we expect the Head to suffer and to sympathize. 20. "I am with thee." (Acts 18: 10).—The Lord fulfills to individuals what he promised to his Church. The "I am with you," becomes "I am with thee." 21. "I am Alpha and Omega." (Rev. 1: 8).—In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. He is the sum of all that is true and wise. We need not go out of him for anything or truth. 22. "I am the beginning and the ending." (Rev. 1: 8).—He is the foundation stone, corner-stone, top-stone of creation, all in one. Out of him, as the Son of God, creation sprang; unto him, as God-man, creation returns, and on him rests forever. 23. "I am the first and the last." (Rev. 1: 17).—"He is the summing up of creation," glory, the root, yet also the flower and fruit of all creation. 24. "I am He that liveth and was dead." (Rev. 1: 18).—The most opposite extremes meet in him—the highest life, the deepest death. He is Lord of all. 25. "I am alive for evermore." (Rev. 1: 18).—He dies no more; his once dying accomplished the work. Now he is the living one forever! And if he did so much for us as the dying one, what will he not do as the living one? 26. "I am He which searcheth the reins and heart." (Rev. 2: 23).—He knows what was in man; and he says, "I know thy works!" His

flaming eye sees through creation. It is a human eye; yet it is also divine. Who can abide it?

27. "I am the root and the offspring of David." (Rev. 22: 16).—He is David's son, yet David's Lord; son of David, son of Abraham, son of Adam, son of Mary—yet son of God. He is our kinsman, yet our creator too. 28. "I am the bright and morning star." (Rev. 22: 16).—The morning star is the herald of the day. O star of morning, make haste; arise and shine! This dark creation longs for thy uprising.—*Christian Treasury.*

## NOT ENOUGH OF CHRIST IN IT.

A minister in one of our large cities had prepared and preached, as he supposed, a most convincing sermon for the special benefit of an influential member of his congregation, who was well known to be of an infidel turn of mind.

The sinner listened unmoved to the well turned sentences and the earnest appeals; his heart was unaffected. On his return from church he saw a tear trembling in the eye of his little daughter, whom he tenderly loved, and he inquired the cause. The child informed him that she was thinking of what her Sabbath-school teacher had told her of Jesus Christ.

"And what did she tell you of Jesus Christ, my child?"

"Why, she said he came down from heaven and died for poor me!" and in a moment the tears gushed from eyes which had looked upon the beauties of only seven summers, as in the simplicity of childhood she added, "Father, should not I love One who has so loved me?"

The proud heart of the infidel was touched. What the eloquent plea of his minister could not accomplish, the tender sentence of his child had done, and he retired to give vent to his own feelings in a silent and penitent prayer. That evening found him at the praying circle, where, with brokenness of spirit, he asked the prayers of God's people. When he came to relate his Christian experience, he gave this incident, and closed his narration by saying, "Under God I owe my conversion to a little child, who first convinced me by her artless simplicity that I ought to love One who had so loved me."

The minister, on returning from this meeting, took his sermon and read it over carefully, and said to his family and to himself: "There is not enough of Jesus Christ in this discourse."—*Christian Treasury.*

## RANDOM READINGS.

If you put a hot coal in your pocket, it will burn its way out. As I and so will a bad deed that is hidden make itself known. A fault concealed is a fault doubled.

If we could see the end as God does, we should see that every event is for the better. When we get to the haven, we shall see that the wind was waiting us to glory.

Boaz did not give Ruth a quantity of corn at once, but kept her gleaning. That is the best charity which so relieves another's poverty as still continues their industry.—*Fuller.*

MAY I BE SURE MAMMA? "May I be sure mamma?" asked Kitty, as the good news of God's free love was read to her, and she was told that there was forgiveness for her.

"Yes, dear one, you may."

"But how mamma?"

"Simply in believing what God has said; for God tells no lies and breaks no promises."

"And what has God said?"

"He that believeth hath everlasting life."

SERVE GOD BY THE DAY.—"When I was young in the service of God," said a good brother, "I had many days that I should backslide if I should live to see old age, and sometimes requested of the Lord that I might die young, and thus save religion from reproach and my soul from ruin. One day, while thus musing, the impression was vividly made on my mind that I must serve God by the day. This was more than thirty years ago, and by the grace of God aiding me to put the rule into practice, I am yet on my way to heaven."

THE BROOM FORGOTTEN.—Some years ago there was a crossing-sweeper in Dublin, with a broom at the corner; and, in all probability, his highest thoughts were to keep the crossing clean, and look for the pence. One day a lawyer put his hand upon his shoulder, and said to him:

"My good fellow do you know that you are heir to a fortune of ten thousand pounds a year?"

"Do you mean it?" he said.

"I do," he said. "I have just received the information. I am sure that you are the man."

He walked away, and forgot his broom. Are you astonished? Why, who would not have forgotten a broom when suddenly made possessor of ten thousand a year? So poor sinners, who have been thinking of the pleasures of the world, when they hear that there is heaven to be had, may well forget the deceitful pleasures of sin, and follow after better and higher things.

OLD AGE WITHOUT RELIGION.—Alas! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which he gives. The eye becomes dim, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order, for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand." The playmates of youth, the fellow-laborers of manhood, die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which disconnected from the visible world, we cannot prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.—*Tholuck.*

We have good authority for the statement that in Maine there are but two breweries and one distillery; whereas, before the temperance reform, there were seven distilleries in Portland. It is possible to go into towns in that State, hundred of them, and find no dramshops.