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Corner of Prince William and Church Streets,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
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affords an excellent medium for advertising.

The Christian Visitor.

Hold fast the form of sound words.—2d Timothy, i. 13.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1864.

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CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
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REV. I. E. BILL,
Editor and Proprietor.
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The Christian Visitor

Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.
It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELIGIOUS AND SECTARIAN.

THE TWO PATHS.

THE morning sun had dawned o'er earth, with golden glittering sheen,
Dispelling "neath its glancing smile, morn's still and hazy screen;
Hill, stream, and plain gleamed brightly 'neath that morning's dawning light,
Unfolding, like some grand mirage, a vision strange and bright.
I saw far o'er that verdant plain was pitched a stately tent,
And to that spot a thronging crowd, with eager footsteps went;
A path diverged from either side, and one seemed edrear and lone,
The other path was broad and green, and there the clear sun shone.
And many thronged that pleasant path, where all seemed bright and fair;
The birds sang clear, the flowers were gay, and all were tired and worn,
Till fiercer glared the mid-day sun, and all were tired and worn,
And wished the streams and cool green shades, they passed in early morn.
Now darker, wilder grew the road, their pleasant path had gone,
The fields and flowers had passed away, the sun no longer shone;
Strange things were seen, and sounds were heard, dark spirits hovered near;
I turned and fled, its awful gloom had pall'd my heart with fear.
Methought I stood, once more again upon the other way,
But straighter now I thought it seemed than first, it did that day;
The aged straggled hard to pass, where childhood glided through,
And on they sped till tent and plain had faded from their view.
They sang each one their pilgrim lay "Soon shall our wand'ring cease—
This way is one of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace.
For shading arbours lined their path; and wheeling through the air,
Were strange song-birds on glancing wing, whose notes rang sweet and clear.
Bright spirits met those pilgrim ones, to cheer them on their way—
"Press on, a home awaiteth you that never knows decay."
There glittering crowns, and palms for you, and harps of gold await;
Then back they sped those shining ones to ope the pearly gate.
And bursts of angel melody would sometimes thrill their ear,
And throbb'd their hearts with keener joy and dry the glistering tear;
While glory down the starry path gleamed from the azure throne,
And sweet pealed the seraph harp to cheer the pilgrims home.
They passed within—but what a sight is it that there like burnished gold;
It is too much for mortal eye, I cannot speak its worth;
The dream is gone, and I awake to thoughts and scenes of earth.
Tasmania, March 18, 1864.

MR. SPURGEON AND HIS CRITICS.

WE have hitherto refrained from mixing in the warm controversy that has arisen upon certain passages of a sermon preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle in June last, by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and do not now intend to revive our practice of avoiding disputes about questions concerning which good men widely differ; but it seems to be necessary that we should at least give our readers some account in the shape of report of the sharp collision of opinion which Mr. Spurgeon has provoked. It may be remarked at the outset that the language of the preacher, hereafter quoted, was all the more startling, both in dissenting and Church circles, from the circumstance that two years ago, when the Independents and Baptists were celebrating the loyalty to conscience of the Nonconformists of 1662, Mr. Spurgeon declined to take part in reviving the memories of that period, lest disunion amongst Christians should unhappily be caused thereby. Whether any special reasons led him to speak as he has now done we cannot say. Various causes have been assigned by speculative people, but the probabilities are that the whole matter grew in the preacher's mind naturally out of the subject of discourse—Baptismal Regeneration, which he had come to feel to be a crying error of the day, that demanded from his lips exposure and condemnation. After a searching examination of the Catechism and those parts of the Rubric relating to baptism, for the purpose of showing that spiritual regeneration by the sprinkling or pouring of water, is certainly a doctrine of our Established Church, he added—
"But, I hear a good many people exclaim, 'there are many good gentlemen in the Church who do not believe in baptismal regeneration.' To this my answer is prompt. Why, then, do they belong to a church which teaches that doctrine in the plainest terms? I am told that many in the Church of England preach against her own teaching. I know they do, and herein I rejoice in their enlightenment; but I question, gravely question, their morality. To take oath that I sincerely assent and consent to a doctrine which I do not believe, would to my conscience appear little short of perjury, if not absolute, downright, perjury; but those who do so must be judged by their own Lord. For me to take money for defending what I do not believe—for me to take the money of a church, and then to preach against what are most evidently its doctrines—I say for me to do this (I shall not judge the peculiar views of other men) for me, or for any other simple, honest man to do so, were an atrocity so great, that if I had perpetrated the deed, I should consider myself out of the pale of truthfulness, honesty, and common morality. For gentlemen to swear or say that they give their solemn assent and consent to what they do not believe, is one of the grossest pieces of immorality perpetrated in England, and is most pestilential in its influence, since it directly teaches men to lie whenever it seems necessary to do so in order to get a living or increase their supposed usefulness; it is, in fact, an open testimony from priestly lips that, at least in ecclesiastical matters, falsehood may express truth, and truth itself is a mere un-

important nonentity. I know of nothing more calculated to debase the public mind than a want of straightforwardness in ministers; and when worldly men hear ministers denouncing the very things which their own Prayer-book teaches, they imagine that words have no meaning among ecclesiastics, and that vital differences in religion are merely a matter of twaddle-dee and twaddle-dum, and that it does not much matter what a man does believe so long as he is charitable towards other people. If baptism does regenerate people, let the fact be preached with a trumpet tongue, and let no man be ashamed of his belief in it. If this be really their creed, by all means let them have full liberty for its propagation. My brethren, those are honest Churchmen in this matter who, subscribing to the Prayer-book, believe in baptismal regeneration, and preach it plainly. I hate their doctrine, but I love their honesty; and as they speak but what they believe to be true, let them speak it out, and the more clearly the better. Out with it, sir, be it what it may, but do let us know what you mean. For my part, I love to stand foot to foot with an honest foe. To open warfare, bold and true hearts raise no objection but the ground of quarrel; it is covert enmity which we have most cause to fear, and best reason to loathe. The crafty kindness which, invigiles me to sacrifice principle in the incautious wayfarer. Where union and friendship are not cemented by truth, they are an unhallowed confederacy. It is time that there should be an end put to the flirtations of honest men with those who believe one way and swear another. If men believe baptism works regeneration, let them say so; but if they do not so believe it in their hearts, and yet subscribe, and yet more, get their livings by subscribing towards, asserting it, let them find congenial associates among men who can equivocate and shuffle, for honest men will neither ask nor accept their friendship."
It was not to be supposed that words so rasing, uttered from the Tabernacle platform, would be suffered to pass unchallenged. And they were not sooner in print than a host of pens were at work in defence of the position of the Evangelical clergy; these replies taking the form of letters and pamphlets as well as of sermons. So far as we have seen the aim of all these writers on the Evangelical side has been to show that the clergy who do not teach baptismal regeneration are at least as honest in their subscription to the formularies of the Established Church as their opponents the Ritualists. In the first place they say that Mr. Spurgeon has looked at the teaching of the Prayer-book regarding baptism from a narrow and one-sided point of view, and in the second place, they urge that the legal judgment in the Gorham case decided that it never was the intention of the framers of the Formularies that all infants regenerate in baptism, and that, consequently, the Evangelical clergy are not deserving of censure, and are entirely justified in retaining their benefices. Amongst the more immediate ministerial neighbours of Mr. Spurgeon who have thought it desirable to take public notice of the "attack," is the Rev. Dr. Allen, of St. George's, Southwark, a most catholic-spirited man. His discourse is entitled "Baptism and the Church of England," and we observe that ten thousand copies of it have been printed. But of Mr. Spurgeon's "Baptismal Regeneration," containing the passage quoted above, no less than a hundred and twenty thousand have been disposed of. Dr. Allen repeats the accusation that the Church of England as such teaches spiritual regeneration by water baptism, and says—
"The word regeneration has not been always used in the same way by the Primitive Christian Church and by the Puritan writers. The baptismal service of the Church of England would be better understood if it were duly considered that the Church prescribes a form of prayer for all her public church services. Assuming that infants ought to be baptized and thus dedicated to God, and made members of a Christian church, on the principle that was real—the prayer, the faith, the desires, &c. And what then? Surely God must be considered as answering the prayers of a believing people, and fulfilling all the lawful desires of believing prayer, which the Holy Spirit upon the principle of reality, suggested to the minds and hearts of this praying and believing company. But the blessing of spiritual regeneration is conditional according to her Prayer-book. The 27th Article receives the great blessing to those only 'who receive baptism rightly.' It is admitted by opponents that the Church does not teach unconditional spiritual regeneration in the service for the baptism of infants, for there is but one doctrine on this subject in both services. This is the fair view of the subject. Besides, the baptismal service of the Church and the Church Catechism on the blessings of the 'sacrament of baptism are misunderstood, and consequently misrepresented.' It is said that the Church of England teaches in these documents that every baptized child is spiritually regenerated, and made an heir of heaven and all its glories. We answer, that the Church of England holds the distinction of a visible and an invisible church—this distinction is taught all through the Word of God, and the baptismal service and the catechism of the Church of England only in a short way express those truths. The family of Seth, for instance, are called the children of God, in opposition to the infidel family of Cain, who are termed the daughters of men. Abraham and all his posterity under the covenant of circumcision are likewise honored, so that in the process of time they are called the Israel of God; and they you read the New Testament commenting—'They are not all Israel that are of Israel,' and again, nor while they are not all children in the important sense, yet it is quite clear that the whole nation, in a low sense, are always acknowledged as God's children in virtue of the covenant of circumcision. Moses, when instructing the people, said—'Ye are the children of the Lord your God.' Paul speaks in strong terms about the privileges of the literal Israel. Jesus our Lord says also—'Many shall come from the East and West, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven, but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness.' The catechism teaches that there are two parts in a sacrament—first, the outward and visible sign or form in baptism, viz., water wherein the person is baptized in the name of the Trinity, wherefore every baptized child is called a child of God; but the catechism teaches of the second part thus—'What is the inward and spiritual grace in baptism?' and the answer is—'The death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness, as being by nature born in sin and the children of wrath, we are hereby—inward and spiritual grace, the death unto sin and new birth unto righteousness, that thus we are 'made the children of grace.' This is a superior relation-

ship. In another part of the catechism there is a strong description given of the benefits of baptism, but this could easily be shown to be not stronger than the expression made use of all through the Bible to describe the external and visible church of God. If all be right, if baptism be rightly received, if believing parents and believing sponsors, and a believing clergyman, offer up the prayer of faith, suggested by the Holy Spirit, the child may be spiritually regenerated; but in fact the Church of England rightly understood does not pronounce, unconditionally, that every child is regenerated, as the Church in her Articles and Homilies teaches three things—first, that none are spiritually regenerated, but those who are elect; secondly, that none are blessed in baptism except through believing prayers; and thirdly, the Church pronounces to be unregenerate all those who have not the manifest fruits of faith, of holiness, of love, and of spirituality. The Church services should be understood as a whole, and each part explained in harmony with the whole."
On the last Sunday in July Mr. Spurgeon entered upon the wider question of the right to baptize infants at all, and advanced the usual arguments against the practice. He prefaced the discourse with a contemptuous reference to the "Replies" to his first manifesto, saying—
"I marvel that a church so learned as the Anglican cannot produce something a little more worthy of the point in hand. The various authors may possibly have read my discourse, but by reason of mental absorption in other meditations, or perhaps through the natural disturbance of mind caused by guilty consciences, they have talked with confusion of words, and have only been successful in refuting themselves, and answering one another. They must have been aiming at something far removed from my sermon, or else I must give them credit for being the worst shots that ever practised with polemical artillery. They do not so much as touch the target in its extreme corners, much less in its centre. The whole question is, 'Do you believe that baptism regenerates? If so, prove that your belief is Scriptural. Do you believe that baptism does not regenerate? Then justify your swearing that it does. Who will reply to this? He shall merit and bear the pain.'"
What the Evangelical clergy had previously said in effect, and what others have said since the appearance of these last-quoted words, is this—
"We do not believe that baptism regenerates, at all events, in the sense you mean, and we have not sworn that it does," and Mr. Spurgeon, it appears, refuses to accept their disclaimer, sticking the rather to what he conceives to be the plain, grammatical meaning of the language of the Service. That he does this, however, out of pure loyalty to his own conviction of truth, and not from any desire to wound the feelings of brethren in Christ, or to occasion disunion, all who know him will readily believe. Perhaps the most remarkable circumstance in relation to the controversy is that two Baptist ministers of eminence have felt constrained to disavow all sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon, in his onslaught upon the Evangelical clergy. The first of these was the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, who, after expressing his sorrow because of Mr. Spurgeon's imputations, in his address at the Evangelical Alliance Conference, at Edinburgh, followed up his convictions of duty by a published Letter to Mr. Spurgeon, in which he tells his friend and brother that his "attack upon the Evangelical ministers of the Church of England" is a violation of the fundamental rule of the Alliance, "that we should be as Christians and as Protestants, rally around them, and pray that large measures of grace may be vouchsafed to them from the fulness of grace that is in the Lord Jesus Christ whom they love."
"Those whom you condemn," says Mr. Noel, "preach him, and maintain his authority in the world. Their lives are generally regulated by the law of God; in all their ordinary duties they are honorable and conscientious; they manifest a brotherly feeling to us, for which they are commended by many in their own body; and, above all, their ministry is blessed by God the Spirit in the conversion of souls. To men of this character ought you to impute dishonesty, immorality, and falsehood, without very clear proof? In the time of the apostles God cut off Ananias for a solemn lie, does he now employ liars to extend the kingdom of his Son? Were Paul here would he not say, 'Who art thou that judges another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth. Why dost thou judge thy brother? For we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.' Denunciations of Christian brethren may delight those who take pleasure in hearing other men abused; but do they please God? 'Love, which is in his view better than all gifts, 'thinketh no evil,' 'believeth all things,' and 'hopeth all things.' Would Paul, if he were now among us, think so much evil of these brethren, and be so reluctant to admit their honesty and truth? He did, indeed, blame Peter, but it was under very different circumstances. Of Peter's dissimulation there could be no doubt; and its tendency was to overthrow essential truth. You, on the contrary, ascribe immorality to brethren whose lives disprove the charge, and who, instead of impugning the Gospel, are its strenuous defenders. In much that you say concerning the services themselves I concur; but I greatly regret your harsh judgment of men who are shown by their fruits to be, as much as yourself, the children of God. When you spoke of Evangelical ministers of the Church of England as unworthy the friendship of honest men, did you remember that your words were blasting, as far as they were received, the memory of some of the most excellent men who have ever lived? Thomas Scott was eminently honest, conscientious, devout, and useful; Henry Martyn, with talents of the highest order, relinquished all the objects of ordinary ambition that he might preach Christ among the heathen; Charles Simcoe bore bravely for many years the scorn of the ungodly at Cambridge; John Newton was full of love to God and man; few men have been as heavenly-minded as Fletcher of Madley; and John Venn, when dying, was so filled with joy at the thought of being speedily with Jesus, that for three days he could not die. All these, when on earth, belonged to that class which you denounce as unworthy of your friendship. Had you criticised the services, and said nothing of the men, you would have done more for the cause of truth. I shall not attempt to explain or to justify their views, but I may mention one obvious fact. According to the articles which contain the recognized doctrines of the Establishment, persons are justified by faith through the call of God (Articles XI. and XVII.); those who are justified, by faith become the sons of God by adoption (Article XVII.). As, according to the doctrine of the articles, all the regenerate are adopted, and into the adopted attain to everlasting felicity, it followeth that there were good men in the Church of laws, according to their doctrine, that ungodly men; no one would say that were not. I persons who live and die in sin never were adopted or regenerated. To these articles the Evangelical ministers in the Establishment adhere, and assent to the prescribed formulas, free from desiring to explain the Liturgy in harmony with the use of the parts teaching baptismal

regeneration. The answer must be—they were not free to act according to their convictions; they were under State pay, and therefore they were under legal obligations. The Church of England, as founded by law, was a compromise between Popery and Protestantism; and it would be amusing, if it were not so sad, to hear many of the Church dignitaries extol the super-human wisdom which prescribed the formulas of the Church. The best answer to the question, are the evangelical party satisfied? was to be found in the fact that many were seeking to obtain a revision of the Prayer-book, and that an energetic movement was now in the course of organization to effect that object.
Family Reading.
From the American Messenger.
"I HEARD SINGING TO-NIGHT."
"I'll tell you what, I heard singin' to-night that made me wish I was in heaven, or good enough to get there," said an old backwoodsman to his wife, as entering their log hut he sat down to his evening meal. "Where did you hear it?" she asked. "At our neighbours' on yonder. They must feel something I don't know about, or they couldn't sing so."
"When they first came here," said the wife, "I thought they were proud and stiff; but they are real good neighbours; and I heard they were good church folks too." "Well," said he, "I mean to go to church to-morrow and see if I can't hear some singin' like that."
The singer knew that her neighbours were ignorant, rough, and unbelieving, nearing the decline of life, and unwilling to be approached on the subject of religion. The old wife especially was so nearly a heathen, that she would never enter a church, nor allow the visit of a minister, nor listen to the reading of God's word or even to the singing of a hymn. The man was a poor but honest day-labourer, who had ruined his worldly affairs by indulgence in strong drink, but had been lifted out of the pit, and been sober for many years. Still he was a rough, swearing man, and his heart unsoftened by any religious influence.
One glorious summer evening, as the sun was going down, the lady seated herself at the door, and involuntarily tuned her voice to Mrs. Herman's sweet vesper song, "Come to the sunset tree." She felt the spirit of the heavenly words, and sang with fervor. When near the close of the hymn, she cast her eyes to the field where her neighbor was at work, and saw that he was listening intently. Instantly the thought flashed into her mind, "Oh, if I could raise that poor man to think of heaven!" She closed her refrain, and then commenced, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," singing it "with the spirit and the understanding also." The firmament above her overshadowed the glories of that state described by the hymn, and the beauty of the green earth reminded her of the pastures above where the redeemed are walking by the river of life. And as she sang, the old man listened, almost spell-bound. The singer did not wish to call admiration of her full-toned voice; she wished to glorify God by leading one of his creatures to think of him. "I will sing God's praises whenever he can hear me, and perhaps he may be led to praise the Lord himself," was her mental resolve.
The next Sabbath the old man was at church. This cheered the old lady, and she said, "I will sing whenever he comes." For another week was closed he was at work again. This time she sang—
"Just as I am, without one plea,
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Slowly, distinctly, she sang, that he might take in the full meaning of the words, and feeling their sweet pathos in her inmost soul, she poured out all the hymn. The listener shook his head, and rubbed his hand quickly over his eyes.
The next Sabbath evening he was among the praying people of God, earnestly inquiring for the way of Salvation. The singer had sowed seed, and earnestly asked the Lord to make him one of his own children. It may be that other influences led him to the house of God and to think of his soul, but certainly God had blessed the voice of music as one of his instruments.
Seeking further to do good, the lady encouraged his poor ignorant wife in many friendly ways, and one day invited her into the parlour to hear her piano. She had never seen or heard such an instrument, and was wonderstruck. The lady called her daughters to her side, and all joined in singing—"All hail the power of Jesus' name," in old Coronation.
"Do you like that?" said the lady.
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"Probably you heard it at church. It is often sung there. We cannot sing the praises of Jesus too often, for he came to save us poor sinners." Then they all sang, "Come, humble sinner, in whose breast," etc. The woman rose and said she must go, and was invited to "come again."
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"Why not, my daughter? Has not God commanded that whatsoever we do, should be done to his glory? And if he has given us voices to sing, should we not use them in his service? There are many ears who will listen to a hymn for the sake of the tune, who will not hear a word from the Bible. Our voices and our musical instruments should all be employed in winning lost souls."
THE LITTLE POND IN THE ROCK.
The cool drops of a summer shower fell copiously on a small rocky island in the Pacific Ocean. There were no corn-fields on it, no water, no pastures to keep green for cattle, no fruits to nourish, no roots to feed for man or beast, and yet the shower fell so abundantly, and the rain-drops pattered so joyfully, as if it had the great grain fields of the nation to fit for the harvest, and the farmer's blessing to follow it.
And as the rain fell, it trickled down to a low place among the rocks, and made a rude pond there, clear, pure, beautiful, and sparkling. No little dog leaped in it, no cows came to drink there, no wild beast stalked its thirst there; perhaps a stray sea-bird dipped in its bill, and then took wing, leaving the little pond all by itself alone. And could we have seen it we might have said, "Ah, useless little pond, why are you here?" and thinking a moment longer, have added, "Well, you will soon dry up. No matter; nobody sees you; nothing is the better for you." But when we think and see so, we leave out God. God saw the little pond. He formed it; he delighted in it; and had a purpose in it. It was as much a part of his great plan in making the universe as you and I are.
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"Is it not stinging hot on ship-board?" said the second mate one morning.
"Hot weather, sir," answered a sailor.
These decks have an unnatural heat, thought the second mate. He ran to the ventilators, which let in air to the hold of the ship, and a stream of hot air nearly suffocated him. Hurrying to the captain, "Sir," said he, "the ship's on fire!"
An examination was instantly made. The coal had ignited, and sure enough the ship was on fire from stem to stern.
The horrors of such a situation on mid-ocean who can describe? Two boats, manned and provisioned put to sea with the crew, escaping for their lives. The ship was soon one mass of flame, and at last nothing was seen but her smoking hulk hissing in the water. The sea was rough, and on the second day one of the boats capsized. The poor sailors were picked up by the other boat, in which twenty-four men now found shelter, and close quarters it was.
For fourteen days and ten hours they were tossed on the wild ocean; water gone, provisions gone, all but a little salt junk.
"Water, water, water," was the agonizing cry.
On the fifteenth day a small island hove in sight. They made for it, and drifting into a little cove, climbed out upon the rocks; but so cramped, so wet, so weak were they, they could scarcely drag themselves up their shaggy sides. When at last they did, what sight rewarded their exertions? Water, water, pure water, fresh water, sparkling water. It was the little pond in a hollow of the rocks. They ran to it; they rolled themselves to it, and falling down, plunged in their parched lips and drank. Health, strength, hope were in every draught. They blessed it, they wept over it, they thanked God for it, and more, they had a meal by it. Some of the sailors picked the green leaves of a tropical plant which grew in the crevices of the rocks, others, ranging the shore for drift-wood to make a fire with, found on the beach an old boat bottom up. Turning it over, what should they see but two skeletons of some poor shipwrecked sailors like themselves cast on its desolate shores. Filling a kettle, they boiled the salt junk and greens together, and made a soup for supper. Oh, how good it tasted.
Then did they lie down to sleep?
"No," said Captain Wooderson, "not till we all fill our kegs and kettles with the water."
Why not put it off till to-morrow? But it was impressed upon the captain's mind to do it then, and everything that could hold water was filled. The tired men threw themselves on the rocks and went to sleep, nor did they wake till the sun was high up in the sky the next morning. Waking up, they found the water in the hollow of the rock gone. The little pond had vanished.
It was the Sabbath. Some of the crew wanted to take the boat and start off again.
"No," said the captain, "God is here. The God who gave us water out of the rock is God of the Sabbath. We will rest on this Island to-day, and honor him."
So they did, and the next day, on the strength of what God had done for them, they pushed off from the rocky island to pursue their lonely voyage, where they hardly knew.
Before two days another island hove in sight. It proved to be Juan Fernandez, where Robinson Crusoe was once cast away. But they found things in a better condition for them than in Crusoe's day. The British government now keeps a depot of supplies there for shipwrecked mariners, and the poor sailors on landing found a hearty welcome—food, clothing, shelter, and a doctor, which some of them by this time were in sore need of.
"Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he brought them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad because they be quiet; so he brought them into a desired haven. O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and that his wonderful works to the children of men." (Ps. cvii.)
LOST AND FOUND.
In going from one solitary lake to another, we started in advance of the Indian guide, along a narrow path, quite sure we were taking the right direction. All sounds of human life disappeared, and the stillness was suddenly broken by the noise of a rushing stream. We awoke as from a dream, to find that we were lost. The little path of the hunter led we knew not whither in the great forest, through which the panther's scream was often heard.
We stood and fired the rifle providentially with us. Oh the horror of the long, long moments, till the responsive report of a gun reached the ear. Soon after the Indian appeared, looking like an angel of light and mercy. The reaction in feeling was too great for expression.
Never had I so deeply felt the utter desolation, however unrealized by myself or any of us, of the sinner's condition in the dark wilderness of sin. Nor had I before had such an appreciation of the joy in heaven, where both facts are seen as they are, over one recovered wanderer from God and glory. The Holy Spirit estimated the truth when he declared, "Let him know that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."
THE TYPHOON.
A sea-captain relates that once upon his homeward voyage, off the Pacific coast, one of these terrific gales came suddenly upon his noble ship. So fiercely it swept over the ocean that no waves were raised, but the spray was lifted in the form of a dense fog for a few feet above the surface. Nothing could be done for the vessel but to drop anchor, furl the sails, and wait with "bare poles" till the fury of the blast was spent. If the anchor held and the timbers did not part, all was well, though the bark trembled like an autumnal leaf in the wind.
And thus it is often with the believer upon the sea of life. So suddenly comes the overwhelming storm, and so darkly the mist that wraps the scene, the only work to be done is taking in sail and making firm the anchor. Then on the wildly curtained sky faith fixes her eye, and whispers to the helpless mariner, "Wait, I say, upon the Lord."
What moments are these in the experience, when the spirit trembles in the hands of God, who has put out all light but himself, and shut it up to the anchor of hope, when the cable itself seems ready to snap in the fearful trial!
It is good to have our hours of prayer, not to bind but to mind conscience; and if we think our bodies require refreshment by food thrice a day, can we think seldom will we see our souls?
To know the wonders of God's kingdom, we must be born again; and to be born again, we must die.