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## Religious Miscellany.

### The Golden Year.

BY TENSION.

We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;  
The sun flows forward to his brother sun;  
The dark earth follows wheeled in her ellipse;  
And human things returning on themselves  
Now onward, leading up the golden year.  
Ah, though the times when some new thought  
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,  
Yet as that daily gain upon the flower,  
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.  
When wealth no more shall rest in mounded  
leaps,  
But smit with freer light shall slowly issue  
In many streams to fatten lower lands,  
And light shall spread, and man be liker man  
Through all the season of the golden year.  
Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?  
If all the world were falcons, what of that?  
The wonder of the eagle were the less,  
But he not less the eagle. Happy days,  
Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

Fly, happy, happy, hail, and bear the Press,  
Fly happy with the mission of the Cross;  
Knit land to land, and blowing heavenward,  
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toil,  
Enrich the markets of the golden year.  
But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's  
good  
Be such a man's rule, and universal peace  
Like a shaft of light across the land,  
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,  
Through all the circles of the golden year?

### Stories for the Young.

BY A PILGRIM FATHER.

Mrs. C., though still of tender years when  
her father died, was yet old enough to know  
something of his worth in life, and of her own  
loss as a Christian teacher in the island of Ojio.  
"Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile."  
One of a pioneer band of men and self-  
denying men, who, loving their master, loved  
the souls that he had brought, he went forth  
bearing the coming of the cross, and to make the  
wilderness and the solitary place glad and verdant  
with the cry, "Preparas ye the way of the Lord,  
make straight in the desert a highway for our  
God." There, in that region of natural beauty  
and fertility, but of spiritual death and desolation,  
he toiled on with patient and unwearying  
heart, until, in the midst of his days and his mis-  
erable ministrations, he was summoned away to  
the realm of reward and rest. Trusting in the  
Saviour, whose blood was washed and  
forgiven, and whose service had been his daily  
delight, he went down to the lonely valley with-  
out fear or dismay.  
"And passed through death triumphant home."  
Mary could never forget the "old man," whose  
kind words and sweet advice were like  
friends' endearing care, and who had been  
concerned for her soul as much as for his own.  
He had been offered her in satisfaction for the  
loss of her child. The noble devotion of this  
man and the danger that it dared will be better  
understood from the fact that, when a short time  
afterwards, the fugitive having procured a boat,  
higher up, were passing a point they saw their  
bandwaggon in flames, and the infuriated malcon-  
ments, disappointed of victim, and of blood, mak-  
ing havoc of all they could destroy. Descend-  
ing the river to Rajmahal, where the Kings of  
India once held court, but where only the ruins  
of departed greatness now remain, they found  
Mausoleum—where they lived for three months,  
and ultimately settled down in the place where I  
met them, and where I had the pleasure of see-  
ing the bible referred to in the narrative.

"We must avoid," says Hannah More, "as  
much as in us lies, all such amusements, all such  
tempers which it is the daily business  
of a Christian to subdue, and all those feel-  
ings which it is his constant duty to suppress."  
Some things, which are apparently innocent and  
do not assume an alarming aspect or bear a dan-  
gerous character—things which the generality  
of decorous people affirm (how truly we know  
not) to be safe for them; yet if we find that  
these things stir up in us improper propensities—  
if they awaken thoughts which ought not to  
be excited—if they abate our love for religious  
duties, or infringe on our time for performing  
them—if they make spiritual concerns appear  
insipid—if they wind our hearts a little more  
about the world—in short, if we have formerly  
found them injurious to our own souls, then let  
us no example or persuasion, no belief of their al-  
leged innocency, no plea of their perfect safety  
tempt us to indulge in them. It matters little to  
our security that they are to others. Our busi-  
ness is with ourselves. Our responsibility is on  
our own heads. Others cannot know the side on  
which we are assailable. Let our own unbiased  
judgment determine our opinion, let our own  
experience decide for our own conduct.—*Life in  
Hall and Cottage.*

### Premature Decay.

As years steal on we ought to guard as much  
as possible against their stealing of the higher  
capacities of our being. But what guards shall  
we set? The best may be a perfect in their  
vigilance as we could wish; but there are some  
that we may rely upon for the best service that  
the nature of the case permits.  
1. The fear of God. This will prevent many  
inroads upon our strength, and greatly favor  
the right use of such facilities as remain in our  
later years. This divine principle of life will  
save us from sinful sloth, and from those vari-  
ous indulgences of the flesh which so rapidly  
weaken the body and mind. Without such a  
check upon our natural propensities we may  
easily dissipate the force that remains, and which,  
if directed to proper objects, might enable us  
still to accomplish something for the glory of God  
and for the good of our fellow-men.

2. Closely related to this is a good conscience.  
It is wonderful how much, for the preservation  
of our best faculties, depends upon this. To  
feel that we are doing right serves the same  
purpose as the fear of God. It gives new strength  
to every muscle. On the other hand, a slight  
apprehension that we are not doing as we ought,  
even where the outward act is not positively  
forbidden, or clearly sinful, distracts the mind  
and impedes all the better  
forces of activity. The sense of pleasing God  
is not only one of the purest pleasures, but, as it  
includes the confidence that we are on his side,  
it encourages us in undertakings that would  
otherwise, and especially with failing strength,  
seem impossible.  
The sense of duty, moreover, prevents our  
dissipating the strength that remains in various  
employments, which, however admirable in ear-  
lier years, cannot be admitted during the decline  
of life. On this point, may depend all our real  
efficiency in the attempt to serve God or man.  
The force left is not sufficient to expend in  
many ways, but yet enough, if wisely directed,  
to accomplish much good. An excessive help  
hardly be stated in a general way, but with  
gentleness, may be as productive as to produce  
great result, while a ton may be expended with  
a merely noisy report. Let those who have but  
the ounce left by the superior judgment that  
experience has given them they may not effect  
more than in earlier years by an abundant sup-  
ply.  
3. The actual employment of our energies in  
some real service to the world. All experience  
seems to teach that cessation from work merely  
in compliance with the sense of lagging energies  
leads to an unnecessary rapid abatement of de-  
clining force. To this we are especially liable.  
Various offices and emoluments may be with-  
drawn from us; and as we are less sensibly cal-  
led to particular duties, we may feel ourselves  
excused even from the activities of which we  
are perfectly capable. What we can do with  
abated strength, and in circumstances where no  
special line of action appears necessary, can  
hardly be stated in a general way, but with  
real desire to please God and serve our fellow-  
men, with the petition frequently on our lips,  
"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" we shall  
hardly fail of some commission among the effec-  
tives of human society.  
One office has by the common consent of  
man been assigned to the elders. It is expected  
that those who have pursued the journey of life  
so nearly to its close should be able to instruct  
others in the way. Such instructions that do  
benefit. There is no real interest of life such  
that it may not be fortified by a single error in  
childhood or youth; and although at many points  
it may be difficult to gain attention to the  
lessons of experience, true love will often find  
some way to give such warnings as may save  
our younger friends from some, at least, of the  
errors to which they may be prone.  
Here, also, in doing good to others, we render  
very needful service to ourselves. Affectionate  
intercourse with the young is a considerable help  
against the too rapid invasions of old age. A  
gentleman of my acquaintance is accustomed to  
repeat the saying of a distinguished man, "If  
you would avoid growing old, associate with the  
young," assigning as a reason that the old are so  
apt to increase their own and each other's infir-  
mities by talking them over; while the cheerfulness  
of the young will do something to enliven  
the failing spirits of our declining years. There  
is some wisdom in the rule thus suggested.  
Finally, let us recur to the old saying, "It is  
better to wear out than to rust out." Or, we  
may observe, a spark of fire burns out, and  
then disappears in the purest brilliancy, or  
dies out in gloomy obscurity. It is the Chris-  
tian's privilege while the lower nature perishes  
to gain a heavenly brightness and vigor for the  
superior element of our being.—*New York Ob-  
server.*

### The Religions of Taste and Fashion.

There is a religion of taste, which admires  
the beauties of this world, and is swayed by the  
dear of its Maker. It is inspired more by the  
good of nature than of revelation—more by the  
natural than the moral attributes of God; it  
seeks solitary places, and dies amid the din and  
bustle of noon-day life; it shrinks from the good  
and distress of the actual, and sighs for the  
beautiful of the ideal; it yearns for the dim  
sides of an old past, and would seek the aid of  
painter and sculptor to help in its devotions; it  
is amiable, tasteful, and full of reverence. Was  
it the religion of taste which moulded a charac-  
ter like Hannah More's?  
"Nothing," it appears to me, can essentially  
improve the character and benefit society, but a  
saving knowledge of the distinctive doctrines of  
Christianity. I mean a deep and abiding sense  
in the heart, of our fallen nature, of our actual  
and personal sinfulness, of our lost state but by  
the redemption wrought for us by Jesus Christ,  
and of our universal necessity, and the conviction  
that this change alone can be effected by the  
influence of the Holy Spirit. This is not a  
splendid, but it is a saving religion; it is hum-  
bling, but it may be elevating hereafter. It  
appears to me also, that the requisition which  
the Christian religion makes of the most highly  
gifted, as well as of the most meanly endow-  
ed, is that after the loftiest and most successful ef-  
forts of the most brilliant talents, the favored  
possessor should lay his talents and himself at  
the foot of the cross, with the same deep self-  
abasement and self-renunciation as his more illu-  
strated neighbor, and this from a conviction of  
who it is that hath made them to differ."  
Again, there is a fashionable religion, priding  
itself upon orthodox doctrines, but lax toward  
orthodox practices; it is trifling, irresponsible,  
and florid, mixed up with frivolity and world-  
liness; enjoyment is the measure of duty; it  
seeks to be pleased, not instructed, and in the  
pursuit has contracted habits which have proved  
fatal, snared, and imbibed tastes which have  
weakened and debased its principles. How is it  
rebuked by the strong language of earnest piety  
and a living faith!

"And then?"  
The following story is told of Filippo Neri:  
He was living at one of the Italian universities,  
when a young man, whom he had known as a  
boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and  
told him what he had been long wishing above  
all things in the world was length walking, his  
parents having just given him leave to study the  
law; and that thereupon he had come to the law-  
school in this university on account of its great  
fame, and meant to spare no pains or labor in  
getting through his studies as quickly and well  
as possible. In this way he ran on a long time;  
and when at last he came to a stop, the young  
man, who had been listening to him with great  
patience and kindness, said,  
"Well, and when you have got through your  
course of studies, what do you mean to do then?"  
"Then I shall take my doctor's degree," an-  
swered the young man.  
"And then?" continued Filippo Neri again.  
"And then," answered the young man, "I shall  
have a number of difficult and knotty cases to  
manage, and shall catch people's notice by my  
eloquence, my zeal, my learning, my astuteness,  
and gain a great reputation."  
"And then?" repeated the holy man.  
"And then," replied the youth; "why then I  
shall be promoted to some high office or other;  
besides, I shall make money and grow rich."  
"And then?" repeated Filippo Neri.  
"And then," pursued the young lawyer, "then  
I shall live comfortably and honorably, in health  
and dignity, and shall be able to look forward  
quietly to a happy old age."  
"And then?" asked the holy man.  
"And then," said the youth, and then—  
then—I shall die."  
Here Filippo again lifted up his voice, and  
said, "And then?" Whereupon the young man  
made no answer, but cast down his head, and  
went away. This list "And then?" had pierced  
like a flash of lightning into his soul and he could  
not get quit of it. Soon after he forsook the  
study of the law, and gave himself up to the  
ministry of Christ, and spent the remainder of his  
days in godly works and works.

### Inclement Sabbaths.

From a *Dartmouth College*, for ten years  
past kept at *Dartmouth College*, N. H., the fol-  
lowing facts have been ascertained: 1. That  
nearly one-fourth of the Sabbaths are stormy;  
2. Nearly one-sixth are excessively cold or hot;  
3. Considerably more than one-third are, from  
all causes, inclement. Those individuals or  
families that excuse themselves from the house  
of God because of unpleasant weather, and they  
are not a few, lose the benefits of public worship  
nearly half the year, and the loss is a most seri-  
ous one to themselves, to the community, and  
to the ministry.  
"We once knew a good man," says one of  
our own journalists, "who lived more than  
three miles from the house of God, and was  
often tempted by the signs of the sky to stay  
at home with his family on the Sabbath. He  
sometimes yielded to the temptation, but not  
without an occasional twinge of conscience. At  
length he resolved that he would never absent  
himself from God's house on account of the  
weather, unless it were so bad as to prevent  
him from going. When the church stood for  
the addition of a dollar to his purse, 'Never,'  
said he, 'toward the close of his life, never,'  
making his resolution, 'I will go, whether it be  
so hot or so cold, or so windy or stormy, as I  
could not attend, with my brethren, in the  
worship of God.' This man lived to be eighty  
years of age, had a family of thirteen sons and  
daughters, and all of them as regular attendants  
at himself at the village church. Two of them  
became ministers of the Gospel; all of them  
gave themselves to the Lord in their early days,  
and their descendants are now scattered abroad  
diffusing the spirit of their parents over the  
communities where their lot is cast.

### Be Honest with God.

"Who conducted the prayer meeting?" said  
Mr. Gates, who had been kept at home by lam-  
pness, to his neighbour, Mr. Ransom, who stepped  
in on his way home from the meeting.  
"The minister," was the reply.  
"Who offered prayer?"  
"Mr. Eldridge for one."  
"I never saw him," said Mr. Ransom.  
"I didn't like his prayer," he told the Lord  
a great many things which he don't believe. A  
man ought to be honest with God.  
"We must not judge our brethren."  
"We may if we judge righteous judgment."  
"Charity does not require us to see things as they  
are not—to put error for truth; Charity rejoiceth  
in the truth."  
Men should be honest with their fellow-men;  
much more should they be honest with God.  
They should be honest in their confessions of sin.  
Some use language in confession which does not  
express their feelings. They call themselves un-  
derly vile, but they do not so regard themselves.  
If those who hear them were to take them at  
their word they would be greatly offended. Is  
it so small matter to make to God statements re-  
specting ourselves which we do not believe?  
Men should be honest in their prayers. They  
should not ask for things which they do not de-  
sire. Many do this. One prays for freedom to  
the world, but there is nothing that he clings to  
more earnestly than to the world. Another asks  
for the spirit of self-denial, but it is plain he does  
not desire it for he cherishes the spirit of self-  
indulgence. Men pray for things which it is un-  
natural to pray for, when in reality they do not de-  
sire them. That is not being honest with God.  
Men should be honest with God in regard to  
their professions. One may say, "I give myself  
away to thee. I make an entire consecration of  
my soul and body to thy service," when no such  
consecration is made. Perhaps the worst state of  
mind was a desire to consecrate oneself, or  
a sense of obligation to do so. The language used  
should express the true state of the soul. "Be  
not deceived. God is not mocked."—*N. Y. Ob.*

### John Bunyan.

"Pilgrim's Progress" has long for nearly two  
hundred years been the delight of boys cheeks  
and golden heads, whose bright eyes never seem  
to tire of looking into those wonderful pages.  
But it is not only a pleasure to children.  
It has been to many millions a minor Bible, a  
moon, circulating round the elder orb. It has  
lain on the same shelf with the Scriptures, and  
truly has been supposed to breathe the same  
spirit. Any attempt to undertake its title was  
made as keenly as an attempt to add to or  
diminish from the full and rounded glory of the  
Word of God.  
The famous Puritan Tinker who wrote the  
"Pilgrim's Progress" was born at the village of  
Elstow, a mile from Bedford, in the year 1628.  
He was emphatically a man of the people. Few  
men have passed through such an ordeal of  
fierce mental struggle and religious horror. He  
tells us, in his "Grace Abounding," the Chief  
of Sinners, "a most religious biography, that  
even at the age of nine or ten, fearful dreams,  
and thoughts of the lurking lake and the devil  
chained down to wait for the great judgment,  
haunted him at intervals. Then, when the pain  
led, he plunged into sin, running riot in many  
vices at an early age. While yet a boy he en-  
countered in the army of the Parliament, and saw  
some service in the War. He tells us of a narrow  
escape he had. At the Siege of Leicester, he was  
on the point of going to mount guard when  
another soldier asked leave to go instead of him.  
Bunyan agreed, and the poor fellow who took  
his place was shot dead with a bullet through the  
brain. Yet, in spite of all this, and two  
escapes from drowning, he grew more careless  
still.  
At the age of nineteen he married a young  
woman of his own rank in life. They had, he  
tells us, "neither spouse nor dish betwixt them;"  
but she brought to his humble home two religious  
books, for she herself had found the poor

great price. One Sunday, being urged by his  
wife, he went and heard a sermon on the duties  
of the day, and the sin of breaking into his holy  
days, which he had never before done. But  
notwithstanding this conviction, he continued in  
his evil ways, till one day, when he was wearing  
most fearfully, a woman, herself of the worst  
character, rebuked him. Such a check from  
such lips silenced the blasphemer, who, standing  
with his down-bung head, wished, as he touch-  
ingly says, "that he was a little child again,  
that his father might learn him to speak, without  
this wicked way of swearing." He then began  
to read the Bible, and to amend his life. The  
incident which made the deepest impression on  
Bunyan's soul, and which most certainly be-  
looked upon as the turning point in his life, was  
his happening to overhear a conversation about  
the new birth among three or four poor women  
sitting at a door in Bedford. So thoughtfully did  
they speak of their souls, through Jesus Christ,  
had done for their souls, and so lovingly did they  
quote the Bible words, that Bunyan went away  
feeling as he never felt before, and unable to  
think of anything but the conversation he had  
heard.  
Thus, knot after knot, the bonds of sin were  
cut from his soul, and John Bunyan became a  
new man. About the year 1656, he commenced  
preach in the villages of Bedfordshire, having  
already been for three years a member of a  
Baptist congregation. With slight interruption,  
he continued this good work until the restora-  
tion, when he was created as a holder of con-  
venticles. By Justice Wingate he was com-  
mitted to Bedford Jail, where, in spite of a noble  
effort made by his second wife to obtain his re-  
lease, he remained for twelve years. Within  
a chamber of the Old Swan Inn, that faithful wife,  
with blushing face but undaunted heart,  
pleaded for her imprisoned husband. But all in vain.  
John Bunyan lay in jail for twelve years, his wife  
and children weeping tears, upon which he fixed  
the tags, to earn their daily bread. Bunyan had  
two books with him in prison, the Bible and  
"Fox's Book of Martyrs," and he was allowed  
the use of pen and ink; thus it was that to these  
years of cell-life we owe our matchless allegory,  
"The Pilgrim's Progress," the joy of childhood  
and the solace of old age. The "Holy War,"  
which describes the siege and capture of Mansoul  
by Diabolus, is another allegory, which he wrote  
in the same cell. Towards the end of twelve  
years, the rigour of Bunyan's confinement relaxed;  
he was allowed to go out into the town, and  
once he went to London. His last year in goal  
is memorable for his ordination in the room of  
his old minister and friend, Mr. Gifford. Then,  
released by aid of Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln,  
who knew him by his books and by his preaching,  
he held his services in a barn, at Bedford,  
where he remained for three years, his wife and  
children, who were the church attendants as he  
was, were present. A journey under a heavy rain,  
from Reading to London, brought on a fever, of  
which he died in his sixty-first year.  
Macaulay's opinion of Bunyan is worth re-  
membering. In a review of Southey's edition,  
he says that "Bunyan is as decidedly the first of  
allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators,  
or Shakespeare the first of dramatists." The ad-  
ventures of Christian need no description. They  
are told in plain, unvarnished English, which pre-  
tends to no excellence of style, and yet has a  
power that more polished language often lacks.  
Bunyan, a common workman-man, had no thought  
of style as he wrote. All he desired was to place  
vividly before his readers certain pictures which  
he himself saw almost as clearly as if he had  
been Christian, trudging on a real highway, in-  
stead of Bunyan writing within dark prison walls.  
And this he has done with such marvellous suc-  
cess, that we feel the green grass of the Delectable  
Mountains beneath our feet, and shudder as the  
awful darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of  
Death closes around us. First published in 1678,  
this wonderful book ran through ten editions  
in seven years. It has since been printed in count-  
less thousands, and has been translated into all  
the chief tongues of the earth.—*Methodist Re-  
corder.*

### General Miscellany.

WILLIAM TUTTLE, OF WALLACE.  
It is with unaffected dignity, and after ear-  
nest opportunity, that I have been induced to  
pen a few lines that may meet the public eye, in  
relation to my late dear, and honoured father.  
Anything like fulsomeness of eulogy, if liv-  
ing, or the dead, is always distasteful, if not  
fervent; for the world will form its own estimate  
of men's characters, despite of all that may be  
said, or written of their real or supposed excel-  
lencies. But when the links that connect  
with a generation, nearly of all whom have  
passed away, are being severed, it is surely  
meet, ere we consign their names to oblivion,  
to award to them the proper meed of honour; es-  
pecially when they have stood in very tender do-  
mestic or social relations to us; when they have  
done much to make the land we proudly call  
our own, what it is—a scene of social, civil and  
religious happiness; and when their influence,  
silently, like the gentle zephyrus, has warmed  
the hearts of virtue and religion, that sanctifies  
illuminates our homes and our ancestors.  
Like the last roses of summer, which in the  
autumn time, stand blooming alone, so we see  
but here and there one of the generation of our  
fathers, remaining in the church; but it is plea-  
sant to reflect, that as they drop away one after  
another, they exhale a richer fragrance, and their  
virtues stand out more prominently to view, in  
their holy hours, adding an additional lustre to  
the vale of death, and making it all the more at-  
tractive to those who shall follow them; that  
bourse whither they have gone. But there is a  
historical value, to be attached to these records  
of a past generation, which justifies the ac-  
knowledgment of their virtues, or noble deeds, and  
assign their places in the course of events  
which it records.  
In this notice I attempt no eulogy of my re-  
verend father's character. I may safely leave this  
to be appreciated by those who knew him; and  
simply note a few incidents in his history, as they  
stand connected with the history of religion, and

### Obituary.

Mrs. GEO. BLACK, OF AMHERST.  
Died, Dec. 22nd, at Amherst, aged 81, Jane,  
wife of Mr. George Black. Twenty-eight years  
ago she was converted to God, and from that  
time until her decease continued a faithful and  
exemplary member of the Church of Christ.—  
Her religious life was a beautiful example of  
consistency and stability. She loved the habitation  
of the Lord's house, and until prevented by  
failing health, was conscientiously regular in  
her attendance at the means of grace. Her soli-  
citude for the spiritual welfare of her family was  
intense, and she lived to see most of her child-  
ren enrolled with the people of God. Her end  
was very peaceful, and her memory will long be  
fragrant in this community.  
Another heart is beckoning us,  
And glows on more with angel-steps  
The path we reach, reaches heaven."  
Amherst, Dec. 24th, 1862. A. M. D.

### Obituary.

Mrs. CATHERINE REID.  
Died, at Wolfville, on the 25th ult., Catherine,  
wife of Reuben F. Reid, and youngest daughter  
of William McEwen of Nictaux, leaving one son  
and two daughters. She was a devoted wife and  
mother, and a faithful member of the church. She  
coincidence died on the same day 1862, be-  
tween years of age.  
When something over nine years, in a year  
1850, her mother was taken away by death, and  
she was left to the sole care of her remaining  
early parent, upon who sympathies with other  
mourners, yet not without hope that she re-  
posed in that eternal home that remains for the  
people of God. In her early days she evinced  
an uncommonly intelligent mind, and was in-  
structed in the great principles of the Gospel of  
God. Subsequently she was placed in the family  
of Mr. John Rowland of Wolfville, where she re-  
mained two years, and where she had many  
opportunities to be among professing Chris-  
tians. While there, during the time of the Rev. Mr.

### Obituary.

John Bunyan.  
"Pilgrim's Progress" has long for nearly two  
hundred years been the delight of boys cheeks  
and golden heads, whose bright eyes never seem  
to tire of looking into those wonderful pages.  
But it is not only a pleasure to children.  
It has been to many millions a minor Bible, a  
moon, circulating round the elder orb. It has  
lain on the same shelf with the Scriptures, and  
truly has been supposed to breathe the same  
spirit. Any attempt to undertake its title was  
made as keenly as an attempt to add to or  
diminish from the full and rounded glory of the  
Word of God.  
The famous Puritan Tinker who wrote the  
"Pilgrim's Progress" was born at the village of  
Elstow, a mile from Bedford, in the year 1628.  
He was emphatically a man of the people. Few  
men have passed through such an ordeal of  
fierce mental struggle and religious horror. He  
tells us, in his "Grace Abounding," the Chief  
of Sinners, "a most religious biography, that  
even at the age of nine or ten, fearful dreams,  
and thoughts of the lurking lake and the devil  
chained down to wait for the great judgment,  
haunted him at intervals. Then, when the pain  
led, he plunged into sin, running riot in many  
vices at an early age. While yet a boy he en-  
countered in the army of the Parliament, and saw  
some service in the War. He tells us of a narrow  
escape he had. At the Siege of Leicester, he was  
on the point of going to mount guard when  
another soldier asked leave to go instead of him.  
Bunyan agreed, and the poor fellow who took  
his place was shot dead with a bullet through the  
brain. Yet, in spite of all this, and two  
escapes from drowning, he grew more careless  
still.  
At the age of nineteen he married a young  
woman of his own rank in life. They had, he  
tells us, "neither spouse nor dish betwixt them;"  
but she brought to his humble home two religious  
books, for she herself had found the poor

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King for really  
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Selected and Ground  
BY & CO'S  
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POWER.  
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Coffee, 1s  
COFFEE, 1s 6d  
Supply of  
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