The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 Thess., v. 21.

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The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

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A SABBATH AT HOME.

I love Thy house, my Lord,
The place of prayer and praise,
Where, from Thy holy word,
I gather thoughts to raise
My drooping soul, on buoyant wing,
Up, up to Thee her glorious King.

I love to meet Thy friends,
My pilgrim brethren, bound
Where all affliction ends,
Where all delights are found,
And where the wondering soul shall see
Herself for ever up with Thee.

To-day I am denied
The privilege to wait,
The mount of God beside,
Within the temple's gate;
But wilt Thou not, O Friend Divine,
With grace upon my spirit shine?

Alone with Thee is bliss,
I am not then alone,
For then my sick room is
The hill of God upon:
In conscious fellowship with Thee
I taste supreme felicity!

What though affliction come!
Unpleasant though it smart,
A Sabbath day at home,
With Jesus in the heart,
Will stir me up with greater zeal,
To speak of Him whose love I feel.

'Tis well, 'tis well, my Lord!
Whate'er Thou wilt is well!
This truth I would record,
That in Thy light to dwell
Is heaven begun, ere heaven appears,
With all its joys, through all its years.

And when the passing scene
Shall be forever past,
And to the land serene
My spirit soars at last,
It will be bliss indeed for me
To be at home, my Lord, with Thee!

—*W. Leask.*

The Irish Revival.

As there is probably nothing in the present state of the religious world of such an extraordinary interest as the revival in Ireland, we need make no apology to our readers for occupying further space with incidents illustrative of the extent and power of that work. We confess that we are not altogether without apprehension that too much license is allowed to mere enthusiasm and excitement. The Irish people are of a temperament to incline them in that direction; and, perhaps, they are in danger also from the comparative novelty of revivals among them. In this country they have been common, and we have had larger opportunities for learning wisdom by experience. It would be matter of deep regret if the enemy should be permitted, to any extent, to mar the blessed work by mingling false fire with the true. It is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable outpourings of the Holy Spirit which has ever been witnessed. The uniform testimony of those who have gone to see "the burning bush," as well as of those who are on the ground, is that it is the work of God. Not only ministers and laymen from Scotland, but a deputation of Independent ministers from London, expressed their strongest convictions of the movement. Whilst, perhaps, the Presbyterian churches have shared most largely in the blessings, the Episcopal, Wesleyan, and Independent churches have heartily co-operated.

As a specimen of the work among the Episcopalians, we give the following from the *Belfast News Letter:*

"At the services in the different Episcopal churches in Belfast on Sunday last the congregations were large. In St. Paul's Episcopal Church, at the morning service, about nine of the congregation were brought under a similar influence to that felt in other congregations, and throughout this province at the present time. They were struck down as penitents seeking for mercy, and prayer was continued with and for them during the afternoon, and many others remained with them. At the morning service in Christ Church, Episcopal, four of the congregation had to be carried out of the church under deep conviction. In the other Episcopalian churches the revival spirit seemed to be at work amongst the people, and its influence to be felt. The ministers of the Established Church, as well as those of other Churches, are engaged almost day and night in visiting penitents from house to house; and some of them must by this time be themselves completely exhausted through labour and exertion."

From the mass of revival reports in our foreign papers we make the following selections as illustrative, to some extent, of the peculiar character, as well as the power of the revival. A Scotch ruling elder, visiting Ireland, thus writes to the *Edinburgh Witness:*

"Every day and every hour I am more and more impressed with the importance and reality of the present religious awakening and revival. It is manifestly the work of the Spirit of God. Yesterday evening I went some eight miles from this city, to where the movement has made considerable progress. It, too, was in a purely agricultural district, no village or hamlet being within some miles, yet, in the very height of the hay harvest, I found, at seven o'clock, P. M., three hundred and fifty people assembled. One of the recent converts addressed them. He said, 'I have been a Sabbath-school teacher for several years, four years a communicant, yet, said he, until within the last ten days, I thought myself religious while a stranger to Christ. I may say that I never prayed until within the last fortnight.' And, in the homely accents of the district, but with touching simplicity, he warned and besought them to flee from the wrath to come. I addressed the convert class, in which there were three Roman Catholics, and sixteen or seventeen others; and afterwards spoke to the congregation. One person was prostrated while I was speaking. Afterwards I met with several inquirers. While speaking to them the door opened, and a face, radiant with peace, and happiness, and joy, was seen. A woman about twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age came forward to the minister and said, 'I could not go away till I told you I have found peace. No tongue could tell how happy I have been since Wednesday. I could not have thought of it.' 'And how did you find peace?' said the minister. 'O,' said she, 'I was in great darkness on Wednesday, just bordering on despair; and I went into the garden, and I saw two worms; and I thought God made them, and how little we thought of crushing or cutting them; and then that he made me, a poor worm, too, and that he had not crushed me, as he might well have done; and then the thought of his mercy in Jesus in sparing me came into my heart, and I could not speak for joy; I just wept and wept! O, young friends, (she added,) hold on, you will find peace; and, O if it be like mine, you won't be able to tell it." The accent of this woman was different from the others; and I said, 'What part of Scotland are you from?' 'Ayrshire.' 'What part of it?' 'Kilmarnock.' She could speak, however, only of Christ's love and her joy. O that Kilmarnock had such a revival as has blessed her! I was suprised at first when told that the converts immediately recognized each other. Well, I don't now wonder at it: I think I could myself pick them out of a congregation, and not mistake one in ten. There is an expression of joy and peace that is quite peculiar—"The bright sun shining after the rain." In this district several Roman Catholics have come to Jesus. The employer of one of them, an intelligent and pious physician, told me, 'My servant's whole conduct and appearance is altered; her work is better done by far; she reads the Bible, and there is such an expression of happiness in her face as I never saw there before, or indeed on any one, save those who after prostration have found peace.' The priests are enraged, bewildered; they know not what to say or think. But, with all the avariciousness that belongs to them, they seek to turn it to account. 'Holy water, medals, charms, &., for this sickness,' is supplied, at rates varying from twenty-five cents to one dollar. They denounce the movement, and say no one but the bishop could forgive so great a sin as that of going to one of these meetings. They cannot understand how, without one word of argument, their power and the whole system of Popery falls, Dagon-like, broken in pieces in a moment. Who can understand it? It is verily the finger of God.

"The work progresses here steadily. I will close this letter with two cases. The first is that of a man nominally connected with the Presbyterian Church. He never attended, save an odd time at sacramental seasons. He then paid the minister that compliment, which was all he got in lieu of stipend. His family seldom, some of them for a space of seven years, had not darkened a church door. They came to the meetings; first one, then another was converted. He attended himself, and saw his two remaining unconverted children struck down. 'What!' said he, 'are all my family to be taken, and me left?' In the bitterness of his soul he cried for mercy. He left the place—came back; still the cry was, 'Shall I be left?' The Lord had mercy on him also. A whole godless family is now changed, and their faces are turned Zionward.

"A pious Scotchman, superintendent of a large Sabbath-School in this city, had, like many others, great doubts about the movement, hearing of it only at a distance. Soon after it began here, he said in the Sabbath-school, I will be happy if any one will say a few words to the school. A little girl—a modest little orphan girl—under eight years of age, rose up and said: '*Dear Friends*—Last Sunday I went home with a very sick heart. I thought it would break.- I was very unhappy, for I was very sinful. I told my brother; he said he would pray for me, but that did me no good. He told me then to pray myself to Christ. I did pray to him to take away my sins; he did it for me at once, and I have been very happy ever since. And, dear friends, I just thought I would tell you all that Jesus will take away your burdens, and make you happy too.' During the time these words were uttered, the stillness of death reigned in the school, and superintendent, teachers, and scholars were all in tears. There was something irresistible in the solemn yet childish tone, and eloquent simplicity of the appeal of the little girl. And the superintendent said, 'In our midst that word is fulfilled this day—"out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.'"

Another account says:

"On Friday morning, about three o'clock, a procession, mostly composed of young men and women, to the number of fifty, proceeded through some of the streets of Belfast, singing hymns and psalms. On Tuesday, at noon, there was held a meeting of children in Berry-street Church, Belfast. There were about three hundred present, and a considerable number of visitors. Children of not more than twelve years of age, of both sexes, publicly engaged in prayer. The Rev. Pasteur Roussell, a distinguished French Protestant minister, was present. These meetings are to be continued on two days of the week. At the same church, on Thursday evening, a letter was read from an infidel of thirty years' standing, describing the terrible ordeal through which the Spirit of God had lately put him in finding a lodgement in his heart. The meeting was but a short time over when messengers arrived, requesting attendance on two young men who had been overtaken at it. They were mechanics, who had come out of mere curiosity, but were pierced by a word of admonition addressed to scoffers. A singular incident occurred in the case of a young woman who had engaged another to attend the meeting on Wednesday evening. She violated the engagement, and went to the Queen's Island, where she spent several hours. But she was moved to return by the church and enter, and she had not been many minutes inside its walls until the Lord laid his hand upon her. She bitterly bewailed her indifference to the things of God, and the mockery with which she assailed the subjects of grace. On Friday the church was crowded. Converts joined in the services. A convert, who confessed to a life of infidelity and ungodliness for thirty years, recanted the errors of the past, and professed his faith in Christ—the fruit of the present movement—addressed the meeting with propriety, eloquence and power, and expressed his resolve to preach Christ. He is evidently a man of high intellectual culture and extensive attainments. The narrative of his past life made a deep impression on the audience. The manifested convictions were numerous, and embraced, as is now almost invariably the case, some Roman Catholics among the trophies of Divine grace. The mode of treating convicted souls has now assumed a systematic form. The general congregation retires after the benediction. The prolonged meeting is to attend to the convicted, to counsel inquiring souls, and to supplicate the Heavenly Throne on behalf of special objects. The visitors remain, and the personal friends of those under conviction."

The Rev. Mr Trench, rector of Newtown, Kells, county Meath, in a letter having reference to what came under his observation at Ballymoney, writes:

"The most interesting case which has come within my knowledge is that of a young Presbyterian minister, of particularly pleasing address, who has been for two years in charge of a congregation at K——, in the county of Derry. The Rev. J. C. had come here to visit his mother, who was anxious he should see the work. I happened to hear Mr C. relate more or less of what took place, when he was affected four times. Mr C. was very anxious to explain that his case was not one of conversion so much as of revival, and this remark applies to very many cases. Mr C. told us he felt himself, in his own house, becoming very weak, felt a weight about his heart, sank down upon the sofa, sighed and sobbed, and could not help exclaiming, 'Lovely Jesus.' He said he had now 'the witness in himself' in the way which he never had before; had a degree of happiness which he could not express, and had ever since been uninterruptedly ravished with his love. The Rev Mr P. told me that he attributed his affection to impressions made on seeing a convert and some children who were excited. When Mr C. first saw Mr P. after his revival, he fell on his neck, calling him his father and brother in Christ. Mr P. further mentioned a curious case, which he knew to be a fact, of some children who had been locked up by their mother, to prevent their going to a meeting, and on her return they were found praying and singing."

Mr Trench, in another letter, says:

"A solicitor in Belfast informed me that litigation had decreased; a publican, that no man could live by the trade; and policemen, that now they had less to do than usual. Beyond all doubt, the most abandoned of women have forsaken the streets, and cried to Jesus for mercy. I have heard interesting anecdotes of quarrels made up. I have seen it stated that deposits in saving banks have greatly increased, and I can certify that political demonstrations, 'gendering strife,' seem to be in abeyance. It is true that the editor of a public newspaper has been entirely incapacitated from collecting his thoughts on any other subject. It is true that compositors in a printing-office have been unable, through strong feelings of sin and bodily weakness, to go on with their ordinary work. It is true that the business in factories has been stopped through the same cause; but I believe it has been already in some degree made up to their masters by the return on Monday morning of 'hands' which used to be disabled by intemperance on the Sabbath. The more I see of this work the more mysterious it appears to me; but with such fruit, what can we believe but that God is using these violent affections of the body for the good of souls? Why are we to doubt it."

The weekly conference of Protestant ministers and others interested in the work of revival, continues to be held in Belfast every Monday morning. The *Belfast News Letter* states that on Friday and Saturday many were affected while at their work in warerooms and elsewhere, and had to leave for their homes.

"Catholic Claims."

The present Government, like the last, is besieged by Roman Catholic Deputations, and tempted or threatened by conditions on which the Roman Catholic Members will give it their auspicious assistance, or their vindictive opposition. Some of these are openly put forward, others probably are matters of secret negotiation. When parties are so evenly balanced in the House of Commons as now happens to be the case, a handful of men pledged to each other and to their caste, and caring comparatively little or nothing for the general interests of the Empire, can make themselves formidable to any Government. It is asserted by the Roman Catholics that the votes of their representatives transferred the direction of affairs from the Administration of the Earl of Derby to that of Lord Palmerston, and they have not been slow in requiring from the latter a reward for that service. As their spokesman, Mr. Maguire, promised the Premier last Friday, in the House, that if he would accord what they considered their rights, he should receive their support; and informed him that their first claim was that their priests should have access to prisoners of their own religion in the gaols and penitentiaries, and to paupers in the workhouses. Now we are not so intolerant as to grudge our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects such a privilege, since they esteem it so highly; but it is well known that they enjoy it already. Mr. Langdale, after introducing an imposing Deputation to the Premier and Home Secretary on Thursday morning ventured to assert that "the Catholic prisoners were deprived of the ministrations of their clergy," but he was obliged to reduce this monstrous grievance to an insignificant size, by adding—"*unless they asked for them.*" That is exactly the whole burden of the wrong to be redressed, and it is well its amount of pressure should be kept in memory.

There is not on this subject one law for the Protestant Dissenter and another for the Popish priest; one for criminals of this religious complexion, if we may so speak, and another for a different class. The Government provides chaplains, of course of the Established Church, but the convicts need not have their ministrations, and need not be without those of their own clergy unless they choose. In gaols and in workhouses every Romanist prisoner or pauper can secure the attendance of his own priest, and that as often as he likes, if the priest will come as often, simply by asking for it. But the Deputation urged that Protestant chaplains were appointed in Ireland; which is true, because there still is an ecclesiastical Establishment in that part of the United Kingdom. When it is contended that therefore Popish Chaplains ought to be appointed in this country, the design is that Romanism may obtain a rudimentary State Establishment here. We recommend the gentlemen of the "Liberation Society" to turn their attention to this, among the multifarious matters with which they so ardently concern themselves. Mr. Monsell indeed assured Sir G. C. Lewis, that the question raised was not at all "the payment of Catholic chaplains;" but that was only throwing a little sand into the vigilant eyes of the Home Secretary; for, in their own meetings, the Romanists have distinctly proposed as their aim the payment no less than the appointment of their own chaplains, and of their school-teachers too. In fact, the stipend would follow the appointment as a thing of course; if you but keep a dog you must needs give him a bone. No salary! Let us see. The memorandum handed by Mr. Langdale to the Prime Minister contained the following demands, among others:—

"The appointment of a Chaplain to be recognized as an officer of the Prison or Workhouse.

"Power of assembling Catholics for worship or instruction in a separate place assigned for that purpose.

"Separate Schools and Teachers for Catholic children attached to Prisons and Workhouses."

Unquestionably, that includes stipends for priests and Popish teachers, school-buildings and perhaps chapels besides. Among other pleas for such exceptional patronage, the Deputation paid their own religion the ill compliment of insisting upon the very large number of Romanist convicts in English prisons. If theirs was a true statement of the case, the immigration of Popery must have contributed most seriously, and much beyond the fair numerical proportion, to the criminal statistics of England. At the last Census the number of attendants at Roman Catholic worship was only 383,630; less than one-third of the number placed in the column of the Independents, and one-fourth of that which is given as the attendance in the chapels of the Methodist Connexion. It would appear, therefore, that in this country "Catholic" crime increases with more alarming rapidity than "Catholic" worship. That may be a valid reason why the priest should be oftener at the gaol than the Nonconformist Minister, but it is no reason at all why the priest should be constituted a salaried "Officer of the Prison."

The "Catholics" are but a sect, or, if it pleases them better, a Denomination, in this country, and scarcely one of the largest; and they must be content with the common privileges of their Nonconformist fellow-subjects. "Only," says Mr. Maguire, "let us get our heroic clergy and Nuns into your prisons." The priest can go there whenever any one wants them, and as for Nuns, it is our disgrace to suffer them, after one voluntary immolation, to be involuntarily immured in a sort of prison all their lives long, perpetual debtors to a youthful vow, the only debtors in this realm for whom there is no law, no protection, and no relief. Mr. Newdegate the other evening reminded the House of Commons that there is just now "a combined action" on the part of the Romanists, headed by their Bishops and Cardinal to establish themselves in the Army, in the Fleet, and in the prisons and workhouses, as chaplains and teachers, with State appointments and State pay. It is to be regretted that Lord Palmerston still thinks he was hindered from doing a liberal thing when the House of Commons refused to let him place on the estimates salaries for Popish priests in Government prisons.—True liberality is impartial, and it is illiberal to make a distinction between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Dissenters to the disadvantage of the latter. This is the ground on which we must meet and repel the encroachments of the priests; namely, that they are, like us, Nonconformists, and cannot be permitted to acquire that ascendancy to which Mr. Oakley points. They must content themselves perforce without the position and emoluments of an Established Order or Church, to which we also make no manner of pretension or claim. This is treating our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects with unexceptionable liberality and charity, when we treat them no worse than ourselves. If we grant more, we wrong ourselves, and may expect to see them first our superiors, then our masters.

Treasury.

"Sir, whom have you been talking with?"

It was the favoured lot of a poor girl in Vermont, about eight years of age, to fall into a family where daily prayers were offered up to Almighty God. Prayer she was unacquainted with. At home she never heard a prayer. An astonishment seized her, when she saw her master, night and morning, standing in one corner of the room, talking, as she termed it, with something that she could not see. An anxiety swelled in her little bosom to know who it could be.

One morning after her master had been talking with the unknown being, she stepped up before him, and said, "Sir, whom have you been talking with this morning?" "I have been trying to talk with God." "God!" said she, with astonishment, "where is He? where does He live?" etc. Many questions of a similar nature she put with much interest and feeling, to which her master gave her such answers as were calculated to awaken the liveliest feelings of her mind, in regard to Jehovah. After she had learned all her little mind could contain of divine things, she desired to go home and see her parents, with an earnestness that could not be resisted. Go she must; leave was granted. She went home to her father's cottage, a place where prayer was not wont to be made, with her little bosom beating with a high tone of pious feeling in view of the importance of prayer. She went to her father, and said, "Father, pray." She urged with warmth a compliance; but he utterly refused. She then went to her mother and asked her to pray; but with no better success. She could not endure it any longer; her feelings must vent themselves in words. She said "Let us pray." She knelt down and prayed. In answer to her prayer, both of her parents were brought under conviction, which terminated in hopeful conversion to God. And this was the beginning of an extensive revival of religion.—*Narratives of Remarkable Conversions.*

Resurrection.

I only add, that we may easily conceive what a jubilee for the whole world that day would be on which a proclamation, in all living languages, was heard from heaven—"*There shall be no more death.*" O how would the hearts of the nations expand! And what a shout of triumph, "like the sound of many waters, and of mighty thunderings," would roll round the earth, and rise to heaven!

But alas! among the nations destitute of divine revelation, such a proclamation was never heard; nor had they any knowledge of a destroyer, or a prospective destruction of death. "Such knowledge was too wonderful for them; it was high, they could not attain unto it." Even the wisest and most intelligent of them appear to have had no settled or satisfactory convictions in regard to the immortality of the soul. Socrates himself is said to have died in doubt about it. And as to a resurrection of the body—as to the hope of the complete abolition of death—their loftiest speculations never approached it. They had lost the knowledge of Him who was "to bruise the head of the serpent and destroy his works;" and besides Him there is no other destroyer of death. He alone is "the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Him, even when he is dead still lives; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Him shall never die. He is the living one, who was dead, and behold He is alive again for evermore, amen; and has the keys of hell and of death. Our Saviour Jesus Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel." In this respect too, then, Jesus Christ may well be described as "the Desire of all nations;" and O that they all knew him and believed in Him in this as well as the other aspects of His salvation! For such a knowledge and Faith would be equivalent in its joyful results to the proclamation we have supposed. And they shall yet know Him and believe in Him thus: "For in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees; of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined. And He will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering (or *face-covering* i.e. the sentence of death) cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of His people shall He take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it."—*Peter Davidson.*

"Look well to your Faith."

He that has the faith of Christ has all; he that wants it has nothing. Well might our Lord say, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." It secures the heart for God through Jesus Christ; and that secures the whole man; all his thoughts, all his words and actions; forming the whole of his conduct for life upon a perfect, a most infallible pattern. This, then, is the direction every Christian must mind, if ever he would thrive. Look well to your faith. As that is weak or strong, languishing or living, such will the whole Christian frame be. And, therefore:

Beware of starving your faith by neglecting to lay in proper provision. Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. That is the only sustenance for faith: and what the word holds forth and conveys through faith into the heart, viz., the grace of God in Christ, is the only support of the soul. "Wherefore, as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." "And let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all knowledge and spiritual understanding." It is the Spirit of Christ, indeed, which alone can kindle and maintain this divine flame; but it is the Christian's business to lay the fuel ready.

Beware of poisoning your faith. And this may be done either by perverse principles or practices. Both commonly go together, and mutually contribute to support each other. The milk of the word must be sincere, or without mixture, in order to nourishment; for every foreign mixture gives it a poisonous quality. And as without Christ we can do nothing, so in the same degree that anything else is trusted to, so far our strength is lost.

Beware of spoiling your faith by suffering it to lie idle. Exercise is as necessary in the spiritual life as in the natural. By faith the Christian lives, and, of course, he only lives so far as faith is kept in constant exercise. Just so much activity and exercise as there is, so much is there of faith; and whenever it ceases to act, the Christian ceases to live. The seed of life may be in him; but life lies in living, or in the exercises of life. At the same time we must beware of attempting to live, that is, to exercise faith, or any other grace, but by strength derived from the Spirit of life.—*Ricaltoun.*

God's holy hatred of Sin.

As God is an holy God, so he infinitely hates sin; and as he is a just God, so he will assuredly punish it; not a soul of man shall escape; not a sin be passed by without having its due curse; yea, we find God so hates sin, that when he found but the imputation of it upon his own son, Divine vengeance would not suffer him to escape, but loads him with sorrow, and fills his soul with darkness and agonies; nails him to the cross, and exacts from him a dreadful recompence, which he was fain to make good to the utmost, demand of his Father's justice before he could be discharged. One drop of this poison being let fall upon the once glorious angels, turned them into devils, made all their rays of light and lustre fall off from them; and, being once tainted with this venom, God would no longer endure them in his presence, but hurls them down all flaming into hell. It is sin that is the fuel of those unquenchable flames, and lays in all those stores of fire and brimstone which shall there burn for ever. It is sin that disrobed man of his innocence, turned him out of paradise, and will certainly, if not repented of and forsaken, turn him into hell. And therefore, as ye love God, or your own souls, be sure ye hate iniquity; entertain not any kind thoughts of it, however it tempt and solicit you. Remember the curse of God is affixed inseparably unto it; and if you will suffer the accursed thing to cleave unto you, you must for ever be accursed with it.—*Hopkins.*

An Impressive Genealogy.

A certain libertine, of a most abandoned character, happened one day to stroll into a Church where he heard the Fifth Chapter of Genesis read, importing that such and such persons lived so long, and yet the conclusion was, "they died." Enos lived 905 years, "and he died." Seth 912 years, "and he died." Methuselem 969 years, and *he died.* The frequent repetition of the words, "*he died,*" notwithstanding the great length of years they had lived, struck him so deeply with the thought of death and eternity, that through Divine grace he became alarmed, convinced and converted, and led a most exemplary Christian life.

Aged reader, it will soon be said of you, "*he died.*" Are you ready? Have you believed in Jesus? Are you born of God's Spirit? Are you pardoned, justified, adopted, sanctified, and living in the full expectation of being admitted into heaven when you die? It is time we were all prepared, for we know not what a day may bring forth.