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God's Blessing on Them.

BY CHARLES WILTON.
God's blessing on them—those old saints
Who battled hard and long;
Who clung in a stubborn chain,
And conquered might and wrong!
O, time! reverse their sanctity,
Nor let their glory cease;
For by a mortal victory,
They sealed immortal peace.

God's blessing on them! those stout hearts,
In these glowing days;
Who seek the progress stride
From error's countless ways!
O, let their track a track of light,
The onward march of man;
The wise to shape our steps aright—
The good to lead the way!

God's blessing on them!—one and all,
Of every rank and clime,
Who strive to aid the stern crusade
Against the growth of crime!
O, let their names a rallying cry
For ages yet to come;
A word whose echo shall not die
Till Nature's self be dumb!

Christian Sorrow.

"Because I have told you these things, sorrow has filled your heart."—John xvi. 6.

The time appointed and predetermined by God for the consummation of all that was intended to be accomplished by the incarnation of Christ was drawing near. He had come to the earth for the purpose of proclaiming deliverance to the captives held in the bonds of sin; to establish a new dispensation among men, in which they were to be offered pardon and forgiveness through faith in the atonement which he himself was to render to perfect that atonement by his death. God's displeasure had been excited by the sins of men, and by death in man's nature, atonement for sin must be perfected. God, having condemned sin in the flesh, for sin (as an offence) sent forth his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh; and Jesus was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, that he, by the grace of God, might taste death for every man; and that, through death, he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them, who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage. So then, he appeared upon the earth that he might put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.

As we have said before, the time for the consummation of this purpose was rapidly approaching, and Jesus, wishing to prepare his disciples as well as possible for the events which were about to take place, began to tell them of the manner in which he himself would be treated, and what they would be called upon to endure for his sake. "Behold," said he, "we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be betrayed to them, the chief priests, and unto the scribes, and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles to mock, and to scourge, and to crucify him; and the third day he shall rise again." Matt. xx, 17, 19. And after foretelling to them the denunciation of Jerusalem, he said to them, "But before all these things (which were to precede that destruction) they shall lay their hands upon you, and persecute you, delivering you up to the synagogues, and into prisons, being brought before kings and rulers for my name's sake. And ye shall be betrayed both by parents, and by brethren, and by kindred, and by friends; and of some of you shall they cause to be put to death, and ye shall be hated of all men for my sake." Luke xxi. These were trying communications for him to make. They to whom he spoke were the chosen companions of his ministry. Day and night they had followed him, and ministered with him, sharing his labours, his privations, and his sufferings; and this constancy of companionship had excited between them and him a mutual attachment and love.

But from them he was soon to be suddenly torn. He whom they loved was soon to be delivered to his enemies to be mocked, and scourged, and crucified. And the knowledge of the sufferings which awaited their loved Master would and did make them sorrowful. Jesus knew what effect these things would have upon their hearts, and he may very properly believe that his own heart was affected with a sympathetic sorrow while he made them known to them. But he left them not to the full influence of their sorrow. "Because," said he, "I have told you these things, sorrow hath filled your heart." But "let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself; that where I am, ye may be also." These things I said unto you at the beginning, because I was with you; but now I go my way to him that sent me. "And ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your hearts shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." Thus did he soothe them, thus tried he to alleviate their sorrow.

As the heart of the Christian now is sometimes filled with sorrow, it may be profitable for us to inquire, What is the principal cause of the Christian's sorrow, and how may it always be alleviated? What then is the principal cause of the Christian's sorrow?

The causes of sorrow to the Christian are but few. He is not as other men. To him all things appear in a new aspect. He now regards all circumstances as being caused by or allowed to be by God, and he knows that the only feeling which God has toward him is love. However much, then, these circumstances may affect his comfort or his outward prosperity, he feels that they are intended to do him good; and to assist its accomplishment, he endeavours to improve them in every possible manner, by the use of every practical means. To him then they bring no sorrow, no repenting, no grief. But though external circumstances do not affect him to sorrow, there are internal means dwelling in his heart, which both in themselves and in their consequences are the copious sources of it. These are his sinful inclinations. When, by the exercise of faith, he obtained the forgiveness of his sins, his guilt was removed. But not so with the inclinations which prompted to the commission of those sins. These still remained to be exterminated by the slow but sure process of spiritual sanc-

tification. And while they remain they will lead him into sin whenever his watchfulness and control over them are in the least degree relaxed. This we need not endeavour to prove. The experience of every Christian will confirm its truth. By these he is led, almost unconsciously, perhaps almost unresistingly, to the commission of sins which afterward, when the still small voice of conscience has brought him to himself, have opened up the fountain of contrition, and deluged his heart with sorrow, as he then first perceived the absence of his Saviour. Thus, Saviour, grieved by his sins, had been compelled to leave the heart in which he had promised to dwell, and because of that absence of Him whose presence had imparted joy and gladness, "sorrow has filled his heart."

Thus we find that the principal cause of sorrow to the Christian now, is similar to that which affected the disciples on the occasion which we have referred to. No one can doubt the cause of their sorrow. Jesus himself reveals this. "Because I have told you these things," he said, "sorrow hath filled your hearts. Nevertheless, I tell you the truth, it is expedient that I go away from you." His going away, therefore, was the cause of their sorrow. When he had told them of the sufferings which they would be called to endure for his sake and of the gospel, they were not moved. Persecution on this account, they, to some degree, had already experienced. But this they had expected and were prepared to endure. In becoming the disciples of Christ they had counted the cost, and this they were ready to expend. But to part from him whose mild, gentle voice, and kind manner, had given power to the words with which he had addressed them, and which had fixed their love upon him; to be deprived of the presence of him whose hardships they had shared, whose sufferings they had sympathized with, and whose deeds of love and mercy they had witnessed, caused a spring of sorrow to swell until they filled their hearts.

But great as was their sorrow a source of comfort was afforded to them, "that they might have peace." So too the Christian may find comfort in the time of sorrow, relief from every tribulation.

How, then, may the sorrow of the Christian always be alleviated? When the worldling is in trouble, having no other source of relief, he must seek it in the world. He therefore, endeavours to divest himself of sorrow, or rather to crowd it off, by engrossing himself more deeply than ever in business, hoping, by increasing his cares, to decrease the influence of those things which trouble him. But in this respect he is often disappointed. Instead of alleviating his distress they frequently increase it, opening new sources of annoyance, while the first and best source of relief, the fountain in the soul, and strengthening with its strength, until it becomes a river of sorrow, pervading the whole man. Disappointed in this, he turns to the pleasures of the world, and seeks to drown his feelings in social convivialities, in the gay party, the ball, the dance, the play-house, the theatre, the bar-room, or the gaming table. The desperation with which he plunges into these may, for a little while, drown his memory, but soon it rises to the surface again, and, driven to despair, he regards death as preferable to a life under such circumstances; and he seeks in the intoxicating draught, the poisonous drug, or with his own hand rudely draws it to himself. Poor, unwise creature! how many such now dwell in everlasting torment!

But such is not the case with the Christian. He leaves that "trouble springs not from the ground," that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" and, therefore, he regards "sorrows" as a portion of the discipline by which he is to be fitted for his reception by his Father. So long, then, as his Saviour is with him, so long as he can look up to him for help, for comfort, and for assistance, he can cry,

"I can do all things, or can bear all sufferings, if my Lord be there."

"For we have had fathers of our flesh who desired to be free from us, but we have reverence for the Father of spirits, and live?" For our fathers, verily, chastened us after their own pleasure, but He for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness." Heb. xii. 9, 10. But if the Saviour leaves him, he will withdraw himself, the troubled Christian, having nothing wherewith to lean, no support upon which he can firmly depend, sinks rapidly in the sea of trouble. Demon spirits, watching his descent, are filled with fiendish joy, and exult at the prospect of ruin of another soul. Holy angels also see it, and are painfully apprehensive for the safety of one whom they had expected soon to join their holy, happy throng. But soon the joy of the demons is changed into perplexed disappointment, and the apprehensions of the angels into the hollowed joy, as the voice goes up from the sinking soul, "Lord, help me, I perish;" and an invisible arm raises it from the engulfing deep, and placing it upon the shore in safety, surrounds it with sweet holy peace. Here we find the answer to our question, here we find how the sorrow of the Christian may always be alleviated. It is by sincere, soul-felt, soul-expressive prayer. "Lord, help!" is the exclamation most natural to a soul which feels ready to add, "I perish!" and which knows that God only can furnish the help needed. Nor will the prayer thus afforded ever remain unanswered.

It may be that for the thorough subduing of the sinking soul, for the purpose of causing it to fully realize its helplessness, God may allow it to sink deeper and still deeper; but he will never allow it to sink below the reach of his reclaiming grace. To those who trust in Him his promise is: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Therefore, his exhortation is, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by name; thou art mine, for I am the Lord thy God; the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour;" Isaiah xlii. 1. "God is not man that he should lie, nor the son of man that he should change his purpose. Hath he said it, and shall he not do it? Hath he spoken it, and shall it not stand fast?" Sorrows which the Christian here behold the source from which thou mayest always obtain comfort and sustenance. Thy Saviour has not gone far from thee. He has only, like the mother of Moses, gone away a little distance, and he is ready to return at any moment. He has not gone beyond the

reach of thy voice, and he waits to see when thou dost hear his return. Call then to him. He, perceiving that thou moanest his absence, and sorrowest that thy sinful inclinations have led thee to do that which caused his departure, will return to thee when he findest thy heart ready, anxious to receive him. Call then to him; call earnestly, call anxiously. Thou shalt not call in vain—"Seek, and thou shalt find;" Him whom thy soul loveth, and with Him thou shalt find peace, comfort, joy, unspeakable and full of glory.

Penitent sinner, herein thou also mayest find hope. Jesus saw the first rising of thy penitence. He watched the various degrees of thy sorrow as it rose higher and flowed deeper, as thou didst more and more clearly perceive the true nature of thy sins. Truly thou didst well to grieve over them. 'Twas well for thee to hate both them and the inclinations which prompted to their commission. He against whom thou hadst sinned, had always treated thee with kindness. His blessings had been freely bestowed upon thee. Thou didst constantly receive the effects of his unchanging goodness. And even when thou didst return all his kindness, his blessings, his goodness with perverse ingratitude and disobedience, even then his love for thee was undiminished; and, pitying thy wretched condition, he provided for thee a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. That Saviour now sees thee in every emotion, and he waits only to have thee seek him with intense and unwavering sincerity of desire, then he will come to thee. Call then to him. Call as you would to a fellow-man if you were drowning. Call to him, saying, "Lord, help! I perish, and I have no other help!" Thy perseverance in calling showeth that thy heart really depends upon and desires his help. He will come to you, and coming, will bring peace to your troubled soul.

And, impenitent sinner, to you we may say that this subject offers an inducement—not indeed to continue in your present course, but to repent. He, against whom all thy sins have been committed, whom thou hast so wantonly, so obstinately, so wretchedly grieved, injured, and offended, yet loves thee; notwithstanding the grievous nature of thy sins, or the baseness of thine ingratitude against him whose mercies thou hadst constantly enjoyed, he is ready to forgive you. Hear his call to you: "Return unto me." Return! how full of kindness, how cordial, how free the invitation! But he desires that you will return to him as he will return to you. Like the father of the returning prodigal, when thou art yet a great way off, when returning, he will hasten to meet thee, and with open arms he will receive thee; he will forgive and forget all thine errors, and with his embrace thou wilt evermore be happy.

Will thou not return unto him? Why shouldst thou continue in thy present course? Why shouldst thou persist in thine unnatural and self-injurious opposition? Why shouldst thou despise the spirit of his natural and desired enjoyment? Surely thou art misled in this matter. If thou thinkest thy present course to be that which is and will be most conducive to thy happiness, thou art sadly deceived. Thousands will tell thee that thou wilt never know true happiness, pure, spiritual enjoyment, until thou art reconciled to thy Creator. Take then their testimony. It is that of men once in all respects the same as thyself, this only excepting, that they have sought and obtained forgiveness from that source from which thou also mayest obtain it. He, therefore, who earnest thee, to seek pardon and forgiveness, and pleading thy need of it, and the atonement which has been purposely rendered for its consummation, hope for and thou wilt obtain it. R.

A Desolate Home.

The following beautifully touching reflections upon the sudden death of a beloved child, are from the pen of Mr. Chester, of the *Buffalo Express*.

The charm of Home depends upon the perfection of its circle—break the circle and the charm is broken.

Death is a fearful visitor, no matter when or how he may come. His advent, even when his face is most thickly veiled, and his footsteps most cautious, is terrible; but when he uses his power as if he loved to use it, and surrounds his missions with superfluous and peculiar horrors, then the heart-strings must snap and the blood curdle in the veins.

Many and many a time have we written for others what we are not doing for ourselves. Now we can see how true were our expressions of sympathy, how cold and passionless were our words. Forgive us, ye who have mourned and have suffered, nor fear lest our future words and deeds shall not be fervent and tender.

Our darling has indeed departed. For the few hours that her little form remained with us, we felt that we had her still—but now we know that she is gone. It was a bright morning when we followed her to her rest, but we brought back with us only darkness. The home which she sunned and made musical, was as gloomy as a cavern, and so it remains. A few days ago, it seemed like Heaven—but now the stars have faded out, and the lark that sang at the gate has fallen with an arrow in her breast.

And when the night came on, how it brought a new measure—fully heaped—of lonely agony! How we sought to sleep, and were awakened by her blessed voice; her pattering footsteps—her thrilling touch! It did indeed seem as if she were there! But when we looked around and saw her not, then the truth returned, like a sudden blow, and we sank again into the bitter waters.

She lies in her little coffin. There are roses in her hand, and a wreath of many of the circles her brow of flowers. The leaves fell solemnly, the wind moaned like a chained beast about her dismal bed. It is hard to leave her—there it seems so cold and dreary for the child! and yet we know it must be—and because it must be, it is what we fear. Our bird now sings amid the eternal branches—our bud now blooms in the garden of God—our darling repose on the bosom of the Crucified. It is well. God loved the child—and loved her child, and when he took her up—where Eache's child are. We will cast this sweet morsel of consolation, and it shall strengthen us.

Martyrdom of John Rogers.

"Touching punishment of heretics, methinks it ought to be done without rashness, not leaving in the magnitude to do justice to such as by learning would seem to deceive the simple; and the rest so to be used, that the people might well perceive them not to be condemned without just occasion, whereby they shall both understand the truth, and beware to do the like; and especially seeing London, I could not choose to be busy without some of the council's presence, and both there and everywhere good sermons at the same."

Thus did Queen Mary I. signify her pleasure to the Privy Council. She would have all things done decently and in order. She was careful to make sure her subjects should be well instructed in the doctrine of the honour of murdering the worst of her subjects, and therefore sent her Council to represent royally at their death.

And, advised by her husband, Philip II., and by her chaplain, Alfonso de Castro, and instructed by the usage of the Holy Office, she was no less her care to give the Church of Rome its due share in the partition of glory, by ordaining good sermons at the same. It would be wrong, therefore, to defraud her Majesty of the fame she thirsted for, or to refuse to the Church an honour which she had laboured, the full credit of having shed the blood of saints.

Let us glance, then, at that busy and memorable day the 4th of February, 1555. Early in the morning, Bonner, Bishop of London, shook off his sloth and early rose, that he might make him ready to offer up a very different sacrifice from that which Philip Ken was thinking of, when he challenged his own soul to be waked. From his palace by St. Paul's, Bonner stepped over to Newgate, where a company of heretics were kept waiting at night to be degraded. Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, had been brought, with Rogers, from the Clink, in Southwark, after dark, quietly, with no candles in the streets, that the inhabitants might not be tempted to make a rescue. Lawrence Saunders, Minister of St. Dunstons, had been brought, with Rogers, from the Clink, in Southwark, after dark, quietly, with no candles in the streets, that the inhabitants might not be tempted to make a rescue. Lawrence Saunders, Minister of St. Dunstons, had been brought, with Rogers, from the Clink, in Southwark, after dark, quietly, with no candles in the streets, that the inhabitants might not be tempted to make a rescue.

The Sheriff of London briskly dragged the Protestant Sir Paul's two men. Members of the Queen's Council gave authority royal to the perpetration of the murder. Men-at-arms guard the company to keep off the citizens, if haply there should be courage enough left within the walls of London to summon the citizens to the rescue. Shaven monks in great number are seen around the spot—the *quadrado*, shall we say—where a strong stake of oak with a heavy chain rises erect over a large heap of faggots. Men stand ready with flaming torches, and one woman, wife of the martyr, with an infant in her breast, stands in the midst of the faggots, dreading to take her station close by, like another woman, mother of Him who became the first great Sacrifice, dared to take hers outside the gate of Jerusalem. But Mrs. Rogers can only stand there to pray and weep. The priest appointed offers him a written pardon, and his life, but not his wife and children, if he will give his conscience in exchange, deny Christ, repudiate her, and cast off them; but that he cannot. They strip him of his shirt, and then, with a light chain him to the stake, and light the faggots. As the first flame bursts up, he spreads out his arms to catch it, as if he would embrace the fiery messenger that comes to release him from a weary world. God strengthens the widow and the fatherless to give the blessing, willing to die with him, and his undaunted spirit wills to die with the martyred boy who still cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" This triumph of pure faith and truth made that one day memorable, and we will not now advance beyond the scene.

A picture of London during the eighteen months that had elapsed from the entrance of Mary Tudor to the martyrdom of Rogers would be sad indeed, but well worth painting. It would exhibit a steady march of death, treading out every path of life, and leaving the living to grope their way in the darkness of a night, and to look for charity on every copper they drop into the charity box, and they are training them to begrudge all that you shall eat and wear, and all the attentions you may require when you become too old and feeble to carry any more money for them. From them in particular, and you need not be surprised if they are betrayed into acts of meanness and littleness in trade. But educate them to be good stewards for God, and they will learn to understand that God does not need their services or their love when you are old, and you need not be surprised if they are betrayed into acts of meanness and littleness in trade. But educate them to be good stewards for God, and they will learn to understand that God does not need their services or their love when you are old, and you need not be surprised if they are betrayed into acts of meanness and littleness in trade.

Heavenly Knowledge.

Heavenly knowledge is a great thing to get: here we are taught how to obtain it.

"If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding, if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God; for the Lord giveth wisdom: out of His mouth cometh knowledge and understanding." Prov. ii. 3-5.

Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord; his going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." Hos. 6: 3.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." James 1: 5.

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you; for every one that asketh shall receive; and he that knocketh shall be opened." Mat. 7: 7-8.

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

graven images that they had themselves removed a few years before. Tapers and tabernacles, pyxes and shrines, with the whole paraphernalia of revived idolatry, adorned the edifices which so lately echoed with sentences of God's heart-reviving Gospel, and spied lurked about the door to mark a charge upon the reader, or one sentence of discourse delivered. The mouths of all faithful men were gagged. As for the prisons, they were all crowded with the most honest citizens, and the most learned Ministers, now branded as traitors, or heretics, with infamously appropriate, and equally portentous, words of death by the axe or fire, without mercy. If a citizen went past the Guildhall, he might see a peasant—perhaps the Queen's smiling Corporation into consequence with her treason against the State. It he strayed to Tower-hill he might see a scaffold yet reeking with noble blood shed under presence of justice upon treason against the Queen. Within the dreadful fortress itself, prisoners were numbered whom England had but yesterday honoured as her benefactors—Cranmer, Latimer, Bradford, and Ridley were there among the rest. Aye, and the good Princess Elizabeth, but narrowly escaped. At Court, despotism and terror played high, none daring to breathe a syllable counter to their bidding. In Whitehall, Philip and Mary gave daily audience to Reginald Pole, Cardinal of England, Legate from Rome, and, as by him instructed, let loose Bonner to act as inquisitor, and Gardiner to kill whom he condemned. The Cardinal himself, serene, bland, pitiful, full of tenderness, sat aloft, in the sublime region of politeness, as a Jupiter might be conceived to dwell unmoved upon the summit of Olympus, while the lesser gods obeyed his thunder. How the Lords and Knights of England came into his presence, knelt down, presented him a petition to be absolved from heresy, moued a confession of mortal sin, gave voices daring to dissent—and implored his pity for admission into the fold of Peter once more; and how he condescends to them, his pontifical blessing, having absolved them and to restore England, as he said, to the unity of the Catholic faith, is notorious enough.

The World's Testimony.

Many hundreds of thousands on earth and in heaven now constitute the entire Church which has been redeemed, and all come with the same language as the power of the world to furnish enjoyment. They have turned away from the broken cistern, and have come back to the fountain of living waters. . . . I see among them men with crowned heads, laying the diadem at the feet of the Redeemer, and exchanging their princely robes for the garments of salvation. I see men coming from the halls of splendour, and seeking for happiness in the religion of the Saviour. I see them come from the circles of the great, and the gay, and the rich, and the splendid party, the ball-room and the theatre, and confessing that the happiness which they sought was not to be obtained there, and seeking it now in God. Satisfied now that the world cannot meet the desires of the immortal mind, they come back to their Maker, and had spiritual bliss in the Garden of Eden, and immortality. A recently deceased poet has beautifully expressed the feelings of them all, as they approach the crosses:—

Patience of the living God,
Patience of the world's command,
Patience of an angel's tread,
Patience of a conqueror's frown;
Now to the spirit's throne,
Turn, a fugitive and poor;
Brethren, where your souls burn,
I receive the untold.

Lively I longer roam,
Lest the cold, wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the road which you would take,
Earth can fill no heart to roam,
Every soul I resign.

[Montgomery.]

How to secure children that will know to us, we would have them to be good stewards for God, and they will learn to understand that God does not need their services or their love when you are old, and you need not be surprised if they are betrayed into acts of meanness and littleness in trade. But educate them to be good stewards for God, and they will learn to understand that God does not need their services or their love when you are old, and you need not be surprised if they are betrayed into acts of meanness and littleness in trade.

Influence of Christian Manliness.

A gentleman met another, on Saturday, who invited him to dine with him on the day following. The answer was: "I cannot accept your kind invitation for to-morrow; for I never dine out on Saturdays." Some years afterwards the same gentleman was travelling in a coach, and opposite to him sat another, intently perusing a book, who had no sooner looked up, than he recognised him, and after the ordinary salutation, said: "This is a book which I once did not value, and I am indebted to you for having turned my thoughts to it. It is the Bible." "Indeed," said the other, "I do not remember." "Most probably not," was the reply; "but I once asked you to dine with me on a Sabbath, and I was not a little annoyed by your assigning as the reason for declining, that you never dined out on Sabbaths." But the more I felt irritated, when the incident occurred to me, the more it fixed itself on my mind, till at length it led to an inquiry, which, by the blessing of God, issued in a blessed change."—*Memories of Sir A. Lyveden.*

PATRARCH'S WORD.—Petrarch, a celebrated Italian poet, who flourished 400 years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candid and strict manners. A violent quarrel having occurred in Cardinal Colonna's household, the Cardinal wishing to decide with justice, assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves by a solemn oath on the Gospel, to declare the whole truth. Every one without exception submitted to his determination, even the Cardinal's brother, bishop of Luna, was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presented himself to take the oath; the Cardinal closed the book, and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

"Saint-seducing Gold."

This is one of Shakespeare's phrases, and it expresses the remarkable fact, that religious men are in peculiar danger from the source. It is still true that the love of money is the root of all evil. It is one of the most prevalent vices of the present time—one that prevails very extensively in the church of God. "I know of no country," says De La Roche, "where the love of property has taken stronger hold upon the affections than in the various branches of the church of God in America; it amounts to idolatry; and it is very probable that much of the infidelity that prevails among us arises from witnessing the love of money which prevails among professors of religion. Debauch hangs over our churches, which could hardly be paid, while many of the benevolent institutions of the day languish for want of support. By driving hard bargains, by grinding the faces of the poor, by exacting severe service from their bondsmen, by their conversation, and in many other ways, there are many who show that money is their God. 'It's not worth while for you,' says one, 'to preach against it—they will make money if they can.' 'They will go South, live on calumet, and sleep on bistars,' it thereby they can make money. If they can be religious without any diminution of their wealth, they have no objection to a formal or fashionable religion; but when you touch their purses, they beg to be excused; and, like a certain old lady, exclaim, 'I have given my heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, and my money to the church, but my money I mean to keep myself.'"

Go to yonder crowd gathered together in the house of God, and behold the rich profusion of fancy articles, cakes, candies, fruit, ice-cream and lemonade; listen to the merry laugh that occasionally rings through the room, and mark the conversation that is going on in that crowd of saints and sinners. What does it all mean? They are trying to raise money to pay for the house of God. But see! a company gathers around yonder table, and if any eyes do not deceive me, these people are gambling for the benefit of the church. Those things will not bring a good price in any other way. So they must be sold for; and the end, you know, sanctifies the means! And ministers of the gospel stand by and look on! Well might the bard of Avon call it "saint-seducing gold!" Will not the prophet of the Lord exclaim, "Wo unto him that converteth an evil covenant to his house, that he may set his nest on high, that he may be delivered from the power of evil." FRANK FORRESTER.—*Rich. Chr. Adc.*

Christianity.

Since the introduction of our religion, human nature has made great progress, and society experienced great changes; and in this advanced condition of the human race, the religion of the Saviour, in its application and importance, is found to be more and more congenial and adapted to man's nature and wants. Men have outgrown the other institutions of that period when Christianity appeared; its philosophy, its modes of warfare, its policy, its politics, and its application and importance, is found to be more and more congenial and adapted to man's nature and wants. Men have outgrown the other institutions of that period when Christianity appeared; its philosophy, its modes of warfare, its policy, its politics, and its application and importance, is found to be more and more congenial and adapted to man's nature and wants. Men have outgrown the other institutions of that period when Christianity appeared; its philosophy, its modes of warfare, its policy, its politics, and its application and importance, is found to be more and more congenial and adapted to man's nature and wants.

Little by Little.

It is a common fault to overlook the unobtrusive modes of doing good which lie in the path of every one, under the impression that were an opportunity given to achieve a single stroke, some stupendous work of beneficence, it would be cheerfully and resolutely embraced. We are apt to be too long-sighted in relation to the use of moral influence. In looking out afar for some magnificent work, for the performance of which we will greatly congratulate ourselves, while the world will wonder at our bravery, we fail to see a thousand opportunities for blessing others, because they are so near and so simple. We are at great pains to send the missionary to some far-off field of desolation and want, while we fail to do to our own families that which is infinitely more important, and which is the progress of a revival, while we neglect the personal activity and faithfulness to those around us, upon which all revivals depend. Like legislators declaring war and granting appropriations, while they neglect to make the word, nor contribute to the expense, we would generalize every system of benevolence, so as to excuse ourselves from service. Yet this is a semblance of benevolence, bringing before the limit nor the blessedness of genuine virtue.

Every philanthropist, whose achievements have been embalmed in the memories of the good, has won his laurels by the labour of his own hands, in the way of humble, simple, self-denying activity. There is no legitimate way to distinguished usefulness. It is to be attained, if attained at all, only by persevering in the ordinary common-place way of laborious duty in the personal sphere which we occupy. Howard's memory is sacred and sublime; but the labours which, concentrate it were performed in the prison house and the hospital, amidst the repulsive associations of poverty and crime, use by one, and little by little. If he had waited for the opportunity of performing at a stroke the good deeds which were the accumulated results of years of toil, he had died unknown and unremembered. So will we find it in the case of every good and great man. If we could draw aside the veil which his renown has cast over him, we should find him la-

Maxims worth a Daily Reading.

Benevolence is perpetual; it giveth about doing good.

On every part of creation is inscribed this sentiment: "Not for ourselves, but for others." The eye that sees all things, sees not itself. The Bible—this oldest book is always new.

Nature designed the heart to be always warm, and the hands to be often open.

The best outlay of money is on good deeds. To be useful is to be happy; to be loved of God is to be blessed.

Every second of time throughout the busy hours of the day, and during the silence of night, an immortal soul is passing from this into eternity.

The superfluities of professed Christians would send the Gospel to the whole world. Nothing can be lost that is done for God, or given to God.

Content is the wealth of nature. The best outlay of money is on good deeds. When we bear in mind what our Saviour gave for us, and is daily giving to us, what can we have the heart to refuse to give to Him?

To-morrow: the day when misers give, when sinners work, and when sinners return to God. The worst kind of poverty is a destruction of God's sacraments and ordinances. God and our parents cannot be fully requited.

To do nothing is the way to be nothing. To receive God's blessing in Christ, you must first open your heart.

When men proportion their charities to their estates, God often proportions their estates to their charities.

Think of the accounts you have to settle with your Maker and your Saviour; sit or not please you, must pay your rent. Judas and the poor widow both brought money to the temple.

Zacheus gave the half of his goods unto the Lord; the poor widow gave all that she had. The gift of a little cake unto a prophet of the Lord, was required with a family supply for many days.

Benevolence is the salt of wealth. Lay out for the Lord and lay up for yourself. Of all missionaries, the chief is He whom the Father sent.

Self-Examination.

O my soul, what sins art thou guilty of, more immediately against thy neighbor?

How, when, where, against whom hast thou been guilty of any injury, or injustice, or oppression, or breach of trust, or promise, or of any fraud, or theft, or flattery, or dissimulation, or treachery, or lying, or giving any just scandal?

How, when, where, against whom hast thou been guilty of any ill language, or distraction, or slander, or tale-bearing, or rash censuring, or backbiting, or of contumacious or scoffing at thy neighbor, either for his infirmities, or for his being religious?

How, when, where, against whom hast thou been guilty of any contumacious, or spiteful, or revengeful, or of delighting ourselves to give thy neighbor, or of railing, or of actually hurting him, or of murdering him in thy mind, by ill wishes or curses? Hast thou been guilty of bitter imprecations, or bearing false witness, or covetousness of any thing he possesses?

Hast thou been guilty of unthankfulness to those that have done thee good, or have reproved thee, or of uncharitableness to the poor, or to any Christian in distress, or of any uncharitableness to any of thy relations, or of any evil speaking, or disrespect, or subornation against any of thy governors, either civil or ecclesiastical; or in particular, against thy parents or superiors, or of any willful disobedience to the lawful commands of all or either of them?

Hast thou tempted any other to sin, by conversation or conversation, or example, or persuasion, or mightily increased thy own guilt by furthering the damnation of thy brother?—*Bishop Ken.*

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