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Religious Miscellany.

The Starless Crown.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."—Dan. xiii. 3.

Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptur'd sight a glorious vision rose:
I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silver voice, and radiance fill'd my room.
A gentle touch awak'd me, a gentle whisper said:
"Arise, O sleeper! follow me," and through the air we fled;
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seem'd,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway stream'd.
Still on we went, my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy;
I wonder'd what the end would be, what next would meet mine eye,
I knew not how we journey'd through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.
We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold;
We passed through streets of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold,
It need not the sun by day, nor silver moon by night,
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself, his light.
Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music fill'd the air,
And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every clime were there,
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb!" they sang, "The glory His alone."
But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face,
And as I gazed, He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace,
Lowly I bowed before His throne, and joy'd that I at last
Had gain'd the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.
And then in solemn tones He said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on me, and life shew'st me to be mine,
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
Yonder thou art a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;
For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now;
And such bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead."
"I did not mean that thou should'st tread the way of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone,
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
And thus in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest."
The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer sate,
A spell seem'd breaking o'er my soul, which long I feared to break;
And when at last I gazed around, in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit fell, O'erwhelm'd amid that vision's awful night.
I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwell'd below,
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show,
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus dying love,
And help to lead some weary souls to seek a home above,
And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me."
And given on my inmost soul, this word of truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine."

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Letters to the Young.

"YOUTHFUL CONSECRATION TO CHRIST."

No. 3.

DEAR YOUTHFUL READER,—If religion is "the one thing needful," it cannot be secured at too early a period in life. The season of youth is, without doubt, the most favorable for seeking the truth divine, and the difficulties to be overcome in so doing increase every day that this important duty is neglected. The Scriptures teach, in language most explicit, that a change of heart is necessary to salvation. This change wrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit, is called the new birth or regeneration, and conversion. To this the Saviour alluded when he declared, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." In these impressive words he addressed, and we are sure he addressed, "No Nicodemus," "Ye must be born again." No thing, youthful reader, will avail for this new birth, unless you are born again. Neither your upright deportment, nor an unblemished reputation, nor a piety ancestry, nor connection with the visible church of Christ. The doctrine of the Bible is, that we are born in sin, and are by nature the children of wrath; that the human heart in its unregenerate state, is desperately wicked. While the heart remains in its carnal state, no outward reformation, no discharge of religious duties, can be acceptable to the God of infinite purity. No life of righteousness, can we serve or love God. When the tree is good, the fruit will be good also. When we experience the heavenly birth, we become "new creatures in Christ, old things pass away, behold all things become new." Un-

General Miscellany.

The Artist and the New-boy.

If any of the *The Independent* boys and girls have never heard of Henry Inman, the artist, I am very sure that their parents can tell them something of him. As a man he was revered and beloved by many of the present generation, and a painter, his name ranks among the greatest in our land. He has passed from our world into a better and brighter one, but his works are treasured in many a household both in Europe and America.

Among his more celebrated pictures, and one of which many of my readers have no doubt seen an engraving is one called "The New-boy." It represents a ruddy, ragged, but honest-looking little fellow leaning against the side of the Astor House steps, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm.

No one can look upon that bright, intelligent face with its glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, lit up with energy and sturdy purpose, without feeling that the picture is no fancy sketch, but a veritable portrait of some rare prince among the new-boys. And a portrait it really is.

When Mr. Inman first conceived the idea of painting the picture, he wandered slowly along Broadway in the hope of seeing some fine specimen of the new-boy race that would do for a "subject." Many passed him, or meeting his attentive eye, passed eagerly toward him through the crowd with *Sun, Herald and New-Ery*; but *New-Ery*, sir?—but the right face was not among them. Some had a squint; some looked vicious; some had straight red hair sticking out like bristles; some were badly formed, and some showed a deformed spirit within. One and all either offered his artistic eye or fell short of his idea of a genuine out-and-out new-boy.

Almost in despair of finding what he sought, our artist was about turning into the Astor House on Broadway, when suddenly one of the motley group of boys collected near its steps arrested his attention. Here, at last, was his ideal in living, breathing form. In the street, ragged, shabby-looking youngster before him, and now, indeed, rushing toward him with an eager "Morning paper, sir!" he felt sure that he beheld the original of his future picture. The little fellow was ragged and dirty enough, but what of that? Health and cheerfulness fairly gleamed through the dirt, (though I know Dr. Lewis will have me indicated for saying so) and the long, black, tangled hair, shining with curls in spite of everything, straggling from beneath the tattered straw hat, made the ruddy face look all the handsomer. Then the man's coat that he wore, with its tails out, and its sleeves shortened by a great roll at the wrist, was a picture in itself; while the trousers full of patches—to say nothing of the places where patches ought to be—filled the artist's heart with delight.

Yes! he would paint him, ragged, dirt, and all. The grand boy-nature would be there still. "How fortunate!" thought the happy artist; "begrimed though he be, the fellow looks as if a king's heart was beating in his bosom."

So Mr. Inman bought a paper of the boy, and asked him whether he would be willing to be his model; in other words, to stand for a picture. The boy looked astonished, but gave a ready assent. After a few moments' talk it was agreed that early on the following morning Joe (for that was the young gentleman's name) should appear in the artist's studio to have his portrait taken.

"You will certainly be there," said Mr. Inman, looking searchingly into the boy's face.

"Sir," exclaimed Joe, growing very red, and straightening himself up to his full height.

"You won't disappoint me?" reiterated the artist, at the same time handing the boy a silver quarter by way of a retaining fee.

"Look here, mister," rejoined Joe fiercely, at the same time laying his papers on a hydrant so as to be ready for a fight if it should prove necessary, "none as yer follin'—didn't I say I'd come? And I don't want none of yer money, neither, till I've earned it."

So saying, Master Joseph turned haughtily upon heel, and catching up his papers, commenced shouting, "Sun, Herald and New-Ery!" in sublime disregard of artists in general, and Mr. Inman in particular.

Early on the following morning, while the artist was in his studio preparing for the day's work, he was startled by a "double-quick" on the bare stairway.

In another instant, strangely in contrast with the daring ascent, a modest knock was heard at the door.

"Come in!" shouted the artist, well-pleased at the punctuality of his sitter. The door opened, and looking up, what a sight presented itself to his astonished gaze! There stood his "sitter"; indeed, but also, it was no longer the new-boy, no longer the Joe upon whom the artist's soul had been feasting in dreams the long night through. The boy had actually been washed; his pantaloons had been neatly brushed, and mended; his coat exchanged for a neat-fitting Sabbath jacket, his tattered straw hat abandoned for a trim gray cap, and the shirring, matted curls were cropped off close to his head, leaving only a dingy stubble in their place.

"You young rascal, you," grasped the disappointed artist, "what in mischief's name have you been doing to yourself?"

"Doin', sir?" was the meek reply, "I haint bin doin' nothin'—yer didn't tell me to come afore nine o'clock—and I had ter sell all me mornin' papers, sir, afore I went home ter slick up and dress."

"To dress!" echoed Mr. Inman savagely; "and who told you, you little scoundrel, to rig yourself up in that style?"

"Couldn't help it, sir," apologized Joe; "me shoes an' jacket is new, sir, or was a month ago—everythin' on me 's decent but me breeches—and fur that matter, sir, I could have a new pair next week, if you'd wait."

This was too much for the poor artist. He sprang from his chair, and would have done into a violent passion had he not burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

The boy looked puzzled for an instant, and then, after casting an almost fearful look upon the breeches, which he believed to be the sole cause of the artist's emotion, turned indignantly toward the door.

"Stay!" said his companion, suddenly checking his mirth, "come back, my boy; we do not understand each other. I wanted to paint you as you looked yesterday, and now you have spoiled yourself for my picture by putting on your best clothes and cutting your hair. Do you understand?"

"He! he!" grinned Joe, "that's the go, is it, sir? Well, I'm blowed if I ever'd a thought of gettin' my picture took in them air old clothes; but I'll step around, an' put 'em on ag'in in a jiffy, if you say the word."

"No, no, Joe; no to-day. The hair was what I wanted particularly. How long do you think it will be before you can raise another beautiful, my man?"

"Not long, sir," replied Joe cheerily; "I've got a regular mop, sir, generally. It 'ud have bin down to my heels afore this if mammy hadn't cropped it off last Sunday-school exhibition. She shipped it extra close this morning, yer see, on account uv havin' me picture took, he! he! But it 'll be out in less'n a month, sir."

Whether the artist concluded to wait for the hair or not I do not remember, as it is many years since he told me the incident. Certain it is, however, that Joe, though a man now, (and let us believe an honest and good man), is living an eternal youth in Inman's picture of *The New-boy*.—*Independent*.

Wilkes the London Dissenter.

Some of our readers have heard of Wilkes, a distinguished but eccentric preacher and theologian, who among the London Dissenters, seventy years ago. His manner was severe and dictatorial, and often gave offence. It was rare that any one dared attempt a retort when he poured upon them his scathing rebukes. On two occasions, however, he was silenced, or nearly so, by replies that he could not reasonably make.

Walking one morning in the fish market of Billingsgate, he heard one of the women indulging in a terrible strain of profanity. He immediately stepped up to her with the thundering announcement, "Woman! stop that talk, or I will be a swift witness against you at the day of judgement!" "Very likely," she replied looking at him with a sneering air, "I have always heard the greatest rogues turn king's evidence."

It was the custom of Wilkes to question his students on Monday about the Sabbath performance. They met him in his study and gave account of their exhortations, or sermons in the neighbouring villages or towns. On one occasion a young man was asked the subject and place of his morning sermon. The text was given and the place in which he preached. "And what did you preach in the afternoon?" "And what did you do in the evening?" "The same, sir." "And in the evening what did you talk about?" "Why, the same text, rather slowly responded the student. "What?" burst upon him, with a voice of thunder, "couldn't you make more than one sermon for the whole day?" "I'm ashamed of you, sir. Never let me know of such idleness again." The student was sorely vexed with the tone and character of such a rebuke, and resolved to give the old gentleman "a bit" when opportunity might occur. It was not long before the day of retribution arrived. It was known to the student that Wilkes was to preach in three different places on a certain Sabbath. He therefore resolved to be his hearer all day. In the morning the text was announced—"I am ready to halt." In the afternoon the student followed him, and heard the same sermon, and again the same in the evening. On the way the student's horse stumbled in consequence of which the hour of meeting in the morning found the stern critic sitting by the fire with a bruised leg resting on a chair. As the student entered they greeted him and consoled with him on his misfortune. At length the most interesting of all opened the door and appeared before his venerable teacher. "And pray how are you my dear sir?" "I'm badly, sir"—returning to the parlor, he said, "I quite expected, 'for I heard you say three times yesterday that you were ready to halt.'" "And haven't you anything better to do than to follow me at all day—I should like to know," said the tortured invalid, fixing his keen eye on the exulting youth!

REV. E. E. ADAMS.

An Incident in the Danish War.

Describing the departure of the Royal Guard from Copenhagen, the *Daily News* correspondent compares this scene to the departure of our own Guards from London for the Crimea. The Danish Grenadier came with stately tread toward the pier, where a steamer awaited them. Women ran by their husband's side, or crowded after the company in which their friends were marching. Old men brushed away a tear as they blessed the tall, brave fellows that trod so well and heavily together. Boys darted in and out between the lines, on pretence of speaking to some one they knew. Every widow weep open, and cheeks were given as each corner was turned. The people and soldiers' horse stabled in consequence of which the hour of meeting in the morning found the stern critic sitting by the fire with a bruised leg resting on a chair. As the student entered they greeted him and consoled with him on his misfortune. At length the most interesting of all opened the door and appeared before his venerable teacher. "And pray how are you my dear sir?" "I'm badly, sir"—returning to the parlor, he said, "I quite expected, 'for I heard you say three times yesterday that you were ready to halt.'" "And haven't you anything better to do than to follow me at all day—I should like to know," said the tortured invalid, fixing his keen eye on the exulting youth!

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Social Condition of the Danes.

If I were a Dane, I should be loath to exchange my present condition for any probable advantage. If people do not dislike a six months' winter of ice and snow, they could hardly find a pleasanter land than this of Denmark. Poverty, in our English sense of the word, seems to be unknown in the country district. A laborer in a night may never meet with, and the clothing even of the lowest classes is warm and comfort-

Prayer Answered.

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

A Christian wife had for years prayed earnestly for the conversion of her husband. Strong in his pride of intellect and manly vigor, he looked upon religion as a crudity fit only for women and children. The fallings or peculiarities of Christians elicited his bitterest sarcasms, and many a tear was wrung from her eyes while his wit was mercilessly used upon some sincere, but illiterate or unpolished follower of Jesus. His anxiety for his soul, so dear, and in such awful peril, made her own walk and conversation truly blasphemous.

She had one child, a daughter, inheriting her father's passionate temper. Many and trying were mother's struggles with her darling, in which she always came off conqueror, for Mrs. Arlington never faltered in her firmness, never lost her sweetness and gentleness of manner. Subdued by love, Esiee clung to her with renewed fondness. But while she was yet a little one, her father's temper, and her own fiery nature, were too much for her, and she was committed to the care of her mother. Her father's temper, and her own fiery nature, were too much for her, and she was committed to the care of her mother.

"O, I am sure there is nothing I know of that I love more. Some time ago, I was thought very near death. I seemed just about to pass over Jordan, but all was glory, peace, and joy! I had no fear; and why had you no fear? Was it not because you enjoyed that love which casteth out our fear?"

"It is perfect love that casteth out our fear."

"Yes, Father M., no doubt, has long since enjoyed perfect love," said we, "but the difficulty with him is, he wants some evidence beside the knowledge of the fact. The case reminds me of a sister to whom I said, at the close of one of our Tuesday meetings, 'Do you enjoy the blessing of holiness?' She replied, 'I believe I do, or at least I know I love the Lord with all my heart; but I want the evidence of it.' Dr. Bangs was standing near, when I drew his attention to the sister, saying, 'Here is a sister who says she believes she loves the Lord with all her heart, or rather, she knows she does, but she wants the evidence of it.' 'Do you want the evidence of a thing you know?' says the venerable doctor. Then, turning to the window where the sun was throwing in his mellowing light, he exclaimed, 'The sun is shining, and you know it; and do you want the evidence of it? But let me tell you, Father M., just what I know of the way to bring you into the glorious conscious enjoyment of this experience. It is to offend with your mouth what you know your heart now believes; for it is with the heart man believeth, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. It is the fire of perfect love kindled in the soul; and we must give it vent, if we want it to burn to a mighty flame.'"

The conversation passed, and a social meeting of intense interest commenced, during which several were saved from all sin, and others received justifying grace. Father M.—said, apparently drinking in the streams of salvation, little doubting, we imagine, but that he loved God with all his heart. But now that others of his tent's company had received the sanctifying fire, we felt yet more anxious that his testimony should be more explicit.

"With an humble dependence on the Spirit's aid, we turned to the venerable patriarch, and said:—

"Remember it is not Adam's perfection, nor angelic perfection, but Christian perfection, that we have been talking about; we of ourselves cannot present a perfect sacrifice. Without Christ we can do nothing. Our offerings are polluted. We cannot so much as think a good thing, much less imitate a good desire, or a holy emotion, or perform a right action. Our good is all divine. It is only as our offerings are presented through Christ that they can be 'holy, acceptable.' We every moment need the merits of Jesus' death. And it is because we need that it is every moment available. But while we every moment present ourselves a living, that is, a continual, sacrifice to God through Christ, as our high priest, takes these poor, sin-polluted offerings, and through His all-cleansing blood, presents them 'holy, acceptable,' for an offering presented to God through Christ is 'holy, acceptable.' How can it be otherwise in view of the medium through which the offering is presented?"

"Who would dare say otherwise than that 'the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness?' It is a divine declaration, a truth to be believed, and therefore sinful to doubt. It is only for us to know that we present ourselves wholly to God through Christ, to know that the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin. O the infinite efficacy of the blood of the Jesus! It is not the worthiness of the offerer, or the greatness of the gift that he presents, that makes it holy and acceptable; but it is the all-cleansing efficacy of Jesus' blood. Why, Father M., if the guilt of the world could be accumulated and laid upon your head, it would only give you to come to God through Christ, and at once prove that the blood of Jesus cleanseth,—not that it can or will, but that it cleanseth now,—just while you now present yourself, it cleanseth."

Our every moment presenting ourselves to God through Christ!

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"Is that all? Why, that is what I have been doing for years. O praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!"

"Yes, my dear Father M., that is all, and for years past you might have been witnessing that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness, to think of and pray could his own existence. A book so infinitely superior as is the Bible to every other, in its adaptation to the wants of the soul, to the temptations of the heart, broken, the dying, and universal humanity in all its conflicts, sins and woes, carries its own evidence to the Divine origin.

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"It is perfect love that casteth out our fear."

"Yes, Father M., no doubt, has long since enjoyed perfect love," said we, "but the difficulty with him is, he wants some evidence beside the knowledge of the fact. The case reminds me of a sister to whom I said, at the close of one of our Tuesday meetings, 'Do you enjoy the blessing of holiness?' She replied, 'I believe I do, or at least I know I love the Lord with all my heart; but I want the evidence of it.' Dr. Bangs was standing near, when I drew his attention to the sister, saying, 'Here is a sister who says she believes she loves the Lord with all her heart, or rather, she knows she does, but she wants the evidence of it.' 'Do you want the evidence of a thing you know?' says the venerable doctor. Then, turning to the window where the sun was throwing in his mellowing light, he exclaimed, 'The sun is shining, and you know it; and do you want the evidence of it? But let me tell you, Father M., just what I know of the way to bring you into the glorious conscious enjoyment of this experience. It is to offend with your mouth what you know your heart now believes; for it is with the heart man believeth, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. It is the fire of perfect love kindled in the soul; and we must give it vent, if we want it to burn to a mighty flame.'"

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"Remember it is not Adam's perfection, nor angelic perfection, but Christian perfection, that we have been talking about; we of ourselves cannot present a perfect sacrifice. Without Christ we can do nothing. Our offerings are polluted. We cannot so much as think a good thing, much less imitate a good desire, or a holy emotion, or perform a right action. Our good is all divine. It is only as our offerings are presented through Christ that they can be 'holy, acceptable.' We every moment need the merits of Jesus' death. And it is because we need that it is every moment available. But while we every moment present ourselves a living, that is, a continual, sacrifice to God through Christ, as our high priest, takes these poor, sin-polluted offerings, and through His all-cleansing blood, presents them 'holy, acceptable,' for an offering presented to God through Christ is 'holy, acceptable.' How can it be otherwise in view of the medium through which the offering is presented?"

"Who would dare say otherwise than that 'the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness?' It is a divine declaration, a truth to be believed, and therefore sinful to doubt. It is only for us to know that we present ourselves wholly to God through Christ, to know that the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin. O the infinite efficacy of the blood of the Jesus! It is not the worthiness of the offerer, or the greatness of the gift that he presents, that makes it holy and acceptable; but it is the all-cleansing efficacy of Jesus' blood. Why, Father M., if the guilt of the world could be accumulated and laid upon your head, it would only give you to come to God through Christ, and at once prove that the blood of Jesus cleanseth,—not that it can or will, but that it cleanseth now,—just while you now present yourself, it cleanseth."

Our every moment presenting ourselves to God through Christ!

"Not necessarily a perfection of knowledge, or a perfection of wisdom, but a perfection of love; loving God with all the heart. Not but that we may love him more as our powers expand, but loving him with all the heart just now, and just as we are; and while we thus present ourselves every moment through Christ, we are unto God a sweet savour of love, and the offering is accepted as perfect through Christ. We might have proceeded, for our mind was filled with the glorious vision of Christ as a perfect Saviour; but Father M.—could hold his peace no longer, and cried out:—

"Is that all? Why, that is what I have been doing for years. O praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!"

"Yes, my dear Father M., that is all, and for years past you might have been witnessing that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness, to think of and pray could his own existence. A book so infinitely superior as is the Bible to every other, in its adaptation to the wants of the soul, to the temptations of the heart, broken, the dying, and universal humanity in all its conflicts, sins and woes, carries its own evidence to the Divine origin.

Prayer Answered.

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

A Christian wife had for years prayed earnestly for the conversion of her husband. Strong in his pride of intellect and manly vigor, he looked upon religion as a crudity fit only for women and children. The fallings or peculiarities of Christians elicited his bitterest sarcasms, and many a tear was wrung from her eyes while his wit was mercilessly used upon some sincere, but illiterate or unpolished follower of Jesus. His anxiety for his soul, so dear, and in such awful peril, made her own walk and conversation truly blasphemous.

She had one child, a daughter, inheriting her father's passionate temper. Many and trying were mother's struggles with her darling, in which she always came off conqueror, for Mrs. Arlington never faltered in her firmness, never lost her sweetness and gentleness of manner. Subdued by love, Esiee clung to her with renewed fondness. But while she was yet a little one, her father's temper, and her own fiery nature, were too much for her, and she was committed to the care of her mother. Her father's temper, and her own fiery nature, were too much for her, and she was committed to the care of her mother.

"O, I am sure there is nothing I know of that I love more. Some time ago, I was thought very near death. I seemed just about to pass over Jordan, but all was glory, peace, and joy! I had no fear; and why had you no fear? Was it not because you enjoyed that love which casteth out our fear?"

"It is perfect love that casteth out our fear."

"Yes, Father M., no doubt, has long since enjoyed perfect love," said we, "but the difficulty with him is, he wants some evidence beside the knowledge of the fact. The case reminds me of a sister to whom I said, at the close of one of our Tuesday meetings, 'Do you enjoy the blessing of holiness?' She replied, 'I believe I do, or at least I know I love the Lord with all my heart; but I want the evidence of it.' Dr. Bangs was standing near, when I drew his attention to the sister, saying, 'Here is a sister who says she believes she loves the Lord with all her heart, or rather, she knows she does, but she wants the evidence of it.' 'Do you want the evidence of a thing you know?' says the venerable doctor. Then, turning to the window where the sun was throwing in his mellowing light, he exclaimed, 'The sun is shining, and you know it; and do you want the evidence of it? But let me tell you, Father M., just what I know of the way to bring you into the glorious conscious enjoyment of this experience. It is to offend with your mouth what you know your heart now believes; for it is with the heart man believeth, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. It is the fire of perfect love kindled in the soul; and we must give it vent, if we want it to burn to a mighty flame.'"

The conversation passed, and a social meeting of intense interest commenced, during which several were saved from all sin, and others received justifying grace. Father M.—said, apparently drinking in the streams of salvation, little doubting, we imagine, but that he loved God with all his heart. But now that others of his tent's company had received the sanctifying fire, we felt yet more anxious that his testimony should be more explicit.

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