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E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

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Selected Articles.

"GUILTY."

That word, though one of frequent occurrence in every day discourse, is nevertheless a word of awful import, and sometimes fraught with tremendous consequences. The most serious and momentous changes in the condition of thousands, have followed the utterance of the dread word—GUILTY. Many have had for their subsequent home the dungeon of the gal; many have been driven in shame and disgrace from the land of their birth, never to return; and not a few, alas! have had to expiate their crimes by death, amid the ignominy of the scaffold and before the relentless gaze of indignant myriads. Nor is this all. A verdict of "guilty" has as no doubt frequently rid society of some of its worst and perhaps less fortunate members; but it has also not unfrequently left behind it dishonoured and sorrowing relatives whose integrity and respectability were above suspicion, and who had no sympathy whatever with the commission of crime. Guilty!—There are few words so ill-omened as that, or from which even the vilest of men shrink with so much natural aversion, or which awaken in the hearts of all such painful anxiety. What breathless stillness—what absorbing interest—what anxious suspense—what solemn mingling of hope and fear, has sometimes characterized the forensic hall, as the condemning word, "guilty," or the acquitting phrase, "not guilty," was about to issue from the lips of a humble fellow creature. The recent extraordinary trial in London—a trial unexampled in the history of judicial examinations—affords abundant illustration of the terrible importance which must be attached to the word guilty. For twelve long days were the highest talent and the greatest acknowledged skill, both legal and medical, employed in this most painful case; and for what purpose?—simply, so far as the mere trial was concerned, to pronounce an unhappy man innocent or guilty of the horrible crime of which he stood accused; and when the latter word had ceased to quiver on the tongue of the forensic juror, the case had ended, and the awful doom of the alleged malefactor was sealed. All in retiring from that unparalleled scene, must have been more and more impressed with the dreadful significance of the fatal word which terminated the protracted proceedings, and we presume none more so than poor William Palmer himself, despite the apparent remarkable boldness and equanimity with which he seemed possessed. How the wretched man must have been inwardly overwhelmed, as the stern message of the twelve of his countrymen, was delivered in his hearing, and the consequent sentence of death pronounced upon him! And how, after his return to his dark and hopeless cell, the ghastly word "guilty"—even assuming him to be innocent—must have rung in his angry accents in his ears by night and by day, as he awoke, and not exulted from his untried but anguished heart, many a bitter pang of indelible remorse!

But the grave and affecting nature of the word guilty is not circumscribed to a public court of justice, nor is it felt by the public culprit alone, but by all, even the purest and the best. Conscience is waked as a judge under heaven in every man's breast—accuses every man of acts of crime, however small or secret—acquits no one of guilt, pardons no breach of moral rectitude; but, on the contrary, oftentimes demands immediate retribution in the agonizing wall of the repentant but unforgotten perpetrator. Conscience—unless it be buried in ignorance, or "seared as with a hot iron," approves what is morally wrong, and warns against its commission; but it also faithfully reminds of past crimes and consequent guilt; hence, ever and anon from the judgment seat of this inward monitor, there resounds as with a voice of thunder, in the ear of the moral delinquent—"Guilty! guilty! vengeance awaits!" Though none, as we have seen, whom we now address may ever be accused in a felon's cell, or arraigned as culprit before any human tribunal, or obliged to immolate their lives on a murderer's gibbet—of this, at least, we are certain, all without exception must, on arriving at the closing scene of life, plead guilty to the charge of having committed moral evil, crime, which nothing but the beneficence of God can cancel, and which, if not graciously blotted out, must consign the offender to utter and irretrievable woe.

But the word guilty assumes a still more awful importance when applied to the transgression of the law of Divine love. Connected with the commission of crime there have frequently been extraordinary circumstances. For example, one man has committed robbery, but it has been proved that what has drawn him to it; another has committed murder, but it has been proved that provocation on the part of his victim, has increased him to the rank of a third; has assailed the virtue of his neighbor, but it has been proved that strong temptation to a mind naturally depraved, has presented itself; a fourth has lived a life of almost constant madeness, without fear or compunction, but it has been proved that it has been the result of a serious moral training. Such are some of the mitigating circumstances, not unfrequently connected with the perpetration of crime. But can any one of these, or any other circumstance, be pleaded by man in extenuation of his spiritual guilt? Was there any want of premeditation—any provocation given—any temptation offered—a heart labouring under

the weakness of natural corruption—any flaw in the moral training of either of our first parents discovered, when, in that fatal moment for the human race, sin polluted the garden of Eden? No—none whatever. Yet, alas! man rebelled against his Maker, transgressed his holy commandments, apostatized from his love, and entailed sin, ruin, and death upon himself and his whole posterity. Oh! what crimson-dyed guilt was that!—a guilt which made all the world guilty before God,—a guilt from whose source every species of guilt, in all succeeding generations, should have to be traced. No language can describe the guilt of Adam's transgression; and yet there has been, and is still, greater guilt than even his was. If, through the disobedience of one, came the moral poison of sin into the world, through the obedience of another came also the antidote; and herein consists the most heinous and most enormous of all guilt—men despise, reject, and neglect this sovereign spiritual remedy; thus, not only effectually and madly sealing their own damnation, but wickedly insulting the blood, the majesty, and the power of an incarnate God. Oh! what monstrous, what infernal guilt!

Reader, are you thus guilty? If so, be guilty no longer. Go wash without delay in the fountain which is ever open for sin and uncleanness; believe on him whom God hath "set forth a propitiation" for the sins of a guilty world; cling with unyielding grasp to the bleeding Lamb of Calvary; confide, unflinchingly, in the love of a Triune God; then you shall know from sweet experience, that the "blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," and consequently, from the deepest and foulest guilt; and when you come to stand at the bar of that last and stupendous assize, over which the Creator of heaven and earth will himself preside, you shall have a free, a full, a glorious, and an eternal acquittal, to which the approving Judge will add in your already ravished ears—"Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Manchester. J. H. M.

The Pilgrim to St. Patrick's Shrine.

It was a cold, frosty night; the snow lay deep in the valleys, and the whitened hill-tops sparkled in the moonbeams; the howling north wind shook the leafless trees; all was still, and not a creature was seen abroad, save one young man issuing from a lonely house, who wended his way down into the hollows, where the snow lay deepest. Suddenly he stops, sits down on a bank, and proceeds to immerse his bare feet and legs in the crisp snow. There he sits hour after hour; thither he returns night after night, shivering with cold and hunger, for he has tasted but one scanty meal a day for many a long month.

Is he a senseless maniac, escaped from a lunatic asylum? No! He is a poor convicted sinner, who hopes by these means to save his guilty soul.

But the raging fires of conscience cannot be quenched by cold and hunger; and when spring begins to open, the poor penitent sets out on a pilgrimage to the holy shrine of St. Patrick, situated about forty miles from the scene of his winter penances. The whole of this journey he performs on his bare knees, which become dreadfully lacerated and torn. But he heeds it not; he has heard that many have found peace of mind in this act of penance; and he has heard of peace and holiness not only on his own account, but for the sake of others. He has been educated to be a priest, and how shall he lead others to heaven, if he be not saved himself.

St. Patrick's rock or shrine, stands in the centre of Lough Derg, in Ireland. It is a little sail, composed of sand and pebbles. The pebbles are collected by the pilgrims, who distribute them on their way home to the country people, who receive them as charms. A small species of cabbage grows on the island; these also are carried away for the purpose of making ointment, which is supposed to possess miraculous efficacy for the cure of diseases. There is a holy well on the island, from which the pilgrims take water in bottles. A pile of sticks and crutches is also shown, said to have been thrown away by cripples who obtained their footing, or recovered the use of their limbs, by making their offerings at the shrine of the saint. But all these cures, if they had really been effected, touch only the bodily health; our poor young devotee had a deeper sorrow, a wounded conscience; holy water, and holy pebbles, and holy cabbages could not touch his disease. He paid his offerings to the priest, he gave his helpenny to be rowed again over the lough, again he fell on his poor lacerated knees, and in that degrading attitude he returned to his native town, with a still burdened heart, again to fast and pray, and again, on the return of winter, to sit by night in the snow and rain.

He was worshipping a god of his own imaginings—one who took pleasure in the useless sufferings of his creatures—one who could accept the pains of the sinner as an atonement for sin; and he had constituted himself his own saviour. But if it be impossible that the blood of innocent bulls and goats can take away sin, much more is it impossible that the self-imposed sufferings of the sinner himself can wash them away. And so this young Irishman found it. Had he known even the letter of Scripture, he would have exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But God's blessed Word was to him an unread book.

In this state of mind he happened one day to meet a Protestant gentleman of his acquaintance, whose heart had often yearned over him, and who would gladly have led him into the ways of truth and peace. This gentleman had often invited him to come to hear the gospel, but to no effect. On the present occasion, however, he told him that a very celebrated minister from England was going to preach, and his curiosity was excited, so that he gave a reluctant consent.

He seated himself in a corner, and with an uneasy conscience, attempted to listen. The minister gave out his text 1 John i. 7, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." At first the young man paid but little attention to the sermon. He felt he had no business where he was—he thought of his next confession to the priest, and of what would be his penance for this wilful sin. He sat uneasily—he looked from time to time towards the door, and if he could have escaped without disturbing all his neighbours, he certainly would have done so; but he felt ashamed to attract the eyes of all the congregation to himself.

At length, however, his ear caught something the preacher said, and he began to listen in earnest. The topic of the discourse was altogether new to him. God's word had hitherto been a sealed book to his eye; and the doctrine that the blood of Jesus Christ is of itself sufficient to wash away all sin, was one that he had not so much as heard of.

He listened with delight. The words were indeed, tidings of great joy to him. "Can this be true? can it be truly God's word?" For, "said he to himself, 'if the blood of Jesus Christ is of itself capable of cleansing from all sin, and rendering a full satisfaction for the violated laws of God, to what purpose are all the penances and painful observances which I undergo continually? Why should I fast and go on pilgrimages, and lacerate my body, in the vain hope of unburdening my soul of its guilt? Truly this is a simple message of salvation indeed!' These and similar thoughts passed through the mind of this youth, hitherto bound with the chain of self-imposed law. He saw, with amazement and delight, that the whole work needed for the sinner's salvation was already done—already finished by Jesus. He believed it, because it was the Word of God, who cannot lie; and, believing it, he was saved. He had peace with God, and peace in his own soul, because he believed the record which God has given.

He was now a saved man: he was free.—An entire new principle took possession of his soul; not a principle which led him to sit down idly, because his salvation had been already wrought out by another, but a principle which led him to perform every duty to God and man with redoubled energy. Not that he now betook himself to the field to expose his body to the piercing cold; not that he now made his body weak through long-continued fastings. He no longer collected stones and cabbages for the good of his neighbors, and his own soul. No! he had found a more excellent way. He had no need to be any longer occupied in fruitless efforts for his own soul; he had time to think of others.

His heart's affections were given to that Saviour who had done such great things for him, and he desired to make His glory known. He thought of his friends and neighbors still immersed in the mists of that error and ignorance from which he himself had so lately escaped; and therefore he has gone about from house to house, and from town to town, proclaiming to all to whom he can obtain access, this blessed news, that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin; that the work of atonement is not the sinner's, but the Saviour's work; and that the sinner is saved, not through doing something himself, but simply through knowing and believing that something, which God has accepted, has already been done by Jesus, and through receiving that blessed Jesus as his Saviour.

This is a true account of one who was blind, but who now sees the truth. Are we, like him, trusting to our own works, our righteousnesses, our frames, feelings, or efforts for our salvation? We shall never find true peace in any of these ways. Let us follow this young Irishman's example, believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, and trust in His blood, only for salvation. Thus we shall find settled peace, and shall be ready like him to go forth and tell of this blessed way to heaven in the ears of all our fellow sinners.

London. E. G.

A Clever Device.

One very common obstacle, coming between the mind of man and the enjoyment of the Great Saviour, is the idea that he does not feel his need of the Saviour. He knows well enough that he does need a deliverer, and that he must die in despair if he remains without Christ; but then he does not FEEL this need. It is not improbable that some one into whose hands these lines may fall is in this very state of mind. You know you are unprepared to die, or even to live in peace as you ought to live. You are thoroughly sure that apart from the Redeemer, you have no hope beyond the grave, and no satisfying hope even in this world; but you do not feel this need sufficiently. It may be, you seem to yourself to be perfectly callous and utterly indifferent on the matter. You are ready to say that it is very shocking for you to be so, but you cannot help it—you cannot feel otherwise. Let us consider your case for a few moments. You say you do not feel your

need—what then is that need? According to your own showing it is a need of a feeling of need—in other words, you deeply need the removal of indifference from your feelings in relation to the Saviour. You are perfectly sensible of this need, and it is your true need so far as even your own ideas of your case point it out. When, therefore, you say you do not feel your need, you are forgetting what that need is—you are forgetting that the first momentous matter for your dead spirit is to have the dull, dreary, dismal sense of callous indifference removed from it—that you do feel; but by cleverly turning your mind away to something else, the tempter makes you dream that you do not feel your need at all. When this delusion is removed, and you see that you are sensible of horrid callousness in regard to Christ Jesus, you are no longer left crying, or looking listlessly for a feeling of need—that you have; and your need is of life and interest in your inner soul. Then comes the question *Can Christ Jesus supply that need?* He is abundantly sufficient to do so. You have only to know what he feels for you, and what he has done to save your precious soul, in order to the removal of all indifference to him. Have you ever thought that his heart clings to you, indifferent as you are, with the intense kindness and interest of infinite love? Perhaps you imagine that his view is limited and his heart selfish like those of men. If so, no wonder that you are indifferent. His eye rests on you as truly and directly as if there were no other in the universe, and his heart warms to your immortal and intelligent spirit, as divine love alone can warm. It was this that led him to give his soul an offering for sin, and to finish the curse by being made a curse in your room. Have you thought of what he must feel for you every moment to whom you are thus incalculably dearer than life itself? It is by such consideration that indifference is overcome. Bring then the callousness you feel to the cross and to the once broken heart of your Saviour and your need will be supplied.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

The ministry of C. H. Spurgeon, a Baptist clergyman, has produced an extraordinary sensation in the London religious world. Crowds wait on the preaching of this stripling—he was not twenty years old when he first established his fame—including in their thronged ranks, individuals high in intellect, station, and influence. Audiences numbering twelve thousand persons have been gathered to hear him. Exeter Hall will not contain the multitudes who seek to catch the sound of his voice.

The power to sway his fellows to issues of behavior and of belief other than those to which their native propensities would lead, is one of the noblest in his exercise and awfulest in its responsibilities with which man can be gifted. In the religious sphere of life especially is its rightful employment a boon to the subjects of its use. To excite emotions that bear their fruiting in a new creed, and in a change of conduct from evil acts to good deeds—from sin that drags a sad succession of sorrows in its train, to holiness that wins the guerdon of perpetual peace—this truly is work worthy of our manhood. But who is competent to its discharge? Where do we find the catholic sympathy of feeling that must fire the heart? Where is the mind, awake to all the influences that flow in perpetual mission into that great purpose out of all the agencies of God's universe? Where is the lofty spirit that can arise above the clogs of prejudiced conventionalism, with the free air of truth, discerning the unity of man's happiness, with the laws of his being in all their moral and physical relations, and seeking, not by ignoring, abrogating or restricting his natural instincts, but by guiding them in loving subjection to the needs of all of his nature, to establish his recreated soul in permanent and complete bliss?

Northern Home Magazine.

This is the title of a new Monthly, issued at Portland, Me., the first number of which appeared in June. It contains the engraving of the MAINE STATE SEMINARY, accompanied with the following article:—

MAINE STATE SEMINARY.

The Free Baptists separated from the Baptist denomination in the year 1780. Their first church was organized in New Durham, N. H., by Rev. Benjamin Randall.

They had in the commencement of their Christian operations but few educated men; and a large majority of the members of their churches too lightly esteemed education.

In the year 1832, their first institution was opened at North Parsonfield, Me., under Rev. Hosea Quinby, who is the first Free Baptist graduate from a College.

The Academy at Parsonfield was burned in September, 1854. It had received funds from the State in the sum of \$2000.

On the burning of Parsonfield, a State Convention assembled at Topsham, the 22d of November, 1854, where measures were taken for the establishment of a State Institution "centrally located."

The petition of the Conventions, aided by petitions from all sections of the State, from men of all classes and kinds of religious belief, was heard by the Legislature in the incorporation and endowment of the MAINE STATE SEMINARY, which received the Executive signature on the 15th of March, 1855.

The MAINE STATE SEMINARY is located at Lewiston. It has received \$5000 in money from the State; and—whenever "buildings are erected suitable for the accommodation and the purposes of the Seminary," and the same shall be "ready to be used as a place for the education of youth"—it is to receive the scrip of the State in the sum of \$10,000. The ten thousand dollars must be kept as a permanent fund, the State paying the interest (six per cent.) semi-annually.

Besides the \$15,000 donated by the State, the town of Lewiston has given an equal sum, five thousand of which is from the Lewiston Water Power Company. The sum of nine thousand dollars has, also, been raised in private contributions from various parts of the State—making the sum total of the funds of the Institution as at present remaining—THIRTY-NINE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The corner stone of the centre building as seen in the engraving is to be laid with appropriate exercises on the 26th inst. It takes the name of Hathorn Hall, in memory of Deacon Seth Hathorn, of Woolwich, an aged and venerable member of the F. Baptist Church, and who has largely contributed for its erection. Its estimated cost is \$8,000. It is 86 by 50, three stories high. The first or basement story contains a Chemical Room, Philosophical Room, Laboratory, and Library Room. The second story contains the Chapel and two Recitation Rooms. The third story contains six Recitation Rooms and two rooms for Literary Societies.

The two wing buildings are each 40 feet by 118, four stories high—the one for ladies, the other for gentlemen. The dining room will be in the basement of the Ladies' Hall. These two halls are estimated to cost \$11,600 each, making the whole cost of the buildings \$30,000. They will probably cost more.

The Maine State Seminary is designed to be open, like a common Academy, for boys and girls of all ages and ranks of scholarship; but in addition, it will have a regular course

of study (probably three years)—and will give diplomas to such students as may complete this course.

It is hoped by many of its friends that the school will be opened as soon as the spring term of 1857.

The Maine State Seminary is not a sectarian school in any improper sense of the term. Like a large number of schools of the State a majority of the Trustees are members of a particular christian denomination.

But while a majority of the Board of Trustees are F. Baptists, men of other religious faiths are among its warmest and most effective friends. By its charter the Institution is purely "Literary;" and while moral and christian principles will be taught, all students will be left free in their religious creeds, holding sacred their right to worship God where and how they please.

Rev. Ebenezer Knowlton, member of Congress, is President of the Board of Trustees; and Hon. John M. Wood, M. C., Hon. Alonzo Garcelon, and Hon. Nathan G. Hitchborn are among the members of the Board.

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Singularly endowed as is the remarkable young man whose name heads this article, and whose wonderful career has attracted our notice—fitted as he is by the possession of a magnetic power of exciting and persuading masses of men—even he has so much of the alloy of self and spiritual conceit, as almost to outweigh the worth of his earnestness and genius.

He is rated by his adherents above Fox, Wesley, or Whitfield. Converts and baptisms are frequent and numerous. His astonishing success has provoked, of course, the sharp criticisms of those whose old-fashioned ways he has encountered, and we all know that when the pen is dipped in evangelical spirit, all the grossness of political partisanship, or the harsh indecencies of low-bred vulgarity, are eclipsed by the more pious disputants. But in the face of all opposition he has advanced from one triumph to another, until he has aroused an excitement but rarely paralleled even in the history of religious enthusiasm. These phenomena appear inexplicable. Without education, without social position, without graces of person or style, lacking all the usual requisites of popularity, he has won a conspicuous place among the leaders of the people.

Churches never Destroyed by Benevolence.

It may serve to quiet the nerves of those timid pastors and Church sessions, who are so fearful that the pecuniary resources of the flocks intrusted to their spiritual oversight will be injured by excessive charity, that they will scarcely permit any benevolent cause to be presented to them, if we quote a quaint extract from a speech reported to have been made at a Bible meeting:

Brethren, said the speaker, I have heard of Churches starving out from a saving spirit; but I have never heard of one dying from benevolence. And if I could hear of one such, I would make a pilgrimage to it by night, and in that quiet solitude, with the moon shining, and the aged elm waving, I would put my hands on the moss-clad ruins, and gazing on the venerable scene would say, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." If pastors would reflect, they would see at a glance that avarice destroys its thousands; but charity has no victims; and that the dangers to the prosperity of a church are all on the side of covetousness. The same spirit which leads men to complain of being called upon to give to general objects of benevolence, operates to make them niggardly in their support of the gospel at home. A church which gives nothing to foreign objects rarely devotes liberal things toward its pastor for a very long time.

A Curious Temperance Sermon.

The following sermon was delivered by the Rev. James Axley, who entered the Methodist ministry in 1804, is extracted from a work entitled 'Sketches of Western Methodism.' This minister, of fifty years ago, appears to have been far a-head of the age in which he lived, and even before the mass of ministers of the present day:—

Text: 'Alexander, the coppersmith, did me much evil; the Lord reward him according to his works.' 2 Tim. ii. 14. Paul was a travelling preacher, and a bishop, I presume, or a presiding elder, at least; for he travelled extensively, had much to do, not only in regulating the societies, but also in sending the preachers here, there, and yonder. He was zealous, laborious,—would not build on another man's foundation, but formed new circuits where Christ was not named, "so that from Jerusalem, and round about Illyricum, he had fully preached the gospel of Christ." One new place that he had visited was very wicked—Sabbath breaking, dancing, drinking, quarrelling, fighting, swearing, &c. abounded, but the work of the Lord took effect; there was a powerful stir among the people, and many precious souls were converted. Among the subjects of the work, there was a certain noted character, Alexander by name, and a stillmaker by trade; also, one Hymeneus, who was his partner in the business. Paul formed a new society, and appointed brother Alexander class leader. There was a great change in the place; the people left off their drinking, swearing, fighting, horse-racing, dancing, and all their wicked practices. The stills were worked up into bells and stew-kettles, and thus applied to useful purposes. The settlement was orderly, the meetings were prosperous, and things went well among them for some time.

But one year they had a pleasant spring; there was no late frost, and the peach crop hit exactly. I do suppose, my brethren, that such a crop of peaches was never known before. The old folks ate all they could eat, the children ate all they could eat, and the pigs ate all they could eat, and the sisters preserved all they could preserve, and still the limbs of the trees were bending and breaking. One Sunday, when the brethren met for worship, they gathered round outside of the meeting house, and got to talking about their worldly business—as you know people sometimes do, and it is a mighty bad practice—and one said to another—"Brother, how is the peach crop this year?" "Oh," said he, "you never saw the like; they are rotting on the ground under the trees; I don't know what to do with them." "How would it do," said one, "to still them?" The peaches will go to waste, but the brandy will keep; and it is very good, if not used to excess. "I should like to know," said one brother, how you could make brandy without stills?" "That's nothing," replied one, "for our class-leader, brother Alexander, is as good a still-maker as need be, and brother Hymeneus is another, and rather than see the fruit wasted no doubt they would make us a few." The next thing heard on the subject was a hammering in the class-leader's shop; and soon the stills in every brother's orchard were smoking, and the liquid poison streaming. When one called on another, the bottle was brought out, with the remark—"I want you to taste my new brandy, I think it is pretty good." The guest, after tasting was urged to repeat, when smacking his lips, he would reply—"Well it is tolerable; but I wish you would come over and taste mine; I think it is a little better."

So they tasted and tasted till many of them got half drunk, and I don't know but three-quarters. Then the devil was raised among them; the society was all in an uproar, and Paul sent for to come and settle the difficulty. At first it was difficult to find sober, disinterested ones enough to try the guilty; but finally he got his committee formed, and the first one he brought to account was Alexander, who pleaded "not guilty." He declared that he had not tasted, bought, sold, or distilled a drop of brandy. "But," said Paul, "you made the stills, otherwise there would have been no liquor made; and if no liquor, no one would have been intoxicated." So they expelled him first, then Hymeneus next, and went on for compliment till the society was relieved of all still-makers, distillers, dram-sellers, and dram-drinkers, and peace was once more restored. Paul says, "Holding fast and a good conscience—which some put away, concerning faith have made shipwreck—of whom is Hymeneus and Alexander, whom I have delivered unto Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme."

The Pop and the Bookseller.

About two hundred years ago, a foppish young man strolled into the shop of Mr. Boulter, a goodly bookseller in London, and inquired for some play books. Mr. Boulter informed him that he had none, but said he could recommend something much better. "Accordingly, reaching down a little treatise by the Rev. John Flavel, on "keeping the heart," he presented it to him to read it, and assuring him it would do him much more good than play books. The gentleman read the title, and glancing on several pages here and there, broke out into many profane and hasty expressions, such as—"What a fanatic was he who made this book." Mr. Boulter begged of him to buy the book and read it, assuring him that he would find no cause to regret it.

At last the young man said he would buy it, but he would not read it. "What will you do with it then?" said Mr. Boulter. "I will