

Religious Intelligencer.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

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

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

VOL. III.—NO. 30.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 134

Miscellany.

Fanaticism of Intemperance.

There is a mystery in the actions of men. The intuitions which rule them are strange—unaccountably strange. They will madden through the hard-beaten path to the idol car, whose ponderous wheels have, for ages, crushed its millions into the dust. The light of the *ignis fatuus* will attract them through the miasma of death-falls with a deadly heat upon the brow. When the altars of blood are the reddest, they crowd and jostle to offer themselves fresh victims. With a scornful laugh, they will lift anchor and launch out upon a sea full of whirlpools and upon whose wreck-strewn shores there is no haven of safety or reason to cheer. No star which ever cast its light upon earth has wrought such ruin as that of rum. Its malign light has followed man from the cradle to the grave. Like a sirocco, hot from the burning wastes of hell, and fiercely red with the glare of ruin, it blasts and withers the holiest and fairest things of earth: it bursts upon an Eden, and it falls upon the noblemen of earth, and the god-like specimen shrinks and crimps into a grinning devil. It beams in upon a home, and the fires of hell are kindled upon the broken altars, till even innocence in the cradle is consumed, and the ashes of all earth's hopes are left upon the desolate hearthstone. Stars of the first magnitude pale and go down in night under the meteor scath of that lurid orb.

The poet hath said—

"Faith—fanatic faith once wedded fast—
To some dear error, hugs it to the last."

Nowhere in the history of the universe of God can there be found such fanaticism as that exhibited by a Christian people in clinging to the bloody altars of the rum traffic. And yet, unlike the heathen bigot, our people know better. They walk down to death amid the fresh sodden graves of their kindred. Fathers cry out for the goddess of the Ephesians while upon her altars the blood of their own children is freshly smoken. Children stand in the deep-worn tracks of their fathers, and at the same shrine offer up health, property, name, body and soul. Brothers cling to the fatal cup whose clammy brim is reeking with the kiss of the dead. Reeling from broken health and neglected grave, the husband grasps at the "death light" which had burned in his own soul.

In our native country, not long since, we witnessed this infatuation. One, whose eldest son died in a far off land, and among strangers, from the effects of his habits, raved like a madman at the measure which aims to save the youth of our country. Another, a rum-seller, and equally as rabid, has three or four sons now drunkards. And yet another, his lips whitening with rage at the mention of the Maine law, has a son who, last autumn, though a young man of talent, was seen at Five Point mission house, begging a *sixpence*. And yet again, we have seen editors battling the beneficent measure and evidences, living and dead, appealing to them for a far different course.

Men are mad. They love to see humanity drink, and reel, and die. By word and bail, they struggle to keep us from closing for ever the floodgates of ruin. The drunkards of the land, with feeble and feeble strokes, beating the red waves around them, throw out their despairing arms in vain. The wall breaking from the innocent and defenceless is not heard. Rum must be sold—and drunkards be made and killed—and souls be damned. A worse and more refined devil than heathenish altar, must be loaded with his human sacrifice. Earth has no spot too sacred or too holy—the future, no hope so dear but that all must be offered up that rum may be sold.

And yet the friends of the rum traffic talk about fanaticism! Is there no fanaticism here? God forgive the fratricidal hand, who, with red torch in hand, is seeking to kindle consuming fires which shall leave our land desolate with home and heart-waste, and the future one of hopeless night.—*Cayuga Chief*.

An Ocean Funeral.

Young maidens, here is something for you. A short time ago, a young lady, Miss Shepherd of Montreal, was on her way to Sydney to be married, but never reached the Australian shore. She died on the passage out, but she fell asleep in Jesus; and though she was committed to the restless ocean wave, her friends do not mourn her as if they had no hope of seeing her again. A minister, the Rev. A. D. Kimmont, attended her in her last illness, and, when writing home, gives the following graphic and mournfully interesting account. May God touch your young hearts by it, and lead you to seek an everlasting union with the heavenly Bridegroom!

There were about 950 souls in the ship. There were four births and eight deaths; five adults and three children were buried in the ocean. One of the second cabin passengers who died was an interesting young woman, a native of Montreal, who purposed going to Sydney to be married to a farmer. She fell while going down the cabin stair, about a month after we sailed, and burst a blood vessel. She was comatose, and only lingered three weeks. I visited her daily, and found her a most intelligent believer in Jesus. Her faith and patience, her gratitude, and peace, and hope were remarkable. The day before she died, she sent for me, and after I had en-

gaged in prayer with her, she warmly thanked me for my attentions, and asked me to write to her parents, and tell them she died in peace. She sent a lock of her hair, to them, and one to her lover, with her Bible and a marriage vest. Precious and significant mementoes of a lovely departed daughter, and a glorified affianced lover. Her funeral was very affecting. At six o'clock in the evening her lifeless form, wrapped in canvas, was borne by four sailors on a plank, and placed on the bulwark of the main deck, on the lee side of the ship, which was then sailing about seventeen knots an hour. The deck, poop, rigging, and every place where a view of the solemn ceremony could be obtained, were occupied by the passengers and sailors. The captain and officers stood on my right and left, and a multitude crowded around, while I prayed. The instant the word "Amen" was uttered, the first officer said, "Launch," and the body plunged into the deep, and sank in a moment amidst the swelling billows. Not an instant were we permitted to gaze on the spot where her body was buried. The ship paused not at all during her interment, and spedily bore us far away from her grave. Though her sorrowing friends knew not the where her dust reposes; her omniscient Redeemer knows it, and when, at his command, "the sea gives up the dead which are in it," her body shall be raised by His power, beautiful, glorious and immortal, and shall ascend with him to that happy world, where there is no sea, no funeral, no death, no partings and no sorrow. Would that all young maidens, like that one, sought to be united to Jesus, and were indeed betrothed and married to Him; then, though their cherished hopes in relation to temporal things should be blasted, Christ will still be, in them, the hope of glory while they live, and the fulness of blessedness when they die.—*Bri. Mis.*

The Atheist Silenced.

The following short method of silencing an atheist, once accomplished by the Rev. Isaac Guseman will be new to some of our readers. Some years ago Mr. Guseman made a trip to Iowa. On board the steamer in which he took passage, there was a gentleman who took great pains to make known that he was opposed to Christianity, and all forms of religion.

He spent most of the day in arguing with those who would dispute with him, and in pouring forth anathemas against priests and the credulity of mankind. He denounced Christ as an impostor, religion as a delusion, any particular form of worship or creed as the result of trammels of education, and that it was only tolerated by statesmen for the security of the government of the weak and erring. He was evidently a man of education and ability. His repartee, drollery, sarcasm, and a faculty for turning things into the ridicule, bore down so heavily upon those with whom he argued, that they were generally silenced though not convinced.

One day he was in high glee, and kept a crowd of passengers in a continual roar of laughter at his irreverent jokes and witticisms. On this occasion Mr. Guseman, who had hitherto refrained from entering into any dispute or controversy with him, determined to try to silence him and turn the laugh against him.

He accordingly moved slowly towards the place where the skeptic was standing. On his approaching, the other observed: "Well, old gentleman I am a freethinker what is your notion about religion?"

"Why, sir, I have always been taught to believe in the truth of Christian religion; and have never once had a doubt of the existence of the supreme and intelligent Cause. But in turn let me ask you a question: 'Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?'"

"Certainly not—I have none?"

"Do you deny the existence of a God?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"Then sir, I have heard of you before."

"Heard of me before?"

"Yes, sir, I have read about you."

"Read about me! I was not aware that I was published. Pray where?"

"In the Psalm of David, sir, where it reads, 'The fool had said in his heart, there is no God.'"

At this unlooked for turn in the argument there was one general burst of laughter and merriment at the expense of the atheist, who, confounded and unable to rally at being thus unexpectedly proved a fool moved away to another part of the boat. During the remainder of the voyage the wiseacre was silent on religious subjects; but occasionally some of the passengers would tease him by slyly observing "I have heard of you before."—*True Virginian*.

My Sabbaths.

I must be more particular in many things if I am to enjoy the advantages for which the Sabbath was intended.

1. I must not forget that there are as many hours in a Sabbath day, as in any other day. This thing of sleeping an hour longer on that day than usual, is robbing God, and robbing myself. I must begin the day at the right time, as well as in the right way.

2. I must be punctual in attending upon the worship of the sanctuary. It is not only a duty of rest, but of devotion. And when in the sanctuary, I must try to be a true worshiper.

3. I must pray for a blessing upon the Sabbath and its privileges. I must ask that my own heart may be prepared for its duties. I must pray that the blessing of heaven may rest

on my pastor, and that in the public assembly God's grace may descend as the dew upon the hearts of those who meet for his worship.

4. I must more entirely dismiss secular things, worldly thoughts, conversation, and employments. Politics and business must, with the plow and the axe, rest until the Sabbath is gone. I have sadly failed here, especially in my thoughts and conversation.

5. I must try to remember that the Sabbath is an earnest of the rest remaining for the people of God; that every one as it comes may be the last, and should be spent as if to be succeeded by the eternal Sabbath in heaven.

6. I must not forget that the Sabbath well spent, secures a blessing upon the other means of grace. It greatly increases the spirit of prayer—it is sure to secure the profitable reading of the Scriptures—it makes us realize the sweetness and profit of the fellowship of saints—it makes us joyful in God's house.

7. I must carefully review my failures in regard to the Sabbath, and repent, mourning over my sins, and turning from them.—*Presb. of the West*.

Without a Religious Newspaper.

THAT is the condition of many professedly Christian families—of more than persons think. Add together the circulation of every religious journal, and then compare the sum with the number of churches and communicants and the disparity will strongly appear. They have secular papers, political or agricultural or literary, but none of a religious character.

What do they miss in this way? They are without ready information as to the welfare of churches, of missions, and of Christian institutions generally.

They know little of the progress of Christ's kingdom. The trials and the joys, the sufferings and the triumphs of His servants all over the earth, are unthought of. The prayer, "Thy kingdom come," is offered, without any knowledge as to the matter of fact, whether or not tokens appear that it is heard or answered. Such uninformed Christians must have little interest in what we are assured is near unto the heart of their Lord.

Then, too, they lose the benefit of the thoughts of some of our best preachers and writers. It is a great mistake to imagine that the religious paper utters only the opinion of the editors and their immediate assistants. Men highly honored for learning and power, wise and thoughtful men, give the public some of their most religious journals. And young, active men, pastors and evangelists, who are in near contact with the people, give the fruits of their experience. Youthful and promising writers try their pens, and gain skill to instruct their readers.

A vast deal of mental activity goes to make up the columns of a good newspaper. Its contents for a year would make a good many volumes of common library dimensions, and would out-weight in solid reading many popular looks.

And even in matters of general news, is there no choice between the view of public affairs taken from a party platform by men heated with passion, perhaps wholly destitute of religious principles, and taken by men who aim habitually to inquire concerning passing events? How does God regard these things? How shall we think of them when we look back from eternity?

How happy the influence of such a paper in a family—continually felt in the habits of thinking and living, which are formed or strengthened by it. "In my little church of seventy members," says a Wisconsin pastor, "thirty-two religious papers are taken, (exclusive of the publications of benevolent societies.) A religious paper is taken in every family, and these papers in their silent way are exerting a mighty influence. I can see the peculiar influence of these papers on these families respectively. They do much in some families, more than the Bible, to mould, fashion and educate members of the families who are yet out of the church.

Free Will Baptist Missionary Society.

The Rev. O. R. Bachefer agent for this Society, being now in this Province presenting the condition of the Hindoos, and the claims of the Foreign Mission cause, we have thought it would not be out of place to transfer to our columns the following article from "NEWCOMB'S CYCLOPEDIA OF MISSIONS," a very valuable work of about 800 pages, "containing a comprehensive view of Missionary operations throughout the world." This article gives a brief view of the origin and progress of the Mission in which Mr. Bachefer was engaged for several years, and which he now represents.—*Ed. Rel. Int.*

The first two missionaries of this Society, Messrs. Noyes and Phillips, with their wives, spent their first six months in India as laborers in connection with the English General Baptist missionaries. Mr. Phillips superintended their bazaar schools at Balasore, and Mr. Noyes was in the English mission school at Cuttack. At the expiration of that time, it was mutually agreed that these brethren should enter a separate field, and Sambalpoore, the capital of a district of the same name, was selected. It lies on the Mahanadi river, 250 miles above Cuttack, and contains some 15,000 inhabitants. It is the residence of the rajah, and situated in the midst of a populous

country. The only European family in the place showed the missionaries every possible kindness, and afforded them such assistance. During the several months spent in building and preparing for a permanent location, the missionaries did what they could in preaching and distributing books. Six starving children were given to them, and with them commenced a boarding school system which has been useful to the mission. Before they were settled in their new abodes, the missionaries one after another were brought very low by sickness. They were almost destitute of the comforts of life, and their hastily-built houses could not shelter them from the scorching heat. Having no physician or nurses, they assisted each other as well as their debility would permit. Mrs. Noyes on one occasion leaving her sick bed to bleed her husband. After burying a child, and narrowly escaping death themselves, they revived so far as to be put on board a boat, and were floated down to Cuttack. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips were called to bury their infant child, which she followed in a few days, and was laid in the grave by her desolate husband, attended by the six small children who were her scholars. He was immediately taken sick, and when hope had nearly fled, he too was carried on board a boat, being almost unconscious, and was taken to Cuttack. A few weeks' residence at this place, where they received the most kind attentions, restored the health of the invalids; but it was decided that they ought not to risk their lives by a return to Sambalpoore. Balasore having been recently vacated by the return of England of Rev. Mr. Goadly, a General Baptist missionary who had previously occupied that station, by the advice of the missionaries at Cuttack, Messrs. Noyes and Phillips, located there, and commenced their labors in 1847. Balasore is the capital of the district of the same name. It is a small river port situated on the great pilgrim road leading from the northern provinces to Pooree, and lies on the river Brundhabalanga, about eight miles from the sea. It contains about 14,000 inhabitants, and about 1500 coasting vessels are owned in the place, which are mostly engaged in taking salt to Calcutta. The climate is comparatively cool and healthy. At Balasore the missionaries formed the nucleus of their boarding-schools with the six native children given to them in Sambalpoore. Others were rescued from death in time of famine, and the number of scholars soon increased to fifty. In 1850 there were seventy-nine natives or Khund children who, like themselves, were kidnapped and kept for the purpose of being offered as sacrifices, in accordance with a horrible custom that prevails among the Khund tribes. These meras, as their captors call them, were rescued from their intended immolators, by some of the officers of the British government, who commit the rescued victims to the missionaries in the country, by whom they are brought up and educated. A considerable number of the rescued ones have died of cholera, but the survivors are doing well.

In 1840 Rev. O. R. Bachefer and wife were located in Balasore, soon after which ill-health compelled Rev. E. Noyes to return to his native land. Mrs. Bachefer left the station for America in 1845, but did a few days' labor commencing her journey. Rev. R. Cooley and wife, Miss Lovina Crawford, and Rev. B. B. Smith and wife, now occupy this station; but on account of the ill-health of his present wife, Rev. Mr. Bachefer has been compelled to return with her and their children to this country.

All the missionaries of the Society have been obliged sometimes to give medicine to the sick and dying heathen; but in consequence of having studied medicine previously to his going to India, Rev. Mr. Bachefer devoted more time and attention to this department of usefulness than could be consistently done by the other brethren of the mission. Through his efforts a dispensary has been established at Balasore, which during ten years past, has been extensively patronized. All applicants for medicine have been supplied as fully as the means furnished would admit, and numerous surgical operations have been performed. In 1850, Mr. Bachefer treated 2,407 cases, besides performing 126 operations in surgery. As the patients were mostly poor, the medicine and services were bestowed gratuitously. These labors for the physical comfort of destitute and suffering idolaters were performed at times set apart for such services, so as not to allow the duties of the physician to interfere with those of the missionary. On an average he devoted only an hour daily to his patients. He also formed a Medical Class of the native converts, to whom he lectured daily. The students, by taking copious notes of his lectures, were furnished with a competent guide in treating the ordinary diseases of the country, which, if they are studious and industrious will afford them a comfortable support, and make them respected among their countrymen. Twelve young men have attended this class, six of whom have completed the course of two years' study, and are now useful in their calling. Mr. Bachefer's medical labors were considered beneficial to his missionary work, as they secured the confidence and esteem of many to whom he could otherwise have had no access.

Early in 1840, Rev. Mr. Phillips took a portion of the boarding-school and some of the native converts at Balasore, and went with them to Jellalore, where he commenced a new station. Jellalore is situated on the great pilgrim road, previously named in this article, thirty miles north of Balasore, and in the midst of a densely populated country, one

hundred and twelve miles from Calcutta. It is rather a collection of villages than a compact town. Nominally the district in which Jellalore is located belongs to the province of Bengal, but its inhabitants are mostly Oriyas, numbering about half a million of souls. There is but one European family within thirty miles of the station, and the missionary has toiled alone more than thirteen years. During this period he buried his second wife, who was eminently prepared for usefulness in the boarding-school. A day school and a boarding-school have been in operation a considerable portion of the time at this station; and some four years ago a hospital was established there, mostly for the benefit of heathen pilgrims and large numbers of the sick have received medical aid. The annual number of patients has usually varied from four hundred to five hundred. The hospital was erected for the benefit of the poor; and like the dispensary at Balasore, it has been sustained by subscriptions in India. The natives have given small sums for its support, but the principal contributions were made by Europeans.

Some six months after his arrival in India, in 1844, Rev. J. C. Dow located in Midnapore. It is the capital of a district in the province of Bengal, and contains some 20,000 inhabitants, and the district is peopled by about one and a half millions of Bengalis. The town is about seventy-five miles from Calcutta, and the climate is unusually healthy. A short time before Mr. Dow located in Midnapore, the place was vacated by the General Baptist missionaries. Three years of excessive toil broke him down, when he was compelled to return to his native land a confirmed invalid. There are some twenty European families in the town, who would do considerable towards the support of a missionary, were one sent there. Three times has this promising station been occupied by different missionary societies, and as many times has it been abandoned for want of laborers.

In 1852, a new interest was commenced at a place called Santipur, which is about six miles from Jellalore, and near several large villages. Two hundred acres of land have been secured, on which a Christian settlement has been commenced, especially for the benefit of the Santals. There is on the lot of a small Santal village, and there are others near it. Some thirty or forty acres of the land are under cultivation, and the rest is covered with jungle or brush wood. The settlement is regarded as the outer court of the temple, into which Gentiles may be admitted. It is designed to afford refuge and protection to inquirers, while in their transition state from heathenism to Christianity, where the Santals may be secure from the interference and oppression of the landholders, and native Christians enjoy the fruit of their labors, and worship God unmolested. Though the heathen are permitted to settle on the premises, rules are adopted forbidding all idolatrous practices, enjoining moral duties, the observance of the Sabbath, attendance at worship, &c.

A Sabbath-school is held every Lord's-day afternoon, and a day school has been opened for the heathen children, from the adjacent villages and the children belonging to the station. It is designed to be in part a farming community, and several of the native Christians are already cultivating small lots for agricultural purposes.

During his residence in Jellalore, Rev. Mr. Phillips has labored considerably for the benefit of the Santals, spending what time he could spare from his other duties, in visiting their villages, acquiring their language, getting a few of their children into school, and giving the people a written language. Having no colleague he has been able to do but little in this interesting and important work, but what he has done has not been lost. Several of the Santal youth were brought into a school which he established in Jellalore, where they were taught their own language, reduced to system, and written for the first time in a book. But little religious concern was observed among them, till 1847, when some of the scholars began to manifest a deep interest in spiritual things. Several of them soon obtained a hope in Christ, two of whom promise to be useful to the mission and their countrymen, either as preachers or school teachers. Though alone and engaged much of the time in Oriya labors, Mr. Phillips has been enabled to translate the Gospel by Matthew into Santal, and is now engaged in translating Mark into the same language. He has written a Santal primer of 24 pp.; a sequel to it of 44 pp.; and an Introduction to the Santal language comprising a grammar, reading lessons, and a vocabulary of nearly five thousand words. It contains 190 pp. He has also written a tract and geography in Oriya. Rev. Mr. Noyes, prepared an Oriya tract and Rev. Mr. Bachefer a medical guide, both in Oriya and Bengali. These are the principal works that the missionaries have published. Mrs. Phillips has recently arrived in this country. She left Oriya with her children, partly on account of her ill-health. Her husband designs to follow his family in a year or two, and after recruiting himself, return with part of them to his present field. Nothing occurring to prevent it, he will then engage more earnestly in the work of translating the Scriptures into Santal. Appropriations are expected from the American and Foreign Bible Society to aid him in the effort.

A GOOD NAME.—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than fine gold."

Correspondence.

NEW HAMPTON, N.H., July 10, 1856.

Visit to the Free Will Baptist Literary and Theological Institution at New Hampton, N.H.—*Examination of Students, &c.*

MR. EDITOR,—Leaving Manchester, from which place I wrote you last, on the morning of the 8th, in company with the Rev. F. W. Wright, pastor of our church at the above named place, and his wife, I passed through Concord to Sanbornton bridge by the cars. From the latter place I came by stage to this place, the ride being a very pleasant one and only about twelve miles. This stage route passes within view of some of the mountain scenery, for which the State of New Hampshire is distinguished. The ride by stage over hills and through vales, in a pleasant day and with a very agreeable company, after a long, dusty and lonely ride by cars, was exceedingly exhilarating to my spirits. Yet even in this the imperfection of earthly things obtruded itself upon me in very disagreeable form—in that which, had I been on the water, I should have called sea sickness.

I am here the guest of Professor Butler of the Theological department of this flourishing Institution of learning located in this pleasant and healthy village. Some of your readers will recollect Professor B. as my fellow traveller in a trip to Washington a year or two ago, and most pleasant it is again to meet him and to pass the time in his agreeable family. What a source of holy influences is a Christian home, especially when presided over by a devout and accomplished matron. The examination of the classes commenced on the 8th and lasted through the 9th, and today is the exhibition. The classes in all the departments have sustained an examination which reflects more than usual honour upon both teacher and pupil.

I was exceedingly gratified to find your Province represented among the pupils, and so well represented that we have reason to desire the representation may be greatly increased in number.

In the Theological department the classes were examined in Exegesis, Flomelitics, Theology, and in Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. If any of your readers have any scruples as to the propriety of Theological study in school, if they could have been present to listen to the devout young men being given their views of portions of Scripture, I think they would have gone away with conviction that those whom the Holy Spirit is calling to the sacred work of the ministry have the approval of the same spirit in the study of the Book He has inspired. What can be more reasonable than that such young men should seek instruction from holy, devout, experienced and learned Christians. What is the act of imparting and receiving such instruction but Theological study. That a number of such instructions should come together and have the various helps to the study of the Bible seems most reasonable and what is this but a Theological school? Is it said that time is too precious to be thus spent? Is time good for anything unless devoted to the salvation of souls? There is no place on earth in which a devout young man can do so much for the salvation of souls as at school. Some forty conversions have taken place in the various departments of this school during the year, to which important result the young men preparing for the ministry have contributed their full share, besides labouring abundantly on the Sabbaths in places in the vicinity otherwise destitute of preaching. It is a great mistake therefore to suppose that one while engaged in study preparatory to the ministry is expected to lay aside from work. So far is the reverse true, that the students have unusual facilities to labor in the kingdom of Christ.

Calling upon Bro. Bachefer's family here, I was most happy to learn that this excellent returned missionary is on a visit to your Province and may his labours be greatly blessed to the good of souls.

July 11.—The exercises of yesterday consisted for the most part in the reading of original essays by the six young ladies of the graduating class, and speeches by several young gentlemen, some of whom have completed their course of study here. These exercises were exceedingly interesting. I would not be invidious, but so far as the matter of writing goes, I think the ladies were manifestly superior. The essays by the ladies were all exceedingly creditable to the authors. One of these essays I send you as a specimen, and I am sure your young readers will be grateful for it. The gentlemen acquired themselves better than usual for such occasions.

Connected with this institution are three societies among the students, each of which has a reading room and library. Before the two connected with the literary departments Professor Stanton, the former principal of the institution, delivered a highly finished and instructive address on Wednesday evening on "the struggles of our race." It was exceedingly rich in moral lessons, inciting to temperance, fortitude, and piety.—The society of Theological research also had an address on Tuesday evening, but I was not fortunate enough to have a position in which I can speak of its merits and I dislike to speak of its faults. The subject however was important, and timely as I heard it remarked, "The Holy Spirit, the love of his manifestation and his functions."

At these exercises I have met many friends