

# Religious Intelligence.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

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

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## The Blind Irishman.

In the beautiful vale of Limerick, in the county of Limerick, on the banks of the river Suir, are found a singular class of persons, whose story is somewhat remarkable. They came down about a hundred years ago from the mountains which skirt the valley, where their ancestors had dwelt for some centuries. When their numbers exceeded their territory, a party of them undertook to bank in and reclaim a great bend of the river. This they did with incredible labour, and thus rescued from the tide several hundred acres of land, on which they settled, paying a small rent. Those who improved this tract, soon became the richest farmers of their rank in the country. They were complete bores, but still a naturally intelligent people. They never intermarried or married with the inhabitants of the vale, which is two miles across. They married either among themselves or from amongst their kindred on the mountains. They never attended burling matches, wakes, patterns, or public hours; but, by industry and hard labour, they were able to live most comfortably in their own homes. Their maxim was, that "if they had a little to spend, it was better to spend it with the women and children than among other people."

In the neighbourhood there was a minister who was in the habit of giving out medicine to the poor; he was sent for one day by one of those farmers, whose name was Lymann, to see a girl who had fallen into the fire, and was badly burnt. The cottage was very comfortable, divided by wicker-work partitions into several apartments. While the mother of the girl was talking of her husband, the clergyman, walking about the cottage, heard a muttering noise in one of the rooms, and looking in he saw a very old man sitting up in a bed and praying devoutly.

While dressing the wounds of the poor girl, he remarked to her mother that the man appeared to be very old. She said he was the oldest man in the country, and they reckoned him to be above a hundred years old. The next day that the minister went, the old man crept out of his room, and getting over to the fire place, he sat down, and leaned his elbows on his knees, shaking with palsy. It then appeared that he was blind, and the woman said that he had been so for six or seven years. The clergyman said to him, "You are a very old man, I hear." He answered, "Aye," then, after a short pause, he said in a low voice, "It is well for me to be old." The clergyman turned round and inquired, "Why is it well for you to be old?" He answered, "Sir, it is well for me to be old, but it was bad for Solomon." The clergyman asked what reason he had for saying that, and what did he know about Solomon. "I know this, sir," said he, raising his trembling voice, and speaking with much energy, "that had Solomon died when he was a young man, he would have been the greatest man in the world; but if I had died when I was young, I should have gone to hell. Solomon lived to disgrace himself—I have lived to obtain glory."

The clergyman, struck with the confident manner in which he thus spoke, asked him, "Why it was he hoped for glory, or on what was that hope grounded?" He answered, "Sir, on the love of God my Saviour; for when I think that the Lord Jesus died on the cross, and that he shed his blood for sinners, I am astonished that any one can ever perish. Oh, that blood! that blood!—surely it would wash away the sins of millions of worlds; but," said he thoughtfully, "God has said that some will perish, and I must believe God."

While the clergyman was engaged in dressing the wounds of the patient, the old man dropped several expressions, in which he showed that he was full of the most delightful views of the richness of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. As he spoke with great confidence of his hope in Christ, he was asked what reason he had to think that he was the servant of Christ, or that he was accepted through His precious blood? He answered, that he was sure of it, because, he testified that God was love, and that He would fulfil His Word; he felt it in his heart, and he knew that no person who depended on the blood of Christ, and called upon His name, would be lost, for God had declared it, and God was true. The clergyman then inquired how he came by this knowledge? He said, "Through the Holy Ghost, sir, I am sure, it is the Holy Ghost that has done all for me; I know, from God's Word, that it is the Holy Ghost." On the clergyman's mentioning to this, and saying, "No man can call Jesus Lord, except by the Holy Ghost," he said, "You are right, sir; true—very true. Why, sir, some people—and learned people too—would persuade me that the Holy Ghost does not do such things now, and that I was a great fool to believe that the Holy Ghost was given to us now. I told them that I was no fool to believe what God had said. Yes, sir, I often told them that if He did not incline our hearts, we must all perish in hell, for we could never, of ourselves, ever turn from our sins, or love God, and that I would never give up to any man, let him be who he may, but that it is the Holy Ghost alone that can make any man know the love of God, or do any good in us."

This conversation took place with now and then an interruption; but when the old man spoke, there was a power and force in his expressions that showed that his words were

out of the abundance of his heart, while his old countenance seemed to glow at every word, and the shaking of his feeble body used to cease during the effort, to allow the inclinations of his heart to give effect to his expression.

He was then asked whether he had heard any person speak of those things? He said, "No, sir." How then did you come to the knowledge of the Bible texts you have quoted? (for he had, in the conversation, quoted many texts and passages from the Scriptures). He said that about five or six years before, having become blind, and desiring to prepare his soul and know something of the Bible, of which he had often heard, but never had seen, he made one of his grand-children procure a Bible, and read it to him constantly; and, in the reading of it, the Lord opened his heart, and made him feel His love in Jesus Christ; then he broke out in many expressions of love to God, who had shown him such mercy. Being further questioned about the Bible, he said that when any passage struck him, he used to make the boy read it over and over again; and when it was any way difficult, he used to pray to God to open his heart to be able to understand it. Being asked if he understood every passage that was read, "No, sir," he said; "but I understand enough; I understand that God is Love." This seemed particularly to fill his mind, and he repeated it with great force; and that Jesus Christ shed his blood for me; and is not that enough, sir?"

This brought on a conversation between him and the clergyman, who gave him to understand that he agreed with him in all his sentiments, and was fully persuaded of the efficacy of the death of Christ, and of the agency of the Holy Ghost as he was; then entering more largely on the promises, the sufficiency, and the faithfulness of the Lord Jesus Christ, the delight that it produced in the old man's mind was beyond measure; his astonishment at finding any one who had the same sentiments which he had, greatly added to it; and before the discourse ended, he said several times, with great feeling, "Why, sir, you are my brother—you are my brother." The clergyman, having said to see his Bible, it appeared that it was out of those he had left at a village; and he was directed at a reduced price. When the old man discovered this, he seemed greatly pleased; and the clergyman saying that it was alone in the cross of Christ he gloried, and that to have the cross in his heart was his only desire. "Yes, sir," he exclaimed, "that is the truth—'to have the cross'—not in the hand, but in the heart."

Being asked whether he put any confidence in anything else, he said, "No, sir; I put confidence in nothing but in Jesus Christ and His blood. What other truth have I? Surely this is sufficient!"

He was constantly engaged in prayer and praise; and this was the case during every opportunity the clergyman had of seeing him.

Here, indeed, is an instance how God does and can work through the simple teaching of His Word, and it is an encouragement to go on to scatter far and wide the light of the Book of Life.—*The Book and its Missions.*

## The Theory of Church Building.

A house for Christian worship is not, like ancient temples, a shrine for the Divinity, to be embellished with gold and jewels, nor a memorial of votive offering in testimony of some mercy realized or sought; it is a place for the stated assembling of Christians with their household, and of all who can be persuaded thus to come together, to worship God according to the simple rites and ordinances of the New Testament, with prayer and praise, and the administration of the Word, and the commemoration of the Lord's death in the institution of the supper. The first great end to be sought, therefore, in building a house of worship, is the suitable and decent accommodation of the worshippers. God is to be glorified, not by the magnificence of the building as a monument to His magnificence, but by the uses of that building as a place for honoring His Name by public worship, for honoring His Truth by His public proclamation, for honoring His Son by the due observance of Christian ordinance.

There are three ways in which this principal object of a house of worship may be hindered. The first of these is by such an excess of art in the structure as causes it to appeal to the senses and the imagination rather than to the spiritual. The Old Dispensation sought to reach the spiritual in man through sensible objects. The ark, the altar, the Holy of Holies, curtained apart, the sacrifice to be offered only by the consecrated priest, these spoke first to the eye and to the imagination, and thus sought to affect the heart. This was a picture-book worship, adapted to the infant age of the world. But when Christ came, this was done away. He preached in the open fields, upon the hillside, on the shore of the sea, in the wilderness, or taught in the synagogue and in the porch of the temple;—everywhere speaking directly to the minds of men, and teaching them that God is not worshipped more acceptably in Jerusalem than in the mountain of Samaria, but in a Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Upon that platform must we build the house of God. In the idea of worship the Christian world is now of full age. We know what we worship; and where of old the temple of Jehovah ad-

dress itself to the eye, the word of God addresses itself to our thought.

Where the senses and the imagination are chiefly addressed in the forms or the place of worship, there the soul comes under the bondage of the Old Dispensation in place of the freedom of Christ. It was well for Solomon to expend millions of dollars in adorning that temple which was to be the symbol of the divine glory, and should express to an uncultivated people somewhat of the majesty, and purity, and honour of their deity. But if a Christian church had a million of dollars in bank, it would be better to expend this in erecting ten substantial and commodious houses in which Christian assemblies should meet to worship God, than in erecting one temple whose material ornaments would encumber the eye, and the fancy, at the expense of a true and elevated spiritual feeling.

A second mode in which the true design of a house of worship may be frustrated, is by encumbering it with debt, so as to exclude from it the body of the community, amongst whom spiritual worshippers and hopeful subjects of the Gospel are chiefly found. To exalt the stately above the spiritual were to be condemned, though the cost were not a hundred times. But it is possible in building the plainest country meeting-house to create a debt that shall be a perpetual incubus upon the spiritual life of the church and the success of the ministry. In cities, however, there is always a tendency to begin to build without counting the cost. The temptation is great to improve the opportunity to gratify a laudable taste, or to compete with neighbors, and to trust to outward attractions, to a gilded weathercock upon the steeple, or that more flexible weathercock the popularity of a minister, or to the great wealth of the times, or to the good-will of posterity, to pay off the encumbrance. This is not Christian faith; it may be commercial calculation, it may be sheer recklessness. Whatever it is, churches should set their faces against it, if they would preserve for themselves a place in which they and their children can freely worship God, and by providing liberal things for others as hearers of the word, would gain the blessing of Him who said, the Spirit of the Lord hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor. But the true design of a house of worship may also be frustrated by making it too cheap and mean for comfort and taste. While it is important to guard against extravagant display and an unchristian grandeur, it is no less important to guard against ugliness and bareness. Our fathers worshipped in caves, and in barns. But what of that? They also worshipped without fire, without count and eggs. Comfort, convenience, good taste must be studied, if a church would secure the blessing of a house of worship to assemble people, who in its walls to hear the Gospel and to worship God. God himself has given us the principles of taste, and the beautiful material and in art wherewith to glorify our taste. And where should we exercise a pure and elevated taste if not in the house which we and our children are to occupy as a house of worship? We should not beautify our own dwellings and wholly neglect the house of God. In style there is a just medium between that extravagance which would exclude the poor and compel a church to sell its character, its freedom, its pulpit, to whoever would buy it up, and that scrupulousness which would cut off both ends of the garment to piece out the middle. The house of worship should be built wisely and well for other generations.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Rev. Dr. Duff's Account of the Matiny in India. CALCUTTA, May 16, 1857. My Dear Friend:—We are at this moment in a crisis of property, such as has not occurred since the awful catastrophe of the Black Hole of Calcutta. So long as the spirit of dissimulation in the native army, with its occasional outbreaks, was only circulated about in whispers, I felt it better not to allude to the subject; but now that it has broken forth into so many open manifestations of a daring character, I can scarcely remain silent. Without dwelling at present on the Providential view of the case, I shall only advert to a few of the facts. At Barrackpore and Burhanpore, about 12 and 200 miles respectively north of Calcutta, the spirit of mutiny wildly exhibited itself. There have been one or two executions in consequence; while 1500 men have been disbanded in disgrace. These, however, as might have been expected, have betaken themselves to robbery and plunder; only this morning the news has reached us that Raneegowrie, the important station of our frontier railway terminus, has been attacked and plundered by them. The universal feeling is, that such desperadoes have been far too leniently dealt with; and that such mistaken leniency now recoils upon us in plunder and bloodshed. It is now certain that we narrowly escaped a general assault on Calcutta itself. There was a deep-laid plot or conspiracy—for which some have undergone the penalty of death—to seize on Fort William, and massacre all the Europeans. The night chosen for the desperate attempt was that on which the Maharajah of Gwalior, when here, had invited the whole European community to an exhibition of fireworks, across the river, at the Boreah Gardens. On that evening, however, as if by a judicious interposition of Pro-

vidence, we were visited with a heavy storm of thunder, lightning, and rain; so that the grand exhibition of the Maharajah had to be postponed. The European officers, therefore, had not left the Fort; and the object of the conspirators being thus defeated, was soon afterwards brought to light, to the horror of all, and the abounding thankfulness of such as acknowledge the loving-kindness of the Lord.

In Oude, what threatened to be a formidable and disastrous mutiny was lately put down only by the prompt, decisive and energetic measures of the Chief Commissioner, Sir Harry Lawrence—one of the bravest soldiers and most philanthropic gentlemen in India.

From all the chief stations in the North-West, intelligence of a mutinous spirit manifesting itself in divers ways, has been dropping in upon us for several weeks past.

But at this moment all interest is absorbed by the two prominent cases, at Meerut and Delhi. At the former place a cavalry regiment openly mutinied: some 70 or 80 of the ringleaders were tried and sentenced to many years imprisonment, with hard work in irons. But the whole station has been kept in a state of fearful anxiety and suspense—the bungalows or houses of Europeans being, in spite of every precaution, almost every night set on fire, and the European officers of the cavalry regiments being killed.

Moreover, two troops of the said regiment started off for Delhi, distant about forty-five miles. On their way they roused the whole populace by their machinations and lies; so that all order and law being in abeyance, that district is now a scene of indiscriminate plunder.

But what is most dismal of all, these mutinous troops, on reaching Delhi, in which were three native, and no European, regiments, were joined by all the native troops; the fort, in consequence, with its arsenal, ammunition, and treasury, was seized, and is now in the hands of the rebels; nearly the whole European community, civil and military—men, women, and children—have been cruelly massacred; and, to crown all, the heir-apparent of the titular Emperor of Delhi, the eldest son of the great Mogul, has been proclaimed by the traitor but murderers as Emperor of India! Such an event—some half so disastrous—has not yet occurred in the history of British India. The great bulk of the population of Delhi is Mohammedan, notoriously fanatical, and notoriously hostile to our Government. Delhi has a great name over all India, as having been one of the greatest of the imperial cities of the Mogul sovereigns. At present I cannot dwell on the subject. It is only this day that the last and most fatal part of the intelligence has reached Calcutta. It looks like a summons to each of ourselves in sackcloth. Some must mourn over friends already gone; and others over friends in imminent danger.

Nearly half the native army is in a state of secret or open mutiny; and the other half known to be disaffected. But this is not all; the populace generally is known to be more or less disaffected. You see, then, how very serious is the crisis. Nothing, nothing but some gracious and signal interposition of the God of Providence seems competent now to save our empire of India. And if there be a general rising—as any day may be—the probability is, that not a European life will anywhere escape the universal and indiscriminate massacre. But my own hope is in the God of Providence. I have a secret confidence that, though this crisis has been permitted to bubble and warn us, our work in India has not yet been accomplished—and that, until it be accomplished, our tenure of empire, however brittle, is secure.

Already it is known that the Mohammedans have had several night meetings; and when the proclamation of the newly-minted Emperor of Delhi comes to be generally known, no one can calculate the result. But as I said, our trust is in the Lord. And never before did I realize so new the littleness and sweetness of the Psalmist's assurance—"I laid me down and slept; I awaked for the Lord sustained me. I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about. Arise, O Lord; save me, O my God!" Our son Alexander, poor fellow, is at Meerut—the very centre and focus of mutiny—and where already Europeans have been massacred, though no names have yet reached us. You may therefore imagine in what horrible state of suspense and anxiety Mrs. Duff and myself now are. May the Lord have mercy on him and us!

Yours, ALEX. DUFF.

## Why I must contribute for Home Missions.

1. The state of the country demands it. On all hands I see causes at work corrupting the public morals—railroads, steamboats and stages, violating the Lord's day; the press teeming with frivolous and licentious books and pamphlets; intemperance rolling back over districts which were thought to be redeemed from its deadly wave; political agitation provoking the land, and enlisting every species of immorality, and appealing to all passions, good and bad. I see strange elements from foreign lands, mingling in the current of our national life—the numbers of the people growing with greater rapidity than the means of grace, and spreading fast and far beyond their influence.

hear ministers and laymen, from the newer and most exposed parts of my country, pleading with a thousand voices, but all to the same effect, that help is indispensable, that it must be generous, and that there must be no delay.

2. My duty to the Saviour demands it. He died for my salvation; he had patience with me and cut me not off in my folly; he followed me by his Spirit, taught me by his word, subdued me by his love. I trust he has prepared for me a mansion, and awaits my coming thither, to fill me with fullness of joy forever. All I possess I have given to him; and had I a thousand times as much, no claim of earth, no passion for pleasure, no friends or friends must interfere to prejudice his claim.

3. Love to my neighbor demands it. The emigrant disciple who went from the East to the distant West is still my neighbor. The hunter in the forest, the squatter on the prairie, the German colonist, the Irish Catholic, the slave in the cotton field, are my neighbors. Thousands of my neighbors are perishing. Some are ignorant, and perish for lack of knowledge. Some are in sorrow, and there is none to comfort them; some are dying and there is none to pray for them. There are myriads of children coming up to the verge of life without guidance and myriads of men living without principle, and going down to the grave without hope. I would not so live and die myself, and I must not let my neighbors live and die thus, if I ought that I have, or can do, will prevent it. I will therefore pray for my country, for her rulers, for her teachers, for my neighbors, the foreign immigrants, and the settlers from the older States; and I will give, that my conduct may be consistent and my prayer be heard. I will give liberally, for the wants are great; I will give soon, for while I wait, my neighbor is perishing.—*Miss. for October.*

## Eternity.

How few feel and act habitually as if they were constantly walking on the borders of that mysterious country. The dim shores of that shadowy land are soon reached, and become unchanging and eternal realities. It is strange, unaccountable, that beings who are so soon to enter that unchanging world should think so little of it, and care so little to make preparation to enter on its dread scenes. Will each thoughtless trifler who is forgetful of his own nearness to the world of spirits, pause and ponder the following thoughts which we find in a late Christian Mirror?—*New York Evangelist.*

"Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore."

Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon. At this world Eternity, so easily uttered, is little comprehended, the soul pauses. The ocean, in its solemn grandeur, so changeless from age to age, fifty, though imperfectly, emblem of the mind. Its depths to human eye are impenetrable, its heaving bosom which one breath takes in multitudes of human beings, but is forever silent as to their destiny, permitting none to return and unveil the secrets there hidden, naturally point us to that eternity into which so many daily pass and come not back again.

None come back. Is it then a hidden state? Are there no revelations of that unseen world, which is eternal, and from which we are divided only by a breath? Yes. He who inhabits eternity hath disclosed to us its realities. And he, who walks by faith, will often steal from the busy, tumultuous scenes of time, to wander among those scenes upon which he is so soon to enter.

And what shall he there behold? Spirits lost, souls undone, a land without a Sabbath, for to them remaneth not a rest. A world of exiles from God, cut off from the love of Christ—sinners—and to be sinners forever. Will not he who looks upon such an eternity, come back and labor in earnest to save souls ere it be too late? And what shall he there hear? Lamentation and weeping, and mourning. And shall the din of business, the voice of pleasure, ever so drown that sound, that it shall not be constantly urging him to save himself, to save his fellow immortals from that mourning which ends not?

But he shall also see heaven. Its glories shall burst upon him as he gazes. The throne of God—the Lamb slain—the hosts of God—angels and glorified saints shall stand revealed. The scene shall be before him as he reluctantly turns back to earth; shall animate, shall draw him upward, shall sustain him as he labors in the Saviour's cause. Songs from the celestial world shall be borne upon the breeze, and inspire him with longings to join the redeemed. Earth dwindles, time becomes a point, mortal joys and sorrows light as air. The saint walks softly, surely, and joyfully in hope of the glory to come.

## Domestic Piety.

If there be a curse more bitter than any other to man, it is to be the offspring of an irregular home—a home where the voice of praise and prayer ascend not to God, and where the ties of affection are not purified and elevated by the refined influence of religious feeling; of a home to which, if the cares or sorrows of life shall bring religion to the heart in after days, that heart cannot turn without bitterness of feeling, without anguish and vexation of spirit. If there be a curse to any country where the truths of re-

ligion are known—the deepest and bitterest curse which can be inflicted upon it, is a multitude of homes like the one which I have supposed. Such homes send forth sons unchecked in evil thoughts, untaught in their habits, and untaught in the love of God; the name of Jesus Christ stamped on their forehead, but not written in their hearts, and they send them forth to prey upon the land, and to become its curse and destruction. But on the other hand, there is a blessing to the religious home, which no tongue can describe. The home where, in early years, the heart is trained to a love of God, and to take pleasure in his worship and services, interwoven with the existence of many holy affections that die not with the circumstances that gave them birth—which last long, though they may for a season be neglected or forgotten, and which shall exercise at least some check upon the evil of the human heart, and often, nay, commonly, recall it to hear again the Word of God, and turn to the paths of holiness and peace. How great and unspeakable is the happiness of a land where homes like these are common.—*Rev. J. H. Rose.*

## The Mind of Jesus—Forgiveness of Injuries.

Many a death-struggle has been made to save a friend. A dying Saviour gathers up His expiring breath to plead for His foes! At the climax of His own woe, and of human ingratitude—mah-forsaken, and God-deserted—His faltering voice mingles with the shout of His murderers.—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!" Had the faithless Peter been there, could he have wondered at the reply to a former question:—"Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him, till seven times?" Jesus said unto him, "I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, until seventy times seven."—(Matt. xviii. 21.)

Superiority to insult and ignominy, with some, proceeds from a callous and indifferent temperament—a cold, phlegmatic, stoical insensibility, alike to kindness or unkindness. It was not so with Jesus. The tender sensibilities of His holy nature rendered Him susceptible of indignation and injury, whether this was manifested in the malice of undisguised enmity, or the treachery of trusted friendship. Perhaps to a noble nature the latter of these is the more deeply wounding. Many are inclined to forgive an open and unmasked antagonist, who are not so willing to forget or forgive heartless faithlessness, or unrequited love. But see, too, in this respect, the conduct of the blessed Redeemer! Mark how He deals with His own disciples who had basely forsaken Him and fled, and that, too, in the hour He most needed their sympathies! No sooner does He rise from the dead than He hastens to disarm their fears, and to assure them of an unaltered and unchangeable affection. "Go, tell my brethren," is the first message He sends; "Peace be unto you," is the salutation at the first meeting; "Children!" is the word with which He greets them on the shores of Tiberias.

Even Joseph, (the Old Testament type and pattern of generous forgiveness,) when he makes himself known to his brethren, recalls the bitter thought, "Whom ye sold into Egypt." The true Joseph, when He reveals Himself to His disciples, buries in oblivion the memory of bygone faithlessness. He meets them with a benediction. He leaves them at His ascension with the same—"He lifted up His hands and blessed them."

Reader! follow in all this the spirit of your Lord and Master. In rising from the study of His only example, seek to feel that with you there should be no such name, no such word, as enemy! Harbour no resentful thought, indulge in no bitter recrimination. Surrender yourself to no sullen fretfulness. Let the law of kindness be in your heart. Put the best construction on the failings of others. Make no injurious comments on their frailties; no uncharitable insinuations. Consider yourself, lest thou also be tempted. When disposed at any time to cherish an unforgiving spirit towards a brother, think, if thy God had retained His anger for ever, where wouldst thou have been? If He, the Infinite One, who might have spared thee for ever from His presence, hath had patience with thee, and forgiven thee all, wilt thou, on account of some petty grievance which thy calmer moments would pronounce unworthy of a thought, indulge in the look of cold estrangement, the unrelenting word, or unforgiving deed? "If any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."—*The Mind of Jesus.*

## How to Eat Wisely.

Dr. Hall, in his journal, gives the following advice:

1. Never sit down to a table with an anxious or disturbed mind; better a hundred fold intermit that meal, for there will be that much more food in the world for hungrier stomachs than yours; and, besides, eating under such circumstance can only, and will always, prolong and aggravate the condition of things.
2. Never sit down to a meal after any intense mental effort, for physical and mental injury are inevitable, and no man has a right to deliberately injure body, mind, or estate.
3. Never go to a full table during bodily