

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

VOL. V.—NO. 32.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 240.

THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER,
An Evangelical Family Newspaper,
FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.
REV. E. McLEOD, Editor & Proprietor.
Published every Friday Morning.
At their office, No. 26 Germain Street, St. John, N.B.

TERMS.
Seven Shillings and Six Pence
A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions received for one-third of a year.
Communications and Business Letters may be directed to either of the Editors.
Agents and others should be particular to give the Editor's name, with the County and Province, of Subscriber, and others for whom they make remittances, &c.
Please take notice, it is not the Parish or Township in which they reside, but the name of the office where they wish to receive their papers, that we want.

Religious Intelligencer.

A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.
YARMOUTH, N.S., July 22d, 1858.

BROTHER McLEOD, I left home on Saturday, June 5th for Boston, not to spend the glorious fourth; but to attend the New Hampshire yearly meeting of the Free Will Baptists, which was to commence on the 11th, to which meeting I was appointed as delegate, at our last yearly Conference. Sea sickness destroyed the pleasantness of the passage over, which was accomplished in five days. Having put up at the Quincy House, Brattle Square, I made inquiry when the cars left for Concord and was informed at 5 P. M. Having some four or five hours to spend before I left, I improved it to the best advantage in looking around the city; I was somewhat disappointed with the irregularity and narrowness of the streets, but I was told this was the old part of the city, and the streets were laid out by the "cow paths," while the new part was laid out more regularly. At the hour for starting I took the cars for Concord, distance 70 miles. The iron horse took us on in fine style stopping every now and then to let out, and take in new passengers. After we left Lowell our course was along the banks of the Merrimack till we came to Manchester; a town of some note for its manufactures; you cross the river at this place, and proceed along the banks of another stream upon which the city of Concord stands, 8 o'clock brought us to our destination where I put up for the night. Concord is the capital of the state, of some ten thousand inhabitants, made up of different denominations; it is finely ornamented with trees, and taken altogether is a lovely place. It was also the place of residence of Ex-President Pierce.

Friday afternoon took the stage for Pittsfield, the place of meeting, distance 15 miles; a small inland town situated on each side of a large stream. The Free Will Baptists have a large house of worship in this place, also the Baptist and Congregationalist. Here I met Elder Bachel and Elder Blake, and expected to meet myself, but I was disappointed.

I was most cordially received among them, and soon felt to be at home. I had an opportunity of hearing a number of the brethren preach; but did not get there in time to hear the reports of the different Quarterly Meetings belonging to the connexion. Number of churches belonging to the yearly meeting 127—ordained ministers 133—Licentiates 18—and 2930 communicants. Sabbath morning the different places of worship were occupied by the brethren; to which they were kindly invited. Elder Cilley preached in the morning, Elder J. B. Davis, from Lowell, in the afternoon, and I at 6 o'clock, all to very large and attentive congregations. I never enjoyed more blessing and freedom in speaking in my life, and I hope some good was done in the name of the holy child Jesus. To God be all the glory, and thanks to the kind friends for their attention and care toward me while with them.

I remained till Wednesday morning, then took the stage for Dover, distance 30 miles. The journey was a pleasant one, over hill and dale, through beautiful groves of white oak and maple, and farms in a high state of cultivation.

"These are thy works Parent of God
The rolling year is full of Thee."
With the friends in Dover I remained a week, preached at Charles-street Chapel, for Elder Dargin, Sabbath morning, and for Elder Blake in the afternoon, and for Elder Dargin again in the evening; after which there was social meeting for an hour. In every place I was received most cordially, and found many warm-hearted friends, and hope my visit among them was not in vain. I felt God to be my strength, and my portion whilst I endeavored to preach to the unsearchable riches of Christ. And now, through ocean rolls and hills and valleys he between us, the redeemed of the Lord are one; and the saved ones of every clime will eventually greet each other on "that blissful stormless shore," to go no more out forever.

Having received a pressing invitation from the brethren at Lowell to spend a Sabbath with them, I left Dover on Friday, June 25th, for that place; arriving there, I was warmly welcomed by the brethren who had heard reports of me from the yearly meeting, and soon found a quiet home and resting place at brother Hoy's, and W. H. Hoy's. Here I remained until Monday afternoon,

and received from him and his dear family every kindness and attention it was in their power to bestow.

Lowell is a city of some forty thousand inhabitants; it is emphatically a city of "spindles" lying on each side of the Merrimack; spanned by a bridge 580 feet long, with a large number of manufactories, and which gives employment to a large number of hands.

The Free Will Baptists have a large place of worship in Lowell, built of brick, costing seventeen thousand dollars, and seating between eight and nine hundred; the church numbers at present over six hundred and is in a prosperous state. The pastor Elder J. B. Davis was absent on a visit for his health, but the church keeps the pulpit supplied while he is away. To that large assembly I held up a crucified Redeemer through the day; and at the close of the evening service, enjoyed a calm and heavenly frame. I laid me down and slept; I awoke, and He was still with me.

I spent one day in visiting the Mills, one of the overseers who is a brother in Christ took me through them, beginning from where the raw cotton is taken out of the bale, till it was put in packages ready for exportation. In one building there were six hundred and sixteen looms in operation, of spindles I did not ask the number, but these appeared to some thousands, and to those who never saw the like before it is a great curiosity.

Tuesday morning took the steamer Eastern State for Yarmouth, and arrived home Wednesday noon, having been gone four weeks lacking two days, and found all well. Before I left home I had baptized six at Cranberry Head where I labor part of my time. Others have come forward since which have not been baptized yet, also at Upper Publico there is quite a move. Brother C. J. Oram had baptized ten when I saw him last, and others would be ready when he went down again.

DAVID ORAM.

For the Intelligencer.
A REFORMED INEBRIATE.
GASTOWN, July 31, 1858.

Mr. Editor and Dear Brother:—I had the pleasure of seeing the *Intelligencer* for the first time, in the house of brother Simpson in this village this morning, and I like the motto of your paper, "That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ." In order to glorify God we must obey God, cease to do evil, learn to do well, we must receive Jesus Christ and walk in newness of life, and when able to understand for ourselves experimentally what we read of in Ephesians the 2nd chapter, we will sit at God's glory in all that we engage in, for our minds being enlightened by the Holy Spirit, and our hearts all a glow with the love of God, we will esteem it more than our meat and drink to be seeking in the name of our Master for those who have wandered from him, and to bring to the true fold those who have never yet tasted that the Lord is gracious. I love the Lord Jesus, because He first loved me, because He died for me, because when I had destroyed myself by my sins and follies He had mercy on me, and raised me up to newness of life, giving me joy, peace, and comfort in my soul that for many long dismal days and years had never known a moment's peace or pleasure, and Jesus holds me up that my footsteps slip not, and he has made me love what I once despised, and despised and abhorred what I once loved; in short He has opened my eyes, He has made me a new heart, and best of all, He has taken up his abode in my heart, and from the abundance of his love my mouth speaks, and I desire all men to come to my Saviour too and be made happy, as he has made me happy. See Isaiah 12th chapter. For years I sought pleasure in the world, in the company of the ungodly, in the ways of the wicked; I learned their evil ways and some of their worst vices, but the farther I wandered from God the more wretched I became. My vices, especially the vice of intemperance, and card-playing, and keeping company with those of similar tastes, brought me, like he of whom we read in St. Luke 15th chapter, to extreme poverty and destitution. All this it seems was necessary to bring me to myself. From wealth and abundance and all the comforts of life, I was reduced to the life of a street loafer, and was without clothing, money or friends, my parents went to the grave, heart broken at my conduct, and my friends all had so often attempted to help me, and been disappointed by me, that none of them had the least confidence in me, and I became so low and degraded at last, that if I could beg or borrow a few coppers to purchase whiskey and tobacco, I was, for the time completely satisfied! To get more whiskey, and devise plans and schemes to get it was the chief idea in my mind this month three years ago! I had then been a confirmed drunkard 16 or more years! Having read some of Thomas Payne's writings too, and kept company with infidels, I became quite tainted with the awful poison of Infidelity, and my father and mother who were firm believers in Revelation have often shed tears of agony to hear my infidel ravings, when crazed by intoxicating poison, and they died "without seeing the least sign of reformation in my conduct. The day that my mother died, I was drunk in a distant town? The time that my father died I was confined to the house of a saloon keeper in St. Catharines with my foot frost-bitten from the effect of exposure

during a recent fit of intemperance and my father died without seeing me. When I attended his funeral, I had to borrow clothes to wear, all my clothes had been lost and given away in the mad business of liquor drinking. I mention these awful degradations to show my infidel friends that there is no mistake in Christianity for what power short of the power that created the world could raise a man from the degradation in which I was for years, and set me free as I have now been free for two years! I love the Bible, I love the people of God, it makes no difference to me of what color they are, or of what country, creed or church, if they love Jesus Christ, I love them, and delight to hold communion with them. And hundreds of my brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus, Mr. Editor, who will read this, who have never seen me, will rejoice with me in the Saviour and Physician that has found me, and that I have found, and they will give Him praise and thanks for what He has in me and for me wrought. The 103rd Psalm is my favorite Psalm, and let all who read this, who have not yet made up their minds to be wholly the Lord's, but who have resisted the workings and strivings of the Holy Spirit, determine from this moment to be the Lord's, and as I did in my extremity confess their sins, and call in the name of Jesus for help and salvation, and they too will soon be rejoicing with me in the glorious realities of the religion of Jesus, the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto them, making them so happy, that present they have no conception of it, and making them love every man friend and foe, especially those who have the same blessed Jesus in the heart formed the hope of glory too. Let them get this and all their self-righteousness, which the more a man has the worse he is off—will all flee away, and all sectarian bigotry, and prejudice, and narrow-mindedness and puffed up vanity will all flee too, before the religion that is first pure, then peaceable. Oh, that it was in my power to convert all men! I would soon have all the world shouting glory to God. But the world must individually do as I did, repent of and forsake all their sins, and accept of the salvation freely offered them in the gospel of Christ Jesus or any of them experience for themselves what I have experienced to the joy of my soul, and the peace of my once troubled conscience. Lord in mercy help all men into life, light and liberty, and he will help all who will come. The Gospel is full of invitations to all who need salvation to come and accept of it, and if a man feels his need of salvation it is a sure proof that God is calling and drawing him. Lord help my fellow men to believe and live. Since my conversion, I have been writing and preaching and lecturing in promotion of the Temperance Reform, and God has owned my labours in many parts of my native country, Canada West, by bringing me to the knowledge of the truth, under my feeble efforts who were once as dark as I was myself, and I rejoice that I know my labours are not in vain. I ask the prayer of all your believing readers, Mr. Editor, that grace may more and more abound, that I may war a good warfare and at last wear the Crown of eternal life through Jesus.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES A. DAVIDSON.

For the Religious Intelligencer.
THE CROSS OF CHRIST.
BY BENJAMIN F. RATTRAY.

Thine cross of Christ my Saviour,
How precious 'tis to me;
How precious drop that stained it
Can countless millions free!
O round earth's expansive bosom,
O'er every land and sea;
Salvation has been wafted,
Salvation full and free!
O shout the joyful tidings,
From mountain, vale and lee,
Christ Jesus is triumphant
His Israel are free!
Raise every voice to heaven
In tuneful melody:
Shout loud your sins forgiven,
Through the ATONEMENT FREE.

PREACHING.
[From a letter in the *Christian Times* on the State of Religion in England.]

The Holy Ghost has written many things for our learning on the subject of preaching. He has given us the topics of some of the most remarkable and effective discourses which were ever delivered—these topics chosen by Holy men of God under His immediate inspiration. The most prominent of these are twelve in number: "That men should repent—Remission of Sins—Christ Crucified—Jesus and the Resurrection—Peace—The Baptism of Repentance—Deliverance to the Captives—Good Tidings—Temperance—Judgment to Come—Righteousness—Justification by Faith."

These were among the principal subjects chosen by the Great Preacher and Evangelist; by Paul, and Peter, and John; by Huss, and Wickliffe, and Luther; and in latter days by those honoured servants of God, Wesley and Whitefield. These great truths were handled by those godly men in the most direct and simple manner. They contented themselves with demonstrating to their hearers their ruined condition, warning them of judgment to come, and holding Jesus before their eyes as the sinner's only hope, atonement, and ground of acceptance. Their great desire was the conversion of souls, and

that those souls justified and sanctified, should shine as lights in the world. To produce this latter effect, they dwelt much on the holiness required of those who profess that they are not their own but are bought with a price; and they drew strong and distinct boundary lines between the Church and the world, "warning every man and teaching every man, in all wisdom, that they might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." This preaching effected a great and visible work. On one occasion, 3,000 persons were converted by one simple sermon; on another, a hardened Roman judge trembled before his prisoner. This preaching changed Pagan Rome into a Christian empire; and papal Rome, centuries after, had enslaved Christendom, it shook the thrones of kings, burst the shackles of nations, and changed the face of society. Nor is this all. It has blessed the world with a sense of the obligations of society and of moral right. It has raised woman from her degradation and inferiority. It has ever brought in its train civilisation and the arts of peace. If this were all, yea if time were all, this preaching has done a great work in ameliorating the condition of mankind; but thank God it has performed work which throws all these into the background, of which a record is only kept in the Lamb's book of life, and which will not be published to the world until the solemn tribunal of the last great day.

Has the preaching of the present day much of this latter kind of work to show—the only description of work capable of bearing the flames before which the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Are its subjects the same, its aims the same? These are important enquiries, especially when we remember that about 80,000 sermons are preached on each Sabbath day in England only, by ministers who will soon meet their hearers in judgment, when in the presence of men and angels, they must give a solemn account of their stewardship.

"THE SINCERE MILK OF THE WORD."

Genuine Irish wit is sometimes used to good purpose, and we have rarely known it better employed than in the following instance, related by Dr. Dowling where a poor milkman was urged by a Catholic priest to give up the reading of the Bible. At the milkman's humble cabin in the county of Kerry, the priest thus addressed him: "Why, my good fellow, I am informed that you are in the habit of reading the Bible; is my information correct?" "Sure, and it is true, your reverence, and a fine book it is, too." "But you know," said the priest, "that it is very wrong for an ignorant man like you to read the Scriptures." "Ah," replied Pat, "but you must be either provin' that same before I'll consent to leave off." "That I will do from the book itself. Now turn to 1 Peter, 22: 'As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.' Now you are only a babe, and are therefore wrong to read the Scriptures your self. You are here told to 'desire the sincere milk of the word, and one who understands what the 'sincere milk' is must give it to you and tend you." Pat listened attentively to the priest's authoritative address, but no way at a loss, replied: "But be aisy your reverence, while I tell you. A little time ago, when I was took ill, I got a man to milk my cows, and what do you think he did? Why instead of givin' me the milk, he cheated me by 'ritting' water into it; and if you get my Bible, perhaps you may be after serving me that same. No, no, I'll keep my cow, and milk it myself, and then I shall get sincere milk, and not, as I might from you, mixed with water." The priest thus finding himself defeated, and desirous that the mischief should spread no farther, said in a conciliatory tone: "Well, Pat, I see you are a little wiser than I thought you; and as you are not quite a babe, you may keep your Bible, but don't lend it or read it to your neighbours." Pat, eyeing his auditor very cunningly and seriously, replied: "Sure enough your reverence, while I have a cow, and can give a little milk to my poor neighbours who have none, it is my duty to do so, as a Christian; and saving your reverence I will." The priest concluding that the honest milkman was rather a tough customer, gave up the argument, and walked off abashed.

NO FAMILY ALTAR.

We saw to-day the statement in a religious paper, that in many professing pious families there is no family altar—that parents and children, brothers and sisters, do not habitually kneel together and seek God's blessing upon them as a household. The statement haunted us. We could not get rid of it. We thought we saw a home in the wilderness, in mid-winter, with no smoke curling up from its chimney, with no cheerful blaze upon its hearth-stone, with fierce blasts driving in through hundreds of crevices, and a family sitting together benumbed, and just ready to perish! They have ceased to realize their danger—in a dreaming, half-conscious state, they are gliding into the arms of death. What a picture! But sadder is the spiritual condition of a home where the fires of devotion are not kept burning; where the young are not taught, by parental example, their daily dependence on God, and their need of his pardoning grace.

If our paper goes to any such home, we hope that this paragraph will be pondered, and the altar fire kindled without delay.—*Cin. Chris Herald.*

A CHRISTIAN FATHER'S INFLUENCE.

In the memoir of Capt. Vickers, little is said of his father as he died when his son was only twelve years old. We are simply told that he was "an officer in the Royal Engineers, who was detained in the Mauritius by military duty, when his wife's health obliged her to return to England with the children, but came home to rejoice the hearts of his family in 1835, and died four years after in the prime of manhood, at Mullingar, where he held an appointment." As to his character, we are told that "he was honoured, and beloved by the whole neighborhood," and as to his piety, that "he laid his dying hand upon the head of his son, with the earnest prayer that he might be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and so fight under 'his banner' as to glorify his holy name."

One who knew the father well says of him:—"Lieut. R. Vickers, of the British artillery was stationed in St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1816, and for some years after. In 1818 he married the daughter of Thomas Williams Esq., a very lovely young lady. Lieut. V. was of fine person and graceful manners, but of the most earnest piety. Finding little sympathy with his religious views among the church-goers at that time, he sought co-operation with some of the more intelligent and devoted Wesleyan missionaries in the island. By their joint labours, many of the soldiers became the subjects of renewing grace."

"I remember well seeing him on one occasion in the pulpit of the Wesleyan chapel in his regimental, preaching with an earnestness that drew tears from every eye. In his zeal, he so exposed the infidelity of some of the leading minds of the city, as to involve himself in a lawsuit for an alleged libel, in which he pleaded his own cause, and I think won it."

"The memoirs of Hedley furnish the church with another beautiful illustration of the power, of Christian faith, and of parental example, even under the unfavorable influences of a military life."

"The Christianity of the father was a very exact type of the son's; it was not only exemplary and practical, but eminently a life of God in the soul; of which a published pamphlet of a portion of his diary and of his labors among the soldiers of Newfoundland, which I possess, furnish ample evidence."

The following extract from his diary is well worth republication. It is on the subject of Christian responsibility in regard to the unconverted.

"I had occasion to go on duty to a battery at some distance, and with a light heart I set out accompanied by a sergeant. The path we pursued led in some places over rocks and craggy eminences, which overhung the sea; in many places the glassy ice and slippery snow presented a treacherous footing, and the supporting rail at no time superfluous, but now out of repair, seemed to threaten the incautious passenger that one false step would precipitate him into the waves beneath, and launch an immortal soul into the ocean of eternity. What an awful thought that such might have been the fate of my companion! Perhaps to this hour he might be living without God in the world; or, Felix-like, he deferring serious religion to a supposed 'more convenient season.' Had not the forbearing mercy and long-suffering of a gracious Providence upheld him, and his 'arm unseen' conveyed him safe on this occasion, what a pang of sorrow would have pierced my heart to think that he was lost forever! Alas how would conscience, that silent monitor, have brought to remembrance the many opportunities I have let pass of earnestly and affectionately beseeching him to seek for things that make for everlasting peace. How bitterly should I have accused myself for my sinful negligence in exhorting him to 'flee from the wrath to come!' And how many dear friends and acquaintances have I whom I would wish to save, and do anything to oblige, and yet conscience tells me I am not clear of their blood if they die impenitent. I wish to beseech them, with kind importunity to seek the one thing needful, yet often the faint attempt dies upon my lips; a selfish fear of displeasing them tempts me to hurt my own conscience, and do them a real injury! Oh, my soul, what a slave art thou to shame! How often have I split upon this fatal rock! Be ashamed of this cowardly self-love, and pray for grace to clear thyself, and to tell them, whether they will hear or forbear, that the wages of sin is death eternal; and that the Lord Jesus must reign triumphant sovereign in their hearts here or they can never meet him with joy at his coming again. Let me lose no opportunity, but always be doing or saying something for the good of souls."

Opinion of a Universalist.

We learn from the congealment that the Rev. Thomas Whitmore, editor of the *Trumpet*, and one of the most prominent Universalist clergymen in Massachusetts, has been attending father Manson's prayer meeting in North Street, Boston. He expected to be received with coldness, if at all, but he was happily disappointed. The first day he was a silent observer. The second day he spoke, and in a manner which drew forth the hearty "amens" from the sympathizing brethren. The third day he met Father Taylor there, and he called Mr. Whitmore out to speak which he did, and prayed also. A scene ensued at the meeting, which Mr. Whitmore describes as follows:

lows: "A brother rose, (a perfect stranger to us) He said he was from Charlestown. He had brought to the meeting a poor fallen brother he said; a seaman, a Swede for whose salvation he felt the most fervent desires; and he wanted him to be regarded as a special subject of prayer that day. The old seaman was deeply moved. Father Manson went toward him, and knelt down, and said: 'Let us all pray for this man.' He offered a very fervent petition. Lord, 'this poor man feels that he is a sinner, he desires our prayers. Lord, he has served the devil, and he feels that he has served him enough, and now he wishes to change masters. Lord, take him into thy service. Lord he loves run ('Yes, yes,' said the poor creature.) Lord, he smells of run.' ('Yes, yes,') And then the speaker, raising his voice with increasing emotion, and laying both his hands on the head of the kneeling, weeping Swede, poured out a petition for him that penetrated the soul of every one present. The Swede trembled, wept, ejaculated promises of amendment, hoped God would forgive him. We were all kneeling. How could my soul refrain from praying? It was not I that prayed, but the soul that dwelt within me. I prayed for the success of such efforts to save souls from sin. I prayed for the continuance of the revival. Amen! ejaculated Father Taylor; Amen! I prayed that God would show us far greater things than we had yet seen. ('Bless the Lord') I prayed that God would continue the revival until all the haunts of sin should be broken up; until every sinner should bathe in that fountain which had been opened for sin and uncleanness."

Children's Temper.

Bad temper is often the result of unhappy circumstances, than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others; and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jibes and rubs, than a dull passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkeness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand, as much as possible, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness, the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness—all temper."

NON-PAYING SUBSCRIBERS.—It says little for the credit and honesty of thousands of persons, that they will receive a paper week after week, for months, and even for years, without any scruples of conscience, or at all events, without giving any proof of a desire to act conscientiously by paying their subscriptions. Do they ever consider that labor and material must be paid for regularly, and that when the newspaper proprietor does not receive the amounts due to him, he must borrow money at high rates to keep the paper going? We have before us the cases of three religious journals published in Canada, which are placed in a very critical state by the neglect of their subscribers.

The *Canadian Independent* has just closed another year with a deficiency of about £70. There are 300 or 400 subscribers in arrears, but the collection of their debts is very doubtful, and therefore loss must fall upon the gentleman who generously undertook a year ago to run the risk of publishing the paper. The *Independent* is henceforth to be issued as a monthly magazine, and least this should not pay, 13 individuals have guaranteed \$20 each towards any deficiency that may arise.

The *C. C. Advocate* states that for six months past it has been in a state of constant embarrassment. Hundreds of subscribers are indebted to the office; they have been appealed to frequently without producing any impression. The indebtedness of the establishment is very great, yet the receipts are not more than twenty-five per cent of what they should be.

The *Toronto Echo* announced that its terms for the weekly edition would be cash in advance and now after six months, numbers of subscribers are in arrears. The receipts of the paper during the past three months have not paid one third of the expenses. The proprietors therefore make a last appeal to their delinquent subscribers.

The *Colonial Presbyterian* published at St. John, New Brunswick, has not met its expenses by nearly £160, and at a recent meeting of Synod, ministers and elders had to subscribe to meet the deficiency.

The necessity for such appeals is degrading to the press, and disgraceful to non-paying subscribers, whilst it is wrong in principle to expect ministers and others to contribute to make up for defaulting subscribers.—*Montreal Witness.*