

The Religious Intelligencer

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

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

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

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Wonderful Revival in Ireland.

Believing that our readers will be deeply interested in the following narrative of the great revival in Ireland, we therefore transfer it, notwithstanding its length, to our columns; quite sure that it will repay a careful perusal. We copy it from the N. Y. Observer.—[Ed. INT.]

THE REVIVAL AT AHOGHILL.

The Lord has been pleased to visit a large portion of our islands with the genial showers of a great revival. Our churches have experienced an awakening the most cheering in its character and holy in its fruits. Shortly after the beginning of the present year, the Lord was pleased to convert a family near Ahoghill, and to bless their conversion in a large degree for promoting the conversion of others.

An extraordinary interest began to be awakened; prayer-meetings multiplied—crowds flocked to these refreshing streams—nor ordinary houses were able to accommodate the eager multitudes that assembled to hear the burning prayers, and to listen to the plain but heart-stirring addresses of the converted brethren, and those ministers and laymen whose hearts the Lord moved to engage in this important work. The open field and the public wayside, even in the cold evenings of spring, were the scenes of deeply interesting meetings over which angels hovered with joy. The prayer-meetings held in the First and Second Presbyterian Churches were crowded to excess, although held on the same evening, and at the same hour. For several miles around multitudes flocked to these meetings for prayer and exhortation. Our lay brethren from Connor, at the first, gave, and continue from time to time still to give, a powerful impetus to the good work. Never, in these localities, was there such a time of secret and public prayer. In all directions prayer-meetings have sprung up, and that without number. They are conducted in a manner of deepest solemnity, and with a burning earnestness for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and for the conversion of souls. These meetings have been signally honored of the Lord. The Spirit has descended in power. Through the instrumentality of the Word, and prayer, convictions—often the most powerful—have been the convulsing of the whole frame, the trembling of every joint, intense burning of heart and complete prostration of strength—have been produced. The arrow of conviction pierces the conscience, the heart swells with bursting, a heavy and intolerable burden presses down the spirit, and the burdened burning heart, unable to contain any longer, bursts forth, in the piercing cry of distress, saying, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on my sinful soul. This is alike the experience of the old and the young—the strong man and the delicate woman.

Under such convictions, the heart finds relief in pouring out its cries and tears before the Lord. These convictions are followed by hours of kneeling before the Lord, crying, confessing sin, begging for mercy, and beseeching the Lord to come to the heart. This is done in tones of deepest sincerity, and in utterance of the most impassioned earnestness. It may be days, or weeks, or even months, with convictions returning more or less powerful in the constant exercise of prayer and the reading of the word, ere a calm and settled peace in believing is enjoyed. There does not appear to be any fanaticism manifested, any heresy broached, any self-righteousness exhibited, or any sectarianism shown. A few interesting cases of the conviction and conversion of Roman Catholics have occurred. It is worthy of note that, under the light and power of this movement, they love the Bible, pore over its sacred pages, pray through the prevailing name of Jesus alone, place reliance on Christ only for their salvation, and in the exercise of their civil and religious liberty, join the worship of a purer church. The whole intellectual and moral being is powerfully stirred. Under the awakening of the dormant mind, the stirring up of the slumbering conscience, and the powerful movement of the nervous system, the imagination is often called into lively activity in picturing out scenes of the future, and in hearing words of warning and of counsel. Such sights and sounds are easily accounted for, while they are often sanctified in producing saving impressions. Two great truths take full possession of the mind, namely: man is a sinner, under judgment, unto condemnation; and Jesus is the Almighty Saviour to deliver, and faith in Him the way of obtaining that deliverance. Convictions have taken place on a large scale, and conversions have followed. Many—even hundreds—are giving the most pleasing evidences of being in Christ. Of drunkards, blasphemers, card players, Sabbath break-

ers, neglecters of ordinances, and the wicked in general, it may be truly said, "They are now in Christ new creatures. With them old things are passed away, and all things are become new.—This is not an appearance put on, but as far as yet known, a deep and abiding reality. Sin-besetting sin—is crucified.

One man, proverbial for cursing and blasphemy, now declares that he never feels the slightest temptation to return to his former sin. Another, notorious for his love of strong drink, now says he shudders at the sign of a public house. The love of a third for playing cards is now transferred to his Bible. Obscene songs have given place to the songs of Zion, scenes of revelry are exchanged for scenes of prayer and praise, and the reading of the Word. Wild, wicked, and godless characters, whom no human power could remodel, are now to be seen sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind. They are walking with Christ, caring for the one thing needful, and living for the noblest object of life—the glory of God. This is the case, not in solitary instances, but in hundreds—not merely with the young, just initiated into a course of sin, but with the old, confirmed in their sinful habits.

Public and prevailing sins have got a powerful check. In those favored districts, where this blessed work has taken deepest root, and its transforming influence has been most widely felt, drunkenness and Sabbath breaking, and blasphemy, and profane language, and negligence of the great salvation, have been all but annihilated. The tone of public morals is enlightened, sanctified, and elevated. The things of God are the subjects of daily, habitual converse. Groups may be seen around our churches, or at the corners of our streets, with their Bibles in their hands, seeking for the meaning of some portion of the Divine Word. Singing of Psalms may be heard in all directions. In many localities, profane songs or idle amusements cannot be endured. While attending the largest prayer meetings of assembled thousands, and retiring from them at whatever hour, there is no levity, no improprieties, but an all pervading seriousness, to be witnessed. On this revival, so far as it has as yet developed itself, there is written, "Holiness to the Lord." Even upon that portion of the public who make no claim to be religious, a deep, solemnizing influence has been exercised. Many of them are thoughtful and inquiring, attending the prayer meetings with evident interest, and it is to be hoped, with profit. But among the awakened and converted other delightful fruits are growing up with rapidity to maturity. Prayer has received a powerful stimulus—not only secret, but family and public prayer is one of those heavenly fruits. It is truly astonishing the liberty that many—very many—both male and female, have got in public prayer. It is most refreshing to hear the holy, earnest, edifying prayers which many babes in Christ are now offering at the family altar and at the public prayer meeting. It is nothing uncommon to hear the voice of prayer wafted on the wings of the wind from the adjoining fields.

In a class of young communicants preparing to go up for the first time to the table of the Lord, it is intensely delightful to hear one after another, when called on as the mouth-piece of the rest, supplicating, in words that burn, the grace of preparation from the mercy-seat. At the conclusion of a public prayer-meeting, on a Saturday evening, in his district, a blind boy, taught in the Belfast Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, whose heart was stirred, could not let the meeting separate without calling attention to the circumstances of the congregation, of which he is an honored member, having in view, on the following day, the solemn dispensation of the Lord's supper among them; and he offered up the earnest prayer of faith, in which many joined on their behalf, that the Holy Spirit might descend upon them, and that the communion might be a season of gracious revival. The Bible is studied, and prized, and loved more than it ever was before. It is felt to be "more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold, and to be sweeter than honey, yea, than the honey that droppeth from the comb." Several that were lying out, from various excuses, from the ordinances of a preached gospel, have been moved to the house of God, in whatever stime they could command, though they were poor; while others have been stirred to obtain decent clothes, who are now to be seen reverently worshipping in the house of God, where they had not been for years before. Many, too, have been moved to keep the feast of the Lord's Supper, in obedience to the dying command of the Lord. Our congregations never had such an appearance before, of hearty, earnest worshippers. Love to Jesus is another of the precious fruits of this revival.—This is expressed in tones and words that cannot be mistaken; nor is there any reason to doubt its reality. The Lord is filling the thoughts and enthroned in the affections of the converted as "the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely." Love to the brethren is a very prominent feature of the new and divine life that is awakened; they love one another fervently.—Their desire is to visit friends and relatives, talk with them on the concerns of their souls, and exhort them to fly from the wrath to come. With great earnestness they plead with them to seek Jesus, and that now, without a moment's delay, while He is waiting to be gracious. Of this it may be said, "Being made free from sin, and become servants to God, they have their fruit un-

to holiness, and the end everlasting life; nor are the fruits of this revival to be confined to the convicted and converted. There are thousands of the surrounding Christian population who are revived and refreshed as the parched corn, in the long drought of summer, after the descending of the cooling and invigorating shower. There is a quickening to duty, to spirituality, in communion with God, which is manifest and delightful. Never, in this locality, was there such holy, and importunate, and believing prayer offered up by members, in the name of the holy child Jesus, for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

This gracious revival has extended from the parish of Connor to that of Ahoghill; then to Portlengone, and round by Tully, Largey, Grange, Straid, Slatt, Galgorm Park, Killiers, Cloughwater, Clough, and Rashark; nor is it yet showing any symptoms of decline—on the contrary, it is moving on with amazing power. Every day, and almost every hour, is bringing tidings of conviction. The interest is more and more awakening and extending.

The means by which this blessed work is carried on are in no way extraordinary. Prayer and praise, the reading of the word, and plain, pointed, solemn, and earnest appeals to the conscience and the heart, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, are the only means that are resorted to. These are within the reach of every congregation and every religious community. As to the human agency by which this revival has been begun, and continues to be extended, it is not through the ministers of the churches alone, or even chiefly. The earnest and faithful preaching of the word may have been the preparation in some degree; but the chief and honored agents in the work are the converted themselves. Not, indeed, schooled in human learning, but taught of God, very many of them have gifts of utterance, in prayer and in exhortation, that are powerful instruments for good. Speaking from what they feel, they have great power in awakening slumbering souls. This humble agency can be multiplied to any extent, and in any locality. Their honor and success lie in this, that they are fellow-workers with God. Some are mocking still, and throwing a cold and withering indifference upon the revival, from whom better things might have been expected; and others are ascribing it to the agency of Satan, transformed into an angel of light. Let them beware. Let them stand in awe and sin not, lest, unhappily for themselves, they be found to fight even against God. We pretend not to understand or to explain all the bodily effects by which this revival is accompanied. There are mysteries connected with it which are incomprehensible.—Still, we cannot believe that it is all the result of mere human sympathy, or the effect of bodily disease, or the result of Satanic agency. In the awakening of slumbering souls—their agonizing cry for mercy—in their repentance and forsaking of beloved sins—their acceptance of Christ—their admission of Him to sit enthroned on the highest and best seat of their affections—in their love to Jesus—their earnest, believing prayer—their entrance on newness of being, and their persevering endeavors to win sinners to the Saviour—we see the grace of God, and are glad.

Providential Deliverance.

Some years ago it was my privilege to work as district visitor in one of our populous London parishes. In a cellar in one of the courts assigned me, lived a pious old soldier, who had lost one of his legs in fighting for his country. This, however, did not afflict him, no, nor yet his deep poverty, nor his dark, damp lodging; but his wife was ungodly, and this lay as a heavy burden upon his heart. He had a trifling pension, which, with the scanty product of a mangle, scarcely sufficed for their maintenance; they had fifteenpence a-week to pay for the cellar, whose rats run over their wretched bed at night. The simple faith and piety of the old soldier at once won my heart; I often visited him to be refreshed and edified by his remarks, while reading the Word of God to him.

One morning, the post brought me a letter from a friend, to whom I had written about this aged couple. She had been interested with the history, and sent me five shillings in stamps to be laid out for them, as I might judge best. I set out at once to carry them the good news. In vain, however, did I stand at the top of the dark stairs this morning, and call aloud, to Mrs. G. to open the door, that I might find my way down. It was of no use, she was scolding aloud, and was deaf to every other sound. I groped my way, and making for the door, gave a loud rap, which soon brought Mrs. G.'s voice to a momentary hush, and an expression of regret that she had not heard me. I replied, that I was greatly surprised and troubled to find her scolding so loudly. 'It is enough to provoke a saint,' she said, 'to see him go on as he does.' 'Oh, don't trouble the lady with them things,' said her husband; 'let's have some of the words of God—for truly we need them this morning.' Mrs. G. however was not to be so silenced, she would give vent to the anger that swelled her breast. I will relate her grievance in her own words. 'Now, here's a man for you, ma'am, without a bit of care for his wife! The other day we had only one penny in the house, and I sent him to get a bit of bread; but, instead of that, he goes and gives it away to a tramp he knows nothing of!

The old soldier looked deeply grieved. 'My dear lady,' he said, 'there are two ways of telling every story! and then, with much emotion, he gave me his own version. It was very true. The penny was all they had, and he was proceeding to the baker's when a travelling man and his three children sitting, on a door-step, arrested his attention. He found that, like himself, they were natives of Scotland, sick and hungry, he spoke to them words of consolation from the Bible, and found to his joy that they were fellow-believers in the Lord Jesus. On parting, he slipped his penny with a thankful heart into the hand of his afflicted brother. It was not until he did so that he remembered, with dark forebodings, 'What will wife say?'

Here Mrs. G. interrupted him with an exclamation, 'but he must be a pretty husband who would rob his wife to give to a stranger!' 'Let me finish,' said he 'and you shall see, ma'am, how the Lord returned that little offering more than tenfold.' He then went on to relate that not doing to get back empty-handed, he walked up and down, asking the Lord to supply his need—not for himself, for he was now no more hungry, but for his wife's sake. While walking to and fro, a gentleman inquired of him the way to the Post Office; the soldier offered to show him the way, and while walking together, the gentleman entered into conversation with him, and asked if he were not old G., whom he had known years ago? G., replied that he was, upon which the gentleman put a shilling into his hand, and bade him God speed.

'Now,' added this old Christian 'is not our Master ever true to his word, and does he not bless an hundred-fold all we do for his sake?' I was deeply touched with this narrative, and felt solemnly impressed with the fact of God's individual providence, and with the wondrous links in that great chain of life, which reveal to those who look for them, the unceasing care and love of Jesus for his people. I recalled to mind, also, the letter I had received this morning; so I inquired what was their present trouble.

Here Mrs. G. once more broke forth in complaints. The landlady had demanded their rent by twelve o'clock that day, as she had a payment to make up. They had but a few half-pence in the house, and the old woman was for hastening off her husband with something from the mangle, which would bring them sixpence more. 'But I could not get him to go!' exclaimed she, 'he said he must first ask the Lord; so instead of doing as I bid him, there he has been sitting over the Bible, and as if he had not lost time enough already, he must needs go down on his knees, and all my shaking and scolding him could not get him up till just before you came—and now it's within half an hour of twelve!' 'Old G. I should have observed, was standing with his stick and hat in hand, and a bundle under his arm, when I came in, as it ready to go out.

'How much do you owe?' I inquired. 'Just five shillings,' replied she; 'it's fifteenpence a week, as you know, ma'am, and it is just four weeks last Saturday.'

I said nothing but opened the letter. I read to her that portion which related to her husband, and then gave him the 5s. worth of stamps. It was a moment never to be forgotten. The old man stood speechless with joy, with his beaming eyes lit up in sweet thankfulness to his heavenly Father, while Mrs. G. sank down upon a chair, and, covering her face with her hands, wept tears of shame and sorrow.

'May God forgive me,' said she; 'I am a wicked woman. Yes, I see it all now. I didn't believe it, but it's just as G. read it out of that very Bible not half an hour back.—"Before they call, I will answer." Oh! I didn't believe it—I didn't believe it! May God forgive me!' God's love had at last melted her stubborn heart, and the overpowering sense of the fact, "Thou God, assist me," made her tremble with fear for her unbelief.

That evening, at our school room lecture, the well known sound of the wooden leg on the stairs was hailed by an affectionate pastor, whose heart had already been gladdened by an account of the Lord's gracious dealings; and now every feature beamed with joy as he welcomed old G. coming in, not alone as usual, but followed by his wife. The preacher entered much into the spirit of his Master, and even sought to improve present circumstances to the edification by his flock. The service that evening was peculiarly impressive, and without making any direct reference to this instance of God's individual care of his people, our pastor made us feel the value of waiting patiently upon God, and many went home that night cheerful and solemnized with the declaration of the Psalmist in Psalm xl. "The Lord thinketh upon me," ver. 17.

From this time a brighter day began to dawn upon old G.'s night of sorrow. His wife, so long the hinderer of his peace, and the object of his agonizing intercession, would now often sit by his side when he read the Bible, which had become more needful to him than his daily bread, accompany him to the church and to the school room weekly lecture; and when I left the parish I had the comfort of believing that this work in her heart was the work of the Holy Spirit.

It is an Awful Thing to Die Rich.

Yes, it certainly is. You might do a vast amount of good with your money, and God will require at your hands all the good you might have done with it. When he should say to you, "Give an account of thy stewardship," what will you answer? The property in your hands is not yours, strictly speaking. It is the Lord's. He has only entrusted you with it for awhile. He has given you the control of it just to afford you the blessed privilege, as well as the power, of doing an immense amount of good with it.

Now, all the benevolent enterprises of the church, are crippled for want of means to move them on towards their object—bringing the world to Christ. However prosperous and efficient some of them are, they all are immeasurably less so than they would be, if you who have possession of so much of the Lord's property would apply a due proportion of it to his cause. But you are clinging to it with a grasp that, I suppose, nothing short of death will loosen. Then you will have to let go. What are you amassing, hoarding, keeping it for? "For my children."

Are you right sure they will be any the better off for having it? Look around you. Think of all the young men and women you have known who have had a fortune left them. How many of them have it now? What has become of it? "Wasted." Why? Because they, not having made it themselves, did not know its value, nor how to take care of it. How came you by your wealth? "I made it by hard labour and industry." Well, then, let your children do the same. It will not hurt them. On the contrary it will do them good, it will teach them those habits of thrift and economy, that enabled you to accumulate till you became wealthy. It will preserve them from idleness, and, consequently, from most of those temptations that beset, and so often ruin, the rich and indolent young man. It will promote their health and happiness as you yourself know from experience.

No, do not dare to die rich. Be your own executor. Secure to yourself the enjoyment of seeing the blessed results of your liberality during your lifetime. Spare yourself the sight, [if, perchance, you may be permitted to see] from the spirit-world, of your property squandered, and proving a curse instead of a blessing, to those into whose hands it may fall. We are greatly staggered in belief, when thinking on the salvation of a man, who has grown rich by the practice of those virtues which the fostering influences of the church have thrown around him, and then dies, leaving little or nothing to the church which has done so much for him, or for her enterprises. It looks very much like a man kicking his mother out of doors.

Yes, sir, you are too rich. It is a fearful thing to be as rich as you are. Make haste and get a little poor, by giving liberally to the cause of God. I would not have the tremendous power of doing as much good as you have, and then die without doing it for all the world. T.—Northern Christian.

Unknown Gratitude.

Active and earnest Christians are frequently discouraged, because they do not learn speedily or fully the results of their efforts in seeking to do good to their fellow-men. They meet often with what seems a coldness and silence, when they expected expressions indicative of good done and gratitude felt in no small degree. It is not that they selfishly look for praise or thanks, but they do look for some satisfactory signs that their efforts have been in some degree appreciated, and felt to be of real use to those they have sought to benefit. They have been in danger of giving up in despair when they have met with nothing of the kind. We have no doubt, dear reader, that you have felt more or less of this temptation, if you have set your heart on doing good to those around you. It is well, in seeking to aid you in such a point, to remind you that our service should be always rendered to God and not 'as unto men,' and that his smile of approval ought to be more than reward enough for all we can ever do; but it is the gratification of good really done that you wish for, and hence it is necessary to help you by a suggestion of a somewhat different kind. You must, then, remember that not one thousandth part of the good done by any one who seeks the good of souls can ever be seen by them, or spoken of to them by those who enjoy the fruits of their efforts. Not one ten-thousandth part of the gratitude felt is, or can be, expressed either in one way or another. Moreover, the deepest, strongest gratitude, is most difficult of expression. When the heart feels the strongest sense of obligation, the thoughts get often confused, and the tongue refuses to give utterance. This is so much the case that we have known scores of instances in which the greatest gratitude has been unknown for years, on the part of those to whom it was felt, although they were often meeting with those who felt it towards them. Another consideration is of importance. Our great Master sees how much of the gratification of known acts and gratitude on the part of those we benefit, we may safely enjoy. He sees when it is wisest and kinder to keep back than to give this gratification. He will give us all row that is good for us, and hereafter it will be granted in full. Our great concern, then, should be just to do our part as well as possible in all respects, and to accept gladly the amount of present reward which he sees it safe and well to bestow.—Chris News.

Awakening in Edinburgh.

Mr. Brownlow North has been for some time in Edinburgh preaching with great success. His preaching retains its popularity, and ever grows in power and in fulness. He is, indeed, not more remarkable for his intense earnestness than for what one of our theological professors has termed, "the amplitude of his doctrine." The sovereignty of God, the inability of man, the work of the Spirit, the freeness of the Gospel, the atonement, the imputed righteousness, the great judgment, repenting, believing, praying, forsaking sin, renouncing the world, rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God, are all treated with singular cordiality and fulness. We rejoice to hear that his abundant labors are giving promise of abundant fruits. Within the last ten days a hundred young men have been asking what they shall do to be saved, and expressing their desire to walk in the way of life. A much larger number of the other sex have been awakened; and every day adds new inquiries out of all ranks. If such a work shall go on, we may soon find a solution to the problem of access for the Word to the heedless classes of the community; for many have been awakened out of an entire apathy to divine things, and others out of the midst of sin. It has been the wisdom of the Church in these days to retain such men as Mr. North within her pale, instead of shutting them out, as would have been done in the days of Moderation, to form congregations for themselves; for no power on earth can stop the mouths of men whose lips have been touched with a live coal from the altar, and whom the Lord himself has sent forth to reap His own harvest. Such men are always rare. They are sent forth for a special work; they cut, for the time, new ducts for the overflowing waters of the sanctuary; they accomplish their mission, and then leave the living water to return to its wonted channel, but in a deeper, broader, fuller, mightier and brighter stream.—Witness, 12th May, 1859.

Sin makes us afraid.

Why was Adam afraid of the voice of God in the garden? It was not a strange voice, it was a voice he had always before loved; but he now fled away at the sound, and hid himself among the garden trees. You can tell me why, I am sure. It was because he disobeyed God. Sin makes us afraid of God, who is holy; nothing but sin could make us fear one so good and so kind. Have you felt this kind of fear when Satan has tempted you to do wrong.

A child was one day playing alone in a drawing room full of beautiful ornaments; he had often been told not to touch anything there, as they were of great value, and many of them were made of rare glass or china, and cost much money. He was usually an obedient boy, but on this particular day he was seized with a great desire to lift up the lid of a beautiful China jar, as he knew it was filled with sweetly scented rose-leaves. He left his toys and went to the stand where the jar was placed. As he was too short to reach the lid he climbed on a stool for the purpose; but just as his hand was on the lid of the jar he heard a sound, and starting, he let it fall from his hand. It was not broken, but cracked, and he thought most likely no one would remark it; so, replacing it on the vase, he left the room. Day after day passed, but although no notice was taken of the injury, he lived in constant fear of a discovery. Every time his aunt called him he started, and when he was in bed at night, if he heard but the rustle of her dress in the passage or on the stairs, he was frightened. Yet it was not his loving aunt, but his son that made him tremble. She was always kind and gentle, and had never spoken a harsh word to her little nephew during his long visit at her house. At last the misery of concealment became so great that he told his aunt all, and the words she spoke to him then will never be forgotten. He learned from that week's remorse more of the nature of sin than in his whole life before. And as they knelt down and prayed to God for forgiveness, the child felt humbled and penitent, and lifted up his soul very earnestly that God would cleanse him from secret faults, and take away the love of sin from his heart.—Mrs. Goldart.

Italian Youths and Austrian Spies.

A Turin letter of May 19 says:— "The whole Italian youth is rushing to arms, and if Sardinia do not within three months number 200,000 of her own combatants, it will rather be from her wants or incapacity for organization than any lack of materials to work upon. The volunteers are found among the people above rather than below the middle rank, as the abstract idea of nationality has of course struck deeper roots among the thinking part of the community. The army finds its recruits among the sons of the Lombard and other Italian nobility. Nothing can well be more touching than to see the young and almost boyish, fine featured, delicately framed riflemen or lancers, clad in the coarse cloth of mere privates, walking arm-in-arm with their richly dressed mothers, or driving by their side in their coroneted chariots, longing for the day which is to rid them of the tedious routine duties of the drilling depot, and send them forth as full-grown soldiers ready for active service.

A FIRM FAITH is the best divinity; a life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; a serene heart the best physic.