

The Religious Intelligence

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
An Evangelical Family Newspaper,
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G. A. HARTLEY, Editors & Proprietors.
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Prayer Meetings—Incidents—Plans—Daily Religious Papers.

(Letter from New York in *Vi. Chronicle*.)

We never go forward to do anything in the name—that is, by the authority of our blessed Jesus—that we do not find our way prepared.

Some five brethren went into some of the lower, darkest dens of the city to hold a prayer-meeting. They were all members of the Methodist Church. So they banded themselves together to go into a miserable run-hole on the Five Points to hold a prayer-meeting. They made known to the master of the place their errand, and to their surprise, he welcomed them in and gave up his place to be, for the time, a place of prayer. He also ran out and gathered in his neighbors, who came readily in, and the room was soon filled. The Spirit of God came down into that meeting, and all felt its power. Tears were shed all around as these earnest men prayed and exhorted their strange audience to flee from the wrath to come.

So, go where men will, there is found a listening ear to the sound of the Gospel.

In a late meeting, a note was received, saying that some time ago the writer asked prayer for the conversion of a father and brother; now she says that father has set up the family altar, and that brother has united with a Presbyterian Church. The prayer now is that he may be led to devote himself to the gospel ministry.

Immediately on reading of the note, a minister arose and said that a few weeks ago he asked prayer for a brother and sister—orphans—that they might be converted. Last evening, said he, they were examined for admission into my church for our next communion.

Another minister arose, holding a letter in his hand. This letter said he, is from a young lady, giving me an account of her conversion. That young lady was made the subject of prayer here but a little time ago. Now she is rejoicing in Christ as a Saviour. He read extracts to show the state of her mind.

The 8 a. m. daily prayer-meeting at the Cooper Institute is very interesting. Not a day passes in which there are not persons rising for prayer, generally three or four at a time. These are done, in after conversations, when the meetings are closed to be in a state of great anxiety.

There is a prayer-meeting, held in Clinton Hall, every Monday morning, under the lead and control of Episcopals. It is fully attended—is always opened by a short prayer out of the church service, and then follows liberty of exhortation and prayer on the part of any and all present.—It is truly a union meeting, and is so regarded; and "all Christians" are invited to take part in it.

Such clergymen as Rev. Dr. Tyng and Rev. S. Culer and Rev. Dr. Burdell, are in the movement. It is really refreshing to be in the meetings. They are crowded. Anxious souls are among the number. The meeting was commenced last February, for a temporary purpose, but it is likely to go through the summer.

There is another prayer-meeting held daily in an office in Beekman street, of which I wish to make mention. I have attended this prayer-meeting from the beginning. It is attended by about a dozen persons, beginning at 14 p. m., and continuing a half hour or more. I must say that I have never in all my life attended prayer-meetings where I have felt that there was so much manifest presence of the Holy Spirit, and such signal answers to prayer. The Sabbath services which were inaugurated at the Cooper Institute about a year ago, were born out of prayer in that little room. So also the daily prayer-meeting in the small chapel of the Cooper Institute—arrangements for the maintenance of both having been made.

Another movement which is now under consideration, is a system of neighborhood prayer-meetings, for all the city, to be carried forward as fast and far as men can be found to enlist in the enterprise of carrying the gospel to the perishing thousands. But a higher movement than all has been resolved upon. It is the publication of a daily religious and secular newspaper, which shall preach the gospel every day and everywhere bringing the mighty power of the daily press to bear upon the salvation of men. This movement has been begun in prayer, and, in answer to prayer, a gentleman of most ample means has gone forward to sustain the enterprise with his money to any extent that may be required, never asking his money to be paid back to him, but to be forever consecrated to the Lord, in this way of preaching the Gospel on its daily pages, by means of the daily newspaper,—a paper that shall be sold at every door, at an unexampled cheap-

ness, so that every one can afford to buy. The arrangements are all made by men long acquainted with the workings of the daily press by practical experience. In any other hands, as instrumentalities, the enterprise would be a failure.—But with the good hand of God upon it, there will be no failure—no sinking of the capital out of sight, no loss of it to the cause of Christ. In a few weeks the publication of the daily religious paper will be commenced,—conceived in prayer, and conducted in prayer,—having no regard to profits, none ever to be made, but all profits to be turned into the paper, to cheapen it, and to promote its circulation, as the message of the Saviour to the perishing.

Another daily religious paper has also been resolved upon by another set of pious, earnest men. It is said the capital to the amount of \$150,000 has been secured, and the ablest editorial talent of the city has been employed. This last mentioned paper is to be conducted on the ordinary business principles with a view to profits. Both will probably go into operation. Both will succeed, as there is room for both. In a few more brief weeks, and probably both will show their faces in your office. I know the parties engaged in both.

Herman Harms and the soldier.

Herman Harms, a private citizen of Holland, and an ardent lover of the Lord Jesus, would, whenever an opportunity offered, apply a word of Scripture to the hearts of his straying brethren. Leaving home one Sunday morning to attend church in the neighboring village, his road took him along a stream, where he encountered a soldier fishing with hook and line. A sympathetic impulse led him to address a word of admonition to this stray sheep, on his violation of the Sabbath, hoping that the Lord would accompany it by his blessing. "Well, my friend," said Harms, "you're stopping here awhile, to catch fish?" "Yes!" "Have you caught any yet?" "No!" "No!" replied the soldier. "I don't wonder at that, rejoined Harms; neither will you catch any all day; not a single fish will touch your hook?" "Why not?" "Because you are desecrating the Lord's day, and spending that time in secular employment which is set apart for hearing the word of God, and praising his great name!" "Aye, indeed? What does my g-f-ting here concern you? Are you my superior or father confessor?" "True, I am not; neither am I authorized to command you to do anything; but I see that you are in imminent danger of losing your own soul; wherefore, from motives of Christian love, I must warn you, lest you go to utter perdition." "That's none of your business," replied the soldier, with an air of rage and fury, while grasping his sword; "make haste to clear out, or I'll run you through and through with this!" "Hereupon Harms calmly went on his way, rejoicing that he had done his duty. The soldier continued his amusement, but no fish would touch his hook; wherefore his anger against Harms was still more augmented. Presently, however, his conscience being aroused, he began to smart under its lashes; full of chagrin, he cast away his fishing tackle, and resolved to go home, determined, if he came across the fellow who had made him so uneasy, to take away his life.

On arriving at his lodgings, his landlady inquired: "What has happened to you, that has made you so mad?" "Oh," said he (being a Catholic), "a fellow came to me at the creek, who told me more than our priest. I can't get rid of his words; they burn my soul like fire!" The woman endeavored to pacify him, but in vain; his anguish of mind constantly increased, so that he spent several days in despondency and despair.

On the following Sunday he felt himself impelled to go to Duisburg, into the Protestant Church, where at that time a g-dly minister officiated; who preached a searching and edifying sermon on 2 Thes. i. 7-9; in which he portrayed to those who know not God, and obey not the Gospel, the fire of the vengeance of God in an awful manner.

During this sermon the soldier was brought under full conviction; his conscience awoke with a thousand charges against him; he wept, and cried aloud during the service: "I am the disobedient creature! The vengeance of God must pursue me! I am lost!"—After service he called on the minister, unbosomed his distress to him, and asked him, in deep contrition of heart: "Is there any hope left for me? Can I yet be saved?" "Yes," said the minister; "the Saviour shed his blood for the greatest of sinners, for murderers and thieves, for whoremongers and Sabbath breakers, and for you also; wherefore I counsel you to hasten to Jesus, with the whole burden of your sins; He alone can deliver you from them and grant rest to your soul!"

The soldier, on his return to his quarters, following up this excellent advice, sought and found forgiveness with Jesus. His most ardent desire now was, to find the man who had made the first serious and affectionate appeal to his heart; but all his endeavours and researches were for a long time in vain. At last he unexpectedly met him in the street. At once recognizing Harms, he gave him a fraternal kiss and clasped him in his arms. Harms inquired with surprise: "Who are you?" "I am the soldier who was one Sunday morning among himself with fishing, when your words laid hold of him, and placed him at the bar of God; but who now, through the grace of the Lord Jesus, has been justified

from all his sins!" Harms feeling in his heart that these words were combined with light and life, the cheerful faith of the soldier elicited his most fraternal affection towards him. He therefore took the man with him, to his own house, where they rejoiced together over the wonderful ways of Divine Providence.

"Too Big to Pray."

TARRIED for a night with an old friend, who had always seemed indifferent on the subject of religion. His wife was pious, and endeavored to impress the minds of her children with proper views of God and eternity. Her little boy of two or three years, when about to retire to rest, knelt down by his mother, and reverently repeated a child's prayer. When he rose from his knees, he turned to his father, with a seeming consciousness that he had performed a duty, and addressed him, "Father, I have said my prayers; have you said yours? or are you too big to pray?" I thought it was a question that would reach that father's heart, and it might yet be said of him "Behold, he prayeth."

I have since noticed many who were too big to pray. I knew a young man, a student of brilliant talents and fascinating manners; yet he would sneer at pious men. He was considered a model by a certain class around him. In a revival meeting it was supposed that the Spirit of God had reached his heart. He professed to see his danger and resolved to reform. Then he thought of his companions who had witnessed his past life. They would say he was weak-minded and fickle. He would lose their respect. He could not come down from his high position. He could not take up the cross through good and evil report, and his serious impressions passed away, perhaps for ever. *He was too big to pray.*

I knew a man who had passed the middle age of life. His children had grown up around him, while he had been careless and unconcerned about their eternal welfare. A change seemed to have come over him, and he felt that duty called on him to pray in his family. But how could he assume such a task before his household, which would be astonished at such a strange event? He shrank from the effort, and finally relaxed into his former coldness and indifference. *He was too big to pray.*

I knew a physician who held a high rank in his profession. The urbanity of his deportment joined with an intelligent mind, made him a pleasant companion. But he was skeptical in regard to the doctrines of the Bible. He witnessed the happy death of one who triumphed in the last trying hour, and his infidel opinions were shaken. "Almost he was persuaded to become a Christian." But the pride of his heart was not subdued. He could not humble himself at the foot of the cross. *He was too big to pray.*

How many thousands there are around us, who have been elevated to high places in our land, who would not dare to be seen upon their knees, supplicating the majesty of heaven. *They are too big to pray.*

Now, in all such cases, there is something wrong. The heart once fairly pierced by the sword of the Spirit, there will soon be prayer. The fear of God will speedily overcome the fear of man. This is proved by all history and all experience. Where the Spirit descends in power, men in multitudes, with the royal psalmist, will on all sides be crying out, "Come all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul."

Living to Purpose.

Nearly a hundred years ago, there lived a young man, on the frontiers of Virginia, without money, and without a name, dependent on his daily labor for a living; and in the absence of any other special aim in life, he concluded to undertake to educate, at his own expense, a youth who seemed to him to be one of more than ordinary promise. What were the thoughts of Gideon Richie, when plowing and hoeing corn, and chopping wood, and mauling rails; what visions of the future he indulged in during the hours of weary labour, we may never know. He must have covered a warm heart, and a high purpose, and a stern resolve, in that home-spun dress of wool, and moccasins, and hunting-shirt, which characterized those who lived on the farthest frontiers of a semi-civilization; for he worked on, without faltering, until he saw his protégé a minister of the gospel, who rose like a star in the western firmament, casting its beams of light into the wig-wam of the Indians of the West, and away back again into the saloons of the elite about "Boston Common." Young Richie died, and but for the shining of his adopted son, his name would have long since passed from the memory of man. But he was placed here for a purpose in the providence of God; and having answered that purpose with a will, his heart being in the right place, he has, doubtless, gone up higher, for an enduring reward among the blessed. Had he been an unwilling instrument, still the purpose would have been subserved in some way, but he would have lost the reward.

The young minister became the founder of churches, and schools, and academies. Now a leader of the soldiers of his country, and then of soldiers of the cross; now at the head of a church, then at the head of a college. Now, as we have heard him say, banqueting with the merchant princes of the East; then, wrapped in his saddle blanket, sleeping across logs of

wood, while deluging rains were driving their gathering currents around him in the wilderness of the savage. Now, the benignant listener to the religious experiences of the Indian and the Negro; then, himself the listener to, by rapt thousands, as they looked to the gestures of his pointed finger, or hung upon entrancing words as they fell from his lips. His heart so stern, that, like his eagle eyes, it never quailed before mortal man; and yet of such womanly softness, that there was a well-spring of tears within it, which overshadowed at the first cry of dependence or pity. In a contest, face to face, with the old hero of the Hermitage, of might with right, even General Jackson was the vanquished, and Gideon Blackburn became the acknowledged conqueror. Of the hundreds, if not thousands, of young men whom Dr. Blackburn has aided in his teachings, his counsels, and his money, to reach the ministry, not a man of them now living is there, who will not rise up and call his memory blessed. Of his pupils at college, who have been, or are to-day, in the high places of law, medicine, and divinity—as governors of states, or members of congress; as professors or presidents in academies, colleges, and universities—there is not a man of them who can, by any possibility, look backward thirty years, and not remember in Dr. Blackburn the personification of the patriarch, the man, the Christian gentleman. The last work of his life was the establishment of a Theological Seminary, in the west, known by his name, and which bids fair to be a fountain from which streams of Ministers will flow to found and feed, and fructify churches, until the end of time. Man of immortality, mortal of an hour yet destined by your acts, to exert influences on the world for all time—influences for good or for evil—for happying your race, or for degrading it—if you can, by any work, save a dime or two a day, go this moment, and resolve to be another Gideon Richie, and raise another Blackburn!

Young man, fatherless, motherless, penniless, wake up, and remember that you may be a Blackburn, too!—*Fireside Magazine.*

Striking Passage.

Do you think that your sins are washed away in Christ's blood, when they are there still, and you are committing them? Would they be here, and you doing them, if they were put away? Do you think that your sins can be put away out of God's sight, if they are not even put out of your own sight? If you are doing wrong, do you think that God will treat you as if you were doing right? Cannot God see in you what you can see yourselves? Do you think a man can be clothed in Christ's righteousness at the very same time that he is clothed in his own unrighteousness? Can he be good and bad at once? Do you think a man can be converted—that is, turned round, when he is going on his old road the whole week? Do you think a man has repented, that is, changed his mind—when he is in just the same mind as ever as to how he shall behave to his family, his customers, and everybody with whom he has to do? Do you think that a man is renewed by God's Spirit, when except for a few religious phrases, and a little more outside respectability, he is just the old man, the same character at heart he ever was? Do you think that there is any use in a man's belonging to the number of believers, if he does not do what he believes; or any use in thinking that God has elected and chosen him, when he chooses not to do what God has chosen that every man must do or die.—*Kingsley.*

Groceries without Grog.

A gentleman writes to the N. Y. Observer and gives the following result of principle in abandoning the rum traffic:—

I came to this place in the fall of 1842, then sixteen years old, and without a dollar of my own in the world. I went into a jobbing grocery house of the highest respectability, here, which had then been engaged in the trade for about ten years, and had a well established trade, of which liquors constituted an important item. I continued with them as clerk for five and a half years, and was then taken into business as partner. The year previous to this, I had, however, won over to my own temperance faith the junior partner, and we finally obtained the reluctant consent of our senior partner to abandon the liquor part of our business, to do it on principle, and to do it effectually; by which I mean that we would not only not keep it for sale, but that we would utterly refuse to buy it, when ordered (as it was almost every day). We commenced acting upon this determination, and although we lost nearly all of our old customers, and although we did not, so far as I know, obtain but a single one on temperance principles, yet our business steadily increased, not only in amount but in profitable results, until in the latter particular it more than trebled. We completely outstripped all competitors in the grocery business, here or hereabouts. In a few years an excess of capital and a good opening, induced us to establish a branch concern (on the strictest temperance principles too,) and in spite of all the prophecies to the contrary, we dissolved the partnership in the spring of 1857, just nine years from the time I became a partner, and divided nearly half a million of dollars as the net profits of a strictly temperance grocery business.

I will add that our business was strictly a gro-

cery business, and furthermore that we never speculated in a single article whilst we were partners; never owned a bale of cotton, either directly or indirectly; in short, that we made the money in a legitimate way, and not by successful speculation.

If, sir, this is not a complete answer to the oft-repeated assertion that a grocery business cannot be sustained without liquors, I think you will be at a loss to find one.

"The plank bears."

A ship was wrecked some time in the last century on the coast of Cornwall. All hands went down save one sailor-boy who was washed on to the shore, barely living, and who lay, bruised and ready to perish, for weeks on a sick bed. He was visited by a young man—whether in or out of the pastoral office matters little—a young man who strove to lead the sinking sailor to the cross of Christ as the Anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, in the storms which destroys both soul and body in hell. "Suppose," said the missionary, "that when your vessel was in pieces round about you off the coast, and you felt yourself sinking, exhausted, beneath the surge—suppose you had caught hold of a plank as it floated by you, and felt that, as you clutched it, it bore your weight, and held you up till relief could come, you would thank God for that plank would you not?"

"Yes, sir," gasped the boy; and the boy was made to understand that that plank was Christ, bearing up the spirit of the sinner in the tempest of wrath.

Many years rolled away, and the Christian missionary toiled on, miles after miles from the southern coast, in the midst of some northern city. One day he was again in a sick-room.—Everything slowed that it was also a room ready for a death. They moved about silently and reverently, as men do when they expect the coming of the king of terrors. The sufferer was nearly, nearly gone. The visitor true to his old calling, bent down to whisper to the dying man words about the great salvation, and the life after death. "Is it well with your spirit?" said the old missionary. And there was a sudden glance of the eye that had begun to fix, and the head turned round, and a last flush covered the white face, and then a smile—such a smile—"God bless you, sir! *The plank bears, sir! the plank bears!*" And so it did. It had borne him ever since, and clinging to it, he got safe to land!—*Macedonian.*

Droppings from the Pens of Eminent Divines.

To a perfect and proper knowledge of supernatural things the revelation of the object is not sufficient, nor a due sense of reason in the subject; but, moreover, there is required the grace of Christ, and the special assistance of the Holy Spirit, whereby the heart may be opened and softened and a spiritual taste and relish given unto the true sweetness of supernatural truths.—*Dr. Reynolds.*

It is nonsense to pretend to keep ourselves from iniquity, if we do not watch against the occasions of it, time, place, and persons.—*Dr. Grosvenor.*

The covetous man maketh a fool of himself. He coveth to covet; he gathereth to gather; he laboureth to labour; he careth to care; as though his office were to fill a coffer full of gold, and then to die; like an ass, which carrieth treasures on his back all day, and at night they are taken from him, which did no good but to load him. How happy were some, if they knew not gold from lead!—*Smith.*

Let no day pass without inwardly digesting some portion of Scripture; it will prove a guardian angel to you, and be the means of chasing away many an evil spirit from you.—*Marsh.*

A man may be as diligent as it is possible for any man to be in the business of the earth, and yet he may miscarry; but give me any man or woman that ever was diligent in seeking the things of God and eternal life, that ever did miscarry.—*Burroughs.*

If we die with our hearts running over with love of the world, there is no promise to lead us to expect that we shall rise with them full of the love of God.—*H. More.*

Nothing doth so establish the mind amidst the rollings and turbulency of present things as both a look above them, and a look beyond them—above them to the steady and good hand by which they are ruled; and beyond them to the sweet and beautiful end to which, by that hand, they shall be brought.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do you fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward than the world can give, and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, momentary glory perish with herself, and let us be conversant with more eternal things. Alas! this world is miserable; life is short, and death is sure.—*Augustine.*

The law presseth on a man till he flies to Christ then it says, "Thou hast gotten a refuge; I forbear to follow thee: thou art wise; thou art safe.—*Bengelius.*

Places or conditions are happy or miserable, as God vouchsafeth His gracious presence more or less.—*Dr. Sibb.*

Enemies have been always found the most faithful monitors; for adversity has ever been considered as a state in which a man the most easily becomes acquainted with himself.—*Dr. Johnson.*

The Papal States.

The Papal states is the name given to the See of Rome, of which the Pope is the monarch. Its greatest length, from north to south, is 260 miles. The breadth is very unequal. For a few miles to the north of Rieti its width is greatest extending from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic, 130 miles. The area of the States is 15,381 sq. miles, and the population in 1850 numbered 3,066,771, besides about 10,000 Jews. The northern provinces stretch from the Tuscan Apennines to the Po and Adriatic. They comprise the four legations of Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, and Forli, and have a population of about 1,000,000. This part of the country was in ancient times out of the limits of Italia proper, and formed part of Cis-Alpine Gaul; and even now, the inhabitants rather resemble their Lombard neighbours than their fellow-subjects, from whom they are divided by the offsets of the Apennines, which approach close to the Adriatic coast in the neighbourhood of Rimini, where the Rubicon constituted the political boundary of Italia Proper in the time of the Roman republic. The eastern provinces extend from Rimini to the Tronto. The country is fertile and healthy, and is inhabited by an industrious and lively race of people. It is generally designated by the name of *Marches*, but is divided into the Provinces of Pesaro, Urbino, Ancona, Macerata, Camerino, Fermo and Ascoli. The town of Ancona is garrisoned by Austrian troops. The southern division is the largest and most important, because it contains the capital and includes the classical land of Latium, and the other provinces which formed the first possessions of ancient Rome. It comprises the ancient territory of Umbria, the Sabini, old Latium, and the western part of Etruria. This extensive country is divided, with respect to its climate and its productions, into two parts—the high lands and the valleys of the Apennines, including the valley of the Upper Tiber, which are well cultivated and generally healthy, and the low lands of the *Campagna* and some other spots around the lakes Perugia, Balagna, and Bracciano, which are unwholesome and thinly inhabited. The established religion is the Roman Catholic. The population includes about 10,000 regular clergy and monks, 8,000 nuns, and about 32,000 secular clergy.—The Provinces are governed by Cardinals or other church dignitaries, who are assisted by councils of laymen. There is also in every province a provincial council for local and provincial affairs, which assembles for a fortnight, once a year, under the presidency of the delegate or legate. For this purpose the commune appoint electors, who assemble at the head towns of their respective districts, and there choose the deputies to the council. One third of the council is changed every two years. Each commune consists of a town or large village, with the territory and hamlets belonging to it. At the head of each district is a governor (appointed by the Pope) who is also a judge, and subordinate to the legate in his administrative but not in his judicial capacity. The commune lands were sold by Pius the Seventh in order to supply the urgent wants and exactions of the French military. Their ordinary revenue is now derived from taxes upon provisions coming to market, and the extraordinary deficiency is made up by a capitation tax and a tax upon cattle. In the larger towns there are school-mistress paid by the commune for the elementary teaching of girls. There is, however, no general system of elementary instruction, and the proportion of illiterate people in the Papal States, is much greater than in Lombardy.

With regard to the Central government, it is an elective monarchy, the Pope, for the time being, is the absolute sovereign of the State; he is assisted by a council of ministers and a council of state, over each of which the Cardinal Secretary of State presides. Laymen are appointed members of each of these councils. The Congregation or Board of "Sacra Consulta," consisting of cardinals and prelates, superintends the administration of the province, and is also a court of appeal in criminal matters. The army of the state consisted in 1854 of 17,365 men, including the gendarmery and Custom-house guards.

PRAY FOR YOUR PASTOR.—In the journal of a departed saint I find mentioned with grateful acknowledgement the following: She had been accustomed to meet a Christian friend for prayer every Sunday afternoon. Feeling that their pastor's sermons, though superior and elegant in style, were not spiritual, did not present Christ, these two sisters in the church agreed to make it their especial subject of prayer that Christ in all his fullness might be preached. They did so for three weeks secretly, when on going to church they were delighted to hear given out the text, "Looking unto Jesus." A revival of religion followed. If your pastor does not feed you, pray for him.

ONIONS.—"Onions," says Dr. Hall, "are one of the most nutritious and healthful articles of food in our markets. A few grains of coffee, eaten immediately afterwards, removes at once the odour from the breath. If onions are half boiled and the water thrown away, and then put into soup to be boiled done, the odour will be but little noticed. Some kinds have less odour than others. In Spain, a sweet kind of onion is used very extensively as an article of food."

SCOURING KNIVES.—A small, clean potato with the end cut off, is a very convenient medium of applying brick-dust to knives, keeping it about the right moisture, while the juice of the potato assists in removing stains from the surface. We can get a better polish by this method than by any other we have tried, and with less labor.