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RAGGED SCHOOLS, SHOE-BLACK BRIGADES, &c.
LONDON, July, 1860.

We are yet in London; and are detailing some of the ways in which the lay element of the Church here is seeking to advance the kingdom of God.

As the boys collected into the Ragged Schools advance in years, there is a necessity of finding them some employment for the double purpose of keeping them out of mischief and of learning them habits of industry and honesty. Hence the "Shoe Black Societies" of East London, of Islington and North London, of North West London, and others, scattered over the districts of this great city. These Societies are managed with remarkable prudence, firmness, and usefulness. They form the boys into "Brigades," each Brigade having its peculiar livery, blue, brown, purple, dark green, &c.—the color of the livery giving name to the Brigade. The lads forming these Brigades are chosen from the ragged schools, and must be recommended by their teachers. On entering the Brigade they are gratuitously provided with uniform and implements, and each wear on their breast the badge of the society and their distinctive number. They are divided into three classes, rising from the lower to the higher, by their merit and industry. They have their stations assigned them, which they cannot change or desert without dismissal, save according to the rules which govern them. They meet in the morning, at a given place, at an early hour, where they take breakfast, and, after prayer, go out to their work. They return to the same place at seven o'clock in the evening, when they pay over all their earnings of the day. Sixpence is then returned to each boy, and the remainder is divided into three equal parts; one third is given to the boy in addition to the sixpence; one third is retained by the Society towards working expenses; the remaining third is deposited in "The Boys' Bank," to be expended for his benefit as the Committee may judge best. After the money is collected and the implements are returned, the boys take their supper, for which they pay out their earnings; they are then sent to their evening Ragged Schools, at the close of which they go to their different homes; or, if they have no home, to the dormitories provided for them. After going through this process until they form their habits of industry, economy and morality, they are sent to places of business, to learn trades; to some industrial occupation, in which they learn to be useful laborers in the great workshop of the world. And thus society is doubly benefited; it is saved from the crimes they would commit and from the expense of punishing them; and it is strengthened by their morality and enriched by their labor.

We attended a meeting of one of these Shoe-Black Brigades, whose place of assemblage is in a narrow lane near Temple Bar. We were there at six o'clock of a fine May morning. The boys came pouring in, in an orderly but boyish way. They were all under fifteen years of age. A man in mid-life, with his wife, had charge of the breakfast and of the rooms. The boys first put on their regimentals, and if needful, combed their heads and washed their hands. Then they sat on benches before a clean table, and took their warm cup of coffee and fine thick slices of bread well buttered, for which they paid out of the money given them from the earnings of the previous day. Then they were led into an upper room, neatly seated, and well supplied with Bibles and Hymn-books. There they were met by a gentleman, one of the Committee of Management, who gave out a hymn, in the singing of which they all united. He then reads a portion of Scripture, with a brief comment to arrest their attention; after which he offered a most affectionate and fervent prayer for the boys. He then ran over the list of names to see if they were all there; he examined the monitor's list and briefly reprimanded the delinquents and the erring; commending one and admonishing another. Then they each went to their number in a room where were their tools, and went orderly out each to his station, and to the work of the day, and each carrying his dinner. And a more happy set of boys none might desire to see. The gentleman presiding on this morning was a barrister of the Temple. The police aid these Societies in keeping a watch on the boys. If they desert their station, or violate the rules, they are promptly dismissed from the Brigade. So well behaved are they that they are employed in preference to those who are "non-Society" boys. One of them told me that some days he earned sixteen and even eighteen shillings sterling, and that the smallest sum he earned was two shillings. They all keep the Sabbath, and go twice to the Sabbath school.

There are ten of these Brigades in active operation here; and their results are confessedly great on the class of juvenile vagrants and pick-pockets who have so long pestered the city, and filled the Police Courts, and all the Houses of Refuge! The hand of God is in this effort; and why should it not be copied in every great city of our land? Why should not the juvenile shoe-blacks of New York, now to be met in all its thoroughfares, be formed into companies, and

placed under regulations which will save them from the evils incident to their calling, and serve to make them industrious, frugal and moral? Is there no Shaftesbury, or McGregor, among its many noble lawyers, merchants, and men of piety and wealth, to inaugurate such a work of faith and labor of love?

But if Ragged Schools, and the Black Brigades are designed to prevent the increase of crime and of criminals, by the Christian training of the children that make criminals and commit crime; the thieves and vagabonds whose feet are strangers to the paths of virtue, and whose hands have only learned to pilfer and rob, are not forgotten. There are good men here who think it abominable to say that it is hopeless to rescue any of God's creatures, however low they may have fallen; and who are seeking, by simple Gospel means, to elevate and to reform the most desperate characters. We heard the Earl of Shaftesbury relate a visit which he made, at their own request, to a gang of ferocious London thieves, perhaps as cold-blooded and heartless as any thieves in the world. As he entered the room where they met, their appearance seemed terrific. Their wicked, malignant eyes—their visages, bloated, and often scarred—their shrinking from him as he pressed to the stand whence he was to address them—their dress, their color, which like that of plants in a cellar, was proof that they rarely basked in the sun, or breathed the pure air, all made him feel as if he were just on the verge of pandemonium. But not the least intimidated by their appearance or numbers, he addressed them on the evil of their ways, and exhorted them to flee to Christ, whose blood cleanses from all sin, though of crimson dye. After the service was ended, as he passed out, he shook hands with those near him, and bid them in the kindest tones a farewell. They seemed amazed at his condescension to shake hands with them! Such loving words and conduct they had never witnessed before! And he stated that in two years afterwards not more than twenty of that four hundred were known to the police, as continuing in their trade of villany and robbery. Some returned to their friends, some, to get beyond the reach of their associates went to the British Colonies—some became respectable members of society! The result of that one meeting was, no doubt, the prevention of many robberies;—it may be, the shedding of innocent blood;—the saving of great expense in the prosecution of criminals; to the city—the return of many to the ways of virtue, and, it may be, the saving of some souls. O, the Gospel has power to subvert the most obdurate, when preached to them in love.

We heard an incident as to this nobleman, for whose accuracy we cannot vouch, and whether it occurred at the above meeting, or at some similar one, we know not. At the close of an address to a company of thieves and pickpockets, he pretended to want some change, and gave a guinea to a boy to go out and get it. He was gone some time; and he suggested the inquiry whether the boy would return at all. A dozen boys at once jumped to their feet, crying out, "If he don't come back we will kill him!" But the boy returned, and gave as the reason of his delay that he had to go to several stores and shops before he could get the change, as his very appearance suggested that the guineas was either a counterfeit, or that he had stolen it. So that there is honor even among thieves. But the practical question arises, why, in these ways, are not more efforts made for the benefit of forsaken, degraded children, and for the reformation of criminals?—[Kilwan's Cor. to N. Y. Obs.]

WITH CHRIST.

How uniform and majestic the testimony that rise from all the lands and ages of faith to this simple truth—that it is not rules of conduct, not systems of ethics, not patterns of propriety, not eloquent expositions, that inspire the believing and faithful heart with its immortal energy and peace—but the simple secret, assurance of being as one with the Lord Jesus, and resting in his almighty friendship! Where is the fiery furnace deep enough to burn despair into our souls, if we can see walking with us through the fire the form of the Son of God? What, then, is the tribulation, or famine, or sword, or nakedness, that shall separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord? The mystery of that unity where he who is one with God yet cried, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt," is not for us to lay hold of and breathe again and again, when we are aching and alone and troubled. So the believers have found. When the brilliant, amiable and accomplished young Italian woman, Olympia Morata, whose learning and loveliness graced the splendid school of Leo X, had become the persecuted victim of Roman tyranny for honoring Christ above a polluted priesthood, then poverty, sickness, desolation, exile, tried their worst upon her constancy. After she who had been the delicate nursing of courts and letters had fled across the stony fields of Bavaria, with literally bare and bleeding feet, the strength of the frail body failing, she bent under the weight of the cross, and quietly lay down to die. To one of her noble friends in Italy she wrote: "Let the word of God be the rule of thy life, the lamp upon thy path, and thou wilt not stumble." As the purple flood of life ebbed in her thin, white frame, she said: I desire to die because I know the secret of death. The cunning mechanism is near to its dissolution. I desire to die, that I may be with Jesus Christ, and find in him eternal life. Do not be disturbed by my death, for I shall conquer in the end; I desire to depart and be with Christ." With Christ! So, the world over, and through all ages, in the first century or the last, the true heart of faith answers, in its final and glorified

hour, to the prayer of Jesus: "With me, where I am."—Dr. Huntington.

SECTARIANISM.

An Irishman, entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well-defined form of a large round head bulging out the canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible: up went his shillelagh; down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction.

"Och, Nicholas!" said they, "and did ye not know it was Brady O'Brien ye hit?"

"Truth did I not," says he; "bad luck to me for that; but just as my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convenient, I could not help myself!"

Poor Paddy! true type of some controversial spirits; it is not in them to let the chances of a blow go by. They are of the brood of the vulture, not of the dove. "They sent the battle from afar." And many mooted points for which they have done fierce fight are so infinite small, that it would not give the day of a button-shank to get them finally decided.

Many contentions arise out of sheer misunderstanding. Disputants often become metaphysical according to the explanation given by the Scotchman, who said:

"Why, ye see, metaphysics is when two men are talking together, and the one of them dinna know what he is talking about, and the other canna understand him."

Drs. Chalmers and Stuart may have been "wee bit" metaphysical that day they got into a controversy about the nature of faith. Chalmers, compelled at length to leave his friend, said:

"I have time to say no more; but you will find my views fully and well put in a recent tract, called 'Difficulties in the Way of Believing.'"

"Why," exclaimed the astonished Dr. Stuart, "that is my own tract! I published it myself!" That man was surely wise who professed every debate with. "Gentlemen, define your terms."

During the Peninsular War, an officer of artillery had just served a gun with admirable precision against a body of men posted in a wood to his left. When the Duke rode up, after turning his glass for a moment in the direction of the shot, he said, in his cool way:

"Well aimed, Captain; but no more; they are our own 39th!"

This sad blunder has been repeated too often in the armies of Jesus. With what fatal frequency have great guns of the Church, which might have battered down citadels of Satan, been misdirected against Christian brethren! There are surely devils enough in the world to shoot at without firing into each other.—Rev. S. Colley.

SECRET AND CONSCIENTIOUS DRUNKARDS.

To some this may seem a strange designation—"secretious drunkards." The writer thinks he has met with such, and that the number of them is probably increasing in the region in which he resides. His heart's desire is to do them good.

1. THEY ARE DRUNKARDS. Often under the pervading influence of strong drink, they take delight in the delicious and the stupefying effect which it produces on them. Unwilling to abandon the intoxicating cup, they are frequently overcome by it. Although no man may ever have seen them reel or stagger, yet privately they serve this appetite. And thus the appellation of drunkard belongs to them.

2. They are drunkards secretly. Their habits are known to a few only. Some of their own families, possibly the physician or the legal counselor, constitute the little circle of those who know the secret. Other friends may at times suspect that something is wrong, and surmise what it is.

3. The persons described are conscientious. They are not aware of the mastery which Satan and their own depravity have over them in the cup of iniquitation. The lust that controls them, blinds. Perverting some passages of holy writ, and possessed of a smattering of medical science, they palliate drunkenness, calling it by some other name, and profess that the word of God is their guide, and that they are conscientious in their secret indulgence. They are conscientious as was Saul for Tarshu, when he verily thought with himself that no ought to be many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. But they are mistaken in argument and as erroneous in conscience as was Saul, while they verily think that they may secretly and innocently, indulge in the draughts which are perverting, polluting, and ruining them. A deceived heart hath turned them aside, that they can not deliver their souls nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?

As one and another of these depart this life, and some term of medical nomenclature denotes in the public prints the disease with which they die, how surely, alas! does a circle of intimate friends know that other and common name which truly expresses the sad and guilty habit with which they perished.

As these lives may receive the attention of some one secret and conscientious drunkard, who professes to justify his habit by conscience and by some passage of holy scripture, I would beg leave to suggest one inquiry to such a man, in the fear of God. Are you not in error in your application of certain passages of scripture to your case? I know you find in the Bible two classes of texts of which the following are examples: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God accepted thy works." "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright." Do these passages of the scriptures, any of them, allow that man to tamper with strong drink in whom the craving for intoxicating stimulus is keenly and habitually felt? Are passages so sacred which the Holy Spirit addressed to man in one condition, to be appropriated and acted upon by men who are in a very different condition? It is designed by these teachings of the Bible to encourage the occasional use of intoxicating drinks by that man who has learned to love secret intoxication—who withdraws, day by day, to the privacy of his own home, to take the perverting draught, and to rivet again and again the chain of his bondage. Is not this the call of the holy

word to the secret and conscientious drunkard—"LOOK NOT THOU upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

The Lord Jesus Christ alone can save you. He waiteth to be gracious—and he hath the power to forgive and to emancipate you. Call upon him—cry mightily to him—and break away from the lust which is dragging you down to hell! Secret and conscientious drunkard—come to Jesus or you perish! The word of God plainly teaches that "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Either in this world or in another world you will know and deplore your guilty blindness, and will feel that conscientiousness in this indulgence is no excuse.—N. Y. Observer.

REMARKABLE STONE.—I have been very much surprised not to see, in any of the public journals, an account of a remarkable stone found in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa City. Upon the occasion of a recent visit to that city, I had the pleasure of viewing the stone, as well as the quarry from which it was taken, and I should like much to hear from some of our geologists respecting it. The stone is one of ordinary dimension, and bears the imprints of two human feet, one a male and the other a female; the feet certainly uncased in moccasins. The tracks are about one inch deep, and appear to have been made in the clay or mud—as they have about them their usual ridge caused by setting the foot in any soft substance. They were taken from a stratum of limestone, nine feet below the surface, and having eight feet of the same kind of stone above them with about one foot of soil. The whole formation of rock is in strata varying in thickness.—Editor in Pilot.

WHY THE MILL WAS STOPPED.

In one of the older States once resided an infidel the owner of a saw mill, situated by the side of the highway, over which a large portion of a Christian congregation passed every Sabbath to and from church. This infidel having no regard for the Sabbath, was as busy, and his mill was as noisy on that holy day, as on any other. Before long it was observed, however, that the deacon was passing, although he paid no regard to the passing of others. On being asked why he paid this mark of respect to the deacon, he replied, "The deacon professes just what the rest of you do; but he lives also such a life, that it makes me feel bad here, (putting his hand upon his heart), to run my mill while he is passing." This illustrates the power of a holy, consistent life, and shows us very clearly the kind of influence we should exert upon those around us. This good man, it appears, "walked in wisdom" towards those without the church of Christ, as the apostle exhorts all Christians to do. He exhibited in his daily intercourse, a temper and conduct corresponding with the principles which he professed; and while such deportment will not always induce a seceder to embrace those principles, it will go far to disarm his prejudices, that his esteem for one professing them may, in the end, lead him to a hearty embrace of the truth.

THE LADY AND THE ROBBER.

In a large and lonely house, situated in the south of England, there once lived a lady and her two maid servants. They were far away from all human habitations, but they seem to have felt no fear, and to have dwelt there peacefully and happily. It was the lady's custom to go round the house with her maids every evening, to see that all the windows and doors were properly secured. One night she had accompanied them as usual, and ascertained that all was safe. They left her in the passage close to her room, and then went to their own, which was quite at the other side of the house. As the lady opened her door, she distinctly saw a man underneath her bed.—What could she do? Her servants were far away, and could not hear her if she screamed for help, and even if they had come to her assistance, these three weak women were no match for a desperate house-breaker. How then did she act? She trusted in God. Quietly she closed the door, and locked it on the inside, which she was in the habit of doing. She then leisurely brushed her hair, and putting on her dressing-gown, she took up her Bible and sat down to read. She read aloud and chose a chapter which had peculiar reference to God's watchfulness over us, and constant care of us by night and by day. When it was finished she knelt and prayed at great length, still uttering her words aloud, especially commending herself and servants to God's protection, and dwelling upon their utter helplessness, and dependence upon him to preserve them from all dangers. At last she rose from her knees, put out her candle, and laid down in bed; but she did not sleep. After a few minutes had elapsed she was conscious that the man was standing by her bedside. He addressed her, and begged her not to be alarmed. "I came here," said he, "to rob you, but after the words you have read, and the prayers you have uttered, no power on earth could induce me to hurt you, or to touch a thing in your house. But you must remain perfectly quiet, and not attempt to interfere with me. I shall now give a signal to my companions, which they will understand, and then we will go away and you may sleep in peace, for I give you my solemn word that no one shall harm you, and not the smallest thing belonging to you shall be disturbed." He then

went to the window, opened it, and whistled softly—returning to the lady's side (who had not spoken or moved) he said, "Now I am going. Your prayer has been heard, and no disaster will befall you." He left the room, and soon all was quiet, and the lady fell asleep still upheld by that calm and beautiful trust. When the morning dawned and she awoke, we may feel sure that she poured out her thanksgivings and praises to Him who had "defended" her "under his wings," and "kept" her "safe under his feathers," so that she was not "afraid of any terror by night."

The man proved true to his word, and nothing in the house had been taken. Oh! shall we not hope that his heart was changed from that day forth, and that he forsook his evil courses, and cried to that Saviour "Who come to seek and to save that which was lost," and even on the cross did not reject the penitent thief. From this true story let us learn to put our whole trust and confidence in God. This lady's courage was indeed wonderful; but "the Lord was her defence upon her right hand," and "with him all things are possible."—[Monthly Packet for Oct.]

We have received an extract from a letter fully corroborating the remarkable anecdote of "the Lady and the Robber" in our October number, and adding some facts that enhance the wonder and mercy of her escape. We quote the words of the letter: "In the first place the robber told her if she had given the slightest alarm or token of resistance, he had fully determined to murder her; so that it really was God's good guidance that told her to follow the course she took. Then before he went away, he said: 'I never heard such words before. I must have the book you read out of and carried off her Bible, willingly enough given, you may be sure. This happened many years ago, and only comparatively recently did the lady hear any more of him. She was attending a religious meeting in Yorkshire, where, after several noted clerics and others had spoken, a man arose stating that he was employed as one of the book-hawkers of the Society, and told the story of the midnight adventure, as a testimony to the wonderful power of the word of God. He concluded with, 'I am that man.' The lady rose from her seat in the hall, and said quietly, 'It is all quite true, I was the lady,' and sat down again."—Monthly Packet for December.

THE PRAYING WIFE.

Recently in Wales, two men were returning home from a beer shop, at a very late hour; as they were walking one said to the other, "When I get into the house to night my wife will scold me dreadfully." "Ah," replied his companion, "I shall have something ten times more intolerable than scolding; my wife is always quiet, but she weeps and speaks to me about my soul, and her words are burning like fire in my conscience." He reached home, as he anticipated, his wife met him at the door, weeping. He went to bed and slept, but his wife distressed and anxious about his soul, instead of doing so prayed to God on his behalf; about three o'clock in the morning he awoke and saw her standing at the bedside still weeping. He said to her, "Margaret what is the matter with you?" She answered, "The thought that my dear husband is an enemy to my beloved Saviour, and that he is likely to have his eternal portion with damned spirits, almost breaks my heart." This answer broke him down. He felt that his case was a bad one, and the fact that his wife felt so deeply on his account, led him to feel for himself. He arose and knelt by the side of his wife and prayed to God, who blessed the conduct and language of his wife to his conviction, manifested to him his pardoning grace through Jesus Christ, and they are a happy couple rejoicing in the hope of dwelling together forever in heaven.

Has any reader of this an unconquered husband? Do you feel deeply in his behalf, and does his present danger and future ruin excite his deepest interest? Have you prayed earnestly and perseveringly to God for him? Has he reason to believe that you are anxious on his account, or is your conduct such as to lead him to suppose that you are indifferent to his state and regardless of his future welfare? Try such a course as this woman pursued, and God will bless your efforts, and answer your prayer.—[Mother's Journal.]

KING OF JERUSALEM.

"The French Imperial Court is still living in the greatest retirement, broken only by short excursions in the neighborhood of St. Cloud. The longest of these was when the Emperor rode to Rambouillet, in company with Baron Rothschild, while the Empress went to Compiègne, meeting her august consort on the road, in returning. Baron Rothschild is at present exceedingly intimate with his Imperial Majesty, he being almost the only visitor now received at the chateau. Nearly every day Napoleon III. is seen promenading in the park of St. Cloud, arm in arm with the great banker; and scarcely a dinner occurs at which the latter has not the honor of sitting at the right hand of the Imperial Majesty. Of course, the political grasping draw their own conclusion from this particular intimacy. According to some of their own data, it is the invention of the Emperor to make Baron Rothschild King of Jerusalem, under the protection of France, and—as may be expected—for a consideration."

This paragraph, which people will laugh at may have more in it than meets the eye. The Eastern Question is one of the most difficult that ever statesman or diplomatist worked with. The Turkish Empire is breaking up. The difficulty is to create a nationality for Syria. The fragments of peoples there, Greeks, Maronites, Druses, Arabs of all sorts, Armenians, Turks—none of them make a nation, and any one that can be constructed of those materials is likely to be a rope of sand.

Where can a nation be found for Syria? Many of us believe that God has preserved the Holy Land for the children of Abraham, his friend, and that in his own good time they will solve the Syrian question. We do not know the disposition of Baron Rothschild; but we cannot conceive of anything more grand than the using of the princely wealth of that family to gather in the earth Jewish people from the four corners of the earth, and plant them in the Holy Land. There needs nothing to accomplish it but a disposition on their part to go, and money to go with. But it is well known that as a nation they are immensely wealthy, and hence an enthusiasm for Palestine, like the Crusades—an enthusiasm which might spring up in a day,—would produce this memorable result. The Eastern question seems to wait for it. A King of Jerusalem is not more unlikely than was a King of Greece before the battle of Navarino, a Sardinian King in Florence, or a Garibaldi in Sicily and perhaps soon in Naples.—[Am. Paper.]

YOUTHFUL PROFANITY.

"Because of swearing the land mourneth."—Jeremiah.

While a little boy, some six or seven years of age, was passing my house on his way to school recently he was noticed by some of the family to be crying with the cold. Enquiry was made respecting his dress, which was found to be nothing more than of common thin cotton cloth. He was called in and asked, "Why do you cry so, when on your way to school, my little man?" Answer: "Cos I've so darn cold." And it is no uncommon occurrence to hear children of his age use much more profane expressions. When this little boy was told that it was wicked to use such language, he looked surprised, as though he had never been told so before; and probably, never had been. Profane parents are not accustomed to rebuke their children for swearing.—But, O how painful to think of the multitudes of children in enlightened and christianized New England, who receive their first knowledge of their Maker and Preserver from the outbursts and blasphemies of their fathers and mothers; for it is a fact that many mothers swear. As a little girl was reproved in school by her teacher for using profane language, a few days ago, she excused herself by saying, "Father and mother swear!" Yes, it is true that there are fathers and mothers who swear. And what fathers and mothers! What instructors of the rising generation! What teachers of morals and religion! "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

Profanity and respectability are seldom found in company. The profane cannot expect to be respected either by others or themselves, and much less by their Maker. Debauched expressions are sure indications of a mean, grovelling, sordid mind. They are the filthy, corrupt and corrupting exhalations of a vicious heart, "for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Who who professes the name of Deity shows thereby his contempt of him, his disregard to the feelings of sensible persons, is unfit for any decent society, and unworthy of trust and confidence. It is an old proverb—"he that will swear will lie, and he that will lie will steal." Profanity and scurrility are to the mind what intemperance and licentiousness are to the body; and a profane person in a community is like one infected with a plague, a poisoner and corrupter of all whom he approaches.

"One sickly sheep infects the flock, And poisons all the rest." Some persons are so filthy of mouth, that even a pure word cannot escape their lips without being contaminated by corrupt comparisons. Such persons usually supply the want of good common sense, with a want of decency, and the want of a good reputation, with the want of shame and a sense of propriety. Their praise is a reproach; their friendship a deep pit—their company a contagious, deadly disease—their end destruction.

This infamous and common practice of cursing and swearing upon the most trivial occasions, and loading every common conversation with oaths and blasphemies, prevails shamefully with many, both old and young, who are pleased to think they live in a christian land, that they did not know what a disgrace and burden the are to it. Nor is this custom less ridiculous than impious, as it is the only crime human nature is capable of committing, neither proposes nor secures either pleasure or profit, either honor or praise. It is a volunteer work for Satan to aid him in insulting the majesty of heaven.

THE COMPASSION OF CHRIST.

Jesus Christ, although the commissioned messenger of heaven, exhibited the tenderest sentiments of sympathy with all the afflictions of human nature; whether the afflictions were of a public or of a domestic kind—whether he weeps amid the forbodings which the sight of Jerusalem occasioned, or when he stood by the grave of a friend, we everywhere see the same compassionate spirit feelingly moved at the aspect of human misery. It is this blessed peculiarity in the character of our Saviour, that leads the afflicted spirit to have recourse to Him for consolation. He is the great fountain of the consolation to which the afflicted turn—"the High Priest" that is "touched with the feelings of our infirmities." How consolatory is the contemplation of Christ's compassion to those who are passing along sorrow's vale—on whose path falls the shadow of the descending cloud, or when wrapt in its folds I how true, indeed, the heart is not sustained and comforted, and cheered in bereavement's dark hour by argument, or worldly wisdom, or philosophy—these may be true—but the heart torn and riven cannot well listen to them in the first hour of its sorrow.

When loved ones have fallen by our side, and the voices which have often cheered us on in life's conflict, are hushed in the silence of death, it is then we most anxiously look to the friend who will sit down and weep with us, will do it with a feeling sense of the calamity which overpowers us.

"Of all the nauseous conflicting crimes, Which most infect and stigmatize the times; There's none that can with impious ethics compare, Where vice and folly have an equal share."