

# The Religious Intelligence.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA

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

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## Religious Intelligence.

An Evangelical History of Great Britain  
SHOWING  
HOW THE GOSPEL CAME TO ENGLAND,  
ITS STRUGGLES, ENCOURAGEMENTS,  
PROGRESS, &c. &c.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE RELIGION OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

We have remarked that the word Britain, of uncertain etymology and doubtful origin. For the gratification of our young readers, we shall therefore supplement the account given in our first chapter, by observing that Piny speaks of Albion, and Agathemarus of Albin, which signifies white, and was so called on account of the chalk-cliffs which appear on the English coast. It therefore distinguished this island from Hibernia and the other British islands, for Agathemarus says (lib. ii. c. 4) British isles are many in number, the most considerable of which are Hibernia and Albin, or Albion. Camden derives the name from the word brit, which means painted, because many of the inhabitants painted themselves. Others fancy they discover its source in the British word brydd, which denotes rage, in allusion to the strong shores of the island. But according to Bochart, the Phenicians, who first discovered these islands, called them Baratanac, which signified the country of tin, or lead. The name would, according to this hypothesis, be first given to this island, in addition to the island of Sicily, and by degrees communicated to all the others lying in the same sea. The name of Baratanac would soon be contracted into Britanac; and this, as it passed from the Phenicians to the Greeks, and from these to the Romans, would soften into Britannica, Britannia and Britain.

As people carry their religious traditions, impressions, habits, and forms of worship with them, we may gather from this fact some idea of the ancient religion of this country. Before the Christian era, mankind were divided into Jews and Gentiles the former being worshippers of the true God, the latter being idolaters. The true and living God, who is but one, had but one temple, in which He dwelt, unseen by the chosen tribes of Israel; but as the heathens had "Gods many and Lords many," so also had they many temples, containing images of their respective deities, some of which were visible at all times, when worshipped in temples made with hands; others were occasionally seen.

To these, for the most part hideous figures tradition assigned a celestial origin. "The image of the great goddess Diana at Ephesus, which all Asia and all the world worshipped," it was said, "fell down from Jupiter." (Acts xix, 35.) The same was said of the image of the goddess of Cybele, at Pessinus, in Phrygia, of which the Romans, "professing themselves to be wise," sent an embassy to request it for themselves, and bring it to Rome. The ancients, or target, at Rome, had also a heavenly descent in the reign of Numa; and similar things were said of other images. Nor is this to be marvelled at, seeing the moral beliefs of men's nature rest upon an undulating stream called the supernatural, or divine. In order to secure respect, reverence, affection, and worship for "the works of men's hands," it was necessary to deify them; and what is said of their naked gods may be affirmed of their sacred books—they must partake of the supernatural, they must have a divine origin. The readiest way of doing this was to declare, and get vouchers for the declaration, that the idols came from heaven, and that their sacred books were inspired by the gods and goddesses whom the people worshipped. The idea was an apt one, and its realisation implies talent, craft and cruelty.

This is heathenism. We call it idolatry or superstition, mourn over it, and thank God we have been delivered from it by the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. No doubt the Gospel is a blessed thing, is mighty through God, and has always accomplished His pleasure; but let us not conclude that Christendom is free from idolatry, that the symbol of cross is the sign of personal salvation, or that in countries nominally Christian there is no actual heathenism. The reader of ecclesiastical history, and the man of social intercourse needs constantly to be warned against the seduction of ecclesiastical words, such as priest, piety, and principles; such as church, charity, and Christianity; such as religion, baptism, divine worship, truth, and twenty others all of which stand for very different ideas in different books, in different communities, in different localities, and in different ages; also with different persons, and in differing interests. For instance, Romanism is called Christianity; and all these words have a sense peculiar to Romanism. But how much of heathenism is there in Romanism? Is Romanism little better than heathenism? In many respects it can scarcely be said to be in advance of it. Those heathen masters in the art of popular delusions, who managed their craft so successfully for ages and ages hardly excelled our modern men—the miracle-mongers of Italy and Austria, the mystery-men of Gaul and Rome.

Our forefathers, whose ecclesiastical history we are contemplating, being Gentiles by nature and not Jews, were heathens, alienated from God and worshippers of idols, which by nature are no

gods. They patronised the most popular divinities of Greece and Rome, as the existence of their temples testified. Mercury had a temple in Cornwall; Minerva one at Bangor; Apollo had two, one at Bath and another on the site of Westminster; Janus had one at Leicester; Bellona one at York; Victoria, or Andate, one at Malde; and Diana—the great goddess Dianna—was enshrined in London, on the site of St. Paul's Cathedral. Of the architectural style of these structures we know nothing. All that we know is, that the first ecclesiastical edifices in this Gospel land were erected by idolaters and dedicated to the worship of heathen deities.

But this notice of idolatrous character would be incomplete without some account of their priesthood and rites. The Druids, Druides, or Druidae, were the priests and ministers among the ancient Gauls, Britons, and Germans. Picard derives the word from Drui or Dryus, their leader, a fourth or fifth king of the Gauls. Piny and others from the word drus, which signifies an oak, because they frequented, often inhabited, most taught, and never sacrificed but under that tree. Some derive the word from the Hebrew drusim, implying men devoted to meditation. Menage thinks it came from the old British drus which denotes demon, or magician. Borel pleads for the Saxon dry, magician, or the old British dru or derw, meaning oak, from which he thinks the Greek drus is derived. But some take drui to be an old Celtic and German word, formed from trovis or trowis, which means "a doctor of the truth and the faith." This etymology the learned Vossius approves. Diogenes Laertius assures us that the Druids were the same amongst the ancient Britons with the philosophers among the Greeks; the Magi among the Persians, the Brahmins among the Indians, and the Chaldeans among the Assyrians. They seem to have been priests, magistrates, philosophers, tutors, soothsayers, astrologers, and everything else that was of much importance. Their chief settlement in Britain was the Isle of Anglesea, the ancient Mona, which contained spacious groves of their favourite tree.

This sacred class formed the first and most distinguished order among the ancient Gauls and Britons. They were chosen out of the best families; and the honours of their birth when joined to those of their function, seldom failed to establish their despotic rule over the souls of men, or to procure them the highest veneration among the people. They wore long garments which displayed six different colours, while those of the nobility—the king only excepted, whose costume exhibited seven—were allowed to wear four, and their robes descended no lower than their knees. The priests generally carried a wand in their hands, which was a long white rod called "the wand of divination." Their necks were decorated with gold chains, their hands and their arms with bracelets. Their hair was short, their beards were long. From the golden chain around their necks depended an oval amulet encased with gold, called "Druid's egg," and when employed in religious ceremonies a white surplice was thrown over their shoulders. They had an Arch-Druid in every nation, who acted as High Priest, like Aaron among the Jews or his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury among the English; he, however, had absolute authority over the priesthood, and at his pleasure ordered, commanded, decreed, absolved, condemned, and so on. His death resembled the death of a Pope; he was succeeded by the most considerable of the surviving priesthood, and in case of competitors for the office the strife was ended by an election or else decided by arms.

The Druids were divided into several classes, but Strabo distinguished only three—the Bardis, Vates, and Druids. The first were poets the second were priests and naturalists and the third, besides the study of nature, applied themselves to questions and rules of ethical import. What kind of morals they promoted may be learned as well from the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, as from the first chapter of the present history. Husbands had the power of life and death over their wives and children. The near relations of a deceased nobleman, if they suspected his widow, had power to have her tried in the most servile manner, and, if a conviction followed, to burn her alive. At their funerals, which were often-times magnificent displays, everything dear to the deceased while living, even his animals, were cast into the funeral fire; and, formerly says Caesar, "their vassals and clients, who were most beloved, were obliged to submit to the sacrifice of burning within the same fire with their lords."—De Bello Gal' Lib. vi.

Their theology is ill-understood; but their religious rites were horrid. Human sacrifices were common among them. Suetonius, in his life of Claudius, says they offered these sacrifices to Mercury. Persons who were dangerously ill, or exposed to the perils of war, or the State in a political crisis, propitiated the gods by the sacrifice of human victims. "Thieves, highway robbers, and other offenders," says Caesar, "they believe are most grateful offerings to the gods, but when honesty has rendered these scarce the innocent are forced to supply their place." Prisoners taken in battle were not only sacrificed, disposed of like sheep and oxen, but treated in the most barbarous manner. They were stripped naked, their heads adorned with flowers, and when fastened to an oak, the Arch-

Druid having invoked the Gods, plunged the fatal weapon into their bowels, the people shouting with horrid acclamations. They had also large hollowed images, bound with osiers into which they put men alive, and then set fire to them; into this infernal machine a hundred poor captives would sometimes be put, and miserably destroyed by the Arch-Priest who conducted the religious site!

Augustus condemned this demoniacal custom; and it was abolished by Tiberius and Claudius. Suetonius Paulus routed out Druidism from its stronghold in the island of Anglesea; and those who survived the exterminating assault, are supposed to have fled to the Isle of Man. In Ireland, where the Roman arms penetrated not, Druidism flourished till nearly the middle of the fifth century.

In Germany and in other northern nations of Europe, the art and use of medicine rested chiefly in the matrons of every state; but in Gaul and Britain it was committed to the Druids, who were physicians as well as priests. That all internal diseases proceeded from the anger of the gods, was an opinion that prevailed among all nations of antiquity; hence an intimate connection was imagined between the rites of religion and the arts of healing, and the latter were believed to be most effectual when accompanied by the former. This belief connected the curative art with sacrifice, and devolved it upon the priesthood. To appease incensed Deity by sacrifice has always been held a rational procedure, and of course the more valuable the victim the more efficacious the atonement, and hence the Gauls and Britons, in some cases, sacrificed one man as the most effectual means of saving another; this also gave rise to a number of magical rites and incantations which combined with the medical practice of these priestly tormentors of mankind, fragments of which appear in the charms and incantations which still blend with old women and queaks in the mystery of medicine as by them dispensed. Of course with a Druid the miasma was a universal panacea; the selago—a kind of hedge hyssop—had wonderful virtues also; so had the marsh wort, and as for the yervain, it was next to the miasma itself. The conditions which those educated impostors imposed upon the gathering and preparing of these articles are ridiculous enough; but their mummeries may be matched in Rome, and some think in England also.

The root of their power, was the power of education; of this they were the sole guardians and promoters; they had the direction of everything relating to religion, morality and education. Mela says, they carried the children of nobles into caves, or into desolate forests where they were kept under a course of instruction and discipline, sometimes for the space of twenty years! And as everything was committed to memory, and nothing to writing, their religion appeared the more mysterious, and nobody could refute it. To fix their doctrines, morals, and such like things more deeply in the mind, they conveyed lessons in poetry, and a common course of instruction would contain, it is said, not fewer than twenty-four thousand verses! In many respects there is a striking analogy betwixt these priestly oppressors, and the ecclesiastical tyrants that compose the Romish hierarchy; one might almost fancy that Romanism is Druidism under certain modifications. One can hardly call it Christianity—pure, substantial Christianity it certainly is not; it is a compound of Judaism, Druidism, and heathenism, with a spice or two of Christianity; but it looks more like a legalised conspiracy against the rights and liberties of mankind than religion of any sort.

### A Peep into Out-Throat Alley.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

Accompanied by my friend Mr. Barlow—the successor of Mr. Pease in the Five-Points House of Industry—we spent two hours on Saturday evening last under the crust that thinly overlies New York depravity. Strangers who see only the Broadway side of the great metropolis, have no idea of this other and far more suggestive side. Both sides ought to be studied; for New York is yet destined to be half-palace and half-tenement-house; it will be the inheritance of the millionaire and the child of poverty, while the great middling classes are swarming to Brooklyn, Jersey City, and the outlying regions of broad streets and pure atmosphere. At this moment there is a single block in the Fourth Ward that out-numbers the whole gorgeous Fifth Avenue, with its fifty millions of personal wealth. At the ballot-box, five thousand dollars are on a par with all these millions. The Five Points out-vote the Fifth Avenue.

But to our nocturnal exploration. We took a policeman with us, and the boy "Patchie" to carry the dark lantern. Our first look is into that classic region, Cow Bay, a narrow close that puts out from Worth-street, adjoining the House of Industry. Part of it is pulled away, but the crazy, tottering tenement-houses that remain are as thickly populated as an ancient cheese.—Thieves, beggars, prostitutes, old and young, black, white, and gray, huddle together here every night in the indiscriminate beastliness of a sty. One thousand persons here occupy a space but little larger than Trinity church! In one of these dismal garrets they found the shattered wreck—still fair in its ruin—of a millionaire's beautiful daughter. She was lying on the bare floor with a drunken negro; her father is master of a brown

stone palace in upper-tendom. They never could reform her. The horrid greed for rum was unconquerable. We pass by the garret where they found her. By the light of Patchie's lantern we find another door. It lost latch and hinges long ago; it is fastened by a large stone. The policeman raps with his club, and shouts "Halloo! let us in!" No answer. He surges once against the door, and lo! before us sits old Sambo over his brazier of coals, toasting his hands, and in the corner of the den is a long pile of rags. Nothing else in the den but that oleaginous negro and that rag-pile. It moves at one end; an Irish woman lifts her tangled mop of a head out of the heap, and with a jolly voice bids us "good evening." "Look here, gentlemen, look at this little codfish," and with this she lifts out from beneath the rags a diminutive malto chid of a few weeks old, to the great delight of Sambo, who reveals all his ivory. Heaven pity an immortality thus begun! What an outfit! A Five Points' garret—a Pariah father—a prostitute mother—an oath—"its first baby-talk"—run its first medicine—steal its first lesson—a prison its first house—and the Potter's Field its final resting-place! This is the career of a native American child, born within hearing of a hundred Sabbath bells!

Stumbling down a stairway, from which the banisters were long ago broken away for firewood, we enter a dark room (only one tallow-candle burning dimly in the corner) into which are huddled five-and-twenty human beings. Along the walls are ranged beds or bunks, one above the other, covered with rotte quilts and unwashed coverlets. Each of these rents for sixpence a night to any thief or beggar who may choose to apply for lodging. No distinctions are made for sex or color. Patchie carries the lamp about, and we peep at the different heads projecting from under the stacks of rags—in one bed a grey-haired, shrivelled object, cuddling close to the soft yellow locks of a slumbering child.—While we are reconnoitering, something black, like a huge dog, runs past us and dives under a bed. "What is here, good friend?" "Oh! only the goats," replies a merry Mileian. "Do they live with you all in this room?" "To be sure they do; we take 'em on 'tatto-skins, and milks 'em for the babies." Country-born as we are, we have often longed to "keep a dairy" in this creamless city, but it never occurred to us before that a bad room was amply sufficient for the purpose. Truly necessity is a sharp-witted mother of inventions.

Opposite to Cow Bay is CUT-THROAT ALLEY. Two murders a year is about the average product of the civilization of this dark den; it is flanked by a brothel and a grog-shop. The keeper of that famous grog-shop did not long ago, leaving a fortune of \$50,000, in city politics, the keeper of such a den is one of the leaders of public opinion; he is the "best bower" of free trade in rum, of Congressional compromises, and of that patriarchal institution dear to Rev. Dr. Palmer.

Nowhere does slavery find such allies as in a Five Points grog-shop. But among the school-houses and churches of New England alas! the people are all given up to "abandon infidelity!" So groaneth Dr. Palmer, and echoeth his Northern ally on Brooklyn Heights.

Past this slave-pen of alcohol we push our way up into the Alley. The stairway is dark and dangerous. Through one rotten door after another we grope along. At length we reach a garret, through whose open chinks the snow has filtered in upon the muddy floor. There is not a solitary article of furniture in the apartment except one broken stove, from which the last handful of coal-baked has died out. Beside the stove sat a half-naked woman wrapped in a tattered shawl and moaning over a terrible burn that covered her whole right breast. She had fallen, when intoxicated upon the stove, and no one had cared enough for her to carry her off to the hospital. She looks up piteously through her tears, and exclaims, "For God's sake, gentlemen, can't you get me a glass of gin?" A half eaten crust lay by her—a cold potato or two—but the irrepressible thirst for gin clamored for relief before either pain or hunger. "Good woman," said the policeman, "where's your nose?" "Here he is." A heap of rags beside her was uncovered, and there lay the sleeping face of an old negro apparently of fifty; her skin was as fair and as smooth as the Prince of Wales'. In nearly every garret we entered the same practical amalgamation was in fashion; but in each case a black Othello had won a fair Desdemona, and not one white man was found with a colored wife. Where the blacks were found by themselves we generally encountered tidiness, and some sincere attempts at industry and honest self-support. Mr. Barlow tells me that the negroes of the Five Points are fifty per cent. in advance of the Irish in sobriety and decency. In one attic to which we crept a tidy negro sat reading by a table on which lay a Bible, a hymn-book, a copy of Miss Harland's "Nemesis," and several other volumes. By the stove sat a little girl who attends the mission-school and over the door was nailed a horseshoe "to bring good luck."

It was pleasant to find that in many of the most loathsome cellars and attics Mr. Barlow was gratefully recognized by the wretched inmates. In one place he had nursed a dying child—to another he had come like a gleam of sunshine into their bleak dreary existence. He is a faithful

missionary, to whom the Christian philanthropy of the land owes a hearty and generous support in his toil of love. To the policeman they seemed about as much accustomed as to Mr. Barlow. When we entered a house in Baxter street, and Patchie's lantern shone on the officer's cap and buttons, a crash was heard in the opposite end of the cellar, and a mass of broken glass rattled on the floor. "Poor fool!" muttered the policeman, "he thinks I am after him; but I will have him before morning."

From all the sickening scenes of squalor, drunkenness, misery, and crime, what a relief it was to us, to return to the House of Industry, with its neat school-rooms, its capacious chapel, and its row of cheerful children marching up to their little beds. It was like coming into the light-house after the storm. Blessings on this haven of hope! It has been the starting point of a new and better life to many a poor wretch on the stream of misery and sin. It is a house of labor and a house of prayer. The only avenue of hope for hundreds of wretched children in that region lies through the mission house and the "House of Industry." Let every rural reader of this hurried sketch pry Mr. Barlow a visit when he comes to New York, and not forget to bring his purse. Every Christian citizen of our metropolis should be familiar with this institution; he will offer a very different sort of prayer at his own family altar after an hour spent among the wrecks and rescues of the Five Points.—[New York Independent.]

### HOPE.

What is Hope? The beauteous sun,  
Which colours all it shines upon,  
The beacon of life's dreary sea,  
The star of immortality;  
Fountain of feelings young and warm,  
A day-beam bursting through the storm;  
A note of melody, whose birth  
Is O'er the sweet—too pure for earth!—  
A blossom of that radiant tree.  
Whose fruit the angels only see!  
A beauty and a charm, whose power  
Is seen—enjoyed—confessed—each hour.

THE GREAT STOREHOUSE OF TRUTH.—What other book has occasioned so much study and thought as the Bible? It is stated that not less than sixty thousand works have been written upon it or portions of it. On the Pentateuch, 2500 books have been published, exclusive of commentaries on the whole Bible; not less than 6000 commentaries on the Psalms have been published, and 2000 on Isaiah; about 6000 volumes have been published on the Four Gospels, exclusive of commentaries on the New Testament; about 9000 on Romans and 200 on the Revelation.—Exchange.

### GAVAZZI.

A Foreign correspondent to a N. Y. paper gives a description of Gavazzi and of his preaching in Naples. He denounces the Jesuits in unmeasured terms. We make the subjoined extract:—

His great object is to move and rouse the multitude. He employs, without scruple, ridicule, sarcasm, and every comical burlesque phrase.—His hearers, in turn, shout, laugh, or weep. Four of his sermons have been translated into the French language and published in Paris. I will quote some short extracts, with abbreviations, to give your readers an idea of this kind of preaching.

Speaking before the Neapolitans, he said:—"You ought to accustom yourselves to regard the Jesuits as sons of Satan, and not as sons of Jesus. They are serpents, serpents, vipers.—The Jesuits love only their own society. They should be regarded as the worst enemies of Italian progress; and hence, as soon as they heard that Garibaldi was coming, they hastened to Rome and they did well. Still they did not all go; several of them remained behind. They may assume every disguise, even the dress of a woman, to see us. Wherever we see a bent neck, eyes sanctimoniously cast down, and innumerable destined to poison the happiness of families, we can say: 'These are Jesuits!'"

Elsewhere he answered the charge of being a Protestant: "Mark well what I say. If I were even a Protestant, I should be a better Christian than millions of Roman Catholics in Italy, and thousands of priests or monks. For a sincere Protestant is an evangelical Christian, who believes in Jesus Christ, and who obeys the pure Gospel. But I am not a Protestant; I have never been a Protestant, not in England, nor in America. . . . My religious belief is very simple; it is summed up in a few words: The divinity of Jesus Christ; entire obedience to the Gospel. When will the Italians believe in Jesus Christ? Think of this, Neapolitans; if there are 500,000 inhabitants in Naples, there are not 10,000 who believe aright in Jesus Christ. For their religion is mockery, hypocrisy, bigotry, superstition, but not religion, (applause.) Jesus, God and the son of God! Jesus, our only Redeemer! Jesus, our only Mediator! Jesus, our only righteousness! Jesus, our only glory! Such is the Christianity which I profess. . . . It is useless to read the works of Ignatius Loyola, the works of Alphonso de Liguori, or the Roman catechism, or the canons of the Council of Trent. The Gospel, the Gospel, and only the Gospel! Obedience to Christ and to his Gospel was the Christianity of the three first centuries of Italian confessors and martyrs."

Father Gavazzi also answered the charge of being married. "If I had a wife," says he, "it would be nothing strange? God created Adam and Eve, not to make a monk and nun of them, (laughter,) but to make them husband and wife. Peter had a wife, other apostles also, and they did well. The Bishops and priests of ancient times were married. But, my friends, I have no wife, I have too much to do to think of marriage. My wife is Italy! and next, is my love to my neighbor. (Applause.)"

Such is a specimen of Gavazzi's sermons. I do not offer them as models; but this ex-monk is a pioneer who prepares the soil. No one has attacked the popular superstitions more boldly. Others more enlightened and moderate will follow to carry on his work.

### WALKING IN WISDOM'S WAYS.

"Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time: Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man."

What is the wisdom here spoken of? It is not the wisdom of this world for a certainty. For it is written—Where is the wise? Where is the Scribe? Where is the disputer of this world, hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?

St. Paul saith "Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise. For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. For it is written—He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.—And again. The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain. Therefore let no man glory in men!" If then the wisdom of this world is deemed to be foolishness with God, what is the wisdom which we are required to walk in?

It is heavenly wisdom, that wisdom which is taught by the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit and which no man can teach only so far as man hath been taught by the Spirit of God.

St. James saith, "Who is a wise man and endowed with knowledge among you? Let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness and wisdom." Again if any of you lack wisdom "let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." And again the apostle James saith, when comparing the wisdom of this world with the wisdom of God "But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth: This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work."

But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceful, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.

What is it to speak with grace? and what is grace? And what is the meaning of the saying "seasoned with salt?"

Grace, is the loving-kindness, favour, and mercy of God, and it is also the gift of God. God giveth grace to the humble, and unto that man will he look who feareth him, and trembleth at His word, but He resisteth the proud and such as turn aside to lies.

Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you. Cleanse your hands ye sinners; and purify your hearts ye double minded. Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep; let your laughter be turned to mourning and your joy to heaviness. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord and he shall lift you up. Speak not evil one of another brethren.—Abnegate the world, the flesh, and the devil, and seek the Lord with your whole heart, and he will be found of you.

To speak with grace, seasoned with salt, is to speak the truth always in meekness, as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord, and always in the fear of God, as ye to speak.

Our Saviour saith to all his followers: "ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted?"

Now for an illustration, though it may seem to be to many, nevertheless it is true. Salt we all know is a preservative, it preserves the mighty ocean from putrefaction, and also the land, for without it, the earth, water and air would soon become putrid and uninhabitable for man and every living creature. God in his all knowing and all seeing Providence hath seen fit and proper to make an ample provision of the same, both on the land and in the sea, for the preservation of all His creatures, and He hath made the supply sufficient to the end of time.

Now, as salt is necessary for the preservation of this globe or earth of hours, so equally is the grace of God necessary for the preservation of all His children or followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, from the contamination of evil that is in the world through sin. So that the mass of mankind may reap the benefit of the holy life and conversation of God's righteous and dear children, and be in a great measure kept from utter ruin, or final destruction, and by their example and prayers, others may also humble themselves before God, and confessing their sins, may receive the grace of repentance, and be saved from the "wrath to come."

Fellow sinners if you wish to be made happy, harden not your hearts and stiffen not your necks, grieve not, resist not, quench not the spirit of God, but yield to His gracious influences and allow yourselves to be taught heavenly wisdom and understanding.—i. e. to fear God, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to depart from every evil way and unrighteous thought. Then will ye be truly happy and not until then.

"Wisdom divine! Who tells the price Of wisdom's costly merchandise? Wisdom to silver we prefer, And gold is dross compared to her.

Her hands are fill'd with length of days, True riches, and immortal praise; Riches of Christ, on all bestow'd, And honor that descends from God.

To purport joys she all invites, Chaste, holy, spiritual delights; Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her flowery paths are peace.

Happy the man who wisdom gains; Thrice happy, who his guest retains! He owns, and shall forever own, Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one."

Walk therefore in Wisdom's ways, and ye shall find peace to your souls. H. W.