

The Religious Intelligencer.

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Rev. E. McLEOD, {

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

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Religious Selections.

CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF WILLIAM CAREY.

On the 19th of August about five thousand persons assembled in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London to commemorate the centenary of the birth of William Carey, the founder of Baptist Missions in India. We think our readers will be pleased with the interesting address delivered, which we copy from a London paper.

(—ED. INT.)

The Rev. J. P. CROWN, of Bradford Yorkshire, addressed the meeting upon

CAREY'S EARLY HISTORY.

He said, it was well to keep in mind the life and character of men like Carey, with the hope that many Careys might spring out of such a remembrance. He took it for granted that it was with such a feeling that assembly was gathered together that day. It was his part to pay special attention to the early career and home ministry of Carey. William Carey was born on the 17th of August, 1761, in the village of Panterbury, in Northamptonshire. In early life he was led into Christian association, and in that intercourse became a Christian. It would seem that young Carey was in attendance upon the ministry of the Church of England, but many things there not being satisfactory to his mind, he, with others, withdrew and became Dissenters. The good people with whom he was associated became much attached to him; and not long after their secession from the Church, they asked him to speak out of his heart of the power and riches of God's grace. Thus he began to speak and became a preacher. Not long after, he heard a discourse upon the Baptism of infants, preached by Mr. Horsey, which decided his mind upon the matter; and he became a Baptist. Subsequently he received a pressing invitation to become the pastor of a Baptist Church at Molton, in Northamptonshire, to which he felt it to be his duty to accept; and it was whilst labouring there that the missionary thought gathered strength in his soul. The arousing of the Church in those days was principally in response to the call of William Carey. He loved to follow the early history of such a man. He liked to think of him as a little boy reading Cook's Voyage Round the World. It was then that the missionary thought took possession of his soul. Then follow him into the village schoolroom, where he might be found poring over a rough map of the world, his heart yearning over those dark places which were the habitations of cruelty. Then see him as a village pastor, rising in a minister's meeting to give his opinion, for which he was laughed at, bidden down, rebuffed, and rebuked for what they called his freedom and his pride. Then see him sitting down in his village house and writing that pamphlet which should go where he could not go and all his glorious desires; and see him standing up in that crowded assembly at Nottingham, and preaching that sermon, and making that appeal that thrilled through the hearts of all who heard it. Then we saw him standing upon the Indian shores, fired with a holy impulse, as he planted the standard of the Cross there. Was Carey not a marvellous man—was he not a noble man? Yes, nobler far than Caesar at the head of his armed hosts, for Carey founded a kingdom nobler than Caesar ever dreamt of. He was nobler far than the Alexander sitting weeping with a childish ambition because there were no other worlds to conquer—nobler than Columbus when he stood upon the deck of his vessel in the new world—for the Columbus discovered a nobler world than that. There Carey stood, before every young man, and he trusted his spirit would descend upon some of them. The question for them to ask, was—What was there in Carey that made him what he was. There was this: the entire consecration of soul to the work of God. Thousands failed to do anything for the want of this; in science and sloth kept many from working. Any vanity in the world would call their attention from their work and lead them astray. It had been stated somewhere by someone that almost any man might do almost anything in reason, if his heart was set upon it. If that were true in natural, how much more so in regard to spiritual things. To be sure they might have to give up some indulgence; but if their heart was set upon reaching the eternal city, they must pass the silver mine and not go into it—they must go by the rough path, and not through the meadow—they must go over the enchanted ground without stopping to rest there; and by God's help they could do it. Thus it was that the patriarch Moses was enabled to put aside all the crowns of Egypt as mere children's baubles—choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season. In the same spirit their Lord (he spoke with reverence) for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. It was this that inspired William Carey to the wonder of those who did not understand him. He heard a voice, and saw a land which was not seen or heard by others. It was not merely that Carey set an object before him, but he followed it up through all that there might be between him and it. Only think of the many

difficulties in the way. First, there was his poverty. He was a shoemaker, village schoolmaster, and pastor, all in one. As he pursued his callings, he turned aside now and then to look at the rough brown paper map, and drew inspiration as he gazed upon the sphere of his future operations. And it was not poverty alone. Christian friends did not sympathize with him. From first to last—from the first rebuke and ridicule he met with at the minister's meeting until he left these shores, he had to depend upon heaven for sympathy, for on earth there was but little for him. Professors called him the consecrated cobbler; some regarded him as a dangerous man not to be trusted; some spoke of him as a man to be despised; while the more charitable thought him to be a foolish man who should not be noticed. The Government would not allow him a passage out; and when one was secured, he was cast out of the ship as soon as he became known; and when at last (no thanks to Government), he stood upon the shore of India, he was refused an inch of ground to stand upon where he might open his lips. But yet there stood Carey firm to his purpose, like one of old, exclaiming, "None of these things move me." He cast them all away. God honoured him; and now his name was honoured wherever the English language was spoken. Wilberforce spoke well when he likened Carey's word as second only to that of the great apostle of the Gentiles, and now, after one hundred years, his glorious example seemed to come and breathe inspiration into every soul, and bid each one to come to the help of the Lord; to the help of the Lord against the mighty. There was more than this, too, in Carey. He followed up all that he did in dependence upon the Divine strength. It was upon his knees that he gave himself to God. In waiting upon God, he renewed his strength; it was thus the headless shepherd who went out and slew the giant before whom all nations quailed; it was in this way that the Christian could subdue kingdoms; it was thus John Milton lifted up his sightless eyeballs to heaven and Divine glory, and drew deep into his mighty soul that inspiration which he afterwards gave forth in song. It was this that inspired Carey. And when at last he held an independent position, he did not hoard up his wealth for his family, but poured it all into the coffers of the mission. Mr. Chalmers closed his address by a lengthened poetic description of Carey at Nottingham, and resumed his seat amid thunder of applause.

The Rev. FRANCIS TUCKER, B.B., minister of Camden Chapel, Holloway, next addressed the meeting upon

CAREY'S MISSIONARY LIFE IN INDIA.

He said—He had been in India—he had been a missionary there—and he had been in their missionary there, though but for a short time. He had desecrated the waters of the Ganges by baptizing therein two grand-daughters of Dr. Carey. He took it for granted that, in such an assembly, it was not necessary to go into any explanation of the country. That was not needful. He had often been asked, "Pray, sir, what kind of a place is India?" And one's answer invariably was, "Pray, sir, what sort of a place is Europe?" It was worse than useless to attempt a comparison between that vast land and the little island in the German Ocean which they presumed to call Great Britain. India north was as far from the South as the north of Scotland was from the south of Spain; and the west was as far from the east as Calais was from Constantinople. What kind of a country was it? One filled with the loftiest and mightiest ranges of mountains—a country where there were some of the wildest and vastest plains that had ever been discovered, a country in some parts of which snow was never absent, and in other parts never seen. That was the kind of a country. But he had to speak to them of one province only; that was the province of Bengal—a very flat country, so much so that his dear friend Peace once said to him—"Brother Tucker, for one hundred miles round Calcutta, there is not a hill so high as your knee." The climate was so unfavourable that it was said it could only be a "Marshall" or a "Leachman" who could endure it. In that province William Carey spent his days in India. Serampore gave shelter to the Christian mission, when it was denied to him by the British Government. Serampore was a little spot, hardly more than an isle square, where Carey, and Marshman, and Ward, and others lived. All honour to the Danish Government, which gave them shelter when Britain would not, and who were bold enough to defy the Governor-General of India! All honour, too, to the missionary Schwartz, from whom the Danish Government learned this lesson of Christian liberty! So, after all, they came back to God. He would say one word as to the people of Bengal. They were a very attractive and pleasant people; they were almost unbecomingly polite. The sultan of the lowest Bengal was a model of grace, which John Bull in vain attempted to imitate. At the same time, he was very suspicious, very false, very deceitful, and he was very sensual. He believed that it would be no libel on the plains of the city of Bengal to liken them to the city of the plains of Jordan. A Bengalee one day came to a missionary, and said, "Ah, I have found you out now; there is one part of your New Testament which you have added since you came to India." He opened the Bible, and turned it over and over until he came to the First chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to

the Romans. He (Mr. Tucker) need not describe that chapter. It was one which any minister would blush to read to his congregation. The Bengalee added, that no one could ever describe the character of his countrymen better than it was done in that chapter. The idolatry of India was something of a most gigantic and colossal character. They might add together the idolatry of Greece, of Egypt, of Assyria, and yet add again Africa and the South Sea Islanders—and it would not reach that of India. Everything in India, was, or might be, an idol—from Vishnu to a viper, from the broad Ganges to the most shapeless bog. The cow was a most respectable god, and the monkey a desirable divinity. The carpenter would bow down to his hammer, the gardener to his rake, and the tailor to his needles and shears. The Brahmin would smile at the superstition of the Soodras; but the Brahmin never attempted to correct that superstition. "These be thy gods, O India!" He would now look at William Carey in India. We first found him there in an indigo factory. He took that place because he should come before the government as a secular man, and not as a preacher of the Gospel; yet then he found him employing intervals of time in learning languages and, beside all, going forth among the brethren and preaching in their own tongue the unsearchable riches of Christ. He should like them to know what it was to stand up before a Hindoo crowd. He should like to see Mr. Spurgeon in the midst of such a crowd. The missionary takes his stand in their midst, and tells them that there is one God—and none other but he. He looks around again and says, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." He then plants his indignant foot upon the blots and obscenities of India, and tells them that God is in Christ reconciling the world to himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. So Carey preached, and at the sound of his voice some believed. At the commencement of this century, in the year 1800, Dr. Carey wrote home "Yesterday I desecrated the waters of the Ganges, by baptizing my son, Felix Carey, and Krishna." A beautiful sight was that of the white and black man descending together into the inviting wave. Very soon Carey found that his forte was that of translation, to which he set to work, and for forty years he occupied himself in that way. It would be vain to attempt to tell the fame of William Carey as a translator. This might be safely asserted, that for every one of the forty years thus employed, William Carey produced, either in whole or in part, a different translation of the inspired word. What a memorable distinction! Who can imagine anything more to be coveted than that of being able to translate the Bible into our tongues, that others may be enabled to read that Gospel! See what became of the shoemaker now. The Governor-General built a college; he wanted a professor, and he could not find a man in all India equal to the good old shoemaker. Soon he was made Dr. Carey, and hard he worked on for thirty years. One word about his recreations.—In these days early closing and half-holidays recreation is much thought of. Carey was specially fond of botany—although he included all natural history. He was funder of the Horticultural Society in India, which for some years afterwards at its annual festival always, in solemn silence, celebrated the memory of Dr. Carey. By a reference to one of his letters it may be seen that at one time he sent home some heathen gods; and desired in exchange to be supplied with some cowslips, some tulips, some daffodils and lilies; which he deemed to be a good exchange. The Botanical Gardens at Calcutta were the special fruit of the endeavors of Dr. Carey; but his private garden at Serampore was unique. Woe to the little boy who trod upon any one of its beds. There, when weary of study, Dr. Carey would walk, digging here and watering there; and he would retire to his study to dig up Sanskrit words, and pour forth the waters of life for the sin-scorched millions. And what should they say of him that night; should they glorify him? No, rather let them glorify God in him; and he would take upon himself to be the voice of that assembly in prayer and thanksgiving to God, for all he did for and through William Carey. They were called upon to admire Sir Isaac Newton sitting in his orchard, who, as the apple fell, was led to the first law of gravitation, which pervades the universe. And should he refuse his admiration for the cobbler, who, while at his daily toil, was carrying forward an enterprise for making known the glorious Gospel to all peoples and tongues. He admired Carey's firm resolution, which he evinced while yet a boy. In the village where he lived, there was a very tall tree, at the top of which was a bird's nest to which none of his companions could climb. "I'll climb it," said the boy Carey, and up he went; when halfway up, he fell down and was carried home disabled. So soon as he recovered, he essayed a second time to climb the tree, again he fell. This was characteristic of his whole spirit. It was good old Baxon pluck; nay, better, it was the promptings of a Christian's heart. It was no flash of momentary enthusiasm. Writing to his son Eustace, he once said, that if anything were said of him after he was dead, it should be to call him a plodder. That might be said justly; if they said more, they might say too much. He could plod—he could follow out some definite object. To that, he said, he owed everything. In another letter, he calls himself "a poor, sluggish phlegmatic creature." He prayed God that he

would send them more phlegmatic creatures like Dr. Carey. He did a work at which the world might marvel. The clearest chapter of Hebrews was not preached yet. By and by, others would be added to that long list of faithful men. "By faith, William Carey went to India," had yet to be added. And now, in a lovely spot by the remains of William Carey, with a stone upon which was inscribed—

A guilty, weak, and worthless worm,
On thy kind arm I fell;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

Well! that was their "consecrated cobbler," and he should like to know what the consecrated canon did that was at all comparable to his life. He appealed from Sidney Smith to the Governor-General of India—nay, he appealed from Sidney Smith to one who recently passed from their midst—one who was not over fond of Dissenters—he meant Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta. One of the most interesting scenes which he had ever heard portrayed, and which he should like to see immortalised upon canvas occurred at the close of Dr. Carey's life. The old man lay upon a couch in the verandah. Behind him stood the punkah, waving the fan which cooled the old man's grey hairs to float in the hair. In front stood the Bishop of Calcutta, with one of his ecclesiastical attendants reading to the dying saint from the Greek New Testament—a tongue with which they were both so familiar. Now he (Mr. Tucker) would close. The time was coming when India, with all other nations, should be turned to the Lord. Then the question would be asked, who was the greatest benefactor to India—who extinguished the fire of the suttee—who abolished infanticide; and who pulled up the cruel swing? The answer would be a missionary—a missionary from a little island in the German Ocean; the inhabitants of which were once sunk so deeply in barbarity and in crime. Mr. Tucker then resumed his seat, while repeated tumults of approbation rent the sacred edifice.

The Rev. C. H. SPURGEON was next to speak upon the subject.

CAREY'S LIFE, A LESSON FOR YOUNG MEN.

We regret that we have not space to give the whole of Mr. Spurgeon's very valuable address. After some introductory remarks in which Mr. Spurgeon said that the former speakers had robbed him of all he had to say, he said there was one thing in Carey's history, which was especially worthy of commendation, viz, his great originality. At present nothing could be done without innovation. There were master minds in mechanics and manufactures, who were always capable of inventing some new article. Why could the Christian Church then be without inventors? Was the Church ever to ride in a heavy wagon when the world was at large riding upon carriages driven by steam? Was she to scratch the earth merely with wooden ploughs when ploughmen were driving their implements by steam? Was the Church to be behind the world? Was no name of daring genius to arise that should show she was capable of invention? Next to Carey's originality he looked at his brave determination. It was said in the time of Carey that the work of conversion could be carried out without his interference. Carey admitted the truth of the assertion, but still strongly contended that there were millions of people in India who required to be instructed. There were many of this class of objectors in the present day. There were some who thought to go to heaven with patent leather boots upon their feet; but if the Lord sent a storm they would be rather surprised when they had no hobnails to go through the mud. (Laughter.) The next point in Carey's character which commended itself to his mind, was his unbounded faith in God. The amount of the first collection raised by him for the mission was only £13 2s. 6d. What could more fully prove the unbounded faith which he had in God? It could not have been faith in the amount of the cash. Neither could it have been faith in his committee, if indeed he had a committee at all, which most probably he had not; if ever a man went out like Abraham, not knowing whether he went, Carey was that man. Lastly he commended Carey for his indomitable zeal. He called upon the young men of the congregation to imitate the zealous action of the celebration of man whose memory they were now assembled to honour. If they complained that they had a cold shoulder, let them put both shoulders to the wheel and get warm (a laugh). If they complained that there was a difficulty in the way of getting to foreign lands, let them imitate the noble conduct of the woman who said that she would swim there if she had no ship in which to make the voyage. Let them take a lesson from the rifles, and remember that they must be private first before they could be captains. The rev. gentlemen concluded by saying that he should never be happy until young men went forth from that Tabernacle to preach the Word to foreign lands, and until it became the birthplace of many a Milton, a Bunyan, a Knibb, and a Carey; and sat down amid loud cheers.

The Sin of the Day.

"Excess is the great evil of the present day; excess in business, in every pursuit. It is a serious evil attendant upon our extensive commerce and increasing wealth; the whole soul is engrossed by it. Men live, in the metropolis especially,

in a continual hurry of business, which leaves them neither a moment for leisure, nor a disposition to employ it profitably. By a natural effect, excess in business disposes the mind to excess in amusement, and thus worldly-mindedness prevails to such a degree as to be utterly subversive of the Christian life. 'We toil on in the vain pursuits and frivolous occupations of the world,' says an elegant writer, 'till we die in our harness, and then expect, if no gigantic crime stands in the way, to step immediately into the kingdom of heaven; but this is impossible; for, without a previous detachment from the business of this world, we cannot be prepared for the happiness of another.' 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'

Specimen of Welsh Preaching.

At a meeting of ministers at Bristol, the Rev. Mr. — invited several of his brethren to sup with him; among them was the minister officiating at the Welsh meeting-house in that city. He was an entire stranger to all the company, and silently attentive to the general conversation of his brethren. The subject on which they were discoursing was the different strains of public preaching. When several had given their opinions and had mentioned some individuals as good preachers, and such as were models as to style of composition, &c., Mr. — turned to the Welsh stranger and solicited his opinion. He said he felt it to be a privilege to be silent when such men were discoursing, but that he felt it a duty to comply with this request. "But," said he, "if I must give my opinion, I should say that we have no good preachers in England." "No," said Mr. L. "No," said he; "that is, I mean no such preachers as we have in the Principality." "I know," said Mr. L., "you are famous for jumping in Wales, but that is not owing, I suppose, so much to the strain of preaching which the people hear, as to the enthusiasm of your characters." "Indeed," said the Welshman, "you would jump too, if you heard and understood such preaching." "Why," said Mr. L., "do you not think I could make them jump, if I were to preach to them?" "You make them jump!" exclaimed the Welshman. "You make them jump! A Welshman would set fire to the world while you were lighting your match." The whole company became very much interested in this new turn of the subject, and unanimously requested the good man to give them some specimen of the style and manner of preaching in the Principality. "Specimen," said he, "I cannot give you John Elias were here, he would give you a specimen indeed—oh! John Elias is a great preacher." "Well," said the company, give us something that you have heard from him." "Oh no!" said he, "I cannot do justice to it—beside, do you understand the Welsh language?" They said, "No, not so as to follow a discourse." "Then," said he, "it is impossible for you to understand it, if I were to give you a specimen." "But," said they, cannot you put it into English?" "Oh!" said he, "your poor meagre language would spoil it; it is not capable of expressing those ideas which a Welshman can conceive—I cannot give you a specimen in English without spoiling it." The interest of the company was increased, and nothing would do but something of a specimen; while they promised to make every allowance for the language. "Well," said the Welshman, "if you must have a piece, I must try, but I don't know what to give you. I do not recollect a piece of John Elias; he is our best preacher. I must think a little; well, I recollect a piece of Christmas Evans. Christmas Evans was a good preacher, and I heard him a little time ago at an association of ministers. He was preaching on the deity of man by sin—of his recovery by the death of Christ, and he said:

"Brethren, if I were to represent you in a figure, the condition of man as a sinner, and the means of his recovery by the cross of Jesus Christ, I should represent it somewhat in this way. Suppose a large graveyard surrounded by a high wall, with only one entrance, which is by a large iron gate, which is fast bolted. Within these walls are thousands and tens of thousands of human beings, of all ages and of all classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave—all die. There is no balm to relieve them—no physician there—they must perish. This is the condition of man as a sinner—all, all have sinned and the soul that sinneth it shall die. While man was in this deplorable state, Mercy, the darling attribute of Deity, came down and stood at the gate, looked at the scene and wept over it, exclaiming, 'Oh that I might enter, I would bind up their wounds—I would relieve their sorrows—would save their souls!' While Mercy stood weeping at the gate, an embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of heaven to some other world, passing over, paused at the sight, and heaven forgave that pause; and seeing Mercy standing there, they cried, 'Mercy, Mercy, can you not enter? Can you look upon this scene and not pity? Can you pity and not relieve?' Mercy replied, 'I can see; I can see in her tears she added, 'I can pity but I cannot relieve.' 'Why can you not enter?' 'Oh!' said Mercy, 'Justice has barred the gate against me, and I cannot, must not, enter.' At this moment Justice himself appeared, as it were, to watch the gate. The angels inquired of him, 'Why will you not let Mercy in?' Justice replied, 'My law is

broken, and it must be honored. Die they or Justice must!' At this, there appeared a form among the angelic band, like unto the Son of God, who addressing himself to Justice, said, 'What are thy demands? Justice replied, 'My terms are stern and rigid—I must have sickness for their health—I must have ignominy for their honor—I must have death for life.' 'Without shedding of blood there is no remission,' Justice said, 'said the Son of God, 'I accept thy terms. On me be this wrong, and let Mercy enter.' 'When,' said Justice, 'will you perform this promise?' Jesus replied, 'Four thousand years hence, upon the hill of Calvary, without the gates of Jerusalem, I will perform it in my own person.' The deed was prepared, and signed in the presence of the angels of God—Justice was satisfied, and Mercy entered, preaching salvation in the name of Jesus. The deed was committed to the patriarchs; by them to the kings of Israel and the prophets; by them it was preserved till Daniel's seventy weeks were accomplished; then, at the appointed time, Justice appeared on the hill of Calvary, and Mercy presented to him the important deed. 'Where,' said Justice, 'is the Son of God?' Mercy answered, 'Behold him at the bottom of the hill, bearing his own cross; and then she departed and stood aloof at the hour of trial. Jesus ascended the hill, while in his train followed his weeping church. Justice immediately presented him with the deed, saying, 'This is the day, when this deed is to be executed. When he received it, Justice did he bear it in pieces and give it to the winds of heaven? No, he nailed it to his cross, exclaiming, 'It is finished.' Justice called on holy angels to come down and consume the sacrifice. Holy fire descended—it swallowed his humanity, but when it touched his Deity it expired! and there was darkness over the whole heavens; and Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will to men.'

"This," said the Welshman, "this is but a specimen of Christmas Evans."

The Slanderer's Mirror.

How many there are, who can say with almost a broken heart, surely the tongue is an unclean evil, full of deadly poison! How many a ruined character can exclaim with a bleeding heart, "Behold, how great a master a little fire kindles." Surely, it has crushed a thousand hopes, and sent to the grave of a peaceful rest many a fair reputation.

Slander is a crying evil. Few there are who possess that fondish and vampire like disposition to take that from a person, which is as near to him as the blood of his own heart. But, there are some who can calmly and sedately sap the fair fame, and pluck the laurel of reputation from their brow, and cause them to wither as the rose.

Behold, for a moment, the Slanderer! He comes forth with pleasantness and gaiety. He is unassuming in his deportment, and the robe of peace seems to be his mantle. He hails you with joy and congratulation. He begins with a vague, insignificant surmise, and small broken hint, or some small detached expression of some child-like story, believing every utterable word, and then marshals, or puts them aloft in the public ear.

It then goes on from one tongue to another, concealed like a tiger in a jungle, creeping for its prey, and the popular mind being such, that one whisper is enough to shadow and bedevil the brightest and fairest character, that has required years to establish. It is like breath upon a looking-glass. Thus the whisper or hint goes on from one to another, like the secret leaven, till at last, it breaks out all at once in words. Then comes the tug of war. Then, there comes a mighty tornado, sweeping and laying in prostrate ruins the fair hopes of future anticipations. It falls like the astonished shock of a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

In such cases, could the persons slandered but trace it, he would find that it was but a mere hint—a dim, or minute germ, having grown out of mere nothing, and by using and by transition from one to another, into a notorious and odious calumny.

Such is Slander in its protean form. The fair and unblemished character lies bleeding at every pore. What a fine and vital chord do you snap, when you snap the most tiny thread of character. Deploable is the man when character is gone. Truly it is an unclean evil, full of deadly poison. It influences the whole atmosphere of mind with its poisonous effluvia and death.

Surely indeed, no man can tame the tongue of others, or stop the onward move of a slanderer's tongue. He must stand as the bleeding object of a thousand arrows without a possibility to shield himself. He goes on and down to the grave, or craves through life with life's every moment essence turned to bitterness, and all his hopes withered. Oh, let us beware of giving birth to slander. A wound made by the arrow of slander, can never be healed. Let us beware of a slanderer's tongue, it is full of deadly poison.—[Portland Transcript.]

Scripture Allusions Illustrated.

The market-place was a busy scene in Ramoth, and in one part of it I noticed a little boy playing on a reed-pipe, while others danced; children sitting in the market-place, and calling one to another, and saying, We have piped into you and ye have not danced; we have mourned to