

One Religious Intelligence.

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"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

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Peter.

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THE INTELLIGENCER.

THE MODERN JEWS.

The magazine, *Once a Week*, contains in one of its late numbers an interesting sketch of the peculiar customs of the modern Israelites. We extract a few of its passages for the benefit of our readers who those customs are unfamiliar:

THE STAGES OF LIFE.

On the eighth day after the birth of the young Jew he is taken to the synagogue by his father, accompanied by a godfather, for circumcision. If the infant happens to be a first born son, he is, according to Jewish jurisprudence, the property of the house of Aaron, but has no longer any priestly functions to perform, and must be redeemed on the thirtieth day after his birth; therefore, certain ceremonies take place, during which the father tenders the figurative sum of five shekels to the Cohen who accepts them as a ransom.

Until he attains his thirteenth year the young Jew is entirely under the control of his father and mother, who are supposed to be accountable for his sins, and may commit up to that period; but their responsibility ceases on the Sabbath day, succeeding his thirteenth birthday, when a ceremony akin to that of confirmation takes place. The boy is called up to the reading desk in the synagogue, and is required to read a portion of the law. If he cannot read, the chazan, or minister, does it for him, after which the father places his hands on his son's head, and solemnly renounces his accountability for his future actions.

The next important step in his career is his betrothal, which usually takes place at an early age, in accordance with the recommendation of the Jewish law. A number of friends are present, the chazan, or minister, officiating as a witness, and the bridegroom, who shall be guilty of a breach of the agreement, is read, after which a cup is broken, as a ratification of its provisions, by the parties concerned. The marriage follows the betrothal, it may be six or twelve months afterwards, or more.

Due notice having been given at the synagogue, the minister, on the Saturday eve preceding the day fixed for the marriage, chants some sentences to referring to the approaching event, and the next day the intended bridegroom has to appear in the synagogue and have certain portions of the law read over to him, and pay any arrears he may owe to the congregation.

The way in which the parties spend the morning in their respective dwellings on the wedding day resembles, I suppose, the manner in which it is employed by Gentiles on similar occasions; those who rightly realize the awful nature of the ceremony they are about to perform, spend the hours in fasting and reading the service prepared for the day of atonement. As soon as the clock strikes the appointed hour, two men present themselves before the bridegroom and carry him off to the synagogue, where he meets his bride, whom two female friends have brought there with her head enveloped in a veil. The same persons place the two principal performers facing each other under a silk or velvet canopy supported by four long poles, the chazan, a kind of cantor and clerk combined, brings a glass of wine, which he hands to the Rabbi, who then offers up a short blessing, and then gives the glass of wine to the bridegroom, who tastes it and passes it to the bride, who does likewise.

The bridegroom then takes the ring from his pocket and places it on the finger of the bride, saying after the Rabbi (in Hebrew) as he does so: "Behold! thou art betrothed unto me with this ring, according to the rites of Moses and Israel." The Rabbi then reads the marriage contract, which is written in Chaldee, and is not understood by the parties concerned, who, therefore, take it on trust; after this the Chazan takes a glass of wine, and pronounces a form of words longer but similar to that pronounced by the Rabbi; the wine is given to the bridegroom and bride, and an empty glass having been placed at the feet of the former, he stamps upon it and breaks it, whereupon all present wish him *mazel too* (good speed), and the ceremony is at an end.

If the newly married Jew has a proper sense of his religious duties, one of his first proceedings, on taking possession of his domicile, is to prepare a mezuza. This is a tube nailed to the door-post, and contains a strip of parchment, on the one side of which is inscribed one of the names applied to the Supreme Being, and on the other from the 4th to the 10th verses of the 6th chapter of Deuteronomy, and from the 13th to the 21st verses of the 11th chapter of the same book. A similar tube is fastened to the jamb of the other doors to the house; and the Jew who is a strict observer of the old customs of his forefathers never leaves his house for the first time, daily, without touching the mezuza with his lips, or leading his head to it as he passes from room to room.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

The Jew has no reason to complain of lack of seasons for rejoicings, but days of mourning and sorrow visit him as well as his Gentile brethren. But the manner in which he mourns for the dead is different as regards certain forms from that of the latter, who simply buries his grief in his own heart, and suffers it to exhibit itself as little as possible. The coffin is of the simplest construction, and before the lid is placed upon it, a little earth, brought from Jerusalem, is put in. The nearest relatives of the deceased appear in succession, and request pardon of the deceased for any sins which they may have given him in his lifetime, and a last resolution of them in the world, to which he has departed. The Rabbi then makes a slight cut in the upper part of the garments of each mourner, and cuts it slightly, and this must not be sewn up till after a certain number of days.

No woman is allowed to accompany the corpse to its last resting place, so that the willing of women which has chilled the heart of every traveler in the East, and which may be heard even in those islands at the antipodes where scarcely a European has set his foot, is never heard here.

A singular custom is sometimes observed on occasions when there have been several deaths in the family within a short period. A padlock is locked and placed in the grave and the key thrown away, the object being to delay the entrance of death into the household for a longer period.

The seven days which succeed the funeral of a Jew are given up entirely to mourning. Unwashed and with naked feet the mourner sits upon the

bare ground in a room open to all, comers; not even a change of dress is permitted; and the only consolation which the afflicted can have during this period is derived from the perusal of religious books, which cheer them with the hope of meeting the deceased hereafter. When they visit the synagogue, during the continuance of these days of mourning, a touching reception is given them by the congregation, who all arise when they enter and make an announcement towards them, the Rabbi uttering a short prayer that they may be comforted. Business may be attended to after the lapse of seven days, but no amusement may be indulged in for thirty days thereafter; and if the mourning be for a father or mother this rule is to be observed for a year.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE SEXES.

In every day life the sexes are as much on an equality as among other civilized people, but in religious matters the case is slightly different. It is in acknowledgment of this difference that the Jew is to offer up the following thanksgiving along with his daily prayers: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, king of the universe, who hast not made me a woman." The female infant is named in the synagogue, and this is the only ceremony to which she is subjected.

FROM THE LONDON TIMES.

THE BIBLE-WOMAN IN LONDON.

A new feature has lately appeared in the exertions of benevolent persons among the distressed poor, and on the lower strata of London life. The Bible-woman is not merely a distributor of the Bible, and the name seems to indicate, but a distributor of all sorts of good things among the families of the poor. She is selected from the better informed and Christian women of the lower middle class. Sometimes she has risen from the very depths of St. Giles' parish by the instrumentality of the city missionary or the Scripture-reader, or the district visitor. She receives 12s. 6d. a week for her services. She sets out every day to visit the sisterhood of sorrow, suffering and poverty, ostensibly and directly to introduce the Bible, additionally and practically to see what can be done to help the helpless, and say what can be said to comfort the downcast. It must be obvious to every reflective mind that a true and cheering every reflection more to lift the wretched creature out of her misery than a donation of money or clothes, useful in their place. The mere vulgar philanthropist does not understand this; he recognizes no value in anything he can't handle, or weigh, or measure with a foot-rule; but kind words spoken by homely lips have echoes that do not die and inspire energies long laid prostrate that rise up and walk. The peculiar adaptation of this movement lies in the fact that the visitor is a woman, and the objects visited are mothers and wives. The visitor is not a fine lady, full of sentiment and benevolence, afraid of dirt and vulgarities, and who looks on the wretched subjects of her instruction; but one who has also been in their true position, carried precious burdens, and full of love for God and man; but now with great sin-holes, incapable of carrying sympathy or feeling love. Perhaps he finds one special weight, the unwieldy mass of iron, in the way of all good things, opposed to all Christian enterprise—a drag, almost a curse to the Church. And the minister is humbled, and cast down, as he looks at the condition of things. What will cure all this? Nothing short of melting, then all can be melted.

Then our thoughts were turned to our Church, and as we looked through it we could only think of the vast amount of material unused and unutilized. A minister looks over his circuit, and what does he see? Some unaccountably fallen, and lying in the dirt; some, that lie in their true position, carried precious burdens, and full of love for God and man; but now with great sin-holes, incapable of carrying sympathy or feeling love. Perhaps he finds one special weight, the unwieldy mass of iron, in the way of all good things, opposed to all Christian enterprise—a drag, almost a curse to the Church. And the minister is humbled, and cast down, as he looks at the condition of things. What will cure all this? Nothing short of melting, then all can be melted.

It is not this what many of us want! My brother, you need not specially qualified for some other position, and no other that a very high one. You need melting; after that you may be moulded into God's working-tool, or his instrument, as he shall please. Some ministers are troubled with the heartache about being appreciated, and this makes them jealous, critical, and fault-finding towards each other; they must have great stations, great attentions, or they feel they cannot labor freely. Well, "melting" will cure the heartache, and "moulding" will fit them for efficiency anywhere—in the city or the wilderness.

Is not this great operation the need of the Church? Does she not need melting into one spirit, and moulding into the image of her Redeemer? Let us ask our "Redeemer" to melt us as a Church, and individually, until, in the way and mould of his spirit, we shall bear the "image of the heavenly."—*New Connection Magazine*.

GETHESEMENE.

Gethesemene! What Christian heart but thrills with emotion at the name! Shall we dare contemplate its mysteries? We glance for permission to do so to the words of our Master, and see it bent upon us, not in frowning reproof, but in tender loving encouragement. "Ye who have suffered there is our dearest, best Friend. We love him, and are not afraid. Perfect love casteth out fear." Yet a solemn awe steals over our spirits, as we approach the hallowed spot. Of the few words uttered by your Master there, which have come down to us, none seem more touching than these: "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour! Yet for this cause came I unto this hour! Father, glorify thy name!" We see here "the man Christ Jesus" shrinking, as even His human nature ministering from the weight of impeding over him, raising his voice to imploring agony: "Father, save me from this hour!" Yet, still, and to recall the prayer,—"Yet for this cause came I unto this hour!" and in sublime submission—"Father, glorify thy name!"

Beloved in the Lord! can we not recall hours when, from the inmost depths of our souls, we have said, "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say?"—when we know not how to reply to the loving inquiry of our Master, heard even then,—"What wilt thou that I should do unto you?" O, in every soul, let our tossed and troubled spirits find here firm anchorage. In humble imitation of our Master, let us pray: "Father, glorify thy name!" And even to us shall come the response, clearly audible to the ear of faith, and sweetly soothing to the distracted spirit: "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again."—*Watchman and Reflector*.

ACCOUNTS FOR ETERNITY.—When the Rev. Mr. once heard an individual say, "I always spend the Sunday in settling my accounts," that venerable minister turned round and said, in accents of solemnity, "You are to be forgotten. You may die, and the day of judgment is to be spent, in exactly the same manner."

USES OF AFFLICTION.

Affliction is intended to prove, to purify, and to prepare.

(1.) Metal is proved by being cast into the furnace: it is discovered to be genuine or the reverse. Throw wood, hay, or stubble into a furnace, and it will be instantly consumed; but throw gold, silver, or precious stones into the furnace, and their character will be thereby detected. Thus it is with affliction. It is the furnace which serves to detect the wood, hay, and stubble from the precious metal: what is false in profession is sure to be detected by affliction. Trials serve to manifest what is genuine and what counterfeit. They act the part of a furnace, to test and to try the reality of the profession.

(2.) The furnace is used to purify. It consumes the alloy, and leaves unharmed the pure metal; it burns up the dross, and leaves that which is not dross the more bright and beautiful. Affliction serves this purpose to the believer. Oh, how powerfully does it often seem to melt down a proud or rebellious will; to consume the remains of self-righteousness; to burn up a censorious spirit, and to leave instead a meek, submissive, humble, charitable disposition! It is beautiful to observe how the believer is purified by affliction; how the sternness and ruggedness of disposition which may have before characterized him, become exchanged for gentleness and smoothness of temper; how a glow of moral loveliness often shines with radiant clearness over the whole character of one who has been plunged into the furnace of affliction. Then,

(3.) The furnace is used to prepare. The iron must be softened, in order that it may be moulded and bent. The coarse sand, apparently possessing no capability of being turned to any useful account, being melted by the heat of the furnace, is transformed into a substance of beautiful transparency, capable of reflecting all that is lovely in earth or sky, and lending itself to the beauties and magnificence to the monarch's palace or the noble's hall. So human nature, when thrown into the furnace of affliction. If the sanctifying grace of the Spirit be there, it will come forth (however unguished when first thrown in) glorious and lovely, reflecting beauties more exquisitely charming than nature's richest splendours, whether in the canopy above, or upon the ground beneath. Affliction prepares and qualifies for Divine service and for the Divine presence. Once the crown of many thorns was placed on the brow which wears to all eternity the many crowns of glory. The white-robed saints who swell the everlasting song, and wave the palm-branch, came out of great tribulation: they were purified in the furnace of trial.

Mourner, not believer, at thy trials and thy conflicts. Affliction is the school for glory: by the cross is the way to the crown. When he hath tried me, proved me, purified me, and prepared me, I shall come forth as gold.

ITALY AND ROMANISM.

Few localities in the environs of Rome are so beautiful, and have so many historical, personal, mythological, and poetical associations as Albano and its neighbourhood. Distant from Rome but fourteen miles, and nearer to the sea, and yet twelve hundred feet above it—quite above the reach of the miasma of the Campagna at all times—close by the remarkable and most beautiful lake of Albano—it enjoys every advantage of pure air, wide prospects, charming walks and drives, and sufficient society for those who prefer quiet in the summer. As one stands just above it, on Castle Gergolphe (the pope's summer home), the scenes around him are enchanting, and all alive with associations for the student. Before him the sloping hills, clothed with vines, and olives, and fig-trees, and the peaceful Campagna (who first called it *desolate*?)—countless as Arcadia, with its golden grain, in the midst of which an army of reapers, with their white tents, can be discerned; and beyond them the blue Mediterranean, and Rome in the distance, looking like a great giant, with St. Peter's for his head, sleeping in the sun. Immediately below him, at the depth of five hundred feet, the deep lake assumes every variety of hue on its ground of blue, from the wooded banks, the floating clouds, and the shifting sunshine; and above it, swells the green Monte Cavo, the grand gathering-place for the Alban people, centuries before Romulus was born; and still beyond to the east, the masses of the Apennines, in picturesque groups, and with the peculiar bronzed aspect which only an Italian sky sheds over mountains. In such a scene, it is difficult, for the moment, to think of sickness, sorrow, and death; and one is able, better than before, to understand that *shudder* which runs through classical literature, at the thought of leaving this warm human life, and fitting into the land of shadows and of nothingness.

And yet society is so constituted in these lovely scenes, and has been for ages, that probably as much of mental anguish, and as little of heart-sickness, has been experienced in this neighbourhood for the last thousand years, as in any portion of the world. Even the religion of the land, with all its beautiful promises of peace, introduces new elements of woe. I am struck with the fact that in the Roman religion there seems to be nothing of that present experience of religious joy and peace which pervades our worship, and breathes through many of our hymns and anthems. Romanism points always to the future for joy, and even then cannot promise that it shall be reached except over wide seas of purgatorial fire. Her pictures in churches over altars are all in this spirit. There are some sketches of future bliss, but far more of a gloomy, painful, and even revolting character. There are some which depict a present and happy Christian life connected with duties in the world, and with the joy and peace of home, and of human relations. Her highest ideal of piety are all inseparably connected with pain—the crucifixion of the affections, which Christ came to sanctify and direct, and not to eradicate. Their best music sounds like the wailing of souls in purgatory. I have heard some of the joyful psalms of David sung at vespers as if they were the utterance of despair. The droning recitation of the priests has a weary, careless, half-mocking tone, as if disappointment and despair had hardened into indifference. So far as their services are not a mere, unmeaning, and ritual duty, they are depressing to the spectator, who neither enters into their spirit, nor mourns over their corruptions. The aspect and tone of those worshippers who are really in earnest is always that of

pain—of penitence for sin and never of joy, and peace, and assurance of forgiven sin—a permanent filial relation.

The promises of superior religious peace and joy which Rome constantly addresses to Protestants, is the most false of all her falsehoods. One, indeed, who craves peace of conscience without spiritual life, will find it only when his conscience is benumbed; and the sincere and truly spiritual mind will find that Rome has cheated his soul into torments by the very doctrines that promised peace. The gloom of Romanism, as I see it here, in its chosen seat—a gloom no more dispelled by its theistic splendour, and its fireworks, and its incessant ringing of bells, and its accompaniment of guns fired off in connection with the more solemn parts of the service, than private sorrow is by luxury and noise, and dissipation—this gloom of Romanism strikes me now as its most marked characteristic. Oh! how poor does it all seem in comparison with those blessed services at home, when a whole congregation stands up and joins in such hymns as, "To our Redeemer's glorious name," and to our thronged Sunday-schools, where ascend from sweet childish voices such glad and grateful songs as, "Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move!" My heart ached for those blessed sanctuaries on Sunday last.

PROGRESS.

It is a trite remark that we live in a remarkable period, yet every day develops marvels. The world has made more progress in the last fifty years than in the previous two centuries. Should we blot out the progress which the world has made within the memory of most of our readers, it would seem that some demon power had swept us back to the dark ages.

1. *India Rubber*, in all its forms of utility for shoes, clothing, engine hose, carriage springs, and the innumerable other ways in which it has now become one of the necessities of civilization, was unknown for any other purpose than to erase pencil marks in the days of our childhood.

2. *The Daguerreotype*. Many of us can remember the day when Daguerre compelled the sun to turn portrait painter. We remember the wonder which spread over Christendom when it was announced that the French philosopher, in his laboratory, had constrained the sun to be his humble servant, transferring, with lightning's flash, the features to the canvas. And now this art is ever increasing and expanding. Daguerreotype, Ambrotype, Photograph! What would the world do without them? They embellish every home in Europe and America. Love, friendship, science, art, are alike dependent upon their beautiful and accurate delineations. What a dark day would envelop our homes, were this one art to become extinct.

3. *Steam*, as a motive power for boats, cars, machinery, the most potent agent of civilization on this globe—this majestic power has arisen within fifty years. What an incomprehensible amount of the labor of the world is now accomplished by this, but recently discovered agent. Many animals have become extinct during past ages. Suppose the wonderful iron horse, whose sinews are steel, and whose provender is fire, should suddenly cease his neighings in our valleys; and the rumbling of his cars of pleasure and of traffic no longer be heard along our iron roads—how could we bear the loss? What would we do were suddenly every steamer to disappear, every steam engine to cease its movements and all knowledge of this motive power to be annihilated? And yet only a short fifty years ago, such was the state of the world.

4. *Labor saving Machines*, for all the arts, for all industry, plowing, planting, reaping—for everything which engrosses human hands, have been multiplied to a degree of which few have a conception. Consider for a moment the mammoth printing press—large as an ordinary sized two-story house; throwing off three hundred printed sheets in a minute. Without this marvellous power of the press, modern civilization could not maintain its hold. But for this newly developed instrument for diffusing knowledge, Christianity could not move as now, on the wings of Bibles, tracts, and the varied productions of Christian genius. And yet all these marvels have been accomplished in one short half century.

5. *The Telegraph*. This is the miracle of the present age. The lightning is seized by the genius of man and compelled to be his errand boy. Messages are transmitted for thousands of miles, with rapidity exceeding the flight of time. See that slender wire running along the air over the road side. That wire is freighted with the messages of love and death, with the secrets of cabinets, the orders to armies, the commissions of trade, and conveys them with velocity utterly inconceivable, like the lightning's flash or the sunbeam's glance. The telegraph has become almost as essential to modern civilization as the air we breathe. And yet most of our readers can remember when the first telegraph flashed across the wires.

6. *Painless operations in Surgery*. What a discovery! The patient with mangled limb is put quietly asleep. The knife cuts keenly through muscles, tendons and nerves; the saw grinds its way through the bone—and still the patient, all unconscious of suffering, sleeps like a babe. He awakes to find himself comfortably in bed, the dreaded operation performed, and the wound dressed. Hardly a third of a century has passed since this great marvel burst upon the world.

There are vast changes now going on, and with every increasing rapidity in all those great moral agencies which have moulded the world. God is employing two great armies, the material and the intellectual, for the accomplishment of this work—Bible and religion co-operate. Gunpowder and Bibles. Cavalry and missionaries.

Heathenism is fast vanishing. The steamboats and railroads, and martial armies of England, France and Russia are crowding in upon India and China, and God is directing their right deeds and overruling their bad ones, to be co-operative powers with the preachers of the cross of Christ. Heathenism has not a little of the relative power it had, when the present century commenced.

Mohammedanism, fifty years ago, was a bully, a prize fighter,—with muscles like steel, and nerves like whiplcord, and a spirit as defiant as Lucifer. Now Mohammedanism is a poor old man, blind, deaf, paralyzed, dying. Christianity sits pityingly by its couch, administering stimulants to the moribund; but the death struggle will soon be over.

The Papacy: the papacy of the dark ages, which erected and demolished thrones; which despised emperors as vassals, which was the great despotism of earth, grasping prince and peasant alike in its iron clutch, and darkening all Christendom with its abominations—that Papacy has perished for ever. The sceptre of the pontiff is broken. Italy, like one of the geni of the Arabian tales, has suddenly arisen, a spirit of beauty and liberty, bearing upon her fair brow, the talismanic words, a free pulpit, a free press, and free men.

Slavery! its doom is sealed. It is struggling in its last convulsions, and uttering its last hideous cries. A bright day is evidently to succeed the long, long night of gloom.—*Exchange Paper*.

THE WORK OF GOD IN FRANCE.

Quiet unpretending works are springing up in various places. In Paris some months back two Sunday-school teachers thought they would try to do good to a few idle children in the purlieus of the capital. They began to meet them on one of the boulevards, and when winter came on gathered them in a room lent for the purpose. At Christmas they prepared a little treat for them, and when they requested their superintendent to come and see, he found twenty-five children who could answer his Scripture questions very satisfactorily. Sometimes the Christian's heart is rejoiced at finding unexpectedly not only a harvest where he thought but to sow. But active conditions in his work. Take the following example:—

A lady, who devotes much time to the distribution of tracts, was giving them on a country road a few leagues from Paris. She left a little knot of working men, with whom she had engaged in conversation, to offer a tract to a wagoner who was passing with his team. He looked at it, stopped his horse, and said, "Do you give me this out of love to Jesus?" "Yes," she replied, and after a few more words he took her hand between his, grasping it as a brother in Christ. He then drew his money-bag and begged as a favour she would accept his contributions to her work—two francs! She declined, but he pressed it, telling her it was to the Lord he gave it, and not to her, and that she could not refuse.

A few days later, as she was again talking with some labourers on the road, he passed a second time, and recognised her. She asked him to say a word for his Saviour to the men to whom she was speaking; he did so, and related his own conversion. He had been employed in a factory, where, among the numerous hands, was a young man whose pious mother had given him her large Bible as her dying bequest, laying upon him the injunction never to part with it. The young man wasted his substance in his riotous living, and, at last, had nothing left but his mother's book. One day he came into the work-room holding up his gilt-edged handsome volume, and offering it to any one who would pay six francs for it! Our friend took it without knowing what it was—he was then a Roman Catholic—and opened it on a text which God applied to his heart. He put down the six francs, and secured the treasure. Passage after passage of the Holy Book spoke to him in a way that never man had spoken, and he found ultimately peace and joy through believing.

The workmen who heard this account given in original style, and accompanied by striking remarks, were riveted, some were in tears, and one exclaimed, "I have been hesitating some time, but from henceforth I am decided to be God's side!"—*News of the Churches*.

HAVERLOCK'S PRAYER TENT.

Many people excuse themselves from God's service for want of time. "I'm an apprentice does; the school boy in the hurry of term-time does; the man at his workshop; the mother with her large family around her."

General Haverlock, that distinguished general in India, whose wisdom and bravery did so much to put a stop to the cruel and bloody mutiny of the Sepoys, never made this excuse to get rid of the service of his Heavenly Father. He had time, among all the hurry and worry of camp-life, to make the business of religion the first business. He found time. He did not believe God ever put men in posts where they could not serve Him. He was a man of prayer, and he found time to pray; not only to pray by himself, but with his men. Among his camp baggage was a praying tent, the biggest one he had, and this he used to pitch at the stations, and hold prayer-meetings in it, and read the precious Word of God to his soldiers.

He knew well if there was a class of men in the world that needed the comforts and the help of the Lord Jesus Christ, it was soldiers. And many a poor soldier found how superior was a heavenly service over anything the Queen of England could offer. In the hurried and awful marches which General Haverlock and his regiments were forced to make in the late war, he arose two hours before his men, in order to have time to pray. If they were to begin their march at six o'clock in the morning, he was up at four. If the camp was to break up at four, he was up at two. And there were no soldiers so prompt and faithful in duty as General Haverlock's.

SOME GOD MUST BE PRAYED TO.—A man of great learning and talents, but an unbeliever, was travelling in Manila. He was escorted by a native of rank; and as they were about starting, the native, with the refined politeness which characterizes the Orientals, requested the white stranger to pray to his God.

This was probably the only thing he could have been asked to do without being able to comply; and on his declining, the native said, "Well, some God must be prayed to; so you will excuse me if I pray to mine."

"Full many a shaft at random sent Finds mark the archer never meant."

And so it was in this case. The unbeliever was rebuked by the heathen; and the man of science, who had gone there in quest of natural curiosities, returned, having found the "pearl of great price." His next visit is to be with the missionaries to preach Christ.

Natural affection, self-denial, and even the loss of life itself, is the test of Christ's followers. The love of life is one of the strongest feelings in the human breast; but if we would be faithful to Christ, even this will be cheerfully sacrificed in his cause. Rev. vi. 9-11; Acts ix. 24.