

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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The Intelligencer.

THE SAVING WIFE.

"What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"—1 Cor. vii. 16.

By J. De Liefde, of Amsterdam.

CHAPTER I.

A DISCOVERY IN A TRACK-BOAT.

"But you don't mean to say that I should not care whether my husband goes to the church or to the theatre?" said Mrs. P., in a rather questioning voice to the Rev. Mr. D.

Both parties were sitting in the first cabin of the track-boat that was plying between Amsterdam and the town of Hoon, in North Holland. They had the whole of it for themselves, which, however, was not having very much, for the first cabin of an old Dutch *trekschuit* is the very opposite of a "grand saloon." Of the two compartments into which that oblong and narrow vessel is divided, it is the hindmost, and by far the smaller. To be able to enter it, you must bend yourself into an angle of about forty-five degrees, and be very contented if you succeed in dropping down on the cushion of the bench without pushing your head against the concave ceiling. From the moment you are so fortunate as to find yourself comfortably seated, you must give up every prospect of rising upon your feet again, unless you might resolve to creep out and to keep company with the man at the helm, where there is scarcely room for four persons to stand. You had better keep inside, especially when the weather is wet and the wind cutting, as was the case when Mrs. P. and the Rev. Mr. D. were performing their journey. Being the only first-cabin passengers this time, they could choose their seats opposite each other, having a narrow little green painted and white spotted table between them. They were strangers to each other, but the prospect of a long tedious journey had already, from the beginning of their travelling, made them desirous of some intercourse. Now, in a Dutch *trekschuit* you are in a somewhat critical position as to conversation. If once you begin a talk, you cannot get away from it, however disagreeable it may prove to turn. In steamboats you may leave the cabin any moment you like, but in a *trekschuit* you are compelled to sit down, even if your next neighbour should prove your greatest enemy. And in stage coaches you may break off the conversation by turning your face to the window and looking into the fields, but in a *trekschuit* you must face the person who is sitting opposite you, for there is no opportunity for a look out, as the one window is behind your back, and the other behind the back of your fellow traveller. Mrs. P. having often performed the journey from Amsterdam to Hoon, was, from experience, quite conscious of this peculiarity of a *trekschuit*, and, consequently, very happy to infer from the gentleman's black coat and white neckcloth that he was a minister; the more so, since she was a religiously-minded person who took a delight in edifying conversation. She had the better of him, in this respect, for nothing in her dress told the minister what kind of person she was. Availing herself of her advantage she opened the conversation by some general remarks about the weather and the crops, and soon both parties were delighted to find that they perfectly agreed upon the great questions concerning man's calling in this life, and his hope for the future. Mrs. P. learned that the Rev. Mr. D. was a believing servant of Christ, preaching the gospel at the Hague, and Rev. Mr. D. was glad to learn that Mrs. P. was the wife of a respectable merchant at Amsterdam, and mother of five children, whom she anxiously tried to train up in the fear of the Lord. The kind, sensible way in which he answered her questions and remarks impressed her with the conviction that he was a scribe well instructed in the kingdom of God, and a man of a more than youthful experience in Christian life. This elicited her confidence. She could not help opening her heart and communicating to him the sad cross she had to bear, in consequence of her domestic circumstances. Her husband was not a converted man. He seldom attended worship, and spent the greater portion of his evenings at the theatre, or at the card playing club. Her children were too young as yet to follow their father's example, but she feared that her eldest boy would take a fancy to tread in his footsteps. Many a sad and alarming scene had ensued between her and her husband, in consequence of this state of things. Scarcely a day elapsed that they had not some quarrel, he scolding her as a silly woman and a fanatic, and she preaching him the judgment of a holy and just God, whose face is turned against those who do evil. Mr. D. heard her sad story with serious concern, and both by the earnestness of his countenance and by a few short exclamations showed her the deep sympathy he felt with her distressing condition. When she, however, had finished her story, and expected a word of praise and consolation from him to confirm and encourage her in her conduct hitherto pursued, she was not a little surprised to observe that a gentle smile broke over his face, while he, in a voice of kind heartedness, mixed with a little sarcasm, said to her,—

"Well, my dear friend, I see you have done all you could by talking to your husband. I think you now might try what you could effect by being silent."

This saying of the minister entirely put her out, and it was in replying that she, in a tone of great disappointment uttered the question already mentioned.—

"But you don't mean to say, sir, that I should not at all care whether my husband goes to the church or to the theatre?"

"By no means," answered the clergyman, "I mean to say that you ought to continue to pray most fervently for your husband's conversion. The present state of his soul ought to be a permanent topic of your conversation with the Lord. But I don't believe it is wise to introduce it into your daily intercourse with your husband."

"But, rev. sir, am I not called upon, as a Christian woman, to warn my husband of the dangers which he is walking in? The Lord commands us to rebuke in season and out of season. We are but creatures of yesterday, and our life is but like a vapour. Every day death may cut off my husband's breath, as well as mine. Am I not, as a faithful companion, every day to remind him of the perilous state of his soul, that he may turn to the Lord ere it is too late?"

"Dear madam," answered the minister, "you are perfectly right as to the principle that moves

you. You love your husband, and you cannot be at peace about him until you are sure that he is safe in the arms of the only Saviour. I therefore fully sympathize with your anxiety, and appreciate it as an evidence of your faithfulness, both with regard to your husband and your Redeemer. Indeed, if I were told that your husband was serving the world, and that you never had spoken to him about his future state, I certainly should most seriously rebuke you. But the reverse is the case now. I find you have spoken to him. You have told him all he was to know, and you can tell him nothing more besides what you have told him already a hundred times over and over again. Now, it appears to me that you might grant him a little time for thinking over the matter in his own mind. You have sown the seed of God's word in his heart. Pray, leave it alone for some time, that the Lord may do his work, now that you have done yours. Look at the farmer when he sows the crops. After having committed the seed to the bosom of the earth he goes home and prayerfully leaves to the care of Him who giveth the increase. He does not return every day to turn up the clod, and to ascertain the development of the grain. He would spoil the whole process by doing so. There is a time for sowing, madam, and there is another time for growing. Let us not confound these two periods, lest we hinder the work by doing too much and by praying too little.

"But, my dear sir," replied the lady, after a pause, "I am afraid this advice of yours might lead me to a reprehensible apathy concerning my husband's eternal welfare. Certainly, I might satisfy myself by thinking, I have told you enough about it, and you now may take care of yourself; happen what may, I wash my hands in innocence, but does not this sound very much like Cain's saying, when he exclaimed, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

"Doubtless," rejoined the minister; "if you for the rest showed him a perfect indifference about his person in your conduct. But if you continue loving him and daily seeking the Lord's face on his behalf, you cannot possibly give him the impression that you don't care whether he worships God or the devil. You must every day rebuke, exhort, warn, entreat, and beseech him to turn away from his present course of life, and to take his place at the feet of Jesus. But you may do all that without much talking to himself. There is an important exhortation given to wives in the First Epistle of Peter, which, I am sorry to find, many Christian ladies pay too little attention to. Ye wives, says the apostle in the third chapter, be in subjection to your own husbands, as if the Lord; not the words, they also may be seen, by the walk of the wives without the word, while they bask your chaste walk coupled with fear. You observe, madam, that the apostle here addresses wives who very much are in a case, such as I am sorry to learn, you are in at present. Their husbands are unbelieving persons. They have heard the word of God, but they refuse to obey it. Now the apostle does not exhort the wives to continue repeating that refused word over and over again in their ears. They should not give their husbands anything to hear; they should give them something to behold. The application of the gospel to the ears of their husband through the medium of the preacher has proved fruitless. His apostle now wants to try an application to their eyes through the chaste, meek, quiet conduct of their wives. I perceive that this is not one of the easiest commandments of Scripture for some ladies. But, I trust, for you it will not be so very difficult, since you, from experience, must be fully convinced that your words, however numerous and urgent, are not the means to win your husband."

Mrs. P. listened with earnest attention to the minister's words. She could not help pausing for a moment at his remark about "some ladies" of whom she felt sure he thought she must be one. Nor could she deny that he, perhaps, had hit very near the point. Still, she did not want him to think that she only had made her husband to hear everything and given him nothing to behold.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said she; "but I hope you will believe that, as much as I could, I have always tried to keep up a conduct in the sight of my husband in accordance with my words."

"I am most willing to believe that, madam," replied the minister; "but I am afraid that your conduct, however irreproachable and pure in the sight of Christian beholders, was marred in the sight of your unconverted husband by the somewhat querulous and cavilling appearance which you could not help displaying by your constant opposition and repeated disputing. As far as I can judge from the description you give me of his character, he appears to be a person of a liberal, cheerful, jovial disposition. He does not desire to be your tyrant, but he does not want you to be his either. He grants you full liberty to think and to act as you please; but he wants you to grant the same liberty to himself. He conscientiously permits you to attend church service where and whenever you like; but he desires that you should permit him to go to the theatre and to his club whenever it pleases him. You have told him that his way is wrong, and dangerous. He has told you that yours is foolish and fanatical. Very well, up to this point you have both availed yourselves of your mutual right of expressing your opinion, and he fully granted you the liberty of stating your conviction with the most decided assertions. But here you ought to stop, for here is the boundary of your right and liberty. If you go on one step further you trespass upon his right and liberty. Every word of rebuke and warning you add in a tone of dispute and reproach gives you in his sight the appearance of an imperious woman, who tries to encroach upon other people's rights, and to get them all dancing after her fiddle. This cannot fail producing him against the holy cause you plead. He considers what he calls your anxiety and rigidity as a fruit of that sort of religion which causes you to intrude upon him. His favourite object is what he calls his liberty. Of course it is a false liberty; but he thinks it is the true one. Now you try to deprive him of that treasure, without giving him a better instead. Can you wonder at his thinking that you are trying to lead him into bondage?"

"Beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Mrs. P.

"Such is the Dutch translation of that text, and such also is the old meaning of the word 'conversation' employed in the English version. The words (without the words) are placed immediately behind so as to indicate that the apostle means the silent, quiet conduct of the wives which often is more eloquent than any mere words can be.

"I surely offer him a better. I never fail when speaking with him to point at that true liberty wherewith the Son of God makes us free indeed."

"Ah, to be sure you do," replied the minister, "but he does not see that that liberty is liberty indeed. What he wants is that you should convince him by practice that your liberty is better than his. You have tried enough by talking, but it has led to no result. You both continue sticking to your opinions. Now the time comes in for arguing by facts. He wants you to show him that you are free indeed. But you show him the reverse as long as you try to compel him to abandon his opinion and to adopt yours. He never will believe that the building he is to enter by compulsion is the temple of liberty. He wants you to show him that you feel unexpressed happy in that temple. But he cannot possibly believe that you are happy as long as he finds that you are unhappy in his presence."

Mrs. P. was silent. She felt that there was much truth in the minister's saying. She recollected how her husband always seemed to lose his cheerfulness when she entered the parlour, and that there was a spirit of coldness and stiffness about their family conversation, which he was always trying to escape by going to the club-house or to the theatre. Tears came into her eyes now that she felt that herself, perhaps, was the cause of that sad state of her domestic life, or, at least, that she might have prevented a great deal of the present misery, by being less of an actor and more of a sufferer. Still she could not clearly perceive how she could follow a different course of conduct without tampering with her most holy principles.

"My dear sir," said she, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, "I feel that much of what you are saying strikes my conscience. But is it your opinion, then, that I should conceal my convictions altogether, and never speak about the Lord and his righteousness to my husband? Do you mean to say that I should perfectly put up with his manner of thinking and living; never oppose, never show the sad, dismal impression his worldly-mindedness makes upon me, but, on the contrary, manifest an interest in his pleasure and dissipation, and make him as happy as if myself were one of his most congenial companions? I cannot suppose that this can be the purport of your reasoning. Such a course would be quite impossible to me. It would kill me. I would make myself contemptible in my own eyes as a hypocrite, showing a shining face while my heart would be full of sadness and aversion. I should not have one night's rest because of the pangs of my conscience, crying that I was betraying my Lord in order to please my husband."

"Not at all! not at all, madam!" exclaimed the minister. "Such conduct would be worse than an open family war, yea, I presume as far as I know your husband's character from your description, that by turning so complaisant you would make yourself contemptible even in his eyes. He knows your opinions and convictions too well to be able to expect that you ever would have a taste for his worldly pleasures. But what I mean to say is, that you might try to show him in every respect, not at variance with your conscience, that you love him most cordially, that you take the liveliest interest in his happiness, and desire most sincerely his company. If such a love towards him dwells in your heart, madam, thousands of opportunities may be found, sometimes of an important, sometimes a trifling nature, to show him kindness and goodwill. In this matter nothing is so inventive as cordial, sincere love."

"O, I do love him! I truly do love him!" said Mrs. P., while a deep feeling of affection rising from her heart's very core swelled the tears in her eyes. "He is such an amiable, kind-hearted, gentle person by nature. If he only knew the Lord, I should have the best of husbands."

"Well, then," continued the minister, "the only thing that is required for the purpose is to let as far as you possibly can go without impairing your love to your Saviour. Between the sphere in which the converted Christian moves and that in which the unconverted but respectable individual finds his delight, there is a third one, in which both may meet as upon a common platform for mutual intercourse and conversation. It is the sphere of the merely natural life, of which family life occupies such a considerable portion. Your favourite sphere is the church, madam; his is the theatre, the club-house. You cannot follow him there, nor will he follow you where you go. Very well; but you breakfast, you lunch, you dine, you take your tea, you sup together. There is a platform, at least where both of you can meet in peace. Now, mind the important task you there have to fulfil as his wife and the mother of his children. When he comes down to his breakfast, try to meet him with a cheerful countenance, and put the baby on his knee. Then, of course, you know how he likes his tea. Speak a good, kind word to him at dinner, and tell him some stories about the children. Get him to take one of the boys on his back, or to ring a tune with the girls. Listen to his jokes, and if they are of an honest kind—which I am sure, they are mostly—why should you not show you enjoy them? If he wants to tell you something about his friends, his wives and families, listen to him with kind attention, and show your sympathy either with their joy or with their affliction. Of course they are not your friends, nor are they friends of the Lord. But they are men like you, and they are worth your attention and concern, since God made them and wishes their salvation. Perhaps if they learn from your husband that you rejoice in their happiness or weep over their losses, they will be set thinking seriously about that religion which caused you to show such a love to persons who are not your friends. I think all this you might do without hurting your conscience, and a great deal more which your love will be much apter to invent than I am able to tell you. But I believe I had better tell you a story out of my own ministerial experience, which may clearly illustrate my theory about the conduct which I mean you ought to pursue. It relates to a Christian woman, a member of my church, who some years ago found herself in the same difficulties which you are in now. The Lord, however, heard her prayers and blessed her wise conduct to that effect, that she at length overcame evil with good, and became a striking illustration of the truth expressed in the apostle's saying: 'What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?' If you have no objection I will tell you the story, leaving it to yourself to draw such lessons from it as you may deem fit for your own instruction."

Mrs. P., of course, was very anxious to hear the narrative of a fellow-sufferer who had travelled through the same desert solitudes as she was, and still, and had reached the happy land for which she was looking out, day and night, with intense desire.

[To be Continued.]

TYRE.

The history of Tyre, long the capital of Phœnicia, the first commercial city of the ancient world, and the founder of many colonies, is full of instruction to a nation like our own, which calls itself as Tyre once did, mistress of the seas. As if to connect Christian Britain with Pagan Tyre by a still closer link, the first trading ships that ever visited our shores were Tyrian galleys, which, long before Isaiah and Ezekiel lived, drew wealthy freights of lead and tin from the mines of Cornwall. Such a name as Pagan-Zabuloe, a village on the Cornish coast, is one of the footprints left on the shores of England by the old Phœnician sailors.

Isaiah speaks of Tyre as a city "whose antiquity was of ancient days" (xxii. 7). He calls it "daughter of Zidon" (v. 12), as it was founded by settlers from that city. Standing on the shores of the Mediterranean, in the centre of the great highway of ancient commerce, it drew into its harbours and bazaars the riches of the East and West. From its position on the northern borders of Israel, we find it mentioned so early as Joshua's time, as "the strong city Tyre" (xix. 29), and later, in David's days, as a "stronghold" (2 Sam. xiv. 7)—a city whose treasures were locked up within iron gates and granite walls. Hiram, king of Tyre, sent cedar wood and skillful workmen to assist in building David's palace (2 Sam. v. 11). Between this king's grandson and Solomon a still closer alliance was formed. The Tyrian woodcutters felled cedars in Lebanon for the temple. The wood was floated in Tyrian ships to Joppa (1 Kings v. 1-9). The ornamental brass-work of the temple was executed by a Tyrian craftsman (vii. 14).

At this time Tyre was rapidly rising to that greatness and splendour which had reached its zenith in Ezekiel's days. Her merchants were known in every mart—her vessels traversed every sea. Every wind wafted to her harbour fleets laden with spices from Arabia and gold from Ophir, jewels and purple from Damascus, wheat and oil from India, and precious minerals from Tarshish (western Europe and the British Isles). Her merchants were princes; her builders had perfected her beauty. She was made very glorious in the midst of the seas (Ezek. xxvii.).

Tyre at first stood on the mainland; but as its commerce increased, an island about half a mile from the shore was occupied, and in time became the principal city. The first town sunk into a suburb under the name of Old Tyre. In this position, throned like Venice on the waters, the merchant-city exulted in her strength and security. Her prosperity led to pride, and pride marked her out for judgment. She was doomed for her selfish rejoicing over the calamities of Israel, and assisting her enemies by selling them into slavery (Ezek. xxvi. 2; Joel iii. 7). And the predictions which speak of her downfall are among the most remarkable in God's holy word, from the minutest with which they foretell the particulars of her ruin. Ezekiel's description of Tyre as it was to be, has all the sharpness and clearness of a photographic picture of Tyre as it is.

A heathen prince was chosen to execute the judgment of God on Tyre. He was to besiege the city, and reduce it to the greatest distress; but after an appointed period, it was to be revived and flourish previous to its utter ruin. This was fulfilled in the siege of Nebuchadnezzar (Ezek. xxvi. 7), which lasted thirteen years. The city on the mainland was destroyed, and the pride of the mistress of the seas humbled for a time. For seventy years Tyre was forgotten (Isaiah xlii. 15). But those disasters were but the first drops of the thunder shower. The city rose prouder from its fall; and the tide of its prosperity again flowed to the full. Tyre was as great and famous as it had ever been, when, about 332 B. C., it was again besieged by Alexander the Great. For a time the island city defied his efforts, till, by immense labour, a causeway was formed out of the ruins of Old Tyre, which gave his armies access to it from the mainland, and led, after a siege of seven months, to its final overthrow. To this daring expedition the words of Ezekiel referred—"They shall lay thy stones, and thy timber, and thy dust in the midst of the water" (xxvi. 12). The very ruins of the earlier city were swept from the face of the earth, and buried in the deep. "Thou shalt be no more; though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again, saith the Lord God" (v. 21).

In later ages the position of Tyre gave it importance as a stronghold to successive conquerors of Syria. At times it seemed to enjoy a gleam of prosperity; but its glory had departed. We find a Christian Church planted there in the days of Paul (Acts xxi. 4). In the time of the Crusades it was twice besieged and stormed; and it was the last place in Syria wrested (A. D. 1291) from the Christian arms by the Saracens. Thus nation after nation has come up like waves of the sea, and dashed themselves against the devoted city (Ezek. xxvi. 3).

In our own days we witness the literal fulfilment of the prediction. No trace of Old Tyre is left. As the traveller crosses the mole of Alexander, washed on both sides by the waters, he may see how the dust has been "scraped" from her site made smooth and naked, "like the top of a rock" (Ezek. xxvi. 4, 5). The waves break on her sunken fragments, and the nets of fishermen are spread on the sand and stones. The port in which the merchant-navies of the old world rode at anchor is now clocked up, and scarcely holds a few fishing-boats.

Dr. Robinson writes in 1838:—"I wandered out alone towards the south end of the peninsula, beyond the city, where all is now forlorn and lonely like the desert, and mused upon the pomp and glory, the pride and idyl of ancient Tyre. Here was the little isle, once covered by her palaces, and surrounded by her fleets; but, alas! thy riches and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy colliers, and all thy men of war, even with all thy company, where are they? Tyre has indeed become like the top of a rock—a place to spread nets upon. The sole remaining tokens of her more ancient splendour lie strewn beneath the waves, in the midst of the sea; and the hovels which now nestle upon a portion of her site, present no contradiction of the dread decree—'Thou shalt be built no more.'"

Dr. Keith tells us, that on reaching the southwestern extremity of the mound, he "came suddenly on five or six fishermen sitting on some prostrate columns, with their nets spread on the sunken upon the side of the mole in the midst of the sea."

Such is the desolation which has come upon the old mistress of the seas. And if God has raised our own country to higher influence and fame than Tyre attained in the days of her glory, does not his hand point to her ruin as a warning to us? If Britain sits a queen on the waters, rejoicing in the power of her fleets, girdled with a belt of colonies, and stretching her sceptre over an empire on which the sun never sets, let her not despise the lesson which the stones of Tyre cry out. We have the gospel, which Tyre never had. Let us value it; let us extend it. As a Christian nation, may we feel our responsibility, and seek to plant the cross of Christ wherever the red cross flag of Britain waves; otherwise, "it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for us."

The waters, Tyre, once hailed thee queen, A crown was on thy brow; On every sea thy ships were seen; Where is thy glory now? Where once thou wast in splendour set, Thy place is known no more. And the poor fisher spreads his net Upon thy silent shore. Yet in thy silence we may hear A warning sent abroad, And on thy shattered rocks we clear The finger-marks of God. On us has dawned a glorious light, The gospel of the wave, May we to those who dwell in night Its willing heralds be. May our swift ships of Tarshish bear The gospel of the wave, Till every land and people hear That Jesus died to save.

THE POWER OF RELIGION.

The following sketch of an excellent woman exhibits the power of religion, over, and among the world. The name is withheld as the parties are living.

Mary—had the misfortune to lose the husband of her youth after the birth of their third daughter. She was left with youth, and beauty, and a lovely character on her side; but she was poor and penniless; and still worse, a stranger in a foreign land, afar from all her acquaintances and relatives. In the hopes of bettering her fortune, her husband had carried her from England to—, when he died.

Reduced to the greatest poverty and distress, she was, by a rather singular train of things taken into the family of a respectable and rich merchant, who, in some indescribable way, not long after her admission into his house, to try her principles, exposed to her view, a considerable sum of money, under circumstances calculated to engender a variety of suspicions as to his motives and designs. He knew nothing of the peculiar excellences of his strange guest; he had only heard the story of her sufferings from one as ignorant of her piety as he was himself, and there appeared a mystery in her movements which he was curious to fathom. Before leaving his mansion, she addressed to him the following note:—

"Sir, I thought your humanity had prompted you to inquire into the afflictions of an indigent and helpless female, whom a long train of unpropitious circumstances had first carried to your shores, and then left in your city, among entire strangers, afar not only from all her relations, but even acquaintance. Bereaved a few months since of the beloved companion of my choice; and only a few weeks after, of the last pledge of his affection; and having spent the last farthing, on the verge of absolute want, when, only a single month since, I received from the hand of your servant a few lines of condolence and an invitation to your house to wait upon your long afflicted wife; I regarded you as an angel of mercy sent by that gracious Benefactor whom a pious mother had taught me to reverence and regard as ever with me from my earliest years. I accepted your invitation as coming from heaven, not only as the means of affording me and my infant children present sustenance, but as promising, through to my native and beloved land, to my yet surviving mother and the friends and companions of my youth.

But, sir, from certain incidents of the last few days and especially from the occurrence of this morning, I fear that I am not where I ought to be, while under your protection. Meanwhile you will please excuse the abrupt manner in which I leave your residence to-day. I will again (not knowing what may await me in this place, where the fear of my God seems to have no abiding, and destitute though I be,) throw myself upon His mercy, which is covenanted to the widow and the fatherless that hope in him; and bid you adieu."

Her sudden retirement from the place of Merchant G., to the solitary room which she had left made her condition worse than it was before, because that gentleman was regarded as the most honorable as well as the most wealthy gentleman in the city. It was even affirmed that he was a religious man; and certain it was to all, that he was benevolent.

She resumed her needle and her fortitude, and held fast her innocence and integrity; and by words and means which she sometimes could not explain, her wants were anticipated and supplied. Thirteen full months had thus passed without any material change in her condition. She never heard one word from Merchant G., who had buried his wife some four or five weeks after her departure from his house. Sitting by her window one morning, reading the Psalms of David, she saw Mr. G.—approach the door. As soon as he was seated in her room, he informed her that he had called even at the late period, to explain the circumstances which had so deeply affected her. He solemnly assured her that it was like Joseph in Egypt trying his brethren; that he only desired to ascertain what manner of spirit she was of, that, although she was unknown to her, he feared the God whom she worshipped, too much to offend against the humbleness of his children; and that in proof of his sincerity, he had now come to offer, not only his hand, but his heart to her, in place of his departed wife, at whose instigation, and he first invited you to my house. In doing this, continued he, I act not precipitately, nor at the impulse of the moment. I have made myself acquainted with your former history, and I have laid my case before Him whom I am accustomed to acknowledge in all my ways; and I am now resolved, with your concurrence, to make you the partaker of all my future fortunes. You know

not, he added, how often, for the last six months, in my morning and evening walks, my ear has listened with rapture to your matin songs and your evening serenades; and how the ardour of your devotions has kindled in my bosom the flame, not merely of affection for you, but love to Him whose religion has planted such excellent principles in human hearts, and thrown such a love-light over human character.

Mary—at these words burst into tears; and on recovering herself, said, "It is enough. The hand of the Lord is now visible. Will you please call upon me again on this subject?"

We will only add that Mary—and the merchant are still living at the head of a well-educated and happy family.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

REPORT OF THE GRAND WORTHY PATRON.

To the Officers and Members of the Grand Section of the Cadets of Temperance of the Province of New Brunswick.

Brothers—It is with feelings of great satisfaction that I meet you at this Quarterly Session of our Grand Section now convened in this delightful island City. I sincerely hope that all our deliberations will tend to the good of man and the glory of God.

In accordance with the duty of my office, I have much pleasure in submitting this my Quarterly Report for the Quarter ending June 1863.

We have, Brothers, abundant reason to be very thankful to an all-wise Providence, for the marked success that has crowned our humble endeavours to do good.

It was with fear and in much weakness, I assure you, that I took charge of this blessed institution, and in view thereof, committed the care of this Grand Body to Him who rules all things well, knowing that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, and believing we are of more value than many sparrows; "He has cared for us. To Him be all the glory."

Brothers, God has spared our lives and hath given us peace and plenty; let us then enter afresh into this blessed work of saving erring youth, that we may be made the instruments in God's hands of reclaiming the young, and prevent them from falling into a "drunkard's grave," and still more awful a "drunkard's hell." Oh, how many a fond parent's heart is made sad by a dissipated son; many a lovely wife mourns over a drunken husband upon God's success. Labour on in faith, nothing doubting, and glory will crown your works and labours of love.

I would most earnestly recommend that all our officers use their influence in putting a stop to the use of Tobacco and profane swearing by Cadets; that our young brothers may be taught temperance in all things. Let us first respect ourselves, and the world will take knowledge of us.

I have much pleasure in informing you that Tilley Section has introduced a pledge against Tobacco and profane swearing, and that 34 have signed the same. It is with no ordinary degree of satisfaction that I have to report, that the order made at a previous Session of the Grand Section, discontinuing dancing in connection with public meetings of Cadets, has been strictly observed.

I have also much pleasure in reporting that under the guidance of the Worthy Patrons and Associates in charge of the Sections, an excellent moral tone reigns throughout, which is highly commendable, and reflects much credit upon our young brothers. Having had the pleasure of attending their meetings in the City of Saint John, Portland and Carleton, I can with confidence report to this Grand Body, that harmony prevails throughout the Sections.

The several Divisions of the Sons of Temperance have my thanks for the manifest interest taken by them in the Cadets of Temperance.

At the reception of the Delegates of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance, held in the Mechanics' Institute, Saint John, the Cadets of Temperance made a grand appearance, and their good conduct was worthy of note; honorable mention was made of them by several of the speakers. The officers in charge have my thanks for the great interest they have taken in those dear boys.

The most pleasing part of my duty is now to give the Reports of the several Deputy Grand Worthy Patrons of the Sections under their charge.

Brother Beamish, D. G. W. P. of Victoria Section, reports—'I am happy to say Victoria Section is in a very good condition; their meetings are large and well attended; the brothers give grateful expression for the interest manifested in them by the G. W. P., and above all humbly thank God for his special guardian care over them during the past term.'

Brother Ring, D. G. W. P. of Carleton Union Section, reports—'This Section is in a happy prosperous condition, and note with gratitude the interest taken in them by Granite Rock Division of the Sons of Temperance. Increased interest is evidently felt in Cadets, and the members of this Section are determined to stand fast to the principles of total abstinence.'

Brother Esty reports Smiler Section, No. 3, progressing well. About three months ago they had hardly sufficient to open, but now have over 65 members, 33 were initiated during the past Quarter. The Worthy Patron, Chaplain, and Associates, have interested themselves much in the welfare of the Section, and the boys have conducted themselves in an orderly manner. Victoria Section paid them a fraternal visit, and through the special kindness of Gurney Division a splendid banner in course of preparation in honor of our late esteemed Brother Smiler, whose name the Section feels proud to bear.

Brother Knollin, W. P., in the absence of the D. G. W. P. of Crystal Union, No. 10, reports the Section in a good sound state. Much credit is due to Brother Knollin and associates for the zeal they have manifested in procuring a splendid banner for this Section. May they, by God's blessing, long be enabled to unfurl it to the breeze and march on to certain victory.

Brother Knollin, D. G. W. P. of Tilley Section, reports this Section in a flourishing state, and the boys attentive to their duties; with the help of the W. P. and Associates they are extending their usefulness in the community. Some discontent manifested by those who have arrived at the age of 18, that they can no longer hold office or vote in the Section; but they should remember that the Order of Cadets of