# The Religions Sate Migencer,

#### AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,]

E. the Parish of

the Parish of rt of the Ni. hn, 18 miles ning through out 60 acres imbered with ront to rear. d two small ailing spring, is very level e very best des. ne, and most sion given on r further par-nonds, Hon. PERLEY, Fredericton

ALE. , on the Post Subscriber,

air, and com siness on the

ich are clear on applica TEMPLE.

hand—Sole, ff, and all the neries in the

for Hides, at Jan 17.

otal amount now payable; t the death of the assured.

n lieu of the

Annual Pre-mium now

payable for

ne next 5 yrs

 $\begin{array}{c} \pounds & \mathbf{s} & \mathbf{d} \\ 15 & 9 & 10 \\ 17 & 14 & 6 \\ 20 & 5 & 2 \\ 28 & 19 & 2 \\ 27 & 6 & 2 \\ 82 & 18 & 0 \\ 40 & 9 & 10 \\ 51 & 5 & 6 \end{array}$ 

which have ; and a com-

erm, by any

E. Agent.

ICIAN.

ETY.

"THAT COD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE CLORIFIED THROUCH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

#### Vol. X.-No. 29.

### SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1863.

#### Whole No. 497.

## The Intelligencer.

#### RESISTING THE SPIRIT.

One of the most faithful pastors who ever lived in Brooklyn tells us that he was once riding through a village just at the moment when a meeting for inquiry was assembling, and the village pastor invited him to go in and say something to each one, even though it were but a word. He went in for a few moments, and passing rapidly along, he came to a young lady whose countenance indicated deep agitation. "Do you feel," said Dr. S—to her, "that you are unrecon-ciled to God?" "Yes, I do; I am a lost sinner." "Can you save yourself?" "No; none but Christ can save me." "Why, then," inquired the Doctor, "do you not come to Him? He loves to save sinners like you." Bursting into tears, she said, "Indeed I do not know; my heart is hard; I fear I shall never be saved." "How long have you been in such a deep trouble of mind ?" "For three weeks, sir," said she, sobbing aloud,

"Then," solemnly replied Dr. S-, "for three weeks you have done nothing but resist the Holy Spirit.' He left her and passed out of the room. The

next week, as he was riding near that village, a carriage met him, bearing two persons. As they drew near, the lady seized the reins, and stopped the horse. Dr. S- did not recognize her, immediately, but her first exclamation was, "That was true, sir, that was true."

that I had done nothing for three weeks but resist

God's Spirit. That expression pierced my heart.

I thought I was yielding to the Spirit by being

anxious, by coming to the meeting, by beginning

to seek the Lord. I thought you cruel. I wanted

you to stop and explain yourself. But if you had

made any explanation, I should never have been

led to Christ. That expression clung to me night

and day- 'For three weeks you have done noth-

ing but resist the Holy Spirit.' It opened my

eyes, and I could not let you pass without thank-

ing you for the plain honest words which revealed

to me the real guilt and hindrance of my heart."

With a joyfirl countenance and a happy heart, the

young convert rode on her way, and soon she allied

herself to the Church of Christ. The good Doctor,

too, rode homeward, more than ever convinced

that nothing short of the naked truth will ever

teach a sinner the subtle wickedness of his heart,

sin. You are troubled. You have been, perhaps,

attending some gatherings of anxious souls inquir-

ing the way of life. You have unlocked your

Bible, sought the mercy-seat, and are not ashamed

to be thought an inquirer after salvation. Yet

you do not become a Christian. Nor are you as

likely to become one as you imagine. Thousands

who have gone as far as you now stand, are at this

Where is your defect and where your danger?

Simply here-the Spirit of God is pleading with

you to "give your heart to Jesus." Instead of

that you are stopping short with certain acts and

agencies that are the mere outposts of religion.

You halt at the door; You do not go in. You

stop with the mercy-seat, instead of looking to

Hun who sits above the mercy-seat. You pray,

but you do not repent and believe. You tell your

pastor and other people of your desire to follow

Him. What the Spirit demands is, the heart for

Christ ; and the whole heart to Christ is just what

you have not yet given. A few sins and evil

practices you have perhaps abandoned; but they

are no more the entire nature changed than the

capture of a redoubt or two on Morris Island would

be the taking of the rebel Charleston. There is a

Fort Sumter in your heart that has never yet sur-

rendered to Christ. Satan holds that still; it is

garrisoned with self-righteousness, and its walls

banked up with fair plausible excuses, and solemn

promises to live a different life. While your

heart holds out against Christ, you are resisting

the Spirit. You are ready to go as far as the

church, as far as the prayer-meeting, as far as

reading your Bible or conversing with a friend ;

but you do not go to Jesus; you do not forsake

your sins; you keep from Christ your heart and

your life. If you never go faither than you have

yet gone, suffer me to say to you in affectionate

candour that Heaven is lost by you for ever !

You will live and will die resisting the Spirit !

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Anxious reader! you have been convicted of

or send that heart to the Saviour.

moment in everlasting despair.

"What was true, madam ?" "What you told me at the inquiry meeting-

#### THE JERUSALEM THAT IS ABOVE. From "Hymns, Ancient and Modern."

Brief life is here our portion; Brief sorrow, short-lived care; The life that knows no ending. The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution ! Short toil, eternal rest; For mortals and for sinners A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle, But then shall wear the crown Of full and everlasting And passionless renown :

And now we watch and struggle, And now we live in hope, And Sion in her anguish With Babylon must cope :

But He whom now we trust in Shall then be seen and known ; And they that know and see him Shall have him for their own.

The morning shall awaken, The shadows shall decay, And each true-hearted servant Shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and Portion, In fullness of his grace, Shall we behold for ever, And worship face to face.

"I'VE GAINED THE POINT."

Near the Borders, where a work of awakening and revival is going on, a young man was a few weeks ago in distress about his soul. The Spirit one night when alone, the household having retired, the same Spirit appears to have "enlight-ened his mind in the knowledge of Christ," so that he at once embraced Him, as "freely offered in the gospel." Such was his joy that he could not conceal it, and he hastened to tell his parents the tidings. The mother was wide awake, and the father half asleep, as he entered and exclaimed, " I've gained the point !" " What do you mean ?" was the wondering response. " I've found my Saviour !" was the prompt reply. Greater was their gladness than when long ago they welcomed this their first-born son, for now he enters a higher family without leaving theirs-being born again. There was joy in heaven, as well as in their hearts, over another sinner saved ; and he himself now goes on his way rejoicing.

a fortune, or to secure esteem, is the point with squire's. myriads. Is it yours? Beware! More or less "Papa," said Miss Graham, "I wish you would hell, are getting ready for you, and you for them. under-gardener."

"Well, she is too bad, I must say," said Robert. "Of course she is! Why, man alive, is a fellow never to take a moderate glass? Now, come along with me. There's a dance to-night at the 'Chequers'-quite nobbish, I can tell you. of God was convincing him of his sin and misery. For some time he could find no rest; but at last, It's for the Hall servants, and all the right sort will be there. I've got two tickets. It will be

rare fun.' Again Mabel's words rose to his mind, but Robert thrust them aside, and allowed Martin to lead him off. "By-the-bye, will your sister be there ?" he asked. "Yes, Emma's there, sure enough," said his

companion. "But what's the good of you're asking about her? You've got your lass, you know." And with a disagreeable laugh, Martin Pulse dragged his pupil on. Just then, Mabel was in her bedroom, praying

her heavenly Father to guide Robert in the right path ! Her bedroom window was just opposite the "Chequers,"

The foregoing scene took place one winter's Reader! Have you gained the point? Per- evening, and, some time later on, a carriage was haps you are not seeking to gain it. Possibly to rolling over the snowy road to the little village, gain your point would be your ruin, and not your in the white moonlight. In it was Mr. Graham, salvation. There are many points in the compass Robert's master, and his daughter. They had of men's varied aims. To gratify lust, to make been spending the evening at a neighbouring

directly all such aims point to the pit; though poor short-sighted sinners do not see so far. You only think of self, sin, the world ; but ruin, wrath, grounds ; I want you to engage him regularly as

tion, and darted into the inn ; but it was too late, sing together, and sing with them, teaching them Mr. Graham and his daughter had seen him songs and hymns. Let them sing all day, like the birds, at all proper times. Have them plainly.

"Your new gardener !" said Mr. Graham, with mutually interested in the same things, amusea shrug. "If that's the young man, I've done ments, and occupations, having specified times for with him. Drive on Charles; such a sight as each, so that their habits will be orderly. Let

if she had seen this sight, papa ?"

the rude merriment and music at the ale-house, discomfort in future life. Let them work together and with a nervous dread lest Robert should be in the garden-boys and girls-both need out-ofthere, she had been watching behind her blind as door work. Together let them enjoy their games, the revellers came forth. A bitter cry of agony riddles, all their plays, books, and work, while the burst from the lips of the poor girl, and she sank parents' eyes direct and sympathize, and blend in back pale and heart-sick. She had seen enough. loving accord. Have the children do some little Robert was lost to her for ever!

One o'clock in the morning as Robert Grant on them for the service. This will attach them what had passed. Is this really the quiet room joys will cluster around the home hearth. he left five hours ago, or is he still whirling round Children like to be useful; it makes them Didn't he just now leave Mabel to come home? them sympathy. Express love for them. Had he this headache then, or did Martin give it him ? Ah, he recollects ! Mabel offended him,

and then-oh, how Robert groans, drunk as he is, to think how fearfully he has forsworn himself. But it is no use ; his head is running round, as if continuing the waltz in the "Chequers." He

that is enough to sicken one." "Poor Mabel, she shall never marry such a heartless reprobate," said Miss Graham. "Fancy, girls' work. They should know how to do it, and Reader, Mabel had seen it. Kept awake by practically, too, as thereby they may avoid much

> things, daily, for your personal comfort; let them see that it gives you pleasure, and that you depend

stumbles through his cottage door, and sinks to you more strongly; and if they feel responsiheavily into a chair. He passes his hand over his bility, even in matters of themselves trivial, and burning forehead, and tries to think calmly of are sure of your sympathy, their affections and

and round to the music with Emma Pulse? happy. So give them work-time as well as play Emma Pulse ! it is Mabel Smith he means. time. But, in any case, and in all cases, give

> More than building showy mansions, More than dress and fine array, More than domes and lofty steeples, More than station, power, and sway, Make your home both neat and tasteiul, Bright and pleasant, always fair, Where each heart shall rest contented, Grateful for each beauty there.

LLS. ENT! ER, AND

luences the bilitated by cal prostrathe brain, it n, nervous er becomes in the side, arrhœa and is is on the eys partici-ration.

JM orders preit is especio eradicate

ERS. tinaciously ment, have is powerful

ic diseases, surface rent. It sur-pliances in ents of the

d stubborn the use of le its appli-thorough ed in the ats, ll kinds, ¶ 8,

fall kinds. 1 the words nible as a ns around by holding e given to to the demedicines US. LOLLOWAY, Druggists States and , 62 cents, the larger s in every ow Cards,

ing Thos. June 18. oches ss, Influness of cking ron-1

ngers. a Cough n the be-

ted, soon

re a most

the year, eness and sure and

- Swiss

you that sed to all

0 degrees ing in all udes, we *Troches*,"

cases of iroat, &c.

Troches'

us, please

erol

fent.

and.

1

y

hs, &c." Boston. rseness,"

ECHER.

s are the s to the gland, Canada.

uly 11.

RS, &c B.

8, 1862.

"Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." (1 Cor. xiii. 3.) St. Paul's divinely inspired description of this grace, leads us to consider it as a state of the mind and affections toward others, which, according to our modern phraseology, may be better expressed by another short, but compresive word-LOVE; and since God has most graciously declared that his whole nature is expressed by that one word-"God is love," 1 John iv. 8, we may conclude, that those who partake nost of "the Divine nature" are the most charitable. Each of us knows how difficult of attainment, the glass of faith descries ! They say that teleand how contrary to our natural minds and hearts, scopes bring out wonderful sights in the heavens is 'that most excellent gift of charity.' But we -great firmaments of shining suns far, far away cannot, perhaps, more conclusively show the pre- -stars, of different colours-stars revolving round valence of a contrary disposition, or more effec- each other-stars attendant on stars, like servants tively bring our own to the test of the inspired on a master. But what are the suns and systems apostle, than by contrasting the various features to the grand things faith sees-a world in flames, of charity with their opposites. CUARITY Suffereth long. WITHOUT IT, WE ARE Impatient. Unkind. Is kind. Envieth not. Envious. Vaunteth not itself. Boastful Is not puffed up. Swelled with vain conceit. ofourselves Doth not behave itself un-Seeketh not her own. pearance of evil derate for others. Is not easily provoked. Thinketh no evil. Rejoiceth not in iniquity.

PART II. For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eves their vigils keep ; For very love, beholding Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory Is unction to the breast, And medicine in sickness, And love, and light, and rest.

O one, O only mansion ! O paradise of joy ! Where tears are ever banished, And smiles have no allov ;

The Lamb is all thy splendour, The Crucified thy praise ; His land and benediction Thy ransomed people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks, Thy streets with emeralds blaze; The sardius and the topaz Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageless walls are bonded With amethyst unpriced ; The saints build up its fabric, And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean ! Thou hast no time, bright day ! Dear fountain of refreshment To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages They raise thy holy tower : Thine is the victor's laurel, And thine the golden dower.

PART III. Jerusalem the golden ! With milk and honey blest ! Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh ! I know not What joy await us there ; What radiancy of glory, What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng :

The Prince is ever in them, The daylight is serene ; The pastures of the blessed Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David, And there, from care released, The shout of them that triumph. The song of them that feast .

And they, who with their Leader Have conquered in the fight, For ever and for ever Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country The home of God's elect ! O sweet and blessed country, That eager hearts expect !

Jesu, in mercy bring us To that dear land of rest :

Who art, with God the Father,

And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

Flee to the gospel refuge-that's the point ! You are alarmed-you turn-you flee; but in

Listen! It is the voice of love. Look! There his, that I want his appointment." is light in his countenance to show you the way. to rejoice in a living Saviour, and a sure salvation. Then you too, having found the "one thing needthe point.'

A GLASS OF BEER, AND WHAT IT DID FOR poor girl, had too bitter an experience in London ROBERT GRANT.

"It isn't true, Mabel ; it can't be true ! You're never going to cast me off for such a trifle as this ?"

"It's no trifle, Robert; an evil habit that you cannot leave off. I dare not marry you." "Stuff and nonsense, Mabel! You want to giving him the under-gardenership." ery off, and have done with me. There's William

Stirling round the corner now, I'll be bound." "Robert!" The girl burst into a passionate flood of tears, and turned away. Robert seized

hold of her hand. "Forgive me, Mabel, but you make me so mad it, he shall have the place. Charles!" I don't know what I am saying. Don't be hard on me. Surely a glass of beer is not to come between you and me."

"What has the glass of beer done for me already, Robert? Have I not seen a father made worse than a brute, a mother beaten and ill-used to the grave, sisters and brothers starved and pinched for food, myself with scarcely a rag left, while everything was pawned to supply my father with the drink that killed him? Have I not had to work night and day to supply the food and clothing which had been mine in plenty but for the drink ? And have I not made a vow, years ago, never to marry a man who could not, for his own sake, and, if that was not sufficient, for mine -- for mine, Robert-keep from intoxicating drinks of every sort ? And am I not right ?"

"You would be if I ever took too much. But a glass of beer, Mabel-a pint or so just now and then, to put a little life into a fellow-why, who for I've seen him."

us what we believe is true, without often knowing Robert Grant ! why; and I know, Robert, it is neither right nor And yet. Robert was there. The band was safe to take any strong drink at all."

when I know I shall break it !" "I don't ask any oath, Robert. Only promise Martin's sister.

me, and I have little fear of your breaking your And Martin himself stood by, watching them. your beer and public-house, Robert?"

She went on---

Martin Pulse."

It was an unfortunate allusion. Robert was behaviour, to hear the pretty Emma, the prettiest girl touchy on the subject, because every one said in the room, agreeing timidly with everything he that Martin exercised undue influence over him. said, drinking the glass of wine he offered, and He answered roughly, " And from Martin Pulse's urging him to take one, and then another, himself. It was flattering to hear her say she would sister, ch, Mabel? Mabel, this time, was seriously angry. "This dance with no one else; it was pleasant to see the to friends or relatives." is the second unmanly thing you have said," she sparkling eyes raised to his own, and to feel his replied, gravely. "I shall not talk to you any arm clasped by the soft white hand. Dance folmore, for you forget yourself. No"-as Robert lowed dance, glass succeeded glass, the hours the regiment." made a step forward-"I am just at home; so sped on, the excitement deepened, and Robert good night. Think over what I have said, and forgot his duty, his plighted trath and honesty remember that Mabel marries no one who will alike, and whispered words of love to Emma not give up the treacherous glass and the no less Pulse. treacherous friend for her sake." And Mabel

"And why him especially ?"

"Why, papa, you see he is going to be married darkness and perplexity, you ask, Whither shall I to Mabel Smith-such a nice, good girl! I am go? The voice of Jesus says, "Come to Me!" so fond of her-and it is for her sake, more than

"I should like to know something more of the May the Holy Spirit open your eyes, and bring you young man," said Mr. Graham. "Can you vouch for his steadiness and sobriety."

"Well, papa, the fact is that Mabel has spoken ful" for a poor sinner, may exclaim, " I've gained to me a good deal on this point No one can accuse Robert of taking too much, but still he regularly has a glass of beer or so, and Mabel,

not to dread even so much indulgence as this. So she has told her lover she will never marry

him till he promises her to become a total ab stainer. If he makes this promise-and I feel sure he will, papa-1 want you to mark your approval of his conduct, and esteem for Mabel, by

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Graham, "I have fancied myself that the young man was not quite so steady as he should be, though I cannot say ] have any proof. However, I am willing to believe the best, and if he gives the promise, and sticks to

" Sir," said the coachman. "Stop at the 'Chequers,' as you pass, and see if the carrier has left a parcel for me."

The coachman touched his hat. " Please, sir, there will be some disturbance there to-night, I am afraid."

"Why, what is the matter ?"

" The landlord has a dance for the labourers, sir. All the hall servants will be there; and it often turns out noisily.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Graham ; " if the landlord countenances such goings on, I'll not even allow my parcels to be left there. These dances regularly promote immorality and drunkenness. Well, never mind, Charles ; just stop at the inn for a moment. I must have my parcel."

The carriage rolled on to the village, and neared the "Chequers," as the clock struck twelve.

Music and dancing ; loud laughter, and mirth : can object to that? Isn't everything given us to rough jokes, and excited shouts; much drinking, use ? The minister himself takes a glass of wine, and calling for wine and beer ; flushed faces, and disordered dress; excited feelings, and roused

"I can't reason about it, Robert. God doesn't passions! Surely no place for these who journey seem to give us women the power of reasoning towards a holy country-no place for the affianced much; but we have faith, a something that tells husband of a pure, innocent girl-no place for

playing a lively waltz, and he was whirling round " And I am to go and bind myself by an oath, and round, excited with drink and flushed with

excitement, his arm, encircling Emma Pulse,

word. Am I not-and here Mabel blushed and He was a shrewd fellow, was Martin. Robert was hesitated -- "am I not" -- worth more to you than known in the village as a well-to-do, promising young man. His father and mother had died, There was a moment's pause. Robert was leaving him a comfortable cottage, furnished, and struggling against conviction, against the assurance Martin had secretly determined that his sister of truth, that the gentle voice brought with it. Emma should be the mistress of it. She had no objection herself. So far from it, she had long

"And Robert, dear, can you enjoy the society been setting her cap at the handsome young of Martin Pulse, and the club at the 'Chequers,' gardener. The idea of Mabel-the pale faced more than a cup of tea and a pleasant chat at demure Mabel-being preferred to herself, was your own fireside? O Robert ! keep away from unendurable, and she had vowed to supplant her. It was something new to Robert, after Mabel's firm

must go to bed somehow, and perhaps it may all prove a dream in the morning. With an effort he rises, and staggers toward the red embers for a

Would it not make you laugh in pitying derision, Robert Grant? Laugh, did we say ? Nay, would it not rather send you away shuddering, if you could but see yourself making vain attempts to light the candle, as piece after piece of burning paper falls from your shaking fingers upon the floor ? There, it is done at last. Never look behind you, to note whether that heap of dry wood is safe from the flaming fragments. Only one idea, and that to lay those throbbing temples on the soft pillow. He stumbles up stairs, and the paper burns on. Creeping along, it catches a shaving, then another and another. A broad light springs up through the little room where Robert's good parents were wont to instruct their son from day to day, and to pray for him. Now the whole heap of wood is blazing fiercely, and the flames play round the wood work of the cupboard, and the doors blister and blacken beneath them. Robert Grant, awake, for the cottage is on fire ! But Robert is sunk into a heavy stupor.

Two o'clock ! The night constable sees a ruddy glare of light flaring up from the silent village. The cottage is wrapt in fire from basement to roof, and Robert is asleep in the midst of the flames !

The scene is changed to the hospital at S----, some few miles away. That bandaged mummy, all swathed in hint, moaning restlessly with the heat that torments him, with blackened blistered its work.

Week after week he lay, hovering between life a narrow street recently opened, we saw several and death. Snatched from the flames that were bodies, or rather forms of bodies, which now attract fairly licking him with their forked tongues, he universal attention. The unfortunate inhabitants of had been brought to the hospital, as all thought to die. But a merciful God gave him one more chance, and Robert crawled away one day so scarred, that none could recognise him, but other- by torrents of ashes and scoria, under which they wise convalescent. Limbs and body remained, have lain for nearly 2000 years. One day, inside a but the mark of fire was set for ever on his face. house, amid fallen roofs and ashes, the outline of a feared to meet the eyes of old friends, as a pen- of the works for excavation, soon ascertained that niless, defaced drunkard ; but he was determined there was a hollow under the surface. He accordingly to hear one word of Mabel.

him. There were two ladies, Miss Graham, and- The result was that he obtained a complete plaster did his eyes deceive him-Mabel! "Who are those ?" he asked of a labourer.

"Th' squire's daughter, and a young woman she's taken for company like. Th' young woman a man, another woman, and a girl, with 91 pieces of was to have married a good-for-nothing chap as silver money; four ear-rings and a finger-ring, all deserted her for another girl, and burnt himself, gold ; two iron keys, and evident remains of a linen in a drunken fit, almost to a cinder; but-law! bag or purse. The whole of these bodies have been if it ain't the very fellow ! Well, Robert, you've carefully moulded in plaster. The first body disbeen sorely punished, but I can't say as how you covered was a woman lying on her right side, with haven't deserved it." Robert broke hastily away, her limbs contracted, as if she had died in convuland walked, he scarcely knew or cared, whither. sions. The form of the head-dress and the hair were He came to the church. The bells rang out a quite distinct. On the bone of the little finger were merry peal, and a wedding party came out. two silver rings, and with this body were the remains Robert started aside to let them pass. His eyes met those of the bride; it was Emma Pulse, the rich love of Mabel.

More than lofty, swelling titles, More than fashion's luring glare, More than Mammon's gilded honours, More than thought can well compare, See that home is made attractive By surroundings pure and bright-Trees arranged with taste and order-Flowers, with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely ; Let it be a smiling spot, Where, in sweet contentment resting, Care and sorrow are forgot. Where the flowers and trees are waving Birds will sing their sweetest songs; Where the purest thoughts will linger, Confidence and love belongs.

Make your home a little Eden ; Imitate her smiling bowers; Let a neat and simple cottage Stand among bright trees and howers ; There what fragrance and what brightness Will each blooming rose display ; Here a simple vine-clad arbour Brightens through each summer day.

There each heart will rest contented, Seldom wishing far to roam; Or, if roaming, still will cherish Memories of that pleasant home. Such a home makes man the better, Pure and lasting its control; Home, with pure and bright surroundings, Leaves its impress on the soul. ----

INTERESTING DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII. A recent visitor writes as follows :-- " There are boulevards around Pompeii, and a road is being made for the carts which convey the rubbish in the direction of the amphitheatre. From the top of these boulevards the visitor has a view of the whole city, and can form skin, and disfigured features ; that caricature of a a tolerably correct idea of the interior of the houses human being, tended by strangers, unpitied and uncovered. Excavations are now going on on two unblest, is the once handsome, prosperous, beloved eminences near the Temple of Isis, and the house Robert Grant. The glass of beer had nearly done called Abondonza. Our inspection was chiefly confined to the former site, where, in a house situated in

the house fell, not on the bare ground, but on heaps of pumice-stones, and were covered to a great depth He slunk down a bye way into his village. He human body was perceived, and M. Florelli, the chief made a small hole through its covering, and filled it As he turned a corner, a carriage rolled past up with liquid plaster of Paris, as if it were a mould. statue of a Roman lady of the first century of the Christian era. Close by were found the remains of

heartless flirt for whom he had flung away the keys. One girl was found in an adjoining room, and the plaster mould taken of the cavity clearly shows the tissue of her dress. By her side lay an elderly Extract from the hospital book at the Military woman, who had an iron ring on her little finger. The last personage I shall describe was a tall, well-Grant, H. M. 4th Regt. Brain fever, brought on by deli-rium tremens. Case hopeless from the first. Confirmed drunkard. Several times in hospital. No reference found human forms with an interest which defies expression. It is evident that all these unfortunates had made great efforts to escape destruction. The man appears to have perished in a vain attempt to rescue the terrified woman, who thought they could be nowhere so safe as in their own home, and hoped that A child may as easily be led to associate plea- the fiery tempest would soon cease. From the money sure with home ideas as to think of it in connec- and keys found with the body of the first woman, in which her hands were clenched she evidently died books, games, and household sympathies, they The other woman, from the largeness of her ear, which is well shown by the plaster, and the iron ring Give the little ones slates and pencils, and on her finger, evidently belonged to a lower class, encourage their attempts to make pictures. Draw- and was probably a servant of the family. The man appears to have been struck by lightning, for his straightened limbs show no signs of a death-struggle. It is impossible to imagine a more affecting scene things and the pleasant ones you see in papers and have I ever heard of a drama so heartrending as the

Rejoiceth in the truth.

Beareth all things. Believeth all things. Hopeth all things. Endureth all things.

WHAT FAITH DESCRIES .- What grand objects a race raised and judged, the blessedness of heaven,

the terrors of doom, the glory of the Lamb, and of the throne of God ! Use that glass oft. Turn it often to the sky. Look and wait for the coming of the Lord .- Rev. J. Edmond.

HEAVEN BECOMING RICH .- The Rev. William row, ch ?" Not careful to avoid the ap- Atlams, D. D., says on the late Rev. Alexander, Interested, and not consi- "What an assemblage of good men are already Quickly angry, it may be gathered in the Kingdom of God! How fast is turn crusty, but I'm not one of that sort. Now they were! What a story there would be next having, according to age, work-time, play-time, was running with her skirts pulled over her head. heaven becoming rich with spoils collected out of | I'll bet a penny you've had a lecture from Mabel morning of splitting headaches, weary frames, and Ready to impute the worst our homes and companionships! Armies returnmotive to an action admitting ing from fields of carnage enter their metropolis, Prone to feel something and a whole population unite to give them an akin to satisfaction at the imperial ovation; and wreaths and flowers, and misdoings or disgrace of our promotions and honor, attest the general glad-Indifferent to the existence ness. But all this is a passing pageant. Like of error in ourselves or in a vapor, it appeareth but for a moment, and Irritated even with triffing then vanisheth away. But there are honors Hasty in condemning others and aggravating their faults. Which endure forever; which will shine above to see you made a milksop of by such a girl as that. full upon them. "Basty in condemning others and aggravating their faults." The brightness of the firmament, when every Nay, never look fierce ! she's a good girl enough, "Don't block up the road in this way," said a books, to read them at your leisure. You cannot story of this family of the last days of Pompeli.

went off, very sorrowful.

Her firm repulse made Robert speechless for a ceased. The candles were flickering and flaring if allowed to do so, he can as readily connect mother of the girl. The slender bones of her arms moment. There was a battle going on between in their sockets. The fumes of stale tobacco and happiness with parents, brothers, and sisters, as and legs and the richness of her head-dress seem to obstinacy and conviction. A voice roused him. of spirits mingled with the poisonous breath of with those of other kin. And a child will do so indicate a woman of noble race. From the manner It was Martin Pulse. "Well, young un, what's heated lungs, until the weary pleasure-seekers unless happiness and pleasure, when he calls for

"Never you mind," said Robert, suddenly.

"Mabel never lectures any one," said Robert. of thorns under the pot, and it had gone out; "Not even a certain young man who is so and the landlord alone could laugh now, for he had wicked as to drink a pint of ale, now and then, filled his purse. and knows a good-for-nothing fellow, one Martain Half drunk with strong drink, and altogether Pulse ?" said Martin, quietly.

Robert was silent. The other went on-

Barracks, Benares :---

"Died, Oct. 28rd, 185-. No. 2,057. Private Robert

Marginal note, mentally added by inspecting officer :--- "This unhappy man was the plague of

Alas! The glass of beer had done its work.

MAKE YOUR HOME PLEASANT.

Twelve o'clock ! The music and dancing tion with the home of his playmates. Certainly, she was probably the mistress of the house and the up? You look down in the mouth. What's the were driven, half-suffocated, into the fresh frosty them under the parental roof, respond "Not at air, Sodden faces, bloodshot eyes, parched and home !" All home pictures should be bright in great pain. The girl does not appear to have sufstill thirsty tongues, the sense of unnatural ex- ones. The domestic hearth should be clean and fered much. From the appearance of the plaster "Some men would take you at your word, and citement and want of rest. What a wretched set joyous. If home life is well-ordered, the children mould it would seem that she fell from terror, as she empty purses ! There had been a little crackling will love, and find pleasure there.

ing will amuse them when noisy plays have lost their zest or are unseasonable, and the art will be drunk with pleasure, Robert Grant staggered out. useful to them in all the business of after life. Emma Pulse was with him, and there they stood | Have them read to each other stories and para-"Now, Robert, be a man. I like you too well in the doorway, with the glare from the inn lights graphs of your selection, and save the funny than the one suggested by those silent figures; nor which dissolve the world, and these are the rewards of fidelity; fidelity in our stewardship; was Mr. Graham himself, looking eagerly out of them, for the impression made on their minds now hatred, than the scandal of their love and approthe carriage window. Robert uttered an exclama- will last when the hills crumble. Have them bation.