

The Religious and Antislavery 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.

STRANGE PEOPLE IN THE DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH.

The persevering explorations and ventures of modern travellers have not even yet discovered to us all the races that people our globe, and within the last ten years we have been made acquainted with the existence of numerous tribes counting by hundreds of thousands, and living in the most degrading barbarism and superstition. Thus it is that the progress of missionary agencies and endeavours, are abashed by the discovery of new realms and races to be won from idolatry and brutishness to God and manhood, and our spirits are overwhelmed. We cry out in despair, "Who is sufficient for these things?" The interior of the great African and Asiatic continents are now only just beginning to be known to us, and of South America too we cannot be said to be acquainted with much beyond the coast-line. We cannot now refer to the recent and really fine maps of black men in Central Africa, with whom Livingstone, Beke, Krapf, and Speke have, within a few years, for the first time, brought Christianity in contact; but we will just notice some discoveries and descriptions of people on the Asiatic Continent with whom we have hitherto had no acquaintance. Baster is about half the size of England, to the east of the Jeyvora State in the north-east of India. It is a British dependency, yet only three Europeans are known over these parts, they look to their hocks, but the present of a cotton handkerchief immediately propitiated them; by presents of beads and looking-glasses he got them to come out of their houses and converse with him. Their agriculture is of the simplest kind, for they have never heard of the plough and have no bullocks or cows. They shave their heads, all except the top knot, and they do it with a piece of old iron. In their ears they stick as many as fifteen ear-rings, and wear a girdle of cowries; the men are dressed in a loincloth, and the women tattoo themselves profusely, and, in addition to a few other elegant ornaments, they wear an iron girdle about five feet in diameter, on which are strung brass and iron rings. They all worship Dantehware, the tutelary divinity of their race, who claim to be descended from the moon, Matia Devee, and others of the Hindoo Pantheon. In nearly every village there is a temple dedicated to Matia Devee, who is supposed to be the deity for healing the small-pox—a great scourge among these poor people. On the appearance of the disease the patient's feet are washed with cow's milk, and wiped upon the head of his nearest relative. Matia Devee is then implored to enter into the body of the patient. Dantehware is regarded with the most abject awe and fear. The people never do anything without imploring help from her. If any misfortune happens to them they impute it to witchcraft, and, as in all ages or countries where a delusion has spread, the suspected witch is very cruelly used. First a fisherman's net is thrown over his head, and two lenses of the people, one representing him and the other his accuser, are thrown upon his outstretched hands; if the leaf in his name fall uppermost he is supposed to be guilty. In any case he is sewn in a sack and thrown into water waist deep. If his struggles he continues to stand up, he is condemned, and we suppose he failed to do this he would be drowned, so that the trial is pretty decisive either way. Supposing, however, that he does get up, he is dragged by the net to the edge of the crowd, his head is shaved, and his front teeth are knocked out with a stone. Pretty much the same thing as they did with the "witch" at Sibbe Heddingham, in Devonshire, the other day. If he is of good caste, his flesh is thrust into his mouth; and finally, he is driven forth to die of exposure or starvation. They have many other strange customs; and, though they know nothing of opium, they drink Lunday, which is described as "an intoxicating kind of thin porridge," which they get from the Mhow tree; and all their festivals are occasions for shameless intoxication. They are described as good humoured and lightsof, frank and truthful, apt to learn, and quick to observe; we have said enough to show that they are fearfully degraded, and most grievously to be pitied. Siam is a land of which we know even less than we know of China, and its interior has been visited by a few Europeans. Sir Robert Schomburgk, our consul in that country, lately took a tour into the interior, and has contributed an account of his journey to the Asiatic Society of Bengal. He went to Xungmai, the "City of the Golden Palace," as the Burmese call it, and from thence to Moulemin. At the first of these cities, which contains about fifty thousand inhabitants, he was visited by the deputy viceroy, an imposing person, having on neither shirt or shoes! In the bazaar were plenty of English manufactured goods. The surrounding country was cultivated with crops of rice, tobacco, safflower, and indigo, which the women and children watered while the men sat in the shadow smoking. The Lao women smoke themselves also—cigars and pipes, nicely carved. Indeed, girls of six and seven insist on imitating their elders in this nasty habit, and Sir Robert says, "It is quite amusing to see with what gravity these children enjoy their weed." Cremation is practised, and among the rich the ashes are carefully deposited in graves, and monuments erected over them. "Twice a year," said one gentleman to our consul, "I come to put flowers over the graves of my father and mother, and have the railing restored." Bridesgrooms have to pay the parents of a bride a certain sum to compensate them for her loss, and about forty rupies generally suffices for this purpose. Towers built in honour of Buddha meet the eye at frequent intervals. We pray to Gandama on passing a phraedee, said one person to the travellers. They are built in memory of him and his divine acts, and some of his doctrines are written there on tablets. The phraedees are curious brick towers, apparently very ancient, for they are generally covered with tropical vegetation. Sir Robert's own opinion of

them is, that they were meant to contain relics of Buddha and his disciples, or to commemorate some of his acts during his pilgrimage on earth. An image of Buddha, worked out of green jasper, is religiously preserved at Banjio. In the opposite hemisphere of Southern America there are Indians of quite another character, not covering the land in crowded communities, but existing now only in scattered and scanty tribes. To these the knowledge of Christianity, obscured, indeed, with many superstitions, was taken by the men who discovered and decimated them; but it is long since any one attempted to teach them knowledge, or made any efforts to improve or redeem. A naturalist who has lately returned from a sojourn of seven years and a half in the very heart of the Brazilian forests, collecting specimens for the British and other museums, gives us some account of the remnants of this once large and powerful Peruvian nation. "None," says Mr. Bates, "of the Indian tribes on the Upper Amazon have an idea of a Supreme Being, and consequently have no word to express it in their own language. Our guide thought the river on which we were travelling entitled the whole earth, and that the land was an island, like those we had seen in the stream, only larger. In all matters concerning the common events of life his mind was a blank; and such I always found to be the case with the Indian in his natural state. Their want of curiosity is extreme. One day we had an unusually sharp thunder shower. I asked our guide what he thought was the cause of the lightning and thunder. He said, 'I don't know.' He had never given the subject a moment's thought. It was the same with other things. I asked him who made the sun, the stars, the trees. He didn't know, and had never heard the subject mentioned among his tribe." Of another tribe he says:—"The Jurupari, or Demoni, is the only superior being they have any conception of, and his name is mixed up with all their ceremonies, but it is difficult to ascertain what they consider to be his attributes. They affect great mystery when his name is mentioned; it was clear, however, that the idea of a Spirit of God was continually in contact with the Portuguese and Brazilians living in the towns, and have still some remembrance of the teachings of the Jesuits. Mr. Bates has scarcely a better account to give. Their condition appears to be truly pitiable. "I entered," he says, "one of their hovels, where several of the women were employed cooking a meal. Portions of large fish were roasting over a fire made in the middle of the low chamber, and the entrails were scattered about the floor, on which the women, with their children, were squatting. These had a timid, distrustful expression of countenance, and their bodies were begrimed with black mud, which is smeared over the skin as a protection against mosquitoes. The children were naked; the women wore petticoats of coarse cloth, ragged round the edges, and stained with blotches, with murex, a dye made from the bark of a tree. One of them wore a necklace of monkeys' teeth. There were scarcely any household utensils, and the place was bare, with the exception of two dirty grass hammocks hanging in the corners. I missed the usual mandiocca sticks behind the house, with their surrounding cotton, cacao, cotton, and lemon trees. Two or three young men of the tribe were lounging about the low open doorway. They were stoutly built fellows, but less well-proportioned than the semi-civilized Indians of the Lower Amazon generally are. Their breath of chest was remarkable, and their arms were wonderfully thick and muscular. The legs appeared short in proportion to the trunk; the expression of their countenances was, unmistakably more sullen, and brutal, and the skin of a darker hue, than is common in the Brazilian red man. Before we left the hut, an old couple came in; the husband carrying his paddle, bow, arrows, and harpoon, the woman bent beneath the weight of a large basket filled with palm fruits. The man was of low stature, and had a wild appearance from the long coarse hair which hung over his forehead. Both his lips were pierced with holes, as they used formerly to wear tusks of the wild hog in these holes whenever they went out to encounter strangers or their enemies in war. The gloomy savagery, filth, and poverty of the people in this place made me feel quite melancholy, and I was glad to return to the canoe." But there is still a lower deep, and probably as degraded a race as ever existed, or as any described in the histories of Herodotus, is to be found in Ceylon. They are described by Sir Emerson Tennent, in his recent work upon that country, and are known as the Veddahs. "Their language," he says, "is limited to a very few words, and it appears doubtful, in certain cases, whether they possess any language whatever. They have no knowledge of God, or of a future state; no temples, no idols, no altars, prayers, or charms; and, in short, no instinct or worship, except some addition to ceremonies analogous to devil worship, to avert storms and lightning. They do not even bury their dead, but cover them with leaves and brushwood in the jungle. They have no idea of time, no name for hours, days, or years. They have no knowledge of medicine beyond the practice of applying leeches and bark to a wound. They have no games, amusements, or music, and are utterly unable to count beyond five on their own fingers. In form they are miserable objects, with projecting mouths, prominent teeth, flattened noses, stunted stature; but, though misshapen and deformed, they are athletic and active." So low is it possible for poor human nature to fall, but from out of this abyss the Gospel is able to recover it. A whole colony of these poor

wretches at Osnary are sitting, clothed and in their right mind, at the feet of Christ. They have been converted by the preaching of the missionaries, and are fast making their way to the use and enjoyment of the blessings of civilized life. These brief notices of "Strange People" yet to be found in the world may give our readers a more vivid idea of the work the Gospel has yet to accomplish, and we hope may stimulate them to deeper interest in those great Missionary Societies which are now rendering account of their stewardship in the metropolis.

THE WORD.

It has long been a question in the minds of many, why the Saviour in several instances, especially in the writings of John, calls himself "Logos," "the word." The appellation is so remarkable, that it has attracted the attention of every thoughtful Bible-reader, and raised in the mind the question of its application to the Son of God. Many of the titles assumed by our Lord were such as explained his official relation between the Father and the world; and this is one of that character. The observations of Mr. Bruce, in his "Travels in Abyssinia," throw much light upon this subject; indeed, they may be said to settle the meaning of the word, as used by John. In many of the Eastern countries, custom have not changed for centuries, and these are a key to numerous passages of Scripture. In Abyssinia, Mr. Bruce found the intercourse between the King and the people accomplished in the following manner: In the palace is a council-chamber, open at one end to admit the people. At the other end are the princes and nobles, and behind a screen sits the King, who allows himself to be seen only by a very few chosen persons. All communication between him and the people is through another. If any of the people wish to address the King, they speak to this officer who bears the message to the King behind the screen, and returns the answer. For this reason he is called "the voice of the King," the word "bearer," or by metonymy "the word." This is doubtless the precise meaning of the term as used of John, and the custom of the Abyssinian Court, explains the character of the office of Christ when he is called the "word." His own testimony has weight upon this point in such passages as "The word which ye hear, is not mine, but the Father's which sent me." (John 14: 24.)

He seems, also, to have assumed the same office before his advent in the flesh, since several of the passages in the Old Testament which read "Angel of the Lord" literally translated, read, "Messenger Jehovah." For instance in Judges 2: 1; "And the Angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal to Bochim, and said, 'I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you into the land which I sware unto your fathers;' which by the above rendering would refer it to Christ, adds the proof that it was one of the Divine Persons by saying, 'I made you to go up out of Egypt &c.' for amidst the glory of Sinai, it was proclaimed, 'I am the Lord thy God which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.' These things together give us not only a clear and simple view of the office comprehended under the term 'Word,' but show to us that Christ himself was the 'word-bearer' in olden times to his people. And may we not believe that he who always brought words of encouragement and consolation to his children will still fulfil his promise to 'come unto them, to cheer them in the gloom and darkness of this world, and lead them in the paths of righteousness by his name's sake.'"

ONE DIED FOR ALL.

Who will die for a friend? Who will die for a stranger? Who will die for a foe? Scarcely for a righteous man would one die, yet perhaps for a good man some might even dare to die. But God commendeth his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. There have been a few instances where men have died for others; but such instances come mostly under the head of those who have tasted Christ's great love, and so have come to love others as he loved them. If He laid down his life for us, we ought also to lay down our lives for the brethren. I remember reading an instance of a noble self-sacrifice in the case of a pilot on Lake Erie. John Maynard was well known in the Lake district as a God-fearing, honest, intelligent pilot. He was a pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried boats. When near Buffalo, smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is." Simpson came up with his face pale as death, and said, "The captain, the ship is on fire." Then "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard! All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and enquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?" "Seven miles." "How long before we reach it?" "Three quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam." "Is there any danger?" "Danger here—see the smoke bursting out! go forward, if you would save your lives." Passengers and crew, men, women and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood alone at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the captain cried out through his trumpet—"John Maynard!" "Ay, ay, sir." "Are you at the helm?" "Ay, ay, sir." "How does she head?" "Southeast-by-east, sir." "Haul her southeast and run her on shore." Nearer, nearer, yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, as from a dying man. "Ay, ay, sir." "Can you hold five minutes longer, John?" "By God's help, I will!" The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, yet with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He steered the ship till she crashed upon the beach—every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit returned to God who gave it. Who can read, unmoved, the recital of such heroism as this? What heart could not bless the memory of such a noble man? And what

that saved company landed on the shore and gazed back upon their heroic deliverer wrapped in his winding sheet of flame, would not they read with a new interest the words, "If one died for all, then were all dead?" Would they not delight to honor the memory of a man so noble as that? Would they not love those whom he loved, and remember with sympathy those who remembered him with tears? And yet this man did only his duty. He died for all on board; but he might not have been able to save his own life had he sought to by leaving his post. His was the post of peril, and he met the responsibility and did his duty like a Christian hero.

But Christ did his work not through a sense of duty, but from love. He was safe, though we were perishing. He perished that we might be saved. He died for all, that the free gift—justification of life—might be granted to all, as really as the condemnation of death had been passed upon all men through Adam's sin. If one died for all, all were dead—doomed to die without his interposition; and he died for us that we might not henceforth live unto ourselves but to Christ. That is the true meaning of his death, not as a duty, to be reluctantly performed, but as a joyful service—the offering of grateful love to our redeemer Lord. Christian, do you feel this? Christ died for you. Backslider, do you feel it? Christ died for you. Ah! poor, wandering Peter—while you are saying, "I know not the man," He is wearing the thorny crown and bleeding beneath the scourge for you. While you deny him, he prays "for thee, that thy faith fail not." While you curse and swear, he bleeds and groans and dies for you. But list! the agony is past, and as you come all abashed and ashamed before him, he, as loving as ever, says; "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?"—feed my sheep. O that a look from Christ may melt some poor wanderer's heart as he reads these lines, that he may weep, even as Peter wept, and as I, poor wayward one, weep in penitential gladness at the thoughts of Jesus' love, for me.

Sinner, Christ died for you. Oh, will you not live for him! Turn to him and seek his face. He loves you, and pities and seeks to save you. He loves you, and pities and seeks to save you. May he bless you with repentance for sin, and save you in his glory at last, for his mercy's sake. Christian, live for Christ. Every day, hour, and moment let your life declare your love—let your acts tell your gratitude. And let all your toil be made a pleasure by the thought: I do this for the man that died for me—the man of pierced hands and thorn crowned head.

"If human kindness meets return,
And o'er the grateful life
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is high—
O shall not warmer accents tell
That love has found its way?
To him who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and woe?
While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pains, he would not flee;
What love those latest words displayed,
"Meet and remember me!"
Remember these—thy grief and pain
Our sin and shame to bear;
O memory! leave no other name
But his, recorded there!"
—Herald of Gospel Liberty.

KNOW AND DO.

Why, if a man knew that the ship in which he and his family were sailing, and which contained all his property, was leaking day and night, do you suppose he would be careless about it? Would he not be constantly bailing out the water, lest it should sink the vessel with its precious freight? If a man understood that a spark from the flue of the furnace had set fire to the timber of his dwelling, and that, smothered, it was creeping along and charring the wainscoting and partition, do you suppose he would content himself merely with saying, "I have no doubt that this house is on fire, and that it is dangerous?" Would he not do something? Many men read the Bible, and say, "My dear children, we are all sinful; we are sold in sin; may God lead us out of our sinfulness and draw us toward Him;" and yet they put forth no effort to reform their lives. Manifold their sinfulness increases, and envelops them, and consumes them. Thousands and thousands of men have died in that way, and been utterly destroyed. If a man is wise, no sooner does he have the slightest intimation that there is fire threatening the destruction of his house and all that are in it, than he calls for men, and sets them at work to put out and end to the mischief. And when a man is touched by the Spirit of God, and is made conscious that the fires of hell are in him, with what earnestness does he enter upon a course of repentance? How does he say, "God have mercy on me; help me; teach me; lead me!"

POWER OF RELIGION.

Every faithful, devoted Christian, is a living, speaking power, and exerts an influence upon all around him. Such an one is a virtue in a human form—a personal exhibition of the loveliness and excellence of true religion—a practical confirmation of the holy precepts which fall from the lips. I have in my mind several examples—one will suffice. Miss B., a vain young lady, publicly professed the religion of Jesus. In a feeling and affectionate manner she invited her careless associates to go in this good way with her—she told them the superior joys of religion, its elevating nature on the life and character, and the lovely, benign aspect it sheds on all beneath the sun. They heeded it not—they would not believe, but called her foolish, deluded. Yet she had counted the cost and meant to be wholehearted; she set about governing self, keeping the even tenor of her way, forgetting not to do good to all within her sphere. Holding constant communion with her God, her good works were many, and always characterized with humility, tenderness and affection. Her consistent deportment, her chaste and profitable conversation, her heavenly-mindedness, her meek and quiet spirit, told to all, the power of religion on her heart. Her companions felt she possessed something they knew not of, that she lived in a higher and purer atmosphere, that her joys were more than earthly. Her example, through the Spirit's influence, has carried to many of her associates, convictions of their guilt and wickedness, and attracted them to the Cross of Christ. Thus her holy life echoes the instructions of her lips in a thousand thrilling tones. Angels cannot count the influence. All faithful followers of the Saviour are countless eloquence—they will speak when the tongue is silent.

CULTIVATE GOOD MANNERS.

Deem it not below the dignity of the occasion, that I urge upon you the duty of cultivating good manners. Young men often make a serious mistake on this point. They think, if they only have the substance, the form is of little moment. If they acquire learning and professional skill, that is all they need. They can work their way through by main force. It is a mistake. A man may have such extraordinary force of character and talents as to compel the path of promotion to open before him. But promotion so gained is entirely too great a sacrifice. It is gained in spite of a very heavy drawback. The same amount of intellectual force, combined with suitable manners and address, would have accomplished three times the result. A surgeon may remove a limb with the dull heavy cleaver of the butcher. But he would hardly be thought to be wise in preferring such an instrument to the keen, well-tapered blade suited to his profession. By the use of a sort of brute force, you may undoubtedly make a certain amount of impression. But if you would cut deeply, or use your force wisely, look well to your manner. Its power in human affairs is almost unbounded. Who, that has ever been brought into contact with a highly educated Quaker, such for instance as the late Joseph Gurney, has felt the controlling sway of beautiful manners? It was difficult, in the presence of that man, to say what it was that affected you so powerfully. Other men have had a smile equally benignant, a voice equally melodious, a gait and motion equally graceful, a goodness of heart, a sweetness of disposition, a gentleness and openness of speech, equally inspiring confidence. It was somehow the infinite delicacy with which whatever there was in him so finely tempered to gether, that you felt as if mingling with a being of a superior nature, and yet felt quite as much at your ease as if talking with those of common clay. It was real Christian goodness of heart speaking out through the whole man. The very hem of his garment seemed to speak. To analyse the manner of such a man, and detect its hidden mystery, is like attempting to analyse a delicate perfume. The most ethereal of its essences are sure to escape you. Yet only know in such a case that there is true Christian charity at the bottom, that there is varied knowledge and intellectual power, and that every adventitious advantage of person and dress is used to give whatever is said or done its very highest and happiest effect. Such a manner is the fruit of long-continued and most assiduous cultivation. It is, indeed, to some extent a gift of nature. But it depends still more upon culture and art. It does not lose its power with the loss of youth; on the contrary, it often increases with years. Men and women in extreme old age have been known to possess a sweet attractive grace, an actual power of fascination, which the young could by no means equal.

That which I recommend to you is not to be won from the dancing master or the tailor. No one can be inensible to the claims of graceful posture, movement, and costume. But the charm of manner of which I have been speaking lies deeper than these. It is no outside varnish. It springs from real goodness of heart, from a life hid with Christ in God. It is Christian charity clothing itself spontaneously in fitting external expression. It gives beauty to the plainest face, it teaches winning words and ways to the most ignorant. There lives at this moment, in the town of New Hartford, Connecticut, in a small, unapainted house by the roadside, some two miles from the village, a poor woman by the name of Chloe Lankton, bedridden with an incurable disease. For twenty-seven years has she lain in that humble apartment, unable to rise to be removed, the subject of continual bodily pain, and at times of such excruciating pain as to make her continued life almost a continued miracle. Her father, her mother, her four sisters, have successively died before her eyes, and been carried out to their long home. She has been for many years left alone in the world, with no means of support but that which occasional and unsolicited charity has sent her, and with no stated companionship but that of a common hired domestic. Yet the grace of God has wrought in the heart of that lone woman, that her very face is said to beam with angelic sweetness, and all who go to see her come away charmed, as if they had been to visit the abode of a princess. Young people for miles around visit her, not in the spirit of compassion, but for the pleasure they find in her companionship. The very children troop to her abode to show her all their latest treasures; and her new dress, or doll, or knife, or kite is thought quite complete till it has the approval of their dearest confidant and friend. What has given this lone invalid such power to captivate and charm both old and young? Nothing but the Spirit of the living God, working in her a heavenly sweetness of character, that finds a natural expression in all lovely and beautiful ways.

If, then, you would have truly good manners in their very highest type, seek first of all goodness and purity of heart. Be filled with a kind and loving spirit. Drink largely of that charity which doth not behave itself unseemly, and which seeketh not her own, which suffereth long and is kind. Good manners are only the natural expression of unselfish benevolence. If this be wanting, they are a cheat and a sham. But having this, you will not count the slightest article of dress, the most inconsiderable movement of the limbs or the person, the most trifling word on the most ordinary occasion, as beneath your care and study, if thereby you can add in any degree to the happiness of any human being—

Manners of Educated Men.

THE PROOF OF LOVE.

The King of Armenia not fulfilling his engagement, Cyrus entered the country, and having taken him and all his family prisoners, ordered them instantly before him. "Armenius," said he, "you are free; for you are now sensible of your error. And what will you give me if I restore your wife to you?" "All that I am able," said he. "What if I restore your children?" "All that I am able," said he. "And you, Tyrannus," said he, turning to the son, "what would you do to save your wife from servitude?" Now Tyrannus was but lately married, and had

a great love for his wife. "Cyrus," he replied, "to save her from servitude I would willingly lay down my life."

"Let each have his own again," said Cyrus and when he departed, one spoke of his clemency, another of his valor, another of his beauty and the grace of his person; upon which Tyrannus asked his wife "if she thought him handsome?"

"Really," said she, "I did not look at him."

"At whom, then, did you look?" "At him who offered to lay down his life for me."

Greater love hath no man than this, that he should lay down his life for his friends. Tyrannus was willing to die for his wife. But while we were yet enemies Christ died for us. How far this love all earthly loves exceeds!

The wife of Tyrannus did not look at the king in his beauty. She could only look on him who was willing to die for her. What shall we desire in heaven more than to look on the face of him who died for us? There is beauty, glory, infinitely resplendent glory in heaven, and eye hath not seen nor heart conceived it, but nothing there will so attract the believer's gaze as the face of Him who gave his life for sinners. Wonderful love! Unspeakeable love! And we my look on him and love forever.

A young man who had lost his mother, to whom he was most tenderly attached, had often expressed a strong desire to go to heaven that he might once more meet his beloved mother. As he, had no interest in religion, his desire for heaven had no higher object than this. Some time afterwards he became a Christian, and when asked about the anticipations of meeting his mother in heaven, he said, "It seems to me as if I should want to gaze upon my Saviour a thousand years, before thinking of any one else."

Christ had laid down his life for him. He would not look at another.—N. Y. Observer.

THE TWO GARDENS.

Eden and Gethsemane! How intimately the condition of the world is related to these two gardens! In the first man was placed in his state of innocence. There he was placed on trial for himself and all his descendants; there he fell. In that garden started the bitter fountain, formed by tears of regret over a ruin which man had caused, but which he had no power to restrain. That fountain has poured its way down through the ages, augmented continually by tears of suffering and sorrow. The world can never forget Eden, but for what it was, and for what it became by reason of man's sin.

After four thousand years had elapsed, and the world had experienced the consequences of sin the second Adam enters another garden—the garden of Gethsemane. He entered it by night. It was the night of man's sin and guilt. He entered it to place himself on trial also for the world. When God called to the first Adam, "Where art thou?" He hid himself from his presence. He was ashamed because he was guilty. When God called to the second Adam, he answered, "Here am I, in the volume of the book, it is written of me, to do thy will, O God. If much depended upon the trial of the first, we may say that even more depended upon the trial of the second Adam. There was a possibility of repairing the ruin of the fall, the world was not irretrievably lost. But if Christ had refused to drink the cup of suffering put to his lips in the garden of Gethsemane, there could have been no salvation for man.

From the garden of Gethsemane started another fountain that courses its way through the world. That fountain has its source in the drops of bloody sweat that fell from the Saviour's brow. It was augmented by the stream that flowed from his hands, his feet, and his side, on Calvary. Whoever plunges in this stream, is cleansed from the stain of sin and guilt.

Down to the latest generation these gardens will continue to be remembered, and perhaps throughout eternity the scenes that transpired in them, will be studied with ever increasing interest.—Ger. Ref. Messenger.

THE CONFESSOR.—As the last sands of the old year were flowing in upon the sands of eternity, a poor child cripple, ten or twelve years old, lay in an upper hall of a tenement house, a dying. So helpless, pale and suffering did he seem, that he attracted the pity and prompted the kind inquiry from every passer by. His response to me was touching, "I ain't to get well, ma'am." Surely, at this you will say, the fount of christian love in my heart was stirred, and a few drops from the river of life were held to those thirsting lips. Since the earthly physician had proved powerless to restore, the sufferer's gaze was of course directed to the Great Physician who could cure and save. Alas! it was not so! What was it restrained the saving word? What spell had chained my guilty tongue that it refused to speak forth the Saviour's love and power? It was a golden opportunity lost. How the loser has not ceased since to lament it! Did God send his angel in the person of that sufferer to see how early his little one could be passed by? Oh, if the heavenly light had been bright within the soul, how clearly might the foot-prints of Jesus have been seen, beside that cripple's couch; and had the dull ear been attuned to the heavenly voice, how clear and loud would those solemn words have sounded "Feed my lambs!"

Oh ye blessed ones who visit the dwellings of the lowly, learn from the amazing folly, and the unavailing regrets of a weak christian, never to pass a sorrow-laden one by without pointing him to the Friend who will sustain in life and save in death.—Sunday School Times.

"THE MAN WITH THE BIG PRAY."—When the Indians once planned to attack old Concord, one of them said to his fellows: "Peter Hinkle, the man of the big pray, is there; no good for us to fight that town," and they did not go there. The enemies of Christ fear praying men. Praying men are protecting powers. Praying men are assaulting powers; devils quail before them. The kingdom of darkness and the army of aliens are put to flight. A single man mighty in prayer is mightier than a king.—Boston Recorder.

In wonder all philosophy began; in wonder it ends; and admiration fills up the interval; but the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance; the last is the parent of adoration.—Coleridge.