

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

EV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD

IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. XII.—No. 52.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1865.

Whole No. 624.

LBION HOUSE,  
QUEEN STREET,  
FREDERICTON.

NEW GOODS  
FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE.

JOHN THOMAS,

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FOR THE PRESENT SEASON,

is now complete in every Department,

With a full variety, comprising several lots, bought at LESS THAN REGULAR PRICES.

DRESS GOODS

In all the New Materials at present worn.

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Good value, at 12 cents.

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In Shepherd Checks, Tweeds, Cloth, and Blanket Wrappers.

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In White, Grey, Red, Blue, Yellow, and Fancy Criméon.

Of these we have received 75 pieces, bought at last year's prices.

DOMESTIC GOODS—a large Stock.

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Fast Colors—from 12 cents.

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In Mock Ermine and Martin Blankets and Horse Rugs.

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Fredricton, Nov. 16, 1865.

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TIPPETS, RIDING BOAS AND MUFFS.

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HORSE RUGS,

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Grey and White Cottons,

COTTON WARPS,

Ticking, Stripe Shirtings,

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PRINTS—fast colors,

AT TWELVE CENTS A YARD.

OSNABURGS,

STRIPE BAGGING,

AND HOLLANDS.

CARPETINGS,

1<sup>st</sup> TAPESTRY (2 and 3 ply),

WOOL, HEMP AND STRAW.

CURTAIN MASKS AND TRIMMINGS,

WINDOW POLES AND CORNICES,

CLARK'S 6 Cord 200 Yd. REELS,

At 30 Cents a Dozen.

Goods charged to Wholesale Buyers at Saint John Prices.

Our stock of COTTON GOODS have all been purchased before the late advance in price, and are now worth more than we are selling them for.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

SHERATON & CO.,

Near Phoenix Square.

## The Intelligencer.

THE CASE OF THE MATE JOHN C. DOUGLASS.

CONDEMNED AS A PARTICIPANT IN THE MURDER OF CAPT. BENSON, OF THE BRIG "ZERO."

The following letter from Rev. Dr. Pryor of Halifax relative to Douglass, the mate of the *Zero*, has been published in some of the Halifax papers. We have published the evidence under which Douglass was condemned, and also the confession of the cook, it is but right that we should also publish this. It will be found deeply interesting:

Messrs. Editors.—Had the case of the mate of the *Zero* been left as it should have been in the hands of the Judges of the land, I would not have felt justified in writing a line to the public on the matter, however strong an opinion I might myself have formed. *"Lis et sub judice"*.—But as editorials and communications have appeared in your public prints, all having the tendency, to use the mildest term, to prejudice the case, and inflame public opinion against the unhappy man, I feel bound to state the matter from my standpoint, leaving it to the good sense, and calm afterthought of a discerning public to decide, whether there are not good grounds for a doubt, at least, of the guilty participation of the mate in the murder.

The statement of Douglass, as made to me, is as follows. (And I wish it to be remembered, that this statement was made previous to any confession, or statement of the boy, the cook, or the sailors. Douglass having been the first person to make the confession.) That they sailed from Cow Bay on Thursday. That after being out some time, the captain called the two Germans on deck to sign the articles. That when they were read to them, they refused to sign, asserting that the captain had engaged to give them \$25 for the run, while now he wanted them to agree to be paid at the rate of \$25 per month. That a great deal of ill-feeling was manifested on the part of the Germans toward the captain, they declaring that he wished to cheat them out of their wages.

That after dinner on Friday the cook Doucey came up from the cabin and said to him, the mate, "the captain is a bad man, he wants to cheat these Germans." "No," replied the mate, "that cannot be, there must have been a misunderstanding; the captain could not have been so unwise as to offer them \$25 each for the run which might take only two or three days, he must have meant by the month." That Doucey then said, "He is a bad man, and deserves to be thrown overboard, and I have a great mind to do it." "Stop," said the mate, "you must not talk that way, it is wrong, you must never think even of taking what you cannot give." "Oh," said Doucey, going away with a laugh, "how religious you are."

The mate said he should not have thought of this conversation again, had it not been for what afterwards had happened, for this kind of boasting and threatening talk is not at all an uncommon thing with such men as the cook.

That on Saturday night or rather Sunday morning, it was the mate's and Charley's watch on deck from 12 to 4. That at 4 o'clock, the captain having come on deck, the mate made some more sail, the wind having fallen. That the captain wished him good morning, made some remarks on the weather, and then said to him, go below and take your sleep. That he went to his cabin, undressed, and went to bed. That about daylight Bill the German knocked at his door, waked him, and said, "get up mate, cook has killed the captain." That he started up and said "what have they been fighting?" for that was his first thought, as the captain was constantly finding fault with the cook, that he never brought in a meal, but that he scolded him, and that he was a kind and temperate man, yet he was constantly annoyed at the cook, and often swore at him. That he, the mate, jumped out of his berth, and was hurrying on his clothes, in order to go on deck, and see what had occurred, for he supposed that the captain was on deck, as it was his watch there, when Bill came a second time saying, "come mate, cook wants you in the cabin." He became quite alarmed, "what can he want of me, he has killed the captain, and now wishes to kill me." He said a great terror then came over him. It was still as death, not a sound on board, except a footstep running on deck. He trembled so he could scarcely put on his clothes. That he went into the cabin, but could see no one there at first, but hearing a slight whistling noise from the captain's state room, he looked round and saw the cook in the captain's berth, bending over his body, which was stretched out like a corpse, his knees near the captain's shoulders, and his hands seemingly clasping the head, while his eyes were staring at him. That he was paralysed at the sight, threw up his arms in terror, and not knowing rushed back into his state room, trembling with dread, threw himself upon his knees, when the cook came immediately to his door, and said to him, "come out, I want you to help to throw the old man overboard." "Never," he answered, never.—How could you commit such a murder?" I was determined to do it, said the cook, and then putting his hand against his door, he tried to force it open, but the mate prevented him, by putting his foot against it, (it was a sliding door), that the cook tried then to clutch him through the door with his arm, which was all bloody. The mate told him to go away and not touch him, when he left him saying, "what are you a-id of." As soon as he was gone, the mate came out of his cabin to go to the fore-castle to get Charley to help him seize the cook; that he expected to find Charley asleep, as it was his watch below; that as he ran to the fore-castle, the boy was standing near the poop-deck with his hands in his pocket, and said, "Why, Mr. Douglass, what's the matter?" that without stopping to answer him, he rushed to the fore-castle, and to his surprise saw Charley dressed, leaning against the door. "Oh," said he, "Charley is not this a dreadful thing," and before he could finish, what he was about to say, Charley interrupted him, saying, "yes, but you must take us to the West Indies."

The mate further states that it instantly flashed on his mind—"This is a mutiny; they have murdered the captain, and I suppose will murder me." That in a dreadful state of mind, scarcely knowing what he did, he went into the fore-castle and threw himself upon a chest there—trying to collect his thoughts. (I subsequently asked him, were you smoking then? his answer was, "I do not see how I could have been I was trembling so, I do not think I could have lighted a pipe; but

I cannot say, certainly about it, for I did not know what I was doing, I was so unnerved and alarmed.) That almost immediately they all came into the fore-castle, and the cook said, "come, Mr. Douglass, help me throw the body over." "Never," he replied, "never, you have murdered the poor Captain, and now you want me to take a part in the murder, I never will." The cook then said, "come you Charley," he replied, "I will if the mate will." That he, the mate, continued to say, he never would; that, then, Bill said to him, "shall I go," and that in his confusion of mind, not knowing what he was doing, he said, yes; that the word was not out of his mouth, before Bill went, showing how anxious they were to get him to compromise himself. That soon after he heard a groan, "oh," said the mate, "the captain is not dead," (before this he had thought the captain had been dead, having seen him stretched out like a corpse in his berth); that he rushed out and met the cook and Bill coming towards the fore-castle laughing. "Oh, where is the captain," said the mate, "he is not dead," said the cook, pointing downwards, "by this time, he is at the bottom of the sea."

Then the mate went back to the fore-castle and tried to think what to do. The captain was dead, he could do nothing to save him, and now all that he could do, would be, to try and save the vessel and cargo for the owners out of the hands of the mutineers and murderers. That they came to him and said, you are captain now, you must take us to the West Indies. That it seemed to him, his only plan was now to temporize with them. That there was no use for him to try to seize the cook, for he looked upon them all as in the plot, and should he make any such attempt, they would murder him; indeed he felt sure, they only saved his life because they could not navigate the vessel without him; he therefore appeared to assent to their purpose. That he said, "well, we are too short handed to take so heavily laden a vessel to the West Indies, especially as she leaks, I will run her in here near the coast, and take the boat and go ashore, and engage one or two men to come with us." "No," said they, "we want trust you to do that." That after some time, the cook, the boy, and the Germans, having gone down into the cabin and dividing the captain's clothes &c., among them, and having thrown over the blood-stained bed clothes and carpet, came back to him to the quarter-deck, and the cook brought up to the desk, containing the captain's papers, &c. That as none of them could read, he, the mate, selected a number of old letters of the captain's and ordered the boy to burn them, as though their destruction was of some moment; that he carefully preserved all the ship's papers, and looking over them, as if in deep thought, he said, "Oh, I find this can't be done, or we can't take the vessel to the West Indies, for these are English and not American papers." "Oh yes, we can," said the cook, "you need not talk in that way, I am sure we can;" that he insisted it was impossible, and that on appealing to the boy, who could read, he agreed with the mate, and said, "no it can't be done with these papers." That this, at length, seemed to satisfy them, and then they began to talk about what was to be done (and here the mate says naturally enough, "If, as has been asserted by the boy on the trial, there had been a plot between me and the cook to take the vessel to the West Indies, what was to hinder my carrying the plot through? Why should I have changed my purpose? The papers were just what I knew them to be. I knew they were English papers. If I had had any idea of going to the West Indies, there was nothing in the papers that I know of, to have altered my determination. I do not know of anything to have hindered me, if I had plotted to go there." He says "the idea of using the ship's papers as a means of thwarting their evil purpose suggested itself to him at the moment, and he immediately made use of it.") [This statement the mate made to me, after the trial.]

He further, in his first statement to me, and he has never deviated from the whole statement, in the slightest degree, said, that having persuaded them, they could not take the vessel to the West Indies, he said, "I will take the vessel to her port, and not enter it for twenty-four hours, and thus give you a chance to escape." They answered "no, we would be a-id to trust you, you might trick us." That he then offered to let the cook have the boat and escape, the vessel being run in near the shore. But he refused. That he then said, "Well, if nothing else can be done, I will run the vessel on shore and let her go to pieces." Intending to run her on the sands of Petite Riviere, when, as soon as she was lightened of her cargo, she would float safely. That they positively refused to allow him to do that, and then they determined they would scuttle her. That, having tried everything he could think of to prevent their doing so, he could not hinder them, and they set about the work; that they used the hatchet on the outside of the vessel, the handle of which after some time broke off; that they were also boring with an auger on the outside; that a vessel he saw in sight, and some of them suggested to paint out the name, that the vessel should not be recognized, which was done; and that then, supposing they had finished their work, they left the vessel. And here the mate says, "If I had desired to scuttle the vessel, could I not easily have done it. There was another and larger auger on board, I knew where it was. What was to hinder me from going down to my state-room, and boring through the planks where it was far under the water, and thus easily sinking her. Surely, one who has been at sea as long as I have, and know everything about vessels, would not have blundered as the crew did."

And now his statement reaches that place, where he says he consented to take part in the lie that had been agreed upon; he never mentions it without the deepest shame and contrition. He says he has suffered for it most deeply, but that he deserves all he has suffered for consenting to lend himself to that lie. I asked him what induced him to do as he had done. "Oh," said he, "I was under a dreadful cloud. The crew had all agreed that if I dared to tell the truth they would all combine to say I was the instigator, if not, the perpetrator of the murder. How could I prove the truth. I was afraid it would bring me into great trouble; I have also tried to keep clear of all trouble, and get along peaceably. I am a nervous person, and was afraid for my life, too, for I felt sure they would do as they threatened, or that the cook would murder me! and my nerves were so shattered with the horrible idea of the murder that had been committed, that I could not stir myself up to do what I well knew I ought, besides, the thought of being the informer, and the instru-

ment of causing all these men to be executed, affected me greatly, and," said he, "you cannot, sir, know what I have suffered. I had no peace day or night. I knew I was doing wrong all the time, my judgment told me so; but my feelings overpowered my judgment I could not pray, as I had been used to do, for that lie was upon my conscience. I could not read my Bible, for every word seemed to condemn me, and, again and again while I was at Lunenburg, and after I came here, I determined I would tell; but I shrunk from doing so, till at last so terribly did my conscience lash me for that lie, that I could bear it no longer, and I made the confession; every word I have said on the case is true, and though it has brought me to the gallows, I do not regret that I have confessed. My grief is, that I could have acted so sinfully in telling such a lie, and persisting in it so long, and have thus sinned against my God and Saviour, and brought such disgrace upon myself and the holiest of causes."

The above is as briefly as I could write it, the statement made to me by the mate; numerous other circumstances were mentioned, but I have stated the principal ones. And I ask any candid person whose mind is not so warped with prejudice as to unfit him for a right decision, to look it over carefully, and tell me where it is impossible, or even improbable; and after reading the appended certificates to decide whether a boy who is confessedly a wicked boy, who acknowledged in the witness-box that he told a falsehood about his parentage, who ran away from his parental roof, having probably robbed his father, for he could give no account of how he received the \$15 he acknowledged he took with him, who lived for some time in the lowest dens of Boston and New York, and whose whole conduct has evidently been so wicked that his father, a Minister of the Gospel, should be compelled to address him in these terms—"It seems strange that a little boy like you should feel at liberty to run away, and then write to us, calling yourself our affectionate son. I am not at all surprised to hear that you have got into trouble. I hope you will have repentance, and return home a better boy. Here are 100 little negro boys that behave much better than you. We should be glad could you come home and be a good boy. But as you have got into trouble, you may not have the chance. You must ask God to forgive you, and we will forgive you also. From your father." That the statement of such a boy is to be believed, rather than that of one who, up to the present time, has borne an unblemished character, as the following letters and certificates will prove.

The following letters were addressed to the Rev. Mr. Munro, the writers not knowing that he had left Halifax. Mr. Munro enclosed them to me, requesting me to make what use of them I thought best. The first is from the Rev. Ira B. Steward, late Pastor of the Mariners' Baptist Church, New York:

"Dear Bro. Munro,—Information has reached me of an unhappy affair concerning our dear and good Bro. Douglass, as we have always esteemed him to be.

I have learned by my wife, who is at my house in New York, that she had received a letter from Bro. Douglass to me, informing me that he had been arrested for mutiny. My wife remained the letter to me after opening it, and somehow or other it has miscarried, and not having seen it I hardly know how to answer it. My wife informs me this morning that the Pastor, Dr. Hodge, and some of the brethren, have written to you, giving all the information they can concerning our Bro. Douglass. Still she thought I had better drop you a line, as it might be a confirmation of what you had already received from our brethren.

I have intimately known our Bro. Douglass personally and by correspondence for several years; have not the least doubt of his innocence in this matter. Indeed I should have been a much astounded to have learned that I was a mutineer myself, as to hear that our pleasant, kind, loving, beloved Bro. Douglass, had become such a character. I can say no more, only what I have said, and that in which you can place the utmost confidence, and act with entire satisfaction in relation to his truth.

Your affectionate Brother,  
"IRA B. STEWARD."

The following is an extract of a letter from the same clergyman to Douglass, dated November 14th:—

"All who know you, dear Bro., deeply sympathize with you in your deep affliction and sorrow. May the Lord give you grace to bear the trial, and suffer, if need be, even unto death, and help you to 'come off more than conqueror through him who hath loved us.'"

Here are extracts from other letters:—  
"Mr. J. C. DOUGLASS—Dear Friend—Hearing through Pastor Steward of your imprisonment in Halifax, on such serious charges, we deeply sympathize with you, and feel anxious to do all we can to assist you. Knowing your previous good character, we cannot believe you guilty. My mother, Mrs. Thoms, and the Dr., have addressed letters to the Rev. Mr. Munro, asking him to help you, and enclosing certificates testifying to your christian character, and showing your manner of spending the few evenings you were here—at Church and Prayer Meeting, before sailing in the brig *Zero*. Sincerely yours,  
BELLIE BLOWSTON, Principal,  
N. Y. Nautical School, 92 Madison street."

The following is a certificate from the mother of the above, who is also a Principal of a Nautical School:—

"I have been acquainted with John C. Douglass for several years, and know him to be a person of exemplary christian character, a member of the Mariners' Temple Church New York."

The following is a letter to Mr. Munro from Dr. Thoms:—  
"Dear Sir—We have been informed by Mrs. Steward, wife of Rev. J. R. Steward, who is at present in the country, that Mr. J. C. Douglass is in jail in your city, charged with the murder of the captain of the brig *Zero*. He is a member of the Baptist Mariners' Church, in this city, and we have every confidence in him as a man and a christian. Bro. Steward being absent, I take the responsibility of addressing you, as I understand his trial comes on in a few days, and we regard him perfectly innocent of the crimes laid to his charge."

Mr. Thoms also sends the following certificate:—  
"This is to certify that I have been acquainted with Mr. J. C. Douglass between six and seven years, he has always borne the character of an

honest upright man, one in whom I could place the most implicit reliance.

Wm. F. THOMS, M. D.,  
Surgeon and Physician to the Eastern Dispensary,  
Oct. 20th. New York."

Here is a certificate from the last captain that Douglass sailed with from Glasgow to Jamaica. He came as a passenger from Jamaica to New York in a steamer. He also states that there are a number of such certificates of regular discharges from former captains and owners with whom he was connected, in a bag containing his clothes, &c., which bag he has not received, but supposes it is in the *Zero*, or at the police office.

"ANNAPOYAS, July 11, 1865.  
"This is to certify that J. C. Douglass, chief officer of the bark *Laura*, of Whitty, has been discharged by me, and that the said J. C. Douglass has always been an efficient officer during the voyage from Glasgow to Jamaica, and the said seaman has borne a good character."  
Wm. J. ROBERTS,  
Witness—H. R. Hill, Ship Master."

I have also received to-day a letter from Rev. Dr. Hodge, a gentleman holding a high position in the denomination, with whom I am personally acquainted, and who may be relied upon as a wise and judicious judge of character. I give an extract:—

"NOVEMBER 25.  
"The newspapers here announce the conviction, in your courts, of a Mr. J. C. Douglass, mate of the brig *Zero*, for the murder of the captain at sea. Yesterday I saw that in the case of Douglass, sentence has been deferred. Now, my dear Doctor, this poor man is a member of the Baptist Mariners' Church, under my pastoral care, located in Oliver street, N. Y., and I can do no less than write you these few lines, and beg you on the score of humanity, to interest yourself sufficiently in the case to go and see the poor fellow in the jail. He is a Scotchman, and has hitherto borne an excellent character. No man stood better in our church than he has hitherto. Of course I cannot, at this distance, know anything of the case, but we who knew him cannot be persuaded that he has been guilty of murder. The last time I saw him, he spoke to me most tenderly of his mother in Scotland. He was baptized into our church by my predecessor, Rev. J. R. Steward, who gives him an excellent name as a devoted and good man."

The last extract I shall give, is from his poor aged mother, in Scotland, who had just heard the news from him, and one would contrast her letter to her affectionate son, with the letter from his father to the wretched boy Stockwell.

"My Dear Son,—It is with a grieved mind that your sisters and I send you this, in answer to your letter, and we are very sorry to hear that you have got into such trouble; but I trust the Lord has delivered you from it. My dear son, I have buried nine children and your dear father, and news of your being in prison were sorer to my heart than all, for I never thought that ever I would bring a child up to be in prison. But I trust in God, my dear son, that you have nothing to do with such a crime, for we are breaking our hearts night and day thinking about you, for this is the sorest trial that ever I got in this world. My dear son, I have been very poorly myself and this news has made me no better. We heard in the newspapers but we never thought it was you, nor your sisters nor your brothers, or you would have had a letter from them before this time. My dear son, as soon as Mr. Steward received the letter he came down, and it was a sore meeting to us, and my dear son, he prayed for relief, as you had no hand in it; and Mrs. McFarlane also came down, when she received her letter, and my dear son, there was a great meeting in all the church, that you were named in"—I must conclude, with your two sisters' and my kind love to you. I remain your affectionate mother till death.

MARGARET DOUGLASS,  
I have trespassed so much on your space, Mr. Editor, that I can only say in conclusion, that after very many interviews and conversations with Douglass, I am bound to declare that I believe him to be perfectly innocent of the charge brought against him, that he had no hand in the murder, nor was he accessory to it, either before or after its commission; and from my long experience and knowledge of the character of boys, having had charge of many of them for more than 20 years, and from several conversations held with the lad Stockwell, I am compelled to conclude that his word is not to be relied upon; and though I have had to do with some boys as wicked as he, and as false, I have never found one more artful, and more ready when pressed, to make his lie appear plausible. I could mention some of the most extraordinary stories he has told me, which I knew could not be true, but which he told me, with all the appearance of perfect innocence, and with all the melodramatic air with which he said in his testimony, "Tell me to throw myself overboard, and I will do it, but do not tell me to go into the cabin," though but a very short time afterwards the young scamp was down in the cabin, with the cook and the Germans, and even in the captain's state room, dividing out the murdered man's clothes, and claiming a considerable portion as his share, and yet it is upon the testimony of this wicked boy, the community are crying out for the hanging of a man, of whose previous excellent character we have the *testimony*. Even a heathen writer could say, *Nemo repente fit turpissimus*. I thank you truly, Mr. Editor, for enabling me to present this communication to the public and allowing me so large a space in your valuable paper. I have placed the original letters and certificates in the hands of Mr. Creed in the Reading Room, and the public have full license to inspect them for themselves.  
JOHN PRYOR,  
Halifax, December 4th, 1865.

WELL REBUKED—AN INCIDENT.  
A young lady of wealth and position decided to give a large party. As she had many acquaintances among those who do not deem it *essential* to the completeness of an entertainment that "reel, and jig, and waltz" be introduced, the stylish invitation were prefaced with the announcement, "no dancing." At the same time the arrangements would be perfectly understood not be infringed upon.  
Judge of their surprise when, at an early hour in the evening, "a set" was hastily formed in the back parlor, and a young girl who had but lately made a profession of religion was coolly in-

vented to play for them. Words failed to express the surprise and regret at this two-fold indignity, especially when the young convert, apparently acceding to the request, accepted the arm of an escort to the piano.

Pausing a moment, however, she begged a friend to accompany her—one whom all recognized as an efficient member of the church. As the two stepped across the floor, a few words passed between them the older lady taking up a volume of bound music, quietly turning the leaves, while the younger awaiting her movements, gave the listeners a spirited prelude, which, presently, softly and tenderly died away as the clear voices of the two ladies in "harmonious accord," rendered with thrilling power.

"I would not live always a task not to stay." A few steps were taken by the waiting dancers; then a silence as of death fell on them, as a young lady the gayest of the gay, exclaimed, in shuddering dismay:

"That's not the right tune to dance by!" But the song went on, gathering in richness and power, as here and there, in different corners, deep, manly voices and woman's tender tones at length joined in with electrifying power.

At its close the player arose and courteously bidding her hostess good evening, retired, followed by all who had been "lured in by false pretences."—*Watchman and Reflector*.

PUTTING OFF REPENTANCE.—A hermit was conducted by an angel into a wood, where he saw an old man sitting down boughs to make up a burden. When it was large, he tied it up and attempted to lift it on his shoulders and carry it away; but finding it very heavy, he laid it down again, cut more wood and heaped it on, and then tried again to carry it off. This he repeated several times, always adding something to the load, after trying in vain to raise it from the ground. In the meantime the hermit, astonished at the old man's folly, desired the angel to explain what this meant. "You behold," said he, "in the foolish old man, an exact representation of those who, being made sensible of the burden of their sins, resolve to repent, but soon grow weary, and instead of lessening their burden, increase it every day. At each trial they find the task heavier than before, and so put it off a little longer, in vain hoping that they will by-and-by be more able to accomplish it. Thus they go on adding to their burden, till it grows too heavy to be borne, and then, in despair of God's mercy, and with their sins unrepented of, they lie down and die. Turn again, my son, and behold the end of the old man whom thou sawest heaping up a load of boughs." The hermit looked, and saw him in vain attempting to remove the pile, which was now accumulated far beyond his strength to raise. His feeble limbs tottered over their heavy burden; the poor remains of his strength were fast ebbing away; the darkness of death was gathering around him; and after a convulsive and impotent attempt to lift the pile, he fell down and expired.

POWER OF A GODLY LIFE.—Counsel is of little value, unless it is enforced by example; and words of exhortation to unconverted persons do little good, unless they derive power from a Christian life. A daily life of godliness always impresses worldly people, and often leads them to repentance. The following example is in point:

"She never spoke to me on the subject of religion, but her life was always speaking, and I could never put it away from my thoughts till I came to the cross of Christ." Such was the declaration of a young man with regard to an older sister, whose life of consistent spirituality was the means of leading him to the Saviour, a minister of whose Gospel he has now been for years.

In times of revival and at all times when Christians are urged to renewed faithfulness, do they not often think that such faithfulness is to be put forth chiefly in talking to others? It is true indeed that we should "speak often one to another," and that we should at proper times say to the impatient, "Come with us, and we will do the good;" for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel. But it is not at all times we must speak wisely and profitably. If we speak only from a sense of duty, and when the heart does not feel what the lips express, it is generally in vain to speak. If our life is inconsistent, it will counteract the most eloquent speaking, and we had better be silent.

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.—The North British Review says: The pressing need of our faith is not simply faithful evangelists to proclaim its doctrines, but legions of men consecrating their worldly vocations, witnessing to that truth on which much skepticism prevails, that Christianity, so received as to become an integral part of a man, is omnipotent to keep him from the evil, not by taking him out of the world, but by making him victorious over it. He is a most worthy disciple of Christ who, like Paul, or Buxton, or Bunnet, or Perthes, exhibits religion as "the right use of a man's whole self"—as the one thing which gives dignity and nobility to what is in itself sordid and earthly—as the mainspring of earnest and successful strivings after loftier ends and a purer life—as the power, outside of and within man, which, lifting up conduct in the individual, raises the community—and not as a state of mind mystical, and in active life unattainable, high up among things intangible, separated from contact with week-a-day life, appropriate to Sabbath days and special hours, to leisure, old age, and death-bed. Every man who is "diligent in business, serving the Lord," is a sermon brimful of the energies of life and truth, a witness to the comprehensiveness and adaptability of Christ's religion, a preacher of righteousness in scenes where none can preach so effectively or so well.

ONLY A LITTLE BROOK.—A simple but very touching incident has been related to us, says the Maine Press, in connection with the last moments of a beautiful little girl in Bath, who lately died at the age of nine years and eleven months. A very little while before she died, as the sorrowing friends stood around her, watching the last movements of the gentle breath, the last faint fluttering of the little pulse, they became aware from her broken words, that she shrank with natural dread from the unknown way that was opening before her. She had come