

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY

NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD

IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

Editor and Proprietor.

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The Intelligencer.

A DREAM.

Some time ago, weary and faint, I laid myself down to rest a while. Deep sleep soon fell upon me, and I dreamed. I dreamed that when travelling through a foreign yet beautiful country, I met at one of our halting-places an individual whom I had never before seen, but who, I soon learned, was going in the same direction as myself; that is, our destination was the same, for although we had both consulted the same chart, yet our routes slightly differed, as indeed they did from those who had gone before us had travelled. After this first meeting we more frequently found ourselves in each other's company, and our reunions were enlivened by pleasant chat concerning the difficulties we had encountered, the friends or enemies we had met, the beauties of the scenery we had passed through, or the character and condition of the people we were among. These hours of intercourse endeared us to each other, and created a mutual sympathy and interest which deepened as many months rolled on. They were, however, slightly interrupted and marred by, as I have said, the diverging character of our routes, and this made us long the more to reach our destination, where together we might recount all the way through which the Lord our God had led us.

At length the summer had worn away, and autumn had already set in, when we found ourselves one evening in a valley, the like of which we had not before passed through. The quietude of the spot was refreshing to weary pilgrims, and we strolled out to enjoy the balmy breeze, and witness a gorgeous sunset. On a lofty mountain not far from us, amidst the most enchanting scenery the eye ever rested on, stood what appeared to us a crystal palace temple, which, we were soon informed, was "the wonder of the world." We had heard of it before, and had resolved that in its vicinity our wanderings should cease, and now we stood literally gazing at it as if chained to the spot. The setting sun cast his golden beams directly on it, and as he dipped into the far-off west, it became more and more luminous, so that whilst everything in the valley around us was shrouded in darkness, and only their outlines remained visible, it shone forth as though every window were a diamond, and the whole building composed of most precious stones. In short, we thought we were at last looking at the temple of Bunyan's "Celestial City," or the palace of John's "New Jerusalem."

Having heard that the evening was the time at which many were admitted to behold the splendours of the place, and being informed on reliable authority that we need not fear a welcome if we were found in possession of genuine passports, we girded up our loins for the final start. But even here we could not keep together, though so near the realisation of our long-cherished wishes. My friend not having quite so many intimacies as I, and not having heretofore met with so many difficulties in the way he had travelled, passed on before me. At first I proceeded slowly, and without much discomfort, but the steepness of the road so increased that at length I found it difficult, even on one's hands and knees, to advance a step. Here, too, I met with a fresh obstruction. Lifting my eyes for a moment, I saw, just over my head, the projecting ledge of a rock, which was exactly the same width as the road. I was now in the position of a man wanting to reach the ridge of a house, but who finds himself, when at the top of the ladder, underneath the eaves; yes, I was in a worse position, for I had no firm footing on which I could rest awhile, I must either surmount the difficulty, and that shortly, or slide down to the bottom of the hill, or perhaps, be precipitated into one or other of the side abysses. Could I but surmount this projection, I should be safe. But above this, as I saw from the valley, was easy and pleasant; and, as I judged from the blaze of the light which already surrounded me, and was almost overpowering, the palace-temple would then be within reach. I made a few desperate efforts to clamber over the ledge, but failed. At length, when sinking back in despair, my piteous cries and imploring looks attracted the attention of one who, evidently overpowered by the glories he had witnessed, had come out upon the terrace for a moment's relief. I saw him cast toward me a benevolent glance, and then hasten in the direction where I was. This hurried me afresh, and I held fast till he came down. It was my old friend and fellow-traveller. He came as near me as he dared, and stretching out his hand, gave me a staff, by the help of which he himself had mounted, bidding me at the same time fix one end of it on the rock, and use it as a lever. I did so. I planted the staff on the projection and prepared to leap, but I found it slip from me. My friend saw my disappointment, and discovered my mistake, at the same moment charging me to use it again, "as a staff is wont to be used." This I did, and immediately, with a bounding leap, I found myself standing upon the projecting ledge, and looking heavenwards.

My friend, already known to the keeper at the gates, took my hand, and quickly led me through portions of the vast domain, passing under bowers of everlasting flowers, and beside "fountains of living waters," and among groups of the young and beautiful from every clime, till we came to the grand entrance, which I saw, as I passed, had a gate made of a single pearl, and an angel watcher standing beside it. In the vestibule my passport was examined; and as the Lord of the mansion was just then holding a levee, I was at once introduced to the throne-room. Here, amazed and bewildered with the glory of the place, I joined the ranks as they moved round in the presence of the august One seated on the throne. When my turn came, my name was announced by which I well attended, at the very sound of which I well might faint, but the voice of the Monarch himself held me up, and his voice said, "Welcome! well done!" I left the throne-room, but his presence seemed to follow me, and the glory that streamed from it seemed to add to the minutest object on which I gazed a splendour before which the sun itself grew pale. The sights I saw, and the sounds I heard, "it is not lawful for man to utter." With these I saw, and, alas! it was a dream.

But is this vision of the night no shadow of a reality? Is there nothing to which it is like? Yes, there is. You, my dear reader, and your husband, wife, or friend, have met as fellow-travellers through this strange but beautiful world of ours. Your experience is a new one, such as none

have ever had before, for your path is new. But although you must, through most of life's journey, walk alone; and although your experience of duties and temptations, trials and sorrows, can be shared in by none, yet it is sweet and helpful occasionally to recount to your "companion in arms" your conflicts and victories, and listen to his in return. This holy, loving confidence will cement friendship, and cause you to anticipate with joy that final meeting when, life's toils and trials being over, you shall realise the best employment indicated by the poet in the words—

"There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of His grace,
Till heavenly raptures lift our hearts,
And smile in every face."

If life be lengthened out till you reach a good old age, yet you will both have come to the last stage of your journey. Happy will you be if the evening of life, calm and serene, should afford opportunities of contemplating together the attractions of Mount Zion; if, as the sun of life sets, casting gloom and darkness on the valley which you stand, its beams are seen to shine with dazzling splendour on the hill you are about to climb! That hill may be difficult of ascent, but it will be the last you will have to ascend; and when you come to death, the projecting rock in the way, separating earth from heaven, some "ministering spirit, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," shall lend you a helping hand, and the prayer of faith, like a winged arrow pointed heavenward, shall form a lever by means of which you shall leap from the darkness of earth into the light of heaven.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
His entrance into heaven's prayer."

Your passport, signed with "the blood of the Lamb," and sealed with the signet of Him who cannot lie, shall secure your welcome admittance to the throne-room, where you shall "see the King in his beauty," and as you and your friend go forth eternally, amid the glories of the place, you shall oft exclaim to each other, with ecstatic delight, "The half was not told us!"

A STAGE-COACH DIALOGUE.

Some twenty years ago, on one of those pleasant mornings peculiar to the autumn of New England, a stage-coach was making its usual trip through a region in the northern part of Massachusetts. It contained a variety of passengers, all or nearly all intelligent and respectable.

As the stage proceeded with but moderate speed through that hilly region, different persons in the company attempted to relieve the weariness of travel by conversation. The common topics of the weather, the crops, the condition of the roads, and the aspect of the country, being dispatched, the conversation turned on religion. But the ladies and gentlemen of the company appeared to be, like Dr. Franklin, listeners rather than talkers; or perhaps individuals felt a delicacy in broaching opinions which might prove distasteful and obnoxious to their fellow-travellers. The conversation seemed about to flag, when a French, a Scotch, a German, a Dutch, and a Vermont, boldly presented himself as an advocate of universal religion. Having evidently only that education which is almost universal in New England, he showed himself a person of more than average information and shrewdness. It is needless to reiterate the stale arguments and sophisms which he employed—arguments and sophisms which have been a thousand times stated, and as often answered—all aiming to show, in the face of the divine testimony on the subject, that God will not finally punish the wicked. He talked with a glibness which evinced that he was performing an habitual and easy part. Having finished his main declaration, he closed with a glowing descent on the gloominess of orthodox, and the benevolence of universalism.

He ceased. He had the field of argument to himself. The whole company, while evincing an interest in his harangue by careful listening, had not shown their interest in any more demonstrative manner. Some, in particular one or two ladies, responded each with one of those well-bred, dubious, non-committal smiles which may be construed either into dissent or approbation. Others intimated a negation to his argument by a doubtful shake and aversion of the head. These signs of feeling betokened a general sympathy with the evangelical view of future rewards and punishments, yet no one evinced a disposition to take up the gauntlet which had been so confidently thrown down; before them; and the speaker was full of self-complacency and conscious triumph.

Among the company was a young man, who had shown the greatest interest in the conversation, but who had taken very little part in it. He had completed a course of study with a view to the ministry of an evangelical church; but there was nothing in his dress or in his words betokening the clerical character, or any pretensions to it. It may readily be believed that he felt a deep interest in the subject of the pending contention, when it is stated that several years before he had been himself beset with grave and harassing doubts upon the question of future punishment; but by the blessing of God upon a careful reading of the New Testament in the Greek, accompanied with humble, earnest prayer, he had been fully recovered from this snare.

He determined on the present occasion to employ the Socratic or interrogative method of convicting his opponent of error. "You maintain, sir, that there is no hell, or no punishment of sin after death?" he inquired. "Yes; as you have heard." "But does not God punish the sinner?" "Undoubtedly he does." "How?" "He punishes him by sending troubles upon him in this life." "Is that all? Has the pious man no troubles?" "Is it not notorious, that often while the religious man is suffering every anxiety and every extremity of temporal affliction, his irreverent neighbor revels in worldly advantages and pleasures?" "Yes; but then the wicked man is punished, after a while." "How, if he continues in worldly prosperity to the end of his life, as many a wicked man does?" "Why, sir, when he does anything wrong, he is punished for it; he feels remorse; that is the punishment—that is the hell that your orthodox talk so much about." "This remorse, this hell of course is suffered after the sin which it is said to punish is committed, when the man who commits it comes to a sense of his wrong?" "Certainly."

"Now then, sir, I beg your judgment on a case, not only such a one as might happen, but such as

has actually happened a hundred times. A man lives for years in the indulgence of all manner of vices. He is a bad man, a bad neighbor, a bad citizen. He is dishonest in his dealings, a swearer, a profligate, keeps drunk the most of his time, and is a very demon in cruel treatment of his family. At last, having ruined himself and family, he closes his course by one grand debauch. Having made himself so drunk as to destroy all power of conscience without taking away the power of action, while in this condition he kills his wife and children, then sets fire to his house, kills himself, and is consumed with his family in the flames. Now, as the remorse for sin must necessarily be felt only after the act which occasions it is awakened to a sense of his wrong-doing, where is the punishment in this case; where is the remorse; where is the hell?"

The Universalist paused a moment thoughtfully, as if he would conceive some effectual reply; then impressed with the idea, from the silence and aspect of the company, that they considered his theory demolished even by his own admissions, and becoming conscious of the fact that he could make no reasonable answer, he did what men commonly do, when suddenly and unexpectedly shown to be in the wrong; he flew into a passion. Suspecting, from some unknown cause, that his opponent was either a minister of the gospel, or a theological student, he exclaimed, "I have no opinion of those men that go to Andover, and study just to prepare themselves to puzzle honest people, and then go around preaching up the old orthodox doctrines that have been proved to be false long ago." Here the conversation ended.

Have you ever embraced or been tempted to embrace the ensnaring doctrine of universal salvation? If so, fly from this refuge of lies. God, by his grace in Christ Jesus, will indeed save every one who repents, believes, and "breaks off his sins by righteousness." Dan. 4: 27. But know assuredly, that unless you renounce your sins, in truth, unless you are a new creature in Christ Jesus, 2 Cor. 5: 17, your destiny is the blackness of darkness forever, Jude 12, and the pangs of the second death, Rev. 20, 6.—*American Messenger.*

ILLUSTRATIVE.

Several years ago, a Scotch pastor, being asked by a merchant, "What is the amount of your ministerial work?" replied: "In the first place, I write every year what, if printed, would fill two octavo volumes as large as many who devote themselves to authorship would think of composing in the same time; secondly, I speak as much every year as a lawyer in good practice speaks at the bar; thirdly, I spend as many hours in making and receiving professional visits as are spent by an ordinary physician." The merchant answered, "None of us would do half your work for four times your pay." A minister does not preach for the sake of getting pay; neither does a bird fly in the air for the sake of getting wings; still a minister must have money or he cannot live to preach, as a bird must have wings or he cannot mount the air. The greatest things depend on the smallest. Milton's Paradise Lost could not have been written without food.

A clergyman in Wales was appointed by an ordaining council to address the people who had impoverished their former pastor, and were now to receive a new one. He recommended, in his address, that Jacob's ladder be let down from the skies to that Welsh parish, in order that the new minister might "go into heaven on the Sabbath evening after preaching, and remain there all the week; then he could come down so spiritually minded and so full of heaven, that he would preach almost like an angel. Now the people insisted on having their pastor with them on other days than the Sabbath. "That may be," replied the speaker; "but then, if he remain among you, he must have something to eat." The dignity of the angels was not inconsistent with their ascending and descending on a wooden ladder; and one ladder on which our ministering angels may go up to their heavenly studies, is such a material assistance as will make it unnecessary for them to grovel in the earth.

So if our candidates for the ministry be held down by cares in regard to their daily bread, they will not rise to communion with celestial thought. It has been said of one man, that he spent all his time at a Theological Seminary in getting up early in the morning. It may be said of more than one man, that he sacrificed his education to the means of obtaining it; he spent his study hours in earning money for his board. Many a young man will shrink from entering the sacred office, if he is preparing for it, he must neglect his mind in providing for his body; and, if when in office, he must perform the duties of a pastor to the people, and also the duties of a people to the pastor, breaking to them the bread of life, and getting for himself the bread which they ought to give him. Some young men will persevere through such obstacles, and will break down their constitutions in combining hard work of the body with hard work of the mind; spending their fresh energies on their books, and seeking their only recreation in sawing wood or carrying on a trade. The most promising scholar whom I ever knew, lost his health and his life by attempting to pay his debts while he was pursuing his studies. If he could have obtained a few hundred dollars from benevolent men, they might have preserved to the church an ornament more precious than silver and gold.—*Prof. Park.*

SORSHINE AT HOME.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or of virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek for it. If it displeases, they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy. Solomon's rod is a great institution, but there are cases not a few where a smile or a pleasant word will serve a better purpose, and be more agreeable to both parties.—*S. S. Times.*

How long may it take a man to embrace Christ as his Saviour? As long as it takes a drowning man to let go a straw and lay hold of a rope.

CRIME IN ENGLAND.

STATISTICS OF THE PAST YEAR.

The volume of "Judicial Statistics" for the year 1864, just issued by the British Government, contains the usual estimate by the police of the number of the criminal classes in England. Their returns give the number not in prison at 116,749, namely, 23,298 known thieves, 3,188 receivers of stolen goods, 30,237 suspected persons, 31,932 vagrants and tramps, and 28,094 prostitutes. There is a decrease in every one of these items as compared with the returns of the previous year, decrease on the total amounting to more than seven per cent; but the chief decrease, that on the number of known thieves, may be partly owing to the adoption of a more definite rule than before—namely, that persons are not to be included—whose names are not known to have been living honestly for the last year.

There is also a decrease of more than four per cent. in the number of houses returned by the police as of bad character; but there are still 21,734 such houses in England—7,092 of them houses of ill-fame, 5,879 tramps' lodging houses, 2,393 houses of receivers of stolen goods, and 6,370 houses the resort of thieves and prostitutes; of this last number 2,518 are licensed public houses, 2,317 licensed beer shops, and 445 coffee houses. The numbers in the estimate of the criminal classes must be taken at what they are worth.

From the great discrepancies between town and country, and county, it seems probable that if an efficient officer were to go the round of the police stations and investigate at each place in the manner of making these returns, personally applying the same principle to all, there would be a change in many of the figures. The following estimate is given as the nearest approximation the Home Office can attain towards a correct estimate of the number of the criminal class in 1864:—At large (including tramps and vagrants), 116,749; in local prisons, 17,346; in convict prisons, 7,495; in reformatories, 3,618—total, 145,256. This is a decrease of 0.5 per cent, as compared with the figures for the year 1863. It is about one in every 143 of the population.

To control these bad subjects there was, in 1864, a police force of 22,849 in number, about a third of it in the metropolis. This is an increase of one per cent. over the previous year, and the returns of this year exclude a class of men employed occasionally in police duties in boroughs, but at other times following their different occupations. But the return includes men constantly employed in "special" police duties; in the city of London 40 men are returned under this designation, being double the number for the previous year. The police force in England in 1864 would give an average of one to every 306 of the estimated population. The cost of the police exceeded £1,700,000, an increase of 2.5 per cent. over 1863; the cost gave an average of 274 s. 11d. per man, whereof £55 10s. 6d. went in pay. Nearly £404,000 was contributed from the public revenue towards the total £1,700,213; the rest was paid by local taxation.

The London Spectator, upon this subject, says that the common form of child murder is by the hands of the mother. "The coroner for Middlesex," says the Spectator, "has affirmed and proved the existence of 12,000 women in London, each of whom must have murdered a child! No week passes," it adds,—

"Without the police reporting the discovery of the bodies of infants. How many more are not discovered? It has been the fashion to assert—and juries have acted commonly on the presumption—that those murders proceed from a sense of shame, and are meant to conceal the fact of illegitimate births. But the proof of all tends in another direction.

"It is a 'misfortune' rather than a disgrace to have such a child. Nay, even the 'putting-by' of such children is matter for tea-table talk and innuendo rather than for the grand jury room and indictment. The difficulty of supporting the child is what drives the mother to murder and make village opinion lenient, and closes the ears of juries to all evidence in ordinary cases of infanticide. Nor is it only illegitimate children who go out of the world by violence for this reason. We believe that the cause of every such crime during the past year could be made known to men as it is seldom recorded; should discover that the majority of such crimes are committed by women who have no fear of the world's opinion in the matter, being far below that—and more than a moiety of the remainder, perhaps more than five-sixths of the remainder by married women. It is the toil and the worry and the expense, the weary hours of nursing and incessant watchfulness, interruption of work, and the danger of poverty, which these murders dread, and not merely exposure. Hence the 'accidental' deaths in the Northern counties from 'overlying,' of which six or eight cases occur every year. Hence the use of opium in Lincolnshire, and the intentional neglect in London, which brings a slower and more horrible death to the child."

One of the most hideous cases reported is that of Mary Jane Harris, of Torquay, in the county of Devon, thus condensed by the Tribune:—

"She and Charlotte Windsor were indicted and tried together for the murder of a child; but the evidence was circumstantial, and the jury could not agree. On the second trial the mother was made Queen's evidence, and told the whole story on the stand. And such a story! We make it as brief as possible. Seven years before she had been seduced and borne a child that is still living. In October last, she gave birth to a second by the same father. She was at service, and the child was a burden still more than a shame, and she resolved to be rid of it. Mrs. Charlotte Windsor's aid was sought—a woman whose dreadful trade was known and seems to have been easily tolerated by the people of Torquay. She was a 'wise woman.' She was the friend of unmarried girls in difficulties arising from indiscretions. Her house was at once a lying-in hospital and the home of a professional murderer. Harris took her baby there and heard from Windsor the story of her previous exploits. She was a clumsy brute—killed babies by suffocation between beds, and with 'thumb on the jugular vein.' Albeit, she was a philosopher. Being asked if she was not afraid, she answered: 'Go to hell with you! it's doing good.' Her scheme of benevolence was not individual nor limited. 'I'll put them all by for thee,' she told Harris, 'if thee hast forty.' She would do it for love, or she would do it for money. She strangled one and stifled another,

She put away a third 'for her sister Poorry.' She took 'orders' for murder wholly in a business way, complaining of one customer that she was not 'honest,' for she had not paid her fee. When Mary Jane Harris came to her, she took her baby into the next room—but only the mother's testimony can tell this story. The baby was tied in a chair and playing with the granddaughter of the murderer. 'She asked me then if she should do it,' I asked how she could do it. She said, 'But it was between the bed-ticks.' I don't remember that she said any more; but she took the child into the girl Pratt's bedroom. I did not then go in, nor could I see what she did. She stayed there about ten minutes, and then came back into the room without the baby; she said, 'would I look in, and that it soon died.' I looked in and saw the bed made up, but no child. I saw the child's body afterward.' De Foe could not improve upon that in its dreadful piteousness. Happily, it was sufficient to settle the fate of Mrs. Charlotte, who was found guilty and will undoubtedly be hanged."

"The experience of our county coroners," says the London Review, "show that in many country villages and great cities there are women like the Torquay murderers exercising their terrible profession."

THE NEW WIFE.—Mr.—was a professor of religion, and was considered quite a good man. He had the misfortune to lose his wife, who was also pious. Having a large family of children, he found it necessary to marry a second wife. He chose one that had moved in high life, but never all of whose relatives rejected the doctrines of evangelical religion.

Mr.—did not mean to be irreligious, but he thought too much religion would not please his wife or her friends, and for this reason he neglected family worship and other Christian duties.

One night a short time after their marriage, when he and his wife had retired to rest, she said to him:—

"I thought when I married you I was marrying a Christian."

"Why, my dear wife, do you doubt my being a Christian?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"What reason have I given you to think so?"

"Because, sir, a Christian prays with his family, and you do not."

His reply was, "I thought that the reading of the Bible and prayer would be unpleasant and irksome to one that has been reared under such an influence and moved in such a circle as you have."

"Your business is to do your duty as a Christian. It is true I have been influenced by a different one. I do believe in religion, and I do love to see professors faithful and consistent."

Her husband said to her, "As it is your wish, I will erect a family altar to-morrow morning."

"Will you wait until to-morrow?" "We may both of us be in hell before that time."

"Why, my dear wife, are you willing to rise to read the Bible and pray?"

"Certainly I am."

Accordingly they arose and dressed, the husband read a portion of God's word, and knelt in prayer; and when he had prayed, his wife was ready to pray. Their minister was afterwards inquiring of this brother how he got along with the family altar. His reply was, "By the grace of God, it has never gone down since my wife and I erected it that night."

required! and now how wide the breach, how estranged the hearts that once loved so tenderly, that confided so trustfully! That first evening which witnessed our neglect of the Bible, our omission of prayer—to what a long, weary desolation it led the way! Ah, tempted hearts! let us resist the first inclination to neglect a duty, the first syllable of bitterness that trembles upon our lips, the first step in the rapidly descending path of sin; and that we may resist successfully, let us seek strength from one who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.—*Pres. Burmer.*

IMPORTANT TO CHURCH-GOING PEOPLE.—The gentleman at church may be known by the following marks:

1. Comes in good season, so as neither to interrupt the pastor nor the congregation by a late arrival.
2. Does not stop on the steps nor in the portico, either to gaze on the ladies, salute friends, or display his colloquial powers.
3. Opens and shuts the door gently, and walks deliberately and lightly up the aisle or gallery stairs, and gets a seat as quietly and by making as few people move as possible.
4. Takes his place either in the back part of the seat, or steps out in the aisle when any one wishes to pass in, and never thinks of such a thing as making people crowd past him while keeping his place on the seat.
5. Is always attentive to strangers, and gives up his seat to such; seeking another for himself.
6. Never thinks of defiling the house of God with tobacco spittle, or annoying those who sit near by chewing that nauseous weed in church.
7. Never, unless in case of illness, gets up or goes out during the time of service. But if necessity compels him to do so, goes so quietly that his very manner is an apology for the act.
8. Does not engage in conversation before the commencement of services.
9. Does not whisper, or laugh, or eat fruit in the house of God, or lounge in that holy place.
10. Does not rush out of church, like a tramping horse, the moment the benediction is pronounced, but retires slowly in a noiseless, quiet manner.
11. Does all he can by precept and example to promote decorum in others, and is ever ready to lend his aid to discountenance all indecorum in the house of God.

WISDOM IS BETTER THAN STRENGTH.—I saw on passing a windmill, one day, two millers in white clothes come out of the little door at the top of a flight of steps, on purpose to find out which was the stronger man of the two. Now there were just thirty-two steps to the mill, and the men were going to try if they could carry seven bushels of flour, weighing nearly four hundred pounds, up these steps. It was very foolish of them to attempt such a thing; but as they had been boasting of their strength, they said they would try. The first man who tried was just able to carry the flour up twenty-one steps, when he stopped, and could carry it no further. The other, in the pride of his heart, determined, if possible, to outdo the first; so he took up the same load, and with very great difficulty walked up all the steps into the mill. And had he cause to boast, think you! Oh no! he had overstrained himself, and was obliged to be carried home. His strength never returned.

HAD THESE MEN known the proverb, that "wisdom is better than strength," the pain of one and folly of both might have been prevented. Children sometimes tempt each other to lift heavy weights, or to take great leaps, or to walk in dangerous places; let them take warning, and remember that "wisdom is better than strength," and better than boasting of being able to do more than others. Do not be thus tempted to sin; for it is surely sinful to run into danger, and to risk your health, and strength, and life, for the sake of boasting. Besides, every child ought to be afraid to commit sin. But some children can scarcely bear to be told they are afraid, or that they are cowardly. The brave Colonel Gardiner acted wisely when some boasting boys wished him to come out and fight with swords or pistols. No, the Colonel would not go; and yet he was no coward. "You know I am afraid to fight," said the Colonel; "but I am afraid to sin."

CHRISTIANITY AND TEMPERANCE.—The church must be interested in the temperance cause, if that cause is to prosper. The best laws will fall unless they are sustained by an enlightened and earnest public sentiment, and that correct public sentiment is needed must rest upon the corner stone of Christian truth and duty. Let indifferent and religious men deprecate the cause, and those laws designed to promote it, if they will; but let all Christian men, public and private, sustain the good work and push it on by all good precept and example, and it will prosper. From a thousand points the call comes to Christians to go to work in earnest. Rev. T. L. Cuyler writes to the N. Y. Evangelist from Saratoga Springs as follows:—

"This morning Saratoga was startled by the suicide of one of the hotel guests, who flung himself out of the window during the night in a drunken debauch! The town is shocked, as well it may be. Yet hundreds of private Christians and not few clergymen have been here, who do not hesitate to take their glass of wine, and thus directly aid and keep up the social drinking usages of which this poor creature was a victim. Until pulpits and the Sunday schools deal more faithfully with the bottle, and Christians make a conscience of rebuking the drinking customs, no National Temperance Conventions or legal statutes will be of much avail. At the late excellent Convention in this town, the prevailing impression was—Let the pulpit speak as Lyman Beecher, Albert Barnes and Alonzo Potter spoke, and let the doctors cease to prescribe alcoholic stimulants so freely, and two grand essentials are gained in the temperance reform."

GOOD FEELINGS.—We know a blunt old fellow in the State of Maine who sometimes lifts the nail on the head more apt than philosophers. He once heard a man much praised for his "good feelings." Everybody joined and said the man was possessed of excellent feelings.

"What has he done?" asked the old genius.

"He is possessed of the most benevolent feelings," was the reply.

"What has he done?" cried the old fellow again.

By this time the company thought it necessary to show some of his favorite doings. They began to cast about in their minds, but the old man still