

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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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1866.

Whole No. 663.

ALBION HOUSE.

AUGUST 7TH, 1866.

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20 per Cent. Less than Market Rates!

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SUPERIOR QUALITY.

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JOHN THOMAS.

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AN INSPECTION IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

SHERATON & CO.

Fredericton, June 29, 1866.

The Intelligencer.

THE REWARD OF EARNEST EFFORT;

OR, THE WAY REUBEN WAS LED TO JESUS.

It has often seemed to me as if the real experience of our every day life would sometimes give, in its freshness, more comfort and encouragement to other workers around us than the well-known stories and exhortations which are so often addressed to them. For this reason, not, I trust, from egotism, I venture to send you the following facts.

While spending a few weeks in the country, a friend said to me, "I wish you would go and see a poor little lame boy, named Reuben; he is very lonely, and enjoys seeing any one so much." It was a very hot morning, and physical ease pleaded very strongly against the two miles of unshaded hill side, and in favour of the cool, shaded summer-house, with its glorious view of the Kaskaskia, where I was then sitting. I have, moreover, a constitutional dislike to going among strangers, and a nervous uncertainty as to what I shall say, which has often kept me back from a seeming path of usefulness. However, as I had no excuse, except such as I was ashamed to offer, I took a little basket of summer fruit, and mentally asking God to direct me, I set out.

I had some little difficulty in finding the house; but at last I was guided to a neat little brick cottage, with a broad stone door-step and quantities of bright dahlias and china-asters around it.

My knock was answered by a feeble "Come in," so I went in, and found the object of my search on a bed in the main room of the house. Everything around him was very clean, and on the boy's own countenance was an expression of the light and refinement rarely seen in his station of life. I sat down, and the boy, looking at me with his large grey eyes, for the first time of his life, looked at me with a look of intense pleasure which absolutely illuminated his face whenever after that I went to see him.

I soon drew from him an account of his accident, which was, in his own words, as follows:—"You see, I didn't mind my mother, and that was the cause of all my trouble; she wanted me to go over the creek with her, but I wanted to go to the Bristol woods with some other boys, so I told her I knew it would rain, and went off with them. Well, we each of us climbed a tree, and then we all slid down, and when I got down I felt as if my feet were all tangled up in the bushes. The other boys lifted me, but I could not stand, so they left me there while they went to the village for my father, and he brought a cart with a bed in it and took me home." I asked him if he thought it hard to be laid up so long, and suffer so. "Oh no," he said, "I deserved it for not minding my mother, and she has been so good to me all the time."

For a year and a half he lay on that bed, unable to turn over. At the time I saw him he was paralyzed from his waist downward, and though covered with sores, had no consciousness of them; he had the use of his arms, which were frightfully emaciated, and read as long as he could hold a book. He said he suffered no pain, only he was sometimes so tired, and I never once heard him say one impatient word.

After some general conversation, I said suddenly, "Reuben, do you love Jesus?" He started, coloured, and then said, "I don't know." "Do you love your mother?" "Oh, yes," with such a bright smile. "Why do you love her?" "Because she is so good to me; why, she has done everything for me since I was hurt." "How do you know you love her?" "Why, I feel it; I can't help knowing it." "Well," said I, "Jesus has done more for you a great deal than your mother. He died to save you, and He lives to make you happy; don't you think you would know it if you loved Him?" "Yes," said he, "I suppose I should; I am afraid I don't love Him."

I cannot remember distinctly what I said on that or any subsequent occasion; but the words seemed to be given to me, and to be just the simple ones that the occasion demanded, and I don't think there is any presumption in considering that they were so, when we remember that we are to be the oracles or mouth-pieces of God. I saw Reuben every second or third day for the next three weeks, and though he said little about his own personal feelings, that little was to me very encouraging. One day we read and talked about the prodigal son, and he seemed very much touched by the wonderful love that "ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." Another time he told me himself that he had been reading about "how Jesus healed a cripple just like me."

Once I had been telling him again that ever now story of the Cross, and I said, "Reuben, that was all for you; don't you love Jesus for it?" "I hope I do," said he. "Are you sure it was for you?" "Yes, because He died for sinners." "Are you a sinner?" "Everybody are sinners." "Yes, but that is not enough; do you think you are one?" "Yes, don't you remember I got hurt by disobeying my mother? Besides, I used to do lots of wrong things when I was well." "Do you believe, then, that Jesus is your Saviour, that He forgives and accepts you?" "I'll try to." "Now, Reuben," said I, "tell you that I come to see you because I love you; I want you to believe that I love you and think of you when I am here and when I am at home. What should I think, if you told me, 'I don't exactly believe you, but I'll try?' He saw what I meant in a moment, smiled, and said, "Well, I won't try to believe God any more; I do believe He loves me and wants to save me." "Are you willing to have Him save you in His own way, to do just what He chooses with you, to keep you on this bed, or perhaps to take you to Himself?" "I think I am." "Have you given yourself to Him?" "Why, I tried to, but somehow I don't seem to know what to say."

It was a terrible struggle to me; the door stood ajar, the family were all round the rest of the house, though not in the room. I hesitated a moment, but God was stronger than my cowardly heart, and I said, "Would you like me to say it for you?" and in a moment more I was kneeling and asking our Saviour to take this little one and make him one of the lambs of the flock. It was a very solemn moment for both of us when I rose; he did not speak, but the expression of his eyes I shall never forget. I whispered as I kissed him good-bye, "Reuben, could you follow every word with your heart?" "Yes, every word." "Then," said I, "hold on just there, and nothing can hurt you."

I believe from that day onward he never omitted to read or to read the Bible, and he gradually laid aside the novels, which had before been his only amusement, and read with great avidity such religious books as I could procure for him.

The day before I left he sent his little brother with a large bouquet of dahlias to be delivered into my own hands, with Reuben's best love.

Last week my friend wrote to me: "Dear little Reuben is asleep in Jesus; his poor crippled body rests quietly in the grave, and we believe his ransomed spirit has gone to sing the praises of his Redeemer. Last Monday he was taken much worse, and they thought he was dying. They sent for Rev. Mr. G., and as soon as Reuben saw him he said, 'I'm going to Jesus.' Are you sure of it?" Mr. G. said, "He looked up with the brightest look and said, 'Of course I am; did not Jesus love me and die for me?' I think this simple trust greatly marked him. He lived until Friday, conscious all the while of his situation, talking of heaven sometimes, but principally of Jesus and his love, and never tired of hearing over and over again that wonderful story of the Cross. On Wednesday he bade his father, mother, and brother farewell, and urged each of them separately to meet him in heaven; then he left farewell messages and love for both of us; then he asked his grandmother to pray. 'You must pray for yourself, dear Reuben,' she said. 'Yes, I do; but then I pray so crooked.' Friday evening he asked her to pray again, and then began to pray himself, and so, in the very act of 'coming to Jesus,' he fell asleep."

Another friend writes: "Reuben died with Mr. G. in his hand, and left a message to thank her for his great comfort. Mr. G. says it was delightful to see him, he was so happy."

I have made quite a long story of this, but my heart is full, full of the wonderful power of that simple gospel narrative, which can do such mighty things; full of awe at the visible manifestation of that Great Spirit which can so bring a heart from darkness into his marvellous light, and make that terrible thing, a death-bed, the glowing gate of heaven. Surely this was worth a hot walk, and a little struggle with selfishness, cowardice, or conventionalty.—*American Presbyterian.*

SUNDAY IN ITALY.

The morning broke with Southern brilliancy over the Adriatic, brightening as it came the old-fashioned street and tall dark houses. By five o'clock the town was astir. Crowds of women gathered round the fountain in the great square below our windows, and set down their water-jars and set on their tongues. Lazy, splendid-looking fellows, who must have slept on the streets, joined them, and the clatter of morris was added to the clatter of gossip. The stall-keepers set up their booths, and piled the melons in huge green heaps, and spread out figs, citrons, and apples. It was a noisy awakening; but in Italy people never seem to go to bed. There was apparent confusion of all the female tongues about this fountain up till twelve last night. In an hour, however, the ferment subsided, and the town sank into peace; and from the window I could see over the roofs of the calm blue sea, and the side of the town's marble arch. Did Christians keep the Lord's day here when that arch was built? Did some ship from Adramyttium ever sail into the port, bringing an evangelist? While the priests, with sacrifice and pomp, wound up the steep ascent to the temple of Venus on the hill, did the townsfolk gather in the market-place about some Barabas or later Paul? Was "the babbling" heard with Greek tolerance and contempt, or were the disciples killed for sport to the heathen host? Such thoughts came irresistibly as the sun shone down through the morning on the same curved bays and glorious sea, and the harbour, and the heights—still temple-crowned—that it shone on when Phry was reporting to Trajan that the sect of Christians every morning sang hymns to Jesus, and Trajan made sure he could crush out the sect with his prisons, gladiators, and wild beasts. It has been crushed sordidly in Italy, and lies wounded almost to death; but it is not Trajan nor his successors that have done it, but a power that sprang out of its own bosom.

The quiet did not last long. The cobbler was soon sitting in his stall outside the door, passing his wit to his neighbour across the street; the coffee-house was almost filled with loungers; noise of business rose all round; and at ten o'clock a military band marched into the square at the head of a regiment passing to the ugly old church at the head of the broad steps that wound the piazza. For half an hour the troops kept marching up, regiment after regiment, band by band, with quick step and fine soldier-like bearing—the Rifles at a rapid run—men that had fought for the independence of their country, and conquered it. The last soldier was scarcely passed into the building till the first was coming out, and the music and marching were repeated. How the service was got over in the time, and how much of it fell to the hinder ranks, are questions I cannot pretend to solve. The whole proceeding was as little like worship as possible, and wore the air of a compulsory military manoeuvre. In the hall of comparative quiet that followed, a simple evangelical service was held in the "upper room" of the missionary's house. On that Italian soil, in sight of the waters of the Mediterranean, and in face of the great changes taking place in the kingdom, the service had more than common interest. The pretorian guards that listened to Paul in his hired house at Rome had their counterparts in some soldiers of the Italian army. The Jews whom he healed together, some of whom believed the things that were spoken, and some not, had their counterparts, furnished out of the filthy ghetto, or Jews' quarter. And there were Englishmen there, a race of whom Paul may have heard as barbarians on the isles of the sea; and fair-haired Germans, of the same stock as the uncouth and harsh-tongued slaves he may have seen at rich men's doors. Ten years ago such a service would have been as dangerous as when the heathen sowed the martyr's blood to be the seed of the Church; the doors would have been closed for fear, and a price would have been set upon our heads. To-day, any man comes who would. Worship or curiosity might bring him; and the poorest Italian might bow in his own tongue the wonderful works of God. The gospel was born in a manger, and consecrated in the upper room where Christ kept the sacrament of the supper with his disciples. It was in an upper room that the church began, and the Holy Ghost was poured forth at Pentecost. In those upper

rooms of Italy a new Italian church may be born, continuing steadfast in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers." The service was very solemn in its simplicity, and a wonderful rest when all round was so restless. Before it was over a young soldier stepped forward and said, "The minister has suffered me to speak to you, who are my brethren in the Lord Jesus. I am happy to-day; I wish you to share my joy. My wife resisted the gospel, and now she believes, and she wishes you to remember her in your prayers. She is one of us. O God, I thank thee for thy grace!" The poor fellow's voice shook a little, and his eyes were moist; but his face was radiant with happiness.

So we kept the Lord's day in the upper room. How did the folk keep it in the town? There was much vain jangling of bells from a dozen empty churches, into which no one seemed to enter but a few old men and women, and an occasional group of peasants, and a brown-robed monk or two. Mass was said repeatedly, to the great indifference of the inhabitants; silent mass sometimes that no one heard, and almost no one cared to hear. The shops were all open; the copper-smiths at work in front of their little black dens, people as busy as a southern Italian nature will permit. The public way along the pier was thronged with a well-dressed crowd listening to a garrison band, the sea was flashing with the sails of pleasure-boats, and near the harbour many voices trailed out the air of the last opera in time to the beat of the drums. "Shall we go to the Cathedral? It is the saints' day," said my companion. The lower part of the town was like a fair, and hot and dusty; as we climbed up the hill we were at least released from the crowd.

Yet the narrow streets here had their open shops, and at the passages clusters of people were standing—laughing, gossiping—anything but devout. The procession was on its way, they told us. Here then was a solemn church festival on the most solemn day of the week; the assertion, in the most public way which the Church of Rome can devise, of the supremacy of the religion of Christ over human life and human thought, a ceremonial venerable by long usage and the traditions of centuries. These were thoughts I was not long allowed to retain. A confused and staggering line of boys and men turned down the street—with in one lamp and banners. Their dresses were filthy, and did not cover with their tawdriness the muddy and sometimes torn everyday clothes of the wearers. A handful of canons came chanting Latin usulms and bearing crucifixes. Half a dozen Dominicans followed, and as many more monks, white, brown, and black—men with very low foreheads and very animal mouths. Then the central figure—the cardinal bishop, and by him the host. A peasant or two doffed their hats; some women knelt down; a company of soldiers marching up out the procession right in two, then halted for a moment, and finding it tiresome, sprang up a flight of steps that made a shorter path than the winding of the street. It was not an impressive spectacle—the reverse, indeed—and yet it was almost the only sign of outward reverence that had marked the day. It was a relief to follow the Rifles up the stone steps and catch the fresh pure breeze that blew over the summit of the hill from which a temple has looked out against the rising sun since the Greeks founded their colony two thousand years ago—dedicated by them to Venus, rededicated in Christian times to Saint Genaro.

It was the quietest spot in the world—a platform of white limestone, burrowed hundreds of feet below by the waves of the Adriatic, occupied only by a nursery maid, a child or two, a soldier lounging over the parapet, and ourselves. And there we could read, and think, and silently pray, while the sun shone nearer to the blue water, and the clouds shone like veils of gold. The church bells were still chiming, the people still crowding the streets. A few went in by the leather door behind us and listened to the drowsy service. When it was over they went down to the vaults beneath the cathedral, paved, and walled, and arched with many-coloured and brilliant marbles. In a rich case behind a door of glass reposed the skeleton of St. Genaro dressed in costly episcopal robes, with rings upon his skeleton fingers, and the grinning skull laid bare. A young priest with his service book stood by. Once a year the tomb is thus unveiled, and the relics of the saint are held up in a jewelled casket, and prayer is made to him, and those who will kneel for it receive a remission of sins. The scene in the vault was striking enough, and recalled, though with strange contrasts, the crypt where Frank Osmond was startled by Rob Roy. About one hundred and fifty people were grouped against the walls and round the pillars in the mingled light and dark shadow of the gas lamps; in front there were some kneeling figures, and behind some onlookers, with as much scorn as curiosity on their faces, while low whispers and occasional hushed laughter revealed other occupations than religious, and the priest, chanting, in the foreground, informed us of the rain and harvests that St. Genaro had sent, and that if we pray to him much would be forgiven. "You don't believe that?" a man said to his neighbour as we went out. "I don't believe one of them. The Church is a lie." Is it? So the people here seem to think. I saw the cardinal elevate the host before the crowd on Corpus Christi. Hundreds of people swarmed over the steps of the piazza. "Good, my children, and adore the Lord!" There was some hitch about the kneeling. Many knees were bent and heads unbowed, but many more never moved, and some people got quickly up again, as if ashamed of the old habit that had bowed them down. The tradesmen and better classes hung on to the skirts of the crowd. "Adore that!" I heard one say; "a piece of bread! Will they never have done with this nonsense? The group about him laughed. Is the Church a lie? Or is there a church which does not lie? Eighteen hundred years of a church in Italy have ended now in a Lord's day like this. Is it the only church? Is there no other like the church of the apostles? Is there no simpler, more reverent worship? What is there about relics, cardinals, monks, crucifixes, the host, in the Bible? Are there churches that add nothing to the Bible, that put it in the hands of the people that they may judge for themselves? The church that met in the upper room this morning, the church that met in the Church of Rome does it, men will not go out of its cathedral doors saying, 'The church is a lie.'

HE IS A CHRISTIAN.

He is a Christian! Then he is a man of truth. Upon his word you may implicitly rely. His promises are faithfully fulfilled. His representations he believes to be scrupulously exact. He would not hazard his veracity upon a contingency. "He that speaketh truth sheweth forth righteousness."

He is a Christian! Then he is an honest man. He has rather wrong himself than wrong his neighbour. In whatever business he may be engaged, you may be sure that his dealings will be honorable and upright. "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." "The way of the just is uprightness."

He is a Christian! Then he is a humble man. He thinks of his own infirmities, acknowledges his dependence upon God, and regards the wealthiest and poorest of his brethren as men—objects of his Redeemer's love—and worthy of his attention and interest. "God giveth grace to the humble." "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

He is a Christian! Then he is a kind man. He feels interested in his neighbours, and has ever a pleasant word for those he meets. He strives to promote the welfare and happiness of those with whom he is associated. His generous heart delights in diffusing enjoyment. "The law of kindness is in his tongue." "To godliness add brotherly-kindness."

He is a Christian! Then he is a charitable man. He is prompt to attribute right motives to others, rather than wrong, wherever it is possible. Knowing his own liability to err, he will regard with a charitable heart the failures of others, and will be more ready to reclaim and restore than to censure them. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." "Charity suffereth long, and is kind."

He is a Christian! Then he is a forgiving man. Wrong does not rankle in his heart, craving for revenge. The forgiving word is ready upon his lip for his most implacable enemy. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." "Even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."

He is a Christian! Then he is a benevolent man. He feels the hungry, clothes the naked, ministers to the sick. Human distresses touch his heart and open his hand. The spiritual maladies of mankind excite his compassion, and to relieve and remove them his influence and property will be cheerfully contributed. "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Whoso loveth this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

A TIME TO DANCE.

The bridegroom has tarried long away, And his widowed spouse is left To weep and bemoan her Lord's delay, For she feels herself bereft— And is it a time to dance?

A foeman's forces are round about, The watch-tower where she stands— The foeman that cast her husband out From his rightful fatherlands— And is it a time to dance?

He hath left her at that lonely post, To unfurl, and wave on high, A banner of peace to all the host, That are mustered there to die— And is it a time to dance?

It is floating in the midnight blast, But the rebels drink or sleep; And none there are, as the hours fly past, A watch with the Bride to keep— And is it a time to dance?

They would have her to the festive scene That is spread upon the plain; But she is the banished Prince's queen Who must slay them or be slain— And is it a time to dance?

Oh, is it a time to tread their ground— To chorus their revel-song! To drown with laughter the signal-sound That the night-gale bears along! Oh, is it a time to dance?

She has stood aloof on her high tower, To listen and to prepare For her Lord: and now, at the last hour, Shall the Bride make merry there— Is it yet a time to dance?

Hath her watch been long? He draweth near With His chosen, "valiant men"; If she hush her mirth and bend her ear She may know His step, and then It will be a time to dance.

THE WOODEN END OF THE PLANK.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

Men are not made great so often by the advantages they have, as by their improving them. A college cannot make a scholar unless the young man studies. In a certain sense, then, every man is self-made. One of our distinguished generals was once a common workman in a factory. He has since held some of the highest offices in the gift of the people, and has won imperishable honours in the army.

He tells us one morning, as the factory was lighted up before light in the early dawn, and just as objects could be seen out of the door, he was looking out of the window, and saw an object moving along slowly on the ice that covered the river. While watching it, suddenly the ice broke and the dark object went down. In an instant he thought it must be a man. So calling a companion, he ran down stairs and out towards the object. He had the forethought to snatch up a plank, which he carried on his shoulder. When they had reached the place, they found it was a colored man, who had broken through the ice and was struggling for his life.

They thrust out the plank. The poor fellow seized it with both hands. "Now hold on, Tim, and we'll pull you out." So they pulled and got him almost out, when off he slipped and went down again! On his coming up they pushed the end of the plank to him again, and cried,

"Now, Tim, hold on with all your might." "I need I will sir." Again they pulled, and up, up he came, almost out, when off he slipped, and down he went.

They felt that the third time must be the turning point. It was now life or death. Poor Tim looked as if he thought so too. For the third time the plank was pushed out, when the negro cried out,

"Oh, gentlemen, give me the wooden end of the plank!" They saw instantly that they had been giving him the end covered all over with ice, and no wonder he could not cling to it! They now gave him what he called the "wooden end," and drew him out in safety!

When we see parents who have nothing but a hard way towards their children, who are always finding fault, but never commending them even when they do well; who never seem to see when the child tries to do well, and when he longs for words of kindness, we have great pity for such children. We wish these parents would remember that children cannot have the judgment, the forethought, and the sobriety of many years. They are children. Don't give them the *iron end of the plank!* They love your approbation. They rejoice to have you give them deserved commendation. O, give them the *wooden end of the plank!*

There is little Ned Smith in the Sabbath-school. He is in Mr. Steadman's class. Now Mr. Steadman is so old that he must wear glasses. All his youthful feelings have long since been gone. He has lived little Ned's life over at least six times. Now Ned is a short, tough little fellow, full of life and fun, don't love to study or to think much. He partly fears and partly dislikes Mr. Steadman. They have nothing in common. The one has no childhood about him, and the other has no manhood. The one is sober and staid, and the other has his skin full of fun. And Ned would try, and he would do better if he were treated gently, and winningly, and lovingly. He wants somebody to encourage him. O, Mr. Steadman, do give him the *wooden end of the plank!*

FALLEN.

Mr. ———— preached with uncommon energy and seriousness, and appeared truly solicitous for the conversion of sinners. The church soon became crowded. A general excitement was created through the parish. Many, I believe, were saved, and numbers impressed and reformed, who perhaps never experienced the transforming influence of the gospel. The greater part of those who were brought under the power of the gospel by his ministry have long ago been removed to a better world; but the beneficial fruits of his labours are still visible in Stonehouse. At the end of the year Mr. Morehead paid him off. They had a mutual repugnance to each other. Mr. Morehead regarded him as a vulgar enthusiast; and he considered Mr. Morehead as a graceless, fashionable, theological ignoramus. From Stonehouse he wandered about till he obtained a chapel at Monkwearmouth, Durham. There, among his hospitable people, he contracted a love for ancient spirits, and became a tippler. He was obliged to leave the chapel. In the course of time he was chosen minister of the Scotch church, Amsterdam. But his dissipated habits followed him, and in four years he was obliged to relinquish his charge. Mr. Steven, in his history of the Scotch church in Holland, says that he left Amsterdam for America. He never went near America; he came to Edinburgh, and after strolling about some days in extreme indigence, he enlisted into the 72d regiment. When I went to Dundee in the winter of 1807, there I found him passing under the name of Struthers, in the uniform of that Highland regiment. He had been advanced to the rank of corporal, and made schoolmaster to the regiment, but had been degraded for his dissipated habits. From veneration for the services he had rendered to Stonehouse in 1790, and in the hope that I might revive the impressions which at one time he had felt so strongly, I asked him to my lodgings. But every effort to save him from ruin failed. That man who, eleven years before, had been Sabbath to Sabbath, proclaimed the gospel with an earnestness which I have rarely seen equalled, and with a success far surpassing anything that I have witnessed, was now reduced to little more than a mere eating and drinking machine. His intellect was gone. He could not even describe the order of the Dutch churches. He had become a slave to intemperance. His regiment marched for Ireland in the spring of 1809. In conjunction with the Rev. James Thomson I applied to the Duke of York for his discharge. In the hope that he would obtain it, he was allowed to remain for a month behind. No discharge arrived. On the expiration of his furlough he set out to join his regiment, and died on the route; a striking specimen of the consequences of tampering with strong drink.—*Autobiography of the late Dr. Hamilton of Strathblane.*

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.—Captain Lyon relates that in Africa he once watched a humming-bird, whose young lay in her nest, building a rim around it to keep them from falling out. A few days later, he observed the same thing repeated. An additional story was raised to protect her growing brood. And so from time to time she built up her shallow nest to a vase-like house for her fledglings, till strong enough to venture out and try their wings.

Wonderful instinct! and how like the design and culture of a truly Christian home. The parents are prayerfully to adopt restraining, saving influences to the age and capacity, building around the young hearts moral barriers, and keeping them within its warm inclosure till they may be trusted amid the perils of the cold and sinful world about them.

To train the spirit's wing for its flight beyond the stars, is the end of all parental responsibility; and that without which, it has in the highest sense proved an awful failure. The home, when true to its design, how near to glory! when pure, irreligious, how near the gates of death eternal!

A GOOD EXPERIENCE.—A stranger entering a Methodist prayer-meeting made some remarks, in the course of which he said, "If you don't believe I've got religion, go and ask my wife—she'll tell you." The expression came out so bluntly as almost to cause an explosion of laughter. But it was not a good reference! Many a man's estimate of his own religion might be proved all vanity by just asking his wife, and getting an honest answer from her. How does his religion make him act at home? The best test possible.