

# 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.]

Vol. XIII.—No. 48.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1866.

Whole No. 672.

**ROYAL MAIL STAGE.**  
WOODSTOCK, FREDERICTON, & ST. JOHN.  
Until further notice, the Stages of the Subscriber will leave Woodstock for Fredericton, and Fredericton for Woodstock, every morning (Sundays excepted), at eight o'clock, connecting at Fredericton with the Mail Stages to and from St. John, which leave these places every morning (except Sundays), at 7 o'clock.  
Passengers leaving Woodstock in the morning, may be in St. John the following morning early.

**FARES.**  
Through Tickets from Woodstock to St. John, or from St. John to Woodstock, will be given to persons passing directly through for \$5.00.  
Single Fares on either route \$2.50. Way Fares in proportion.  
Freight and Parcels carried on reasonable terms.  
Agents—Woodstock, H. McLean; St. John, Israel Atkinson; Union House, Fredericton; at the Subscriber's Office, Fredericton, Feb. 16, 1868.

**C. SALMON.**  
No. 2 South Side Market Square.  
WILL sell at very reasonable prices—Fashionable TOP COATS; Shooting JACKETS; Dress COATS; Reefing JACKETS; PANTS; VESTS, &c.  
Also on hand—Hats, Caps, Mitts, Shirts, Drawers, Comforters, Ties, Collars, Blankets, Rugs, Matresses, &c.  
Pilot Cloth, Beavers, Wines, Fine Cloths, Tweeds and Doonans, made up to order, and warranted to suit in price, style and quality.  
Nov 2.—18m

## NEW GOODS.

OCTOBER, 1866.

**SHERATON & CO.,**

Queen Street, Fredericton.

Have received per Steamships "Cuba" and "Narra."

25 Packages, consisting of

**Shawls and Mantles!**

Fancy Dress Goods,

**Winceys,**

**French Merinoes,**

**COBURGS, LUSTRES, &c.**

**WHITNEY AND ASTRACAN**

**Cloakings,**

**Scotch Tweeds and Coatings,**

**RED AND WHITE FLANNELS,**

**BLANKETS, HORSE RUGS,**

**and CAMP BLANKETING.**

**Grey and White Cottons,**

Very Cheap.

**Prints, Osaburgs and Denims.**

Together with a great variety of

**Fancy Goods,**

**CARPETINGS,**

**FLOOR OIL CLOTHS**

**and Damasks.**

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.**

Balance of Stock to arrive per "New Lampedo."

"Eleanor" and "Choice."

**SHERATON & CO.**

Fredericton, Oct. 12, 1866.

**MEN'S KIP SKIN BOOTS.**—A Superior Article of my own Manufacture. A. LOTTIMER, Queen St.

**MEN'S COARSE BOOTS.**—A Superior Article of my own Manufacture. A. LOTTIMER, Queen St.

**COB OIL.**—Just received and for sale by the subscriber at 34 1/2 Cts. per Gallon. W. M. PETERS, 125 Union Street.

**BOARDING HOUSE.**

The Subscriber has opened a BOARDING HOUSE, No. 61 Germain Street (near King Street), where he is prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders. (June 2.) A. YERGA.

**HARNESS!** HARNESS!—The subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he has rented the Store No. 101 Union Street, for the purpose of manufacturing HARNESS and COLLARS of every description, and hopes by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage. Whips, Whip Lashes, Curry Combs, &c., always on hand. Orders promptly attended to. Re-qualifying done at short notice. Remember the place—101 Union Street, Crosby's Building. (Jan 20—1866) WILLIAM JONES.

**BATHS, TIN WARE, &c.**

Persons in Town and Country will please remember that I always keep on hand the best assortment of Baths, Tin Ware, Block Tin Goods, Japanned Ware, &c.

And a large variety of Miscellaneous Goods, and the largest stock of TOYS in the city.

All of which I offer at reasonable rates for wholesale and retail buyers. Inspection solicited. E. EVANS, Corner of Prince Wm. and Duke Streets, June 15, 1866.

**VALUABLE FARM AND BUSINESS STAND FOR SALE.**

THE Subscriber offers for sale a Property known as "WHITE'S CORNER," situated in the Village of Elmville, Parish of Springfield, K. C., comprising a Farm containing about 70 acres of excellent LAND, under good cultivation; a small, dwelling Orchard and a well cultivated Garden; two DWELLING HOUSES, one suitable for two families, the other a large, two-story high, built in modern style, and is entirely new, and contains a STORE, where a large mercantile business has and can be transacted profitably with a small capital. Located as the above named Property is, in the most desirable and beautiful part of the Province, for pleasure, comfort and convenience, as well as business, makes it a very desirable residence.

The above would be exchanged for a Farm or City Property in St. John.

For further particulars enquire of White & Bros, St. John; J. E. White & Co., Sussex Vale, or the subscriber on the premises.

may 4. W. H. WHITE.

**PEKINS' PAIN KILLER.**—5 gross Perkins' Pain Killer, just received. G. A. BAYARD, 7 Market Square.

## The Intelligencer.

[From the Free Will Baptist Quarterly for October.]  
**PAPACY AND PROPHECIES NUMBERS AND TIMES.**

[Concluded.]  
Having now traced the rise of Popery, until it reached its summit level, we see just what Paul tells us the 'Man of Sin' would become: 'Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself to be God.'  
Here we leave this part of our investigations, and now direct our examinations relative to the time of the overthrow of this Babylon, and 'Son of perdition.'

On this matter William Miller made two grand mistakes, first in fixing a definite time that Papacy began (583), about the time, as we have seen, the Bishop of Rome was declared to be universal Bishop of the whole Christian Church. This was only one step towards the real Papal power. And then, secondly, Miller greatly erred, as it seems to us, and so do all the adventists of this day. Dr. Cumming included, in supposing that the end of these matters was to be the termination of this physical world, whereas, the end inquired after and given in these prophetic numbers, was to be the termination of this bloody beast as a temporal, persecuting power.

Now, as we have seen this 'Son of perdition' arise and mature by degrees, and at different times, so may we expect to see his decline and final overthrow. And although we may not be able to fix the exact beginning and ending of Catholicism, still, as we have seen that the Pope became a temporal ruler about the year 800, we may expect, therefore, that the end of this temporal power is now near at hand. The 'time, times, and half time,' or 1260 years, are nearly run out, and very soon will the persecuting power of the Papacy be at an end. We doubt not, whoever lives to see the close of this century, will see all these matters fulfilled. Notwithstanding Ptolemy says this year will witness his final triumph over his enemies, Popery is now in a rapid decline, in almost every respect. This is as clear as a sunbeam to any one that looks at things world-wide.

Luther and the Reformation of the sixteenth century may be considered the first blow in the downfall of this 'harlot' of the Apocalypse. And yet, even a century before Luther, some streaks of returning light were visible in the career of John Huss, Wickliffe, Jerome of Prague, and Tyndale. But they were suppressed and trodden under foot. But the first electric blow against the temporal power of the Pope was the Revolution in France, and the imprisonment of his holiness by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1793.

In the overthrow of Louis Philippe in 1848, and the fleeing of the Pope from Rome in the disguise of a woman, was another blow upon the head of this bloody monster. But, it may be, the most deadly blow given this monster beast, was by Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel in Italy. By this revolution, the Pope's temporal rule is confined to a territory of about one hundred miles long, and forty wide; and even this he holds only by aid of French bayonets. And soon after these foreign troops are recalled (which is to take place next October), the Pope's present temporal power will cease to exist, if we read the signs of the times aright. And in a few years more will be the end, and John's view and song will be fulfilled, which we have thus—

'And after these things I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia; salvation, glory, and honor, and power, unto our Lord our God: For true and righteous are his judgments; for he hath judged the great whore, which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of his servants at her hand. And again they said, Alleluia. And her smoke rose up forever and ever. And the four and twenty elders and the four beasts fell down and worshipped God that sat on the throne, saying, Amen; Alleluia. And a voice came out of the throne saying, Praise our God all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.'

And as the French nation had the most direct hand in the elevation of the Papacy, and in making it a persecuting power, so we look for that nation (in the overthrowing hand of God), to be the most direct agency in its destruction. The most momentous events are soon to occur among the most Catholic nations, is very apparent, which give signs of a near approach of a most terrible upheaving, not only of the Papacy, but also of other monarchies, and of a glorious reign of liberty, truth, and righteousness. May the good Lord hasten this work.

Some commentators fix the time of the beginning of the Papacy in 606, and therefore look for its overthrow this present year. And, without any doubt, as the year 606 witnessed great events in the rise of Popery, so likewise will 1866 witness no less important events in its overthrow. We witness several such like coincidences in the rise and decline of Catholicism.

Take the case of the calculations of Rev. Robert Fleming, over 150 years ago. In his work on the Papacy, he predicted the downfall of Popery, in 1793, the very year that the French monarchy was overthrown, and the Pope was made prisoner. And Mr. Fleming calculated that 1848 would witness the final downfall of the Papal power; and in the same year the Pope was driven from Rome in disguise, and has ever since held his throne by French aid. That these are parts of the downfall of this 'Mother of harlots,' we doubt not; and that the last great blow is not far distant, which will end this bloody beast, we most fully believe.

Among other agencies that are to hasten the end of the Papacy, are the pending Revolutions among the monarchical powers, in the arbitrament of the great God. We seem to see the Papacy like a city over a heaving earthquake, kept down by various appliances, but gaining strength, and will ere long break forth in mighty fury. That which John saw is even now near—

'And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done. And there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings; and there was a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake and so great. And the great city was divided into three parts, and the

cities of the nations fell; and great Babylon came in remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath.'

The Pope's temporal power is now, as we have seen, very limited, and even this is precarious, and is likely soon to end entirely.

One point more should receive passing notice in this paper. There is now, and has been for twenty years past, an efficient missionary society, that makes the Catholic world its field of labor. 'The American and Foreign Christian Union,' located in New York City, has over three hundred missionaries employed in various parts of this field, both in this country and in distant lands. Through these influences over 50,000 Catholics have been converted from Popery to a purer faith. It is reported that over 30,000 such conversions have occurred in Ireland in the last ten years. The 'Christian World' is a monthly pamphlet published by this Society, that is worthy of being in every Christian family in the land. This shows us that Catholics can be converted, and while we look and pray for the destruction of the Papacy as a government and religion, we still expect and pray for the conversion of the Catholic people. The 'end of these things' is not the end of the world, but the end of this wicked power. So far from this being the end of the world, it will be but the dawn of a most glorious future, in which we are to witness the fulfillment of many such like passages of Scripture as these:

'In the last days, the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountain, and all nations shall flow unto it.' 'And the little sea became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.'

'And the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ.'

'The knowledge of the glory of God, shall cover the earth, as the water covers the sea.'

'All nations shall remember and return unto the Lord, and all tongues shall serve him.'

'And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness to all people, and then shall the end come.'

'His dominion shall extend from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth.'

Now, during this Millennium glory of the church (which is to take place on this earth, and in this world, and where while 'plowshares and pruning-hooks' will be needed), the Catholics, as peoples, will be converted to Christ; though, as a power, as a government, the Papacy will be destroyed, and consumed 'by the brightness of Christ's coming,' in the glory of his burning truth!

The idea that some entertain, that this world is about to be wound up, and the heathen and other irreligious nations are soon to be destroyed without any fair chance of being converted, is the most killing sentiment that can be entertained, to the missionary enterprise. For if the gospel is not to triumph over the whole earth, and convert the 'nations sitting in darkness,' then our mission effort is comparatively vain. But we have not so learned Christ, nor do we so understand the gospel of the kingdom.

### PERFECT PEACE.

'Glory be to God in all events,' exclaimed Chrysostom, when crying amid the cruel harassing of his guards; and faith schooled by experience, and inspired by the love of Jesus, ever looks heavenward, saying, 'Glory!'

'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.'

Perfect peace!

'I thank God,' said Dr. Watts in his old age, 'that I can lie down with comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I wake in this world or in another. He walked in Beulah and heard,

'At noon and midnight even,  
The choral harmonies of heaven  
Seraphic music pour.'

Perfect peace!

'I am happy as I can be out of Paradise,' said a poor Methodist soldier, with broken limbs, on the battlefield of Fontenoy.

Perfect peace! The peace of God that passeth understanding!

'Jesus, the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowered charms.'

When the city of London was helplessly reeling to and fro from the violent shock of an earthquake, Charles Wesley, standing up before his congregation at the Foundry, exclaimed, in a state of religious exaltation: 'We will not fear though the earth be removed, and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea; for the Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge!' His hearers were trembling with terror, expecting each moment that the walls of the building would fall. Cries and lamentations were heard on every side. What a sublime spectacle! A tottering city, and a soul triumphant and at perfect peace.

The name of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, is familiar, and his associations pleasing. Placed at the head of a school that prepared many pupils annually for the English universities, and possessing a powerful cast of mind, both as a writer and a public speaker, his influence was extensive, and his opinions were eagerly sought by cultivated men.

He is approaching his forty-seventh birthday. His name has lately been enrolled among the faculty at Oxford; his measure of ambition he declares is full. Fame, position, competence, an affectionate family, and a delightful rural home in the most picturesque part of England, all are his. Your eye kindles, but a shadow overcasts your mind, as you think, as Johnson said to Garrick on viewing the splendid apartments of a nobleman, 'Ah, David, David, these are the things that make a death-bed hard.'

Reverse the medal. He awakes one morning, and finds that the hour of his transit from earth to another world has unexpectedly arrived. He is attacked with angina pectoris. The violence of the first spasm subsides. He lies still, his lips moving, his eyes raised upward, as if engaged in prayer, and all at once he exclaims, with religious fervor, 'And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen, thou hast believed; blessed are they which have not seen, and yet have believed.' Another spasm, and then he says to his son, 'Thank God for giving me this pain; I suffered so little pain in my life, that I feel it very good for me, and I thank him for it.' And so the strong man, at the meridian of life, and in the midst of his honors, passed away.

Perfect peace.

O ye, who forecast the probabilities of the future, and see sorrow and disappointment, and

parting, and anguish, and death—listen: 'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

Independent.

### CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Christ says, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me.'

Did you ever consider the depth of love and condescension in these words?

You were made to be a child of God, to share in all the privileges of his household, to dwell in his presence, and to be heir to all the glories of his kingdom. But you have rebelled against your King and Father, and so have forfeited all these privileges, and exiled yourself from his presence. He might justly have left you in your self-chosen banishment forever; for he loves you so much that, although surrounded by thousands and tens of thousands of loyal, happy, obedient children, who have never sinned, and who delight to serve him, he still remembers you, his disobedient child, still watches over you in all your wanderings, and calls upon you to return to him. God loves and prizes you as a father a sinning, suffering child, and he desires to take you back into his favor, and to have you dwell with him forever. 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Surely these words ought to be enough to bring you humbly and penitently to your Father's feet, praying for pardon through Jesus Christ. But lest in your glorious fullness, embracing the whole world, you should lose sight of the fact that they are addressed personally to you, Christ comes by his Spirit and knocks at the door of your heart.

No words can speak the wonderful love shown by our offended King and Father when he called upon all his sinful children to return to him, promising them free pardon and restoration to his favor if they would but come. But he has done more for you than make this general offer. He has come to you personally, and standing at the door of your heart, he knocks and waits, urging you to accept the offered blessings!

Oh, must not every heart be opened immediately, with shame and penitence, and ardent love, to such a condescending Saviour? Surely you will not delay a moment to open the door, and to fall at his feet in adoring gratitude, saying, 'Lord, all I have and am is thine. I am unworthy of such a guest; but do not leave me, purify my heart, and make it thy dwelling-place forever.'

But is it so? Does every heart thus open to the Saviour? Alas, no! He 'has waited long, is waiting still,' and you do not open to him. How can this be?

Is it not that you have admitted and cherished other guests, who must be dismissed before the Holy One can enter? Have not ignorance, or pride, or selfishness, or unbelief, opposed the entrance of the Saviour? And when he has knocked at the door of your heart, have you not let them persuade you to turn from him? What can they give you in place of the blessings he offers? Nothing but conflict and sorrow now, and everlasting death, if they are allowed to remain; yet you have listened to their evil voices, and have kept the door fast barred against your rightful Lord, your loving Father, your best Friend.—Independent.

### MERCY FREE.

In a laborer's cottage, at the foot of the woods overhanging the beautiful river Tamar, lived John Croft. By his abilities and thrift, he had raised himself from the condition of a laborer to that of a small cattle dealer, and was comparatively well off in the world.

I heard that he was ill, and went to see him. He was seated on a settle by the fireside. A strong cough, and pale face, and sunken eyes told the tale; consumption, had seized on his strong, tall frame. We talked together about the prospect of death. He rather promptly expressed his submission to the decree. I spoke of the atoning blood of Christ. He said he knew he must look to the Saviour for the forgiveness of his sins. He trusted he should do this. He saw that it must be so; but he could not enjoy the prospect. He thought it hard to be removed now from his business and wife, and little stock. He had just overcome the difficulties of the start, and was beginning to look about him with confidence in his resources and prospects. I endeavored to lead him to prayer; he coldly assented. I felt the position altogether one of embarrassment, and, after we had knelt together and held a little more conversation, I left.

The sun shone brightly, the landscape was as beautiful as ever; but as I crossed the bridge, and looked at the glittering waters, and green foliage, and lofty rocks, they only deepened the mental sadness under which I rode homeward. The light appeared to make no day. There was no felt correspondence between the beauty around, the blue vault above, and the case of the poor, proud, dying man I had just quitted.

A fortnight afterwards I again fastened my bridle to the cottage gate. The door was open, but the settle was empty. No one was in the kitchen—all was neat and tidy as though not disturbed by me. I heard footsteps overhead, and waited. It was evident that the life which had at first shrunk from the out-of-door world into the in-door kitchen, had now retreated further, and was confined to the bedroom above. I waited, but no one came. Presently I heard a low, clear voice singing:

'By faith I see my Saviour dying  
On the tree;  
To every nation he is crying,  
Look on me!'

He bids the guilty now draw near,  
Repeat, believe, dismiss your fear;  
Hark! hark! these precious words I hear,—  
'Mercy's free!'

The air continued; it was an adaptation from Auber's 'Massaniello,' altogether new to me in this strange combination:

'Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,  
Pity me?  
And did he save my soul from ruin—  
Can it be?'

O yes! he did salvation bring,  
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
And now my happy soul can sing,  
'Mercy's free!'

I moved gently up the few stairs leading to the room above, and entered. The dying bus-

band was propped up in bed, the wife by his side. I stood unnoticed—she continued:

'Long as I live, I'll still be crying,  
Mercy's free!  
And this shall be my song when dying,  
'Mercy's free!'

And when this vale of death I've passed,  
When safe beyond the stormy blast,  
I'll sing while endless ages last,  
'Mercy's free!'

After the song had ceased, I went around to his side of the bed, and said:

'Can you really now sing of mercy?'

'O yes, sir; praise the Lord, I have learnt it all now. I feel how gracious my Saviour has been, and I am happy in the prospect of meeting him in heaven.'

He told me how, under the Scripture-reading and prayer of a kind neighbor, he had been led to rejoice in the Lord. His conversation showed that a change of heart had indeed taken place. The proud man had become a little child, and talked of the things of God with a grateful assured interest in them through the blood of the Lamb. We prayed together, and I left him rejoicing in the Lord. Not a cloud about the present or the future; his great delight, his wife said, was having the Bible read, and listening to her while she sang, 'Mercy's free.'

I mounted my pony and plunged into the green woodland, crossed the rushing river, gazed on the waving trees and beautiful sky, all sights and sounds were that day in harmony with my glad feelings. O how beautiful the earth seemed to me, as I now knew it to be the theatre where God's mercy in Christ Jesus had been displayed in the redemption of sinners, and their preparation for holiness and glory.

A few weeks afterwards I saw the widow in mourning. I heard that Croft did not cease testifying to his neighbors of the grace of God until he died. He never became tired of the melody of 'Mercy's free.'—Sunday at Home.

### PASSING AWAY.

We have often remarked the unconcern of visitors to one of our beautiful cemeteries, as they traverse the alleys, and comment on the good or bad taste of the monuments erected over the graves of the dead. The visit, in most cases, is one of curiosity, not of moral improvement. Although every tablet and every inscription is a direct sermon to the living—'Thou art mortal, and must die—the appeal reaches not the heart as a truth which cannot be safely trifled with. The general fact that all are mortal is not denied, but its personal application is evaded. The danger of death is regarded as remote—it will come, but not yet for many years—and "thus dies in human hearts the thought of death." The most impressive lessons are set aside as not demanding immediate consideration, and are regarded as obtrusive if they for a moment check our intense worldliness. The solemn awe which for a moment is produced by the entrance into a family of the stern messenger, striking down its head, is soon replaced by the eager calculations of worldly profit which the event may bring in its train. It is not uncommon that unusually disputes arise about the division of property which the dead has left behind, and the house of mourning is thus converted into a scene of angry quarrels. So little is the true voice of the providence regarded. The obituary columns in a newspaper, in which are recorded the exits of the distinguished, instead of admonishing us of the vanity of human life, impart feeble impressions too soon to be effaced. The voice is silenced in death of one who figured in the forum, the cabinet, the senate, or the pulpit, and after a few formal regrets, the strife is who shall succeed to their vacated places. Men, eager for wealth and honors, ride recklessly over the graves of the dead, not laying it to heart that the closing history of others will soon become their closing history. O! that men were wise to consider their latter end! Then earthly distinctions would be estimated at their true value, and the strife would be, not to shine in this world, but to make sure of a glorious immortality.—Presbyterian.

**FAMILY PRAYER.**—Happy is the family where God is acknowledged. Well is it for those children who at the well known signal take their seats reverently to hear God's word read, and then kneel around the family altar while father and mother implore a blessing upon the assembled group. How fragrant are such memories to us, though years have intervened since last we met all together! That chain of association has been broken. Death and other circumstances have separated its members; but the last time they all met, each member was commended to God. Death came and took the mother, and she winged her way to the family above; the remnant met, and the brother was commended to God, for he was about leaving that roof to cross the ocean; he was the first-born; the father's heart yearned over him; but, yielding to the blow, he pronounced his parental blessing. Since that, another and another have gone; the breath of prayer sanctified each parting, and now but two remain of the original group, the father and the youngest boy. Those prayers around the altar were not in vain; they are already answered. Part of that little family has crossed the flood, and the rest are on their way to glory. Earth shall never witness their reunion; but in heaven they shall meet again. Father, mother, maintain the family altar; let no business or pleasure prevent you; impress the obligations of religion upon your children, and they will never outlive their influence. Father, have you ceased to offer the morning and evening prayer? O, what a comment upon your character; make haste to re-build that altar. There in tearful penitence confess your sinfulness, and there vow that you will henceforth remember the time of the offering of the morning and evening sacrifice.

**REAL POWER.**—Wealth, we are told, is power; talent is power, and knowledge is power. But there is a mightier force in this world than either of these; power which wealth is not rich enough to purchase, or genius subtle enough to refute, nor knowledge wise enough to overreach, nor authority imposing enough to silence. They all tremble in its presence. It is truth; the really most potent element of social or individual life. Though tossed upon the billows of popular commotion, or cast into the seven-fold furnace of persecution, or trampled into the dust by the iron heel of power, truth is the one indestructible thing in this world that loses in no conflict, suffers from no misusage and abuse, and maintains its vitality and completeness after every assault.

### CREeping THINGS WORSHIPPED.

On the Calabar coast of Western Africa is the mouth of the Bonny River, which is but one of the many branches of the delta of the Niger. There is a great Juju house near the Mission school-room in Bonny Town. It is decorated with rows of hundreds of human skulls, formerly belonging to prisoners of war, who were offered in sacrifice to the god Juju. Outside the house is a platform, six feet high, covered with human bones. The house is tottering, and will soon fall, unless propped up. But the Africans here say, 'There is a change taking place.' Christian Missions are beginning to tell favorably upon them, so that they are getting careless about their cruel heathen practices. But still the private Juju houses, and the houses of priests and priestesses, are houses of human skulls. The early figures of wood set up to represent the gods, are like those met with in other parts of Africa. The reptiles of the lizard tribe, called guanas, are worshipped, being sacred to the gods. Their sight is most disgusting, especially when their bodies are covered with mud. They are to be seen in great numbers outside the doors and houses. Bishop Crowther says, 'I was observing the motion of one of these creatures in the front of the house where a small snail was sunk, which served for a well, containing about two feet of water. The guana sluggishly crawled towards the edge of the well, and plunged into the water. In a few seconds it came up again with a large crab in its mouth, which it quickly devoured. On its plunging into the water the mud with which it was smeared washed off, and the creature came up in beautiful chequered colors of green and yellow. One day as I stood under a large tree, buying building sticks for our new station, I observed a man with a stick in his hand thrusting a large guana, and pushing it into the creek. I asked why this man did so to his god, when I was told it had killed and eaten up all the fowl chickens the man was rearing up. There was another large guana which had crawled on the tree near which I stood, apparently sick from severe beatings. This will show how much private regard is now being paid to these creatures, sacred to the gods. The sharks are also objects of worship to some of the people here. The shark is called the Calabar Juju. At Brass the cobra, or boa-constrictor, as well as sharks, are objects of worship. Thus, according to God's word, 'creeping things' are worshipped.

**ACTIVE PIETY.**—Religion is the putting of God's will and spirit into life, entering, casting, politics, everything. Personal piety and purity are of unimportant importance. But they are as well as they are; they are the beginning of religion, which touches every feeling and faculty of human nature, and every relation of human life and society. We have tried to make Christians without giving them any thing to do, which is like trying to make swimmers without the use of hands or feet. The churches are all full of religious dyspepsia, feeble of purpose, weak in faith, indifferent, languid, listless, of no possible use to themselves or anybody else, and all for want of the natural exercise which would come from doing God's waiting work in the world. Admit that Christian character is the great thing, that piety, and purity, and personal holiness are the very highest states and attainments; but to form that character, and acquire these qualities, and rise up to that serene elevation, we must do something more than sit even in a closet and muse, and meditate, and try to magnetize our souls by pious exercises—must go out into the world and put our heavenly thoughts into heavenly deeds of love and mercy.

**THAT'S ME.**—A poor Hottentot in Southern Africa lived with a good Dutchman who kept up family prayer daily. One day he read, 'Two men went up into the temple to pray.' The poor savage, whose heart was already awakened, looked earnestly at the reader, and whispered, 'Now I'll learn how to pray.'