

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. 37.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1866.

Whole No. 661.

LEMONT'S VARIETY STORE.
SPRING GOODS.—From England, per New Lampoon and Mavourneen—a nicely assorted stock of Cut and Pressed glassware, consisting of Tumblers, Salt Cellars, Sugar Bowls, and Creams, Water Bottles, Wine Porters, Sherry, Soda Tumblers, Decanters, Finger Bowls, &c. White Garnet, in Teas and Coffees, Vegetable Dishes, Toilet Sets, Plates, Bowls, Saucers, and many others. China, Tea Sets, &c., by the dozen.
To arrive per Metropolitan 50 dozen Atlanta and Electro Plated Tea, Table and Dessert Spoons; 40 dozen Knives and Forks, in Stags, Hone, Horn and Buffalo Handles, Carvers, &c.
Per Violet from Boston—180 Case Seat Chairs; 45 Rocking do; Tin Water Coolers, Cake Boxes, Toilet Ware, 2 Bed Room Sets, painted; 1 Oak Set, consisting of 1 Low French Bedstead, 4 Chairs, 1 Rocker, 1 Bureau with Glass, 1 Towel Rack, 1 Sink, 1 Sewing Table.
1 Bureau, 2 Sinks, 12 Washstands, 12 Black Walnut Parlor Chairs, 87 Looking Glasses, 200 lbs. Pottery, 1 Perambulator, 2 Fancy Wood Cabs, 6 Case Child's Cabs, Lot Chairs, 11 Barrels and 1 Box Table Glassware and Lamp Fixings, in Hand. Table and Side Lamps, Butter Dishes, Lamp Chimneys, Sugars & Creams, Spoon Holders, Sets Castors, &c. About six dozen Black Walnut Frames—a variety of sizes; a Feather Bed, Pillow made to order. Furniture made in the Province—1 Parlor Set, Black Walnut Furniture finished in Scarlet Repose, consisting of 6 Chairs, 1 Sofa, 1 Easy Chair, 1 Round and Cottage Single and Double Bedsteads, Common Wood Seat Chairs, &c. Lots of other goods received this Spring not enumerated. We desire to have our Stock examined.
June 8. LEMONT & SON.

A. B. Atherton, M. D.
(Formerly Senior House Surgeon to Boston City Hospital.)
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:
CITY HOTEL, — Fredericton, N. B.
May 25 3m

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, a meeting 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. Way Fares in proportion. Freight and Parole carried on reasonable terms.
Agencies—Woodstock, H. McLeod; St. John, Israel Atherton, Union House; Fredericton, at the Subscriber's Office. GEORGE H. A. A. LEMONT.

BOARDING HOUSE.
THE Subscriber has opened a BOARDING HOUSE, No. 51 Gormain Street (near King Street), where he is prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders.
June 2. A. Y. McLEOD.

A GREAT BILL FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.
CLEARANCE SALE OF SUMMER GOODS AT FANCY PRICES.—The Subscriber having determined to reduce his stock of Fancy Dry Goods, Millinery, Jewellery, &c., as much as possible during the next two months, has made a considerable reduction in the price of the following goods, viz.: LADIES' DRESS GOODS, in various styles, Delaines, Printed Muslins, &c., at less than cost. PLANTS at reduced prices. Great reductions in Grey and White COTTONS, Striped Summer Shirts at Cost. Balance of Ladies' Trimmings, 25 cents upwards; Ladies' Straw Bonnets and Hats at less than cost; Flowers and Feather Marked Silk Hats 25 cents; Jewellery reduced 25 per cent; Gent's Silk Hats less than cost; Skeleton Skirts also reduced in price; Scotch TWEEDS marked down.
ROOF and SHED DEPARTMENT.—In this Department he has marked down several kinds of Goods in order to clear them out. A large lot of PAPER HANGINGS for one cent a yard and upwards.
Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.

SHERATON & CO.,
Queen Street, Fredericton,
Have now completed their Summer Stock of

NEW GOODS.

50 Packages, containing

A Splendid Assortment of

Fancy and Staple

DRY GOODS!

DRESS GOODS,

From 10 Cents a Yard up—comprising:

GRENADES, MUSLINS, BAREGES,

Lustres, Alpaccas, &c.

A Splendid Assortment of

Shawls and Mantles!

BLACK AND COLORED

DRESS SILKS,

FROM 70 CENTS!

SKELETON SKIRTS,

All Sizes—from 8 to 30 Springs.

GREY COTTONS,

Good value, at 10 Cents a Yard.

Prints, Ticking, Hollands,

OSNABURGS, &c.

CARPETINGS,

Damasks, Towelling,

And every other description of

Furnishing Goods.

Rich Leno Curtains,

At \$1.30 a Pair!

Superior White and Blue Warps,

Together with a general assortment of

GLOVES,

HOSIERY,

And Small Wares.

AN INSPECTION IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

SHERATON & CO.

Fredericton, June 20, 1866.

The Intelligencer.

DEATH'S SUMMONS IN YOUTH AND WEALTH.

FROM "SCENES IN A SCOTCH PASTORATE," BY J. R. McAVIN, D. D.

Once told a lovely, young, and happy wife the utter hopelessness of her recovery, in circumstances of exciting interest. She was pretty, gay, and light-hearted; had been recently married to an amiable and devoted husband; one surviving child of tender age engrossed her affection; the world in fullest prosperity was flowing on her, and largely occupied her heart. She was about to increase her establishment and equipage, when most suddenly and unexpectedly the tidings fell upon her, that death was at the door, and that she must prepare to meet her God. The shock and surprise overwhelmed her; she had known herself to be delicate, but had evidently never supposed that her end was so near, so that her distress was excessive, and after reasonable counsel and prayer, I was compelled to leave her in a most unsatisfactory condition. But on calling next day, I was welcomed and thanked for the solemn announcement of the previous day. The interval had been consecrated to prayer, and during the few remaining weeks of life, spiritual exercises were the sole employment and delight of this lady. Her faith emerged out of sore conflict with the world, and for a while she felt the parting with her child scarcely endurable; but gradually her heart relaxed its hold of all terrestrial things, and she clung with growing confidence to Christ. Rarely could a finer faith of such rapid growth be found. It breathed its benignant influence on all within her sick chamber, and at least one dear sister survived to attest that she owed the salvation of her soul to the dying testimony of that beloved one.

I was once called to communicate the certain and near approach of death to a young gentleman, who had been long an invalid with intervals of partial recovery. For several years I had been certified of his personal interest in the Saviour, but his disease had fulfilled more than its usual intimation in his case, in consequence of several previous and rather remarkable rallyings from prostration; so that it became painful to hear his sanguine prospects of recovery, when he was manifestly on the verge of the grave. When his solemn position was unfolded to him, he turned a scrutinizing and startled gaze upon me, as if he would have read my inmost soul, and then demanded sharply my authority and reasons for the announcement; the mention of which seemed to satisfy him. Then closing his eyes, he continued a long time in silence, and I believe, in prayer; after which he turned calmly to me and said, "I think I was ready for this years ago, at present I am taken by surprise; but I have long trusted my soul in Christ's hand, and he will not fail me now. But my poor mother, how she will be told! This will break her heart." "Your mother knows it, Charles," said a voice from behind the curtain, "and the God of mercy will help us both to bear it." And I left mother and son in each other's arms. For years, unknown to the world, these two had lived together as heirs of the grace of life; their parting in this world was as Christian as it was affecting; nor was it of long duration, for both have since been reunited in the land of unbroken communion.

As it is much more dreadful to see persons going down to the grave who do not know it, and have none to tell them. There are many who are too willing to be thus fatally deceived, and untimely they are often surrounded by relatives (friends we cannot call them) who guard their chambers against all allusion to death, as if the tyrant could be thus mocked of his triumphs, or such cruel deception did not serve only to aggravate the horrors of his coming, when he appears as an avenger, where all are unprepared, to suite into summary and irrevocable doom.

THE SILENT STUDENT.
In some instances, the silence of patients on religious subjects continues so long and unbroken, that it requires to be firmly assailed and challenged. When it has been fairly broken up, it will be found occasionally to cover only a yearning love of life, which refuses to join in any other prayer than "Spare me, that I may recover strength." In other cases it is attributable to a compound of false delicacy and undue sensitiveness. I knew a noble youth, of refined tastes, classical attainments, and promising genius, who had a long and intermittent conflict with pulmonary disease before he submitted to premature death. This interesting and amiable victim of the deceitful malady was a quiet and gentle youth of studious habits and retiring spirit, not unwilling to be invited into a conversation on literary or classical subjects, but never demonstrative or obtrusive, so that I was not disappointed to find him at first shy and silent on spiritual themes. Yet that religious reticence became so markedly exclusive and persistent, as almost to seem perverse. Accessible on every other subject, he immediately ceased to speak when personal religion was approached, and when once or twice pressed there was a tear in his eye, and an indignant flush, which told that the object could not be gained by constraint. To his mother, who had been the confidant of his life, there was the same unbroken reserve on religious experience, although some affecting scenes had occurred infrequently to break down this incommunicable secrecy. Yet this patient was always more than courteous, and seemed to welcome spiritual counsel. Gradually I found the previous literature which used to crowd his chamber silently disappear, to be supplanted by religious biography, until at last only his Greek New Testament remained, and seemed to be his constant as it was named, companion. As his disease made progress, our conversation was confined to serious themes; he seemed to take a special interest in the spiritual condition of other patients, and particularly in an illiterate and humble girl, whose illness kept pace with his own, but whose faith and piety were as superior in demonstrative holiness, as she was inferior to him in education and every mental acquirement. The question was often considered, whether religion found a readier access to an uneducated mind than to one more refined; whether education, by fostering pride and increasing subtlety and casuistical inquiries, did not rear additional barriers between the soul and God; or rather, because true piety and intellect

gence were of kindred origin, and occupied a common sphere, whether those whom God had most highly favoured in mental capacity, and opportunities of improvement, were not doubly bound to glorify their God and Saviour in the day of visitation. To all such inquiries, his acute intellect bent its force with more than dialectic delight, and his solemn but ready smile told how real such conflict had been to his own soul. And yet this beautiful youth, who had won the hearts of all around him by his loving gentleness, who delighted in religious conversation and devotional services, who, on the testimony of his chamber attendants, was regular in all the private duties of religion, died and gave no sign, never confessed his love to Christ, whatever he may have felt, and if he knew the consolations of the gospel in his dying moments, at least robbed them of half their sweetness, by refusing to share them with the loving hearts that stood in bitterness around his silent death-bed. It is impossible not to admire so loving and lovely a spirit, and yet who can fail, beside its immature departure, to mourn that it was silent to the last as to its own salvation, and has left no memorial of its faith behind it?

SAILOR SAM.

"JESUS FOUND OF ONE WHO SOUGHT HIM NOT."

It pleased God, by whom my steps were led to Langport, in the service of the Gospel, some years since, to bring there at the same time, a sailor who had run away from his father's home at ten years old and gone to sea. His parents knew not what had become of him, and mourned his loss more sadly than if he had died beneath their roof. After an absence of twenty years, spent in the East India and China trade, he returned a fine, stalwart man, what his companions would call "a jolly sailor."

He had gone to his native place to seek his early home, and the parents from whom he had recklessly run away; but they had removed to the larger village of Langport. Thither he went; and having inquired for his father by name, he was told that the man he sought for worked for a Mr. S., and seeing there an elderly man, he inquired: "Does Mr. Stucky live here?"

The old man answered, "Yes; do you want to see him?" "No; but I suppose that I want to have a word with a man that works for him," said the sailor.

Twenty years had so changed both that there was no recognition on either side. The old man then asked the younger, "What's the man's name whom you want?" "Joseph Petheric," said the sailor.

"That's my own name," replied the other.

"Well, if you are the man I'm looking for, I'm your Sam," said the heavy, broad sailor.

"No! you're not my son," said the father.

"But I am your son," persisted the sailor.

"Well, if you are, your mother will know you—come along with me!"

They went together to the old man's home, and the father said to his wife,

"Mother, here is a strange man, who says he is our son Samuel!"

"He is," said the astonished mother, "he has a mark made by a piece of wood on the elbow of the left arm, and by that I shall know at once!"

The sailor had off his jacket in a moment and baring his arm, he said:—

"There, will that do for a mark?"

"Yes! oh, yes! it is our Samuel—the lost one is found!" the mother exclaimed; and they fell on his neck and kissed him, rejoicing like the father of the prodigal son.

The parents, however, soon discovered that their long-lost son had returned to them, not only lost to all sense of his soul's eternal interests, but even to any care for the morality common among men. Deeply grieved, and yearning over him with a parent's love, they sought by words of tender remonstrance and entreaty to win him to a consideration of these things; but all in vain; and his parents' society soon became uncongenial and disagreeable to the sailor. Two of his brothers had heard of his return, and came from a short distance to spend the day with him, and as they said, "to have a jolly spree."

The father, who had heard of the proposed preaching by a stranger, entreated Samuel to go with him in the evening to hear the Gospel. But Satan was at work there, as if anticipating that this thoughtless sinner was about to be plucked as a brand from the burning. He refused to go, preferring the company of his brothers, who were, like himself, without God and without hope in the world. So the three brothers started for the village tavern to seek congenial company. Finding him immovably the father said to his son, "Well, Samuel, if you will not go with me, I will go with you;" and there in that evil place, sat the swilling, drinking sons, and the praying Christian father.

After a little while, one of the brothers said, "Come, Sam, let us go to another place."

They went a little way, the father following with a yearning heart. Presently Samuel said to his brothers,

"Let's go back; there's no fun in having father about our heels,—and I back they went to the father's house. When there, in reply to further entreaty, Sam said,

"Well, I suppose there will be nothing but silks in the house, now I'm come home, if I don't go to hear the preaching to-night, so I'll go."

He came; but I had not heard a word about him; and did not even know that he was in the place. I preached the Gospel from the fifteenth pulpit of Luke,—the Father's love to the prodigal son. After the meeting on my way to my lodgings, I was asked to stop and see a sailor who had lately returned home. I found a fine looking man seated, and evidently under much emotion, his chest moving heavily. He may have often heard himself called a sinner by his fellow men; but now God said to him in the secret thought of his heart—"Sinner!" and his guilty soul trembled at the thought of God's judgment for sin.

"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

"I dare say it's all true enough what you say," he replied; "but Christ will have nothing to do with me. I'm too bad a fellow for him."

I said,

"Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came to seek and to save the lost—the chief of sinners."

"Yes, but you don't know," said he, "how bad a fellow I am. In twenty years I have not entered a church, or read a word of the Bible, or any religious book."

good book; and in the worst crew of wicked sailors that I ever shipped with I was so much worse than the rest that they named me, 'The Ship's Devil.' Why, sir, in the midst of a storm, when every plank seemed to tremble as the thunder around us, I have stood on the deck and maled cursed him who sent the storm,—No, no! he'll not save me!"

I only added,

"Jesus came to save real sinners, even the chief;" and then said, "Good night."

I did not call on him to pray for mercy, but rather to believe in a mercy already provided. The fountain was there, and he was to be shown its waters rather than to ask for it.

The next evening he was again present, and heard the same Gospel as the night before of present perfect, and eternal salvation, through faith only in the person and precious blood of Christ. The following morning, while I was at breakfast with my host, just previous to leaving the village, the door-bell was rung, and the servant came in saying:—

"Samuel Petheric is at the door, sir; and he told me to say that he loves the preacher better than the preacher loves him."

We all thought at once what it meant, and said,

"Oh, do tell him to come in! and we all ran to meet him as he came. He was no sooner in the parlor than he said to me:

"Oh, my dear sir! I'm not the sailor you saw on Tuesday night—I'm another man,—a new man. I heard the good news again last night, and my heart was open to receive it,—but the peace and joy didn't come just then. But after he went home, Brother Petheric—he knew that now every child of God was to him a brother—said, 'Let us pray together;' and so he prayed, and then I prayed; and as we rose from our knees, I found myself filled with peace and joy. And when I went to bed—No! bed indeed! I didn't go to bed—who'd think of going to bed on such a night as that! But I went up to my room, and there I rejoiced and gave thanks to the Lord for my salvation. But all at once I thought,—Ah! but is it possible,—all those dreadful sins of so many years gone,—and in a moment I—

And I turned round, and said, 'Ah, Mr. Satan, that's you, is it? Come, come, you've had your way long enough,—yes! they are all forgiven; for the blood of Jesus Christ, God's—on, cleanse them from all sin.' So the old enemy had heard enough, and he fled!"

That night the prodigal sailor, "The Ship's Devil," was enabled to believe in Jesus Christ the Son of God; and in believing, he received the knowledge of salvation, full, free, and complete. He was translated out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Oh! glorious translation—wondrous change!

"My dear sir," he continued, "I feel as light as a cork. Why, I could clear that table at a spring with one hand upon it!"

He spoke like a sailor as he had been used to speak, and I gave his own expressions. One look at Christ by faith, and his soul was saved; he knew it too, and like the Philippian jailer, he rejoiced the same night, believing.

He then went on to say:

"He, then, are two of us here now!—striking himself on the breast,—yes two of us—one holding with the Lord, and the other still holding with the devil. Even this morning, that one that holds with the devil said, 'Come, Sam, let's put on our hat, and take a stroll.' But the other said directly, 'No, no, Samuel! we'll go and see the servant of Christ, and tell him what the Lord has done for us.' So here I came. Oh! how I should like to be able to go and tell my old shipmates that Christ has sought me and found me; and tell them about him. But there—I suppose I must stay, and have my own faith and hope strengthened, and know more about the Lord before I try my hand at that; but I can pray for them."

I then said to him,

"Samuel, you are indeed saved by grace; and now the grace of God, that brings salvation, teaches us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and in godly fear."

"Oh, yes!" interrupted he, "Why, the grace of God has been talking to me all the morning about that, just like a father would talk to his child. It said to me, 'Samuel, my boy, we have no more now to do with the old ways. It is our business now to please Christ and to follow him.'"

I took leave of him; but four days afterwards, at another village, where I was preaching in a barn, I saw Samuel; and he did, indeed, look like another man—not at all like the rough sailor I had first seen him. Some Christians were gathered round him, hearing and asking questions. As I passed by, I overheard his reply to some question, which I did not catch. The reply was:—

"I don't know, I'm sure, for I'm only four days old!"

Sailor Sam lived in the power of the new life bestowed in him, following faithfully Him who had plucked him as a brand from the burning. I heard of him from time to time, as full of faith, good works, but saw him only once again, and then at an interval of some years. He was in port at the place of my residence, and came to see me. He told me he was mate of a schooner in the coasting trade, and added,—

"My dear sir, the captain is a son, and he knows it too; but he didn't know it when we first met. When we were both below, and 'twas calm weather and all right on deck, I said to him, 'Captain shall we read a chapter, and have a little prayer?' 'With all my heart, mate,' said he. So we read and prayed; and as we sat down, I looked across the table and said to him, 'Captain, are you a son?' 'Ah, said he, 'as to that, I can't say, but I am a son.' 'Then you are an enemy!' said I. 'No mate,' said he, 'I know that I am no longer an enemy.' 'Then, said I, 'you're a son!' 'He knows that now; and we have happy seasons often together, telling of the grace and precious blood by which we are saved.'"

Reader! are you unsaved? Behold what God did for "The Ship's Devil!" Can he, will he not do it for you?—British Herald.

The Friend of India has the following:—"A few Scotchmen, not a hundred in all, have erected in Calcutta a Presbyterian Free Church, declared the finest ecclesiastical building in the city, pay their minister £240 a year (without the name, however), send him and his family home every necessary on £200 a year, and supply his place, and at the same time support the whole expenses of the Free Church converts in Calcutta and their missionary stations out of it."

AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.

LETTER FROM REV. G. T. DAY.

London, July 16, 1866.

I linger yet in and about the great city, and am still far enough from exhausting it. Its life spreads over an immense area, flows through almost innumerable channels, and comes out in the most diversified forms and phases. It is the world epitomized, and its complete story is the condensed record of the race. The heroic and the mean, the saintly and the seditious, the beneficent and the brutal, the tragic and the comic, perpetually meet and mingle in these bustling streets. The forms and faces and movements frequently hint at unwritten histories whose simple portraits would shame all high-wrought romance. There are eyes, now and then, into which one only needs to glance to discover that years of fruitless struggle and scores of disappointed hopes are peering out through the mist and gloom, as convicts stare listlessly out of the cells from which they are to go to the scaffold or the grave. And there are faces, too, resolute with ambition, or darkling with revenge, or bold with defiance, or eager with the lines and play of cunning or smirking self-conceit, or restless with anxiety, or eager for action, or beaming with kindly affections, or full of suggestions and stimulus. It is often taxing, too; making greater demands upon the intellect than a proposition in Euclid, and drawing on the heart more freely than Hamlet or King Lear. You cannot always study as you would; for some unlooked for scene comes in and takes your attention captive; or some tone, perchance, into which the agony of a terrible life is crowded, reaches your ear through the general din and murmur, and keeps on repeating its painful monody of fatigues and midnight dreams. And more than anywhere else in the world, perhaps, these streets in the heart of London multiply such meditations of human life.

But I did not sit down to deal with the great metropolis in this general way. Let me, instead mention a few things which strike me as being somewhat peculiar to life here in London, and which have more or less lie on the surface. Other cities have long streets, and numerous buildings, and great crowds of people, and fashionable equipages, and noisy vendors of cheap trash, and plenty of beggars, and abundance of devices for getting sympathy and coppers, and strange juxtapositions of magnificence and misery. In these respects London differs from other cities chiefly in respect of quantity. It has more of all these things chiefly because it is itself much more than others.

I grant that Bradford's Pils, and the Oak Hall Clothing Store, and the Hawthorn Hair Restorer, and Deane's Prim Kipper and Bannan's Museum, and Gen. Tom Thumby, and some other of our great institutions at home, have not been kept wholly in the dark. The printer's ink, I know, has set these names staring at us in varied type and at several angles in the daily paper, from fives and extra pages in the Almanac;—their virtues have indeed been brought out in pun and epigram, in rhyme; and we have not been allowed to forget them when standing face to face with Niagara, and threading our way among the mists that settle on the summit of Mount Washington.

But we are fairly beaten by our English friends. Here the advertising business outruns all our dreaming. I do not specially refer to the fact that a double sheet—eight large pages—of the London Times, is wholly given up to advertisements, besides no small portion of the other eight pages that remain; and that the other daily papers occur in a similar relative space for the same purpose. But advertising is liberally done here at the shop windows and doors, on the fences, on the omnibuses, in the railway stations, all over the realm;—by means of little hand-bills thrust upon your notice all along the streets; by means of cards handed you when you purchase an article, or look in at a door, or stop at a window; and especially by means of bills in large type posted upon boards and carried up and down the streets on the backs and breasts or over the heads of sorry looking men, who appear for all the world like soldiers enduring punishment for some misdeed. All sorts of advertisements are placarded or sent to parade the streets in this way:—an announcement of a concert by Christy's Minstrels—a notice of a private meeting—a call to a scientific lecture—a schedule of prices to be advanced for a quantity of goods—a notice of a public sale of a gallery of art—the price of excursion tickets over the railway to a horse race—the subject of the latest burlesque in Punch—or a hint of Louis Napoleon's last move on the chess-board of European politics. If, as has been claimed, advertising is the way to success and wealth, there ought to be few failures here even in a commercial crisis, and the payment of the national debt should be seriously undertaken by the present English ministry.

It is easier to form an opinion respecting the character of a people whom one meets here than in Paris. There is generally less regard for mere appearances; the real qualities are likely to come out in some way. Poverty generally appears poor, misfortune does not so generally undertake to hide its inward agony, nor so easily forget it and surround it with sunshine and gaiety. Beggars and beggary seem fairly at home in the prominent streets, and the unwashed fraction of the passers-by is often a large one. Misery does not keep itself out of sight from any inward pride, or shame, or timidity, or regard for others; instead, it often seems bent on making a show of its agonies. Vice—in that saddest of all forms, in women who have parted with the refinement and the honor of the sex—comes out unblushingly at noonday, and it walks in the streets and watches at the corners at night quite as often employing brazen effrontery as a captivating blandishment.

Nowhere else have I seen the evil and the good so directly and manifestly pitted against each other as here. The warfare between Satan and Christ is open and undisguised. While the universities of the one stand forth in their own character and seek to lead away their dupes, the servants of the other are scarcely less busy, decided, and full of expedients for giving warnings and beckoning the imperilled to safety. I have been greatly interested in observing the various methods adopted by opposing and undisciplined to show the

attention of men to the great themes of the gospel. Of course, the methods may sometimes lack wisdom, and individuals will now and then display a zeal wholly wanting in discretion, and which may work as much mischief as profit. But I cannot help appreciating the positive, decided, open, direct, resolute ways in which Christians seek to honor their Master, and press his claims upon the attention of the people.

On a Sunday, various points along the prominent streets or in the squares, or close by a prominent place of worship, around which the people gather in advance of the opening of the doors, one will find a preacher or exhorter, Bible in hand, mounted in a chair, or on the steps, or the edge of the side-walk, preaching away to the score, or hundred, or dozen, or one, who may stop for a few minutes to listen. Some of these street preachers are, to be sure, rather sorry samples, but very generally they appear to be earnest devoted, pious men, anxious to be useful, and some of them admirably adapted to rouse the attention of such persons as will not visit the sanctuary. Sometimes a wag in the crowd will succeed in turning the solemnity into farce, or a shrewd blasphemer will prove too much for the simple-minded Christian exhorter; but more frequently the preacher triumphs in these colloquial encounters, or is listened to with silent respect. More or less of them are sent out by churches and associations on these errands; others, of course, respond to what they claim is an inward call, or a divine commission and impulse.

Other methods are adopted. The windows and walls of the houses for the sale of religious publications, are often ornamented with illuminated cards in which passages of Scripture appear in bold and beautiful type, or some simple sentence holding a pithy Christian sentiment. The other Sabbath, as we were on our way over Blackfriars' bridge to church, a couple of men accosted us with kindly faces, and gently but firmly, and handed each of us a little tract. It was done so courteously, and their faces were so radiant with genuine religious sympathy, that it would be hard for any person among the multitude thronging the way, and among whom they kept on their silent work of distribution, to do otherwise than we did—that is, receive the little messenger with a bow and "thank you," and fold it up carefully for future perusal.

Just in front of Surrey Chapel, beside the street, is a neat stone fountain, where the passers-by may stop and drink; as the clear sweet water is always gushing forth, and the bright metallic cups are always hanging on the chains waiting to be used. As you hold the cup under the flowing stream, the eye is almost sure to be arrested by a beautiful sculptured representation of Christ and the woman of Samaria at the well; and around the sculpture are these memorable words of the Great Teacher, standing out boldly:—"Jesus said, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

I was coming silently and thoughtfully out of St. Paul's Cathedral the other day, when, as I reached the other steps, a kindly looking man said, in a most courteous and respectful tone:—"This is a very beautiful temple, sir." "Yes, it has beauty," I answered, "though it is chiefly the chaste, simple, harmonious, massive grandeur of the structure that impresses me." "You are right, it is very grand, a glorious sanctuary," he replied; and then laying his hand on his heart, he added, with kindly eye and face, "but each of us has a temple here, in which the great God would rather dwell than in this grand cathedral." Both my spirit and my moistened eyes blessed him for the thought and for the courteous and skillful Christian fidelity which uttered it just then and thus; and I did not prize this little lesson in the conversation which followed. I found that he was making a boldy of the theory of the Adventists. I do not think there is less of the real spirit of religion in America than in England; the fruits which are borne on our side of the sea are abundant and precious; on nowhere else in the world are religious people so zealous as there. Might we not keep all our true piety and sincerity, our low estimate of mere professions and ceremonies, our reverence for what is deepest and most sacred in the soul's faith and experiences, and yet wear the badge of our discipleship more openly, and press our great Master's claims and glories more and more upon the world's attention?

I have heard Henry McVie and Newman Hall since writing last. McVie is an attractive preacher—at once logical in his thought and splendid in his style, having an unst