

The Religious Intelligence.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD, J.

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. XIV.—No. 45.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1867.

Whole No. 721.

SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street, Fredericton,
Have much pleasure in announcing
that they have received per
Steamship "Pantheon," part
of their Fall Stock of

NEW GOODS,

Consisting of—

Plain and Striped Winceys,

3-4 Fancy Dress Goods,

Coburgs, Lustres, &c.,

FRENCH MERINOES,

PAISLEY and WOOL SHAWLS,

Red, White and Grey

Flannels,

GLOVES AND HOSIERY,

GREY AND WHITE

SHIRTINGS,

DIAPERS,

Osnaburgs and Ducks,

Also—Another lot of

OAT BAGS,

cheaper than ever.

OUR MOTTO IS:—

Good Goods and Fair Prices.

Balance of Stock arriving daily.

SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, Oct 18, 1867.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1867.

ALBION HOUSE.

NEW GOODS.

Just received per Steamship Pantheon,

A large stock of Goods

for the present season.

DRESS GOODS,

in newest styles.

Wincies and Tweeds,

in all colors and quality.

Red, White & Grey Flannels,

CRIMEAN AND

FANCY FLANNELS,

PRIVTS, GINGHAMS,

Stripe Shirts, Balmoral Skirtings,

WOOL SHAWLS,

Clouds, Scarfs, Wool Gloves,

Osnaburgh Towels,

Bed Ticks and Hollands.

Grey and White Cottons,

very cheap.

COTTON WARPS,

best imported.

Our Motto is:—

QUICK SALES and SMALL PROFITS.

Your inspection is respectfully solicited.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Oct 18, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

LETTER FROM REV. A. H. MORRELL.

DEAR BRO. McLEOD.—The recollections of my
tour to the Province of New Brunswick and
Nova Scotia, in company with our beloved brother,
Rev. C. O. Libby, of Wells, Me., are among the
most agreeable of my life. I presume you have
heard from him already. Our first night on the
water was all pleasant, save the annoyance of the
"fog-whistle" often repeated. But this we en-
dured with patience, since the precaution was es-
sential to our personal safety as well as the com-
mon good. May it not be that all the afflictions
we experience are but God's fog-whistles, ap-
pointed or permitted to remove or prevent greater
evils. If so, then they all should be accepted with
thanksgiving.

The morning of the 5th of September, revealed
the rugged coast of Maine on the left, and "Grand
Manan" (Island) on the right, and at 11 o'clock
in the forenoon, we were at Eastport, opposite
Campobello Island. The scenery in this locality
is very beautiful. It is not to be thought surpris-
ing, that if the Fenians must pitch their tents
anywhere within fifty miles of Eastport, Campo-
bell Island should have been the enchanted ground
selected.

Eastport is a sprightly town, overlooking the
bay, and in full view of Lubec. For attractive-
ness and beauty, its situation, as a lookout, is un-
surpassed by any other on the route to St. John.
Three years since, it suffered from a fearful con-
flagration, sweeping off the greater part of the
business houses of the place. It is now more
thoroughly restored to its former position by the active
industry and enterprise of its citizens. One must
believe its inhabitants to be a church-going peo-
ple, judging from the ample quota of Meeting
Houses that supply so great a denominational
variety of religious service.

An hour's tarry here, and off again for St. John.
The sea is calm, the sky is cloudless, and so we
"hog the shore" closely during the rest of the
way. At 4 p.m., our noble ship has reached her
landing, and the multitude are here to greet
us. Some are present to welcome friends, others
for business purposes, but more than all, others
for the gratification of an idle curiosity. What
waste of time everywhere, in this poor world,
where want on every hand abounds!

Rev. G. A. Hartley and Deacon D. W. Clark
of Carleton, and Deacon B. F. Underhill of St.
John, were in waiting to conduct us to homes of
refreshment and rest; and to night we were most
cordially entertained in the pleasant family of Rev.
Bro. Hartley. The children are delighted with
singing, and, of course, must be accommodated.
They are lovely little ones, and shall long be re-
membered with interest by the stranger.

Bro. Hartley is the truly successful pastor of
the F. C. Baptist Church in Carleton. Deacon
D. W. Clark is the beloved and efficient superin-
tendent of the Sabbath School.

We, Bro. L. and myself, spent several nights
and parts of days in Deacon C's. house, sharing
with thankfulness the generous hospitalities of
their home circle. I feel it a privilege to com-
mend the excellent behaviour of the children of
this christian household.

Saturday, the 7th, we rode into the country to
the distance of some seven or eight miles, our
company consisting of Brothers Libby, Hartley,
Clark and myself. Bro. Clark furnished the team,
and held the reins. Seven miles away to the
westward, we were introduced to "Spruce Lake,"
the fountain whence comes all the pure, fresh
water supplying Carleton. A cast iron tube twelve
inches in diameter, conducts the precious element
to the place of its consumption.

Thence by "South Bay" on the St. John, that
inland sea of rafted lumber. Thence to Suspension
Bridge, a magnificent structure of stone,
wood, and iron, spanning at a dizzy height, the
fearful chasm of four hundred feet from shore to
shore, at the point called the "narrows" on the
river, just above St. John city.

A curious fact in regard to the action of the
tide exists here. At low tide, the falls dip of
course towards the sea, but at high tide the falls
dip up stream with a strong and rugged current.
The occasion of the dip up stream doubtless is
the sudden and extensive expansion of the river
just above the "narrows." At half-tide the sur-
face is comparatively smooth with little current.

Sabbath, the 8th, we were desired to occupy the
pulpits of brothers Gunter and Hartley, and at
night, both make brief temperance speeches be-
fore the Sabbath School and others at Bro. Har-
ley's church. So the programme was carried out
to the letter. Whatever may have been the ex-
perience of others, growing out of the duties and
privileges of that day, I am constrained to say,
they have been very precious to me.

Rev. Bro. Gunter of St. John, supplies an ex-
cellent preaching place in a delightful hall in "Indian
Town," near the upper steamboat landing, where
I met with him at 3 o'clock, Sabbath, r.m. The
prospect brightens for a permanent interest in
that locality. Our prayer shall be for it.

Very kind attentions were shown us, not only
by the ministers of these churches, but also by
the brethren, Deacon Clark of Carleton, and Dea-
cons Wm. Peters, and B. E. Underhill, and their
families, spared no pains in rendering our visit
most agreeable. Their kindness we remember
with ungrateful thanks.

Monday, the 9th, we made a delightful trip to
Fredericton, ninety miles by steamer up the St.
John. It is not in place in a communication as
limited as this ought to be, to attempt a de-
scription of the sights and the scenery by the
way. I will only add, that, from certain points of
observation the prospect was so animating!

What rich intervals, and how extensive! What
splendid upland farms, sloping towards the river,
on whose silver current, year by year, their abun-
dant products are conveyed to the ready market
at St. John, and the value thereof returned in hard
coin to the coffers of their independent owners.

And what do you imagine I was thinking about
as we passed those beautiful farms in Hampstead
and elsewhere along the route. I thought the
Free Christian Baptists of the Province need a
Literary and Theological Institution they can call
their own. And, again I thought, how very soon
might such a school be provided, would the well-
to-do brethren and friends there only just say so.
What a precious privilege do good rich men enjoy
in the using of their money for Christ and the wants
of His church! Who will set the ball in motion?

Who will give ten thousand dollars to begin the
enterprise? He who will, shall share the grateful
benedictions of the generations to come. And,
is it not a wise and good policy that leads a
man to give of his means, while living, that he
may see and know something of its uses before he
dies? Noble young men are impressed with the
duty of the ministry, but they also feel the need
of culture. And the church has it in her power
to afford them what they need in this particular.
The perishing harvest: how it fills the field of
vision, east, west, north and south! How shall
the needed laborers be supplied? Brethren,
"pray ye the Lord of the harvest" for their multi-
plication, and then be ready with your sympathy
and your money, to bid them God speed in their
highly responsible work. Pardon this appeal
from a stranger. His apology, is the fearful in-
terest he feels in Zion's welfare, and the salvation
of souls.

Bro. Libby and I were cordially received by
the brethren at Fredericton; and, upon a few
hours' notice, were permitted, for preaching ser-
vice, to meet a congregation of about one hundred,
on the evening of our arrival there.

Rev. W. Downey is the highly esteemed pas-
tor of the F. C. Baptist Church, at Fredericton;
but was out of town at the time of our visit.

Rev. Joseph McLeod, son of the late lamented
editor of the *Religious Intelligencer*, fills the
editorial chair of his honored father, sharing
largely in the confidence and esteem of the church-
es. We enjoyed the pleasure of his company,
on the passage from St. John to Nova Scotia, and
found him to be a genial, warm-hearted friend
and brother. May the Lord long preserve him,
to be a wise and successful standard-bearer in the
ranks of Zion.

Fredericton is attractive for the beauty of its
situation—on high intervals lands, level as a floor,
with streets wide, crossing each other at right
angles. Its private dwellings are neat and pleas-
ant, and its public edifices are highly respectable.
We advise all travellers visiting St. John, if pos-
sible, to make a trip to Fredericton also.

Returning to St. John, Tuesday, at 7 p.m., took
passage for Yarmouth, N. S., on steamer *Linda*.
Among our party might be seen, Rev. Brothers
Hartley, McLeod, Reid, Knollin, and Libby; also,
Bro. Wm. Peters and lady, and Deacon Under-
hill. The next morning at 6 o'clock, we were at
Yarmouth—Bro. L. and I finding a pleasant
home for the time, at Bro. Henry Thompson's.

Finding brethren in need of places of rest for the night,
at different points on the route to the place of
Conference, Rev. Samuel West gave me a place
beside him in his wagon; and so the way was
cheerful, and the ride rendered instructive and
profitable to one like myself—a stranger—curious
as Yankees ever are, it is said, to find out things.
At the house of Bro. Hamilton, in Carleton, we
found another pleasant home. Bro. H. lost his
wife and three children in the flames of his burn-
ing house, some two years since. The mother
perished in vain endeavors to save her children.

The Free Baptist Conference met at Kempt-
ville, on Wednesday, the 11th of September, at
10 o'clock, a.m. Rev. E. G. Eaton in the Chair,
and Rev. J. I. Porter, Clerk. Business of all
kinds was dispatched with facility and marked
unity. Benevolent organizations were completed:
such as Missions, Home and Foreign, Sabbath
Schools, Temperance and Education Societies.
All these were entered upon with an intelligent
zeal, prophetic of great good to Zion.

It was particularly gratifying to hear the aged
ministers, as well as the brethren and sisters gener-
ally, express their great joy, that a "union," so
full of promise, had been effected between the de-
compositions. They had, in time past, called
themselves by different names, but were really
one in doctrine and church polity. Now they
were one in name also!

On Saturday p.m., a most delightful "Confer-
ence Meeting" was enjoyed. About sixty made
remarks. It seemed to me like the smith's "well-
fired chasm" of four hundred feet from shore to
shore, at the point called the "narrows" on the
river, just above St. John city.

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to-do brethren and friends there only just say so.
What a precious privilege do good rich men enjoy
in the using of their money for Christ and the wants
of His church! Who will set the ball in motion?

was pointed out to me, as only three fourths of a
mile to the westward from the Light. Bro. Doane
thinks she mistook the next light westward for
Cape Sable, and so stood in too near the shore,
O, how many souls are lost by miscalculations in
regard to light, false or true, set up along the
coast of human probation! O, sinner—stranger on
this rocky strand, trust only to the light of
revelation for thy safe entrance to the port of
heaven.

Tuesday night at the close of religious services
at the "lower house" of worship, returning to the
upper end of the island, was kindly assisted in
crossing the water to Barrington by Bro. H.
Brown. It was now past midnight, but a shoe
must be fitted to our horse, and Mr.—(blacksmith)
very kindly left his bed at this unseasonable hour,
for our accommodation, refusing extra pay also.
It was an act the stranger will never forget to re-
member with gratitude.

At 2 o'clock, Bro. Libby, and I were on the
road for Barrington. Our route lay through the
"barrens," so called, a dreary waste of nine miles
without inhabitant. This tract of country, with
its dwarfed forests, tangled shrubbery, rocks and
gloomy lakes, half concealed by thickets of bushes
and evergreens, together with all the other accom-
paniments of so desolate a region, constitute one
of the most romantic and impressive passages in
the history of a traveller in southern Nova Scotia.

Our journey was taken by unclouded moonlight
which greatly magnified the solemn grandeur of
the scene; but the way, in vain did we
listen for sound from beast or night bird. Not
even the hum of an insect, nor the murmuring of
any distant waterfall relieved the oppressive silence.
How peculiar the experiences of this moment:
man was made for society; a life of absolute soli-
tude how horrible!

Merging from these retreats of silence and of
night, into the inhabited country, at an early hour,
all men and boys, and some women appeared to
be in motion. It was "election day," and so
"runners" are hastening in all directions. The
names of rival candidates are floating from car-
riage, shop, and sign post, and it is said "money
and grog" are to be shared, freely at the expense
of said candidates. Politics is at white heat in
Nova Scotia, *Anti Confederation* is the prevailing
sentiment among the people.

Wednesday, night the 18th, took steamer at
Yarmouth for Boston, and at 4 o'clock on Friday
morning the 20th, reached the wharf in Boston,
and at 3 p.m. my home in Bath, Me.

We have occasion to speak well of all the public
conveyances, officers of steam boats, places of
entertainment by the way. And while memory
last we cannot forget to cherish with tender and
grateful interest, the everywhere friendliness
of the people of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.
Whichever fields for gospel reapers are opening
on every hand in those provinces. Calls for more
laborers come from all quarters. Let the churches
pray to the Lord of the harvest, that the want may
be supplied.

It is very desirable that the correspondence so
happily conducted between the Free Will Baptists
of New Brunswick, and the Free Baptists of Nova
Scotia, in the past, should be continued.

It affords me great pleasure in being able to
say that the venerable and much esteemed Rev.
Charles Knowles, of Tusket, Nova Scotia, is the
Co. Delegate to the next Maine Western yearly
meeting, and to the Maine Central yearly meeting.
How sweet the sacred tie that binds,
Our hearts in christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like that above.

A. H. MORRELL.

Bath, Me., Oct. 1867.

A PICTURE OF SOME BODY.

The *Watchman and Reflector* contains the fol-
lowing. We wonder how many of our readers
are of the Mr. Coaxley stamp.

Mr. Coaxley is a peculiar man. It may, per-
haps, be said that all men are peculiar. But Mr.
Coaxley is very peculiar. He is a good man;
every body that knows him says he is a good man;
—in his way. But, if any one is good at all,
it must be in his own way. Goodness is personal.
A man cannot put on his neighbor's virtues as he
would his cloak; for then his goodness would not
be his own, but his neighbors'. Mr. Coaxley is
kind, gentle, generous. He is devout and liberal.
He pays his pew-rent, and gives to the poor; has
family prayers; listens attentively to preaching,
and speaks ill of no one; loves his pastor; rever-
ences the deacons, and works in the Sunday
School. But he has one fault—fortunate man,
that he has no more—one fault or failing. He
needs to be nursed like a sick child to keep him
in tune.

He always thinks he is not appreciated. As
for as the eyes of the people are on him, and he
hears their words of approval, he will work like a
hero. He will do, endure and sacrifice, if he is not
looked upon. But if he believes himself forgotten,
his energies wither even in the midst of his best
endeavors, and the hands of his faith hang down,
as if smitten with paralysis. He is one of those
machines well made and well working, but which
require more power to run than the running is
worth.

His pastor must call often at his house; must
confer confidentially with him on important
matters; must tell him how much he thinks of his
opinion, and of his aid; must be sure to shake
hands, in a very hearty manner, every time they
meet, and say, "How do you do, my dear brother?"
Your presence is such an encouragement to me."
If absent from meeting at any time he must be in-
quired after, or some one call to see if he is sick.
Then he knows he is not forgotten. They think
of him; they appreciate him.

Once Mr. Coaxley was teacher of a Bible class.
His pastor, to help on the work for a time, used
his personal efforts to aid him. He brought pupils
into the class; would sometimes sit down with
them; spoke of his gratification at the progress
they made. Mr. Coaxley's face was radiant with
delight. He was so happy that he was at the post
of duty, and could do "some little good in the
world." But all attention could not be given to
one man, and soon he was discouraged, faint-
hearted. His class was abandoned after a few
months' labor.

If put on a committee, and not its chairman, he
droops like a sensitive plant. There is nothing
that to inspire him; unless, indeed, the chairman
happens to say, "Now, brother Coaxley, you are
the man to do this business; you understand all
about it; you know just how to put it in shape;
you draw up a report and read it for the com-
mittee." The report will be forthcoming, and

very good too. He was once superintendent of
the Sunday school. Of course, he was gratified.
The pastor and brethren used their endeavors to
launch the enterprise. Attention was called to this
new effort; commendatory notices were given
from the pulpit; special effort was made to in-
crease the school. Every thing seemed on the
floor tide of prosperity. Mr. Coaxley was ex-
hilarated; he worked day and night; he really did
ably and well. Six weeks he held out. But two
stormy Sabbaths intervened; the pastor was absent
twice; ordinary vexations arose; and the new
superintendent was discouraged. He resigned.
A suitable amount of nursing, calls, explanations,
encouragements, pledges of sympathy and aid, in-
duced him to recall his resignation and "try it
again." Three months Mr. Coaxley kept on at a
halting pace, elated and depressed alternately, and
then resigned again. This time his resignation
was accepted.

A good man is Mr. Coaxley, but it takes too
much power to keep him in working mood.

GOD'S BITTER CUP FOR SICK SOULS.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

God is the wisest and best of physicians. He
understands precisely the soul's diseases. He
never selects the "wrong bottle," and never gives
one drop too much of corrective medicine. My
brother, can you not trust your Heavenly Father?
Do you fear that he will give you poison in his
cup of chastisement? Do you try to avoid the
draught which he has prepared, and with a wry
face push it from you? "The cup which your
Father gives you, shall you not drink it?"

God often comes to one of his own children,
and finds him in sore need of spiritual medication.
He has become sick from indulged sin, and eating
of forbidden fruit; or else he is utterly debilitated
in all his powers and affections. His pulse beats
low; his graces are weak. Perhaps this very
Christian used to pray for more grace, for more
strength, or humility, or patience, or assurance of
hope. God takes him at his own word. The
Christian asks to be made purer, better, stronger,
and more Christ-like. And the very first thing
that his Father does is to mingle for him a cup
of bitter disappointments or affliction. Instead of
relieving him, God seems to be smiting him. In-
stead of increasing his joys and hopes, he seems
to be blighting them like Jonah's gourd.

Perhaps this is the way, my reader, that God
is treating you. A bitter cup of trial has been
commenced to your lips. But it is your Father's
cup; drink it. What does faith in God mean but
just this very thing, that you will trust him though
he slay? What is faith but the firm and delight-
ful belief that when God goes into the laboratory
of his secret purposes, and mingles for you a bit-
ter draught, he knows just what he is doing, and
also just what your soul's disease requires? It
may be bitter, but the disease is worse.

I call you to witness that those confiding souls
who have taken God's medicines of trial in the
right spirit have found their prayers answered in
their afflictions. Behold! the very graces they
prayed for—the patience, the meekness, the
heavenly-mindedness—were in that cup, that bit-
ter cup! If the cup had not been drunk, the
sweet, coveted blessings would have all been lost.
If God had not dealt with them precisely as he
did, the spiritual disease would have raged on,
and the soul have been sick unto death. Do not
then push away that tear-draught of sorrow which
your merciful Father is pressing to your trembling
lips. The cup is inviolable with this precious in-
scription: "Whom I love I chasten; all things
will together for good to them that love me."
Will you refuse to drink it?

Oh! what blessings are afflictions to those who
can bless God for afflictions! "O!" said a bright-
hearted young man, who was tortured with a
fatal and painful bodily disease, "when I have
the most pain in my body I have the most com-
fort in my soul. When Christ suffered, he had
none but enemies about him; and they gave him
gall and vinegar to drink. When I thirst I have
beside me the friend that stetheth closer than a
brother. The cup that he giveth me, shall I not
drink it? I do not doubt but that there is love
in the bottom of the cup, though it is bitter in the
month."

There was a fine Christian philosophy in this
last thought of the suffering youth—that at the
bottom of the cup lay the precious blessing. He
must, therefore, drink the whole bitter draught in
order to reach it. Depend upon it, brethren,
that many of the purest and grandest displays of
Christian grace can only be reached under a re-
gime of severe trial. Faith's anchor is never so
fully tested as in a hurricane. Patience never
shines so lustreous as in a midnight of black ad-
versity. Courage never shows so grandly as when
death on his "pale horse" is careering down upon
us over a battle-field strewn with defeat and dis-
aster.

There is a patience of hope, a joy under tribu-
lation, and a sense of the immediate support of
Jesus that never can be reached by us when we
are in a condition of ease and outward prosperity.
These rich graces lie in the bottom of trial's bitter
cup. And God esteems these graces of such pre-
cious value that he mingles for us just such cups
of suffering in order to bring out the graces in their
beauty and power. God so esteemed faith in
Abraham that he proved it with a knife, flashing
over the throat of his darling son. He so esteem-
ed patience in Job that he stripped him of all his
wealth, and left him the richest soul on all the
earth. What a cup of compounded trials did he
mingle for the heroic apostle! Yet that apostle
gratefully acknowledges that "the trial of his
faith, being much more precious than of silver and
gold," he "tried in the fire, would be found
unto praise and honor and glory at the appear-
ing of Jesus Christ."

Be not surprised, my friend, when God mixes
for you a bitter cup. He sees that you need it.
Disappointment and bereavement do not put
sugar into their cups; they are meant to be bitter.
So are the best tonic medicines bitter; but they
quicken appetite, and invigorate the system. Many
a cup of wormwood has braced a Christian's graces.
Many a sore loss has proved an everlasting gain.
Bereavements are often fall-brimmed cups of tears,
but they have been a medicine to the soul more
healing than the sweetest "balm" on Gilead. God
never mingles a cup of trial for one of his children
without a merciful purpose. He either means to
cure a soul's sickness, or to save it from eternal
death. The cup which our Father gives us shall
we not drink it?

Let us all be careful how we choose a cup for
ourselves, and insist on having it. Children

choose confectionary always sooner than medicine;
one may bring sickness, the other health. God
sometimes lets us have our own selfish way. He
left rebellious Israel to their own way when they
grew tired of Heaven-sent manna, and lusted for
the quails. He sent them the food they asked for,
and while the "flesh was yet between their teeth"
they were smitten with a terrible plague.

So has many a Christian lusted for what has
proved a plague to his soul. I have known pro-
fessed Christians to choose for themselves a cup of
great worldly prosperity; and it made them drunk!
There was Satan's sorcery in the cup. Their
heads grew dizzy, and they were lifted up with
pride. They grew greedy for more, fond of fash-
ionable follies, self-indulgent, and neglectful of their
religious duties. Prosperity spoiled them. It has
ruined thousands in our churches. Ah! had all
these foreseen what was in that cup of worldly
prosperity, they might well have cried out, "Oh!
Father, I pray thee, let this cup pass from me!"
—Independent.

THE POWER OF FEEBLE MEANS.

I once had occasion to spend a Sabbath at Wel-
leyville, Pa., and accompanied "mine host" to
a school house, where I heard an itinerant try to
instruct the people. He talked nearly an hour
without, I thought, saying anything; and at the
close of his discourse he gave notice that, owing
to the fruitfulness of the theme, he should con-
tinue it in two weeks from that day from the same
text. When I heard the announcement I left,
thankful that I should not be obliged to hear the
other half of the sermon, for the first half was as
feeble an attempt at preaching, with one or two
exceptions, as I had ever heard. On going home
with the landlord, I found that he was pleased
with the speaker, and had been edified by the
speaking. I felt thankful that the sermon had
done somebody good, and deferred expressing
my own opinion till now