

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1867.

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GOODS AT HALF PRICE.

As the prices will be low there will

be no Accounts opened.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

PREACHING TOURS IN INDIA.

BY REV. J. L. PHILLIPS.

(Continued.)

Upon returning to the camp I found that Mahes was low-spirited, and a little discouraged. "This is a hard spot," said he, "as we were walking home, and the poor man felt vastly more than he said. And right here let me say a word about the trials of our native preachers. When we go to a new place, where there are European residents, we are invariably invited into their company, and often cheered by them in our work. But there is rarely such a privilege for our native brethren. They find no one outside of our little circle who will care to extend to them the commonest civilities of life. They are not only hated but maltreated by their countrymen. Rich men look down upon them with contempt, and poor men do the same. The lowest caste Hindoo regards himself as this outcast's superior. All this has its influence upon our native brethren. Would it not also have its effect upon me? I have seen the silent tear stand in Mahes's eye as the thought came over him, that he was friendless among his heathen countrymen. But the Lord made his heart firm again and dried the falling tear. These remarks will show why the conversion of a pagan is hailed with such rapturous delight by our native Christians. There is a keenness of relish which they experience, which we cannot know, and let us thank God that is so. May the Lord greatly increase this joy in their hearts.

I called Mahes upon my little tent and tried to cheer him up. The Lord gave me just the words for him. And as he was passing out I remarked that even this day—our first day—the blessed Jesus—whose ambassadors we are—could send us a "token for good." At eleven a. m. and three p. m. came our regular services in camp. Nothing need be said of these except that, that they are conducted like our Chapel services at home—the sermon, the Sabbath school and the prayer meeting as usual. Several Hindoos and a Mussulman or two attended these meetings, sitting on the straw at the door of the tent and listening attentively. Mahes and I always take turns at conducting these camp services. These, together with a morning and evening preach in the bazaars, and sometimes a market to attend at noon, where an immense audience can be secured, you may be sure makes the Sabbath a working-day with us.

Very near our camp stands a queer-looking brick edifice, with a number of pillars in front, capped by several minarets. On a solid floor of masonry, at intervals of two or three hours, a tall, gaunt, long-bearded man, wearing flowing robes and a large white turban, appears, and goes through what an American might mistake for a deafening solo in a minor key. From the gruff bass he rises by sundry jerks to the shrill soprano, and in certain passages soars up into the most ethereal falsetto. Can you guess what all this means? He is summoning the Mohammedans to prayer. His words are Persian, or a corruption of it. A regular number of times between sunrise and sunset he stands and calls. And at his word the disciples of the Prophet begin their bowings and turnings and genuflections, at which they are called by the name of "Din." In the shops, on the street, anywhere, and everywhere, with face toward Mecca, these Mussulmans pray at the given signal, and then betake themselves again to their life of fraud and profligacy.

At 4 p. m. that Sabbath we made our second visit to the bazaar. As I am walking rather briskly away from the old banyan I notice a man, who makes his *salam* and follows me. We take another course this time, and finding a more quiet locality than the market-place of the morning, succeed in getting a good hearing. And at night fall, upon reaching our tents, an earnest voice is heard in conversation with Mahes. Presently while I am still taking my supper, the native preacher enters and introduces an inquirer. And this man, kind reader, you must now learn. As he says you could feel that thrill of joy which we did upon receiving this "token for good" from the Lord. The man's name is *Bastam Charan*, and he is a trader in spices, of a good caste, i. e., according to Hindoo law, not a low caste. He is a very serious looking man of about forty years of age. Now to his story. He is the man who met me under the banyan and who stood through the two hours of preaching in the bazaar, so intently listening to our words. He heard that "Jesus Christ's men" had come to Bancoorah, and he was anxious to see them. So he had quietly followed us to camp. There he sits on the straw, only a couple of yards away from me, and shall I tell you what he says? A year or so ago two natives, Christians, visited Bancoorah, and from them he obtained a copy of the Gospel of John. They were not very exemplary men, for they frequently indulged in strong drink—but the book they left him was thoroughly read and reread, until he became convinced that Jesus was the Saviour of the world. Since that time he has led a life of prayer, and believes that the Lord Jesus hears him pray, and that his sins have been forgiven. And now he is very desirous that a Christian church should be planted here, so that he can openly confess Christ. And you should have heard him beg for a missionary school at Bancoorah. He says his son was filled with an unutterable desire to help and save them. We had a very interesting and satisfactory talk with this dear man. And his presence in our prayer meeting gave us courage and comfort. During our stay he came twice daily to our camp for instruction, and seemed so grateful for every word. The men who gave him the Gospel were doubtless merely nominal Christians, connected with the Church of England Mission, but how mercifully the Lord blessed His Word to the quickening and saving of this soul!

Another day, as we were going down to our preaching-stand, an old man accosted us. He had been waiting for us and was anxious to speak about Christianity. Many years ago he was employed as a teacher in a mission school, and since then had no faith in Hindoism. Being one of the order of priests he had six hundred disciples, of whom he had taught the doctrines announced by Christ. He tried to serve God in spirit, but was afraid to come out from among his own people and put on Christ publicly. If he did this, however, his disciples would doubtless

follow him. But the main point with him was this: "Do come and plant a Christian church here." He would give no assurance that he would join such a church, but for the good of his friends, and the well-being of the community in general, he wanted it. The old man was a head-constable, and distinguished, I was happy to find, for good behaviour and honesty. How much of truth there might be in his story I shall not attempt to decide, but one thing is evident, i. e., his mind had been deeply impressed with the value of the Christian religion, and he was anxiously desirous that his friends should know and believe it. My dear reader, forget not to pray for these two men, so different, yet both so interesting. And pray, too, for others like them, whom some leader from God's precious Word has awakened to such a sense of sin that they would see Jesus and are now waiting and watching for the world's great Redeemer.

But a paragraph about a few more little things must close what I have to say of Bancoorah. The English residents—a Civilian Judge, a Doctor, a Police Superintendent, and a magistrate or two, were very kind to us. They called at the umbrella tent under the banyan, and I called at their bungalows. They are without a chapel or regular place of worship, but this is a common thing in India. One Sabbath morning a note came recording that "prayers would be read" at the Curcut House at noon, but my camp service prevented me from going to hear them. One thing I wish to put down to the credit of these gentlemen. They all, without exception, expressed a lively interest in our missionary work, recognized its importance, appreciated its blessed results, and wished it large success. And two of the officials having heard of the rudeness and insolence of the young men in the bazaar, very kindly proffered their services to suppress all disturbance and maintain order. But these were gratefully declined for obvious reasons. We can find people enough even in Bancoorah who will hear us respectfully, and then again preaching to an audience kept in subjection by an armed force, would amount to very little at best. The English school here is thriving finely, and has about one hundred pupils. The Head Master, Babu, had been located at Balso, and spoke in eulogistic and grateful terms of Rev. R. Cooley, once our missionary there. More about these schools will be said further on. The Famine Relief Committee had a meeting to which I was invited, and the speaker mentioned an amusing incident which you may wish to hear. It appears that quite a number of orphans, as it was supposed, were under the care of the Committee, and one day it was proposed that, now that the distress was over, these children be made over to the Church Mission School, at Burdwan. At the very next meeting of the Committee the parents of about one-half of these children appeared and implored the gentlemen to give them back their little ones, rather than send them where they would lose caste. The rise was a grand success, and many hitherto "dead" parents were brought to light. Eight days had well nigh passed. It was Sabbath p. m. of the last. We had, with two or three exceptions, gained a good hearing every morning and evening. I proposed to Mahes that our last preach should be where our first had been. He cheerfully consented, and so we walked to the market-place. There had been a change in the disposition of these people. Many of them had listened to the Gospel at other points in the bazaar, and they felt that we were their real friends. A very large company, full double that of a week ago, came together and stood, quietly and eagerly catching every word. Mahes did admirably in both the tenor and temper of the discourse. Until past sundown we preached to this immense congregation. The rogues were there who raised the row last week, but they dared not try it again. Some men asked serious questions and all looked thoughtful, and we could not but feel that the Lord, by his own presence and power, was holding in check the turbulent passions of these men, and that His Holy Spirit was convicting them of their sin and inviting them to the Saviour. A few parting words—a number of books given to those inclined to read and think, and we turned away towards our camp, amid many pleasant salams, some of which, I doubt not, were sincere and heartfelt. And that night we closed, as we began, our work at Bancoorah by invoking our Heavenly Father's benediction upon it all.

On Monday morning as the jail gong struck two, our carts moved out from under the old banyan into the Midnapore road, and the bullocks, headed homeward, stopped off at a brick rack. But what is this? A large black bull, fat and sleek, and ugly too, as possible, comes bellowing at us. He is a god, worshipped and fed by hundreds along this street, and I fancy he now comes to revenge on us for defamation, for we have repeatedly alluded to his *taurine* majesty with a hump on his shoulders, in our discourses. We drive him, however, with stones and clubs, and now he has fallen behind, and we are treading the silent street amid the stentorian snoring of the sleepers on either side.

Let me tell you a story about this very bull. One evening while returning to camp, I perceived that the old beggar was standing square on the mat of a money-changer that lay on the street, covered with piles of coppers and shells, which answer for money here. The question was now how to get the brute—pardon my irreverence—how to get this mat. To drive him, I stood him, to even scold him, would be sin. I stroked him, and watched what would be done. A man drops near the bull and begins a course of reasoning. He first lays down the broad proposition that Taurus is a god and proceeds to expatiate upon his greatness and glory. Then he reminds him of the trouble he is making the poor money-exchanger. And finally he resorts to pleading with the animal. He tells him how much rice he has received from the injured party and begs him to move on. He promises him ghee and sweetmeats, and entreats him to step off. An amusing scene surely. Bull holds his own, manifestly unimpressed by the "nine points." I was about proposing a plan for the relieving of the poor man of his royal guest, when a sprightly young fellow got the start of me by holding out a bunch of radish-tops which he had just brought from market. The old beast yielded to the temptation, and advanced a yard or two, by which time the grinning boy with his greens had made several rods towards home.

By making longer trips we could reach home in three days. The bullocks travel much faster and more willingly on the way back. Nothing of

special interest happened on our return trip, save the second day's journey, which was dreadfully fatiguing. Reaching the camping ground of the first day out, the carts were behind. A good bag of pigeons, etc., lies there on the grass, close by Don, who is grazing with a long tether, but cooking utensils are a long way off. Stretched out on my saddle-cloth under a mango tree, I bask in the moonlight, as Pat used to say. Hour on hour passed, and how I yearned for a lunch. I had almost fallen asleep when the driver's whistle startled me, and soon came in the carts. It was well nigh midnight when dinner came, and after "giving the stomach something to do," I flung my weary limbs on the camp-bed and sunk into sound sleep. What a comfort, wasn't it? Two hours before sunrise I was in the saddle, having sixteen miles before me. Leaving the men to come at their leisure, I galloped on in the starlight. Don had made ten miles, the sun was just lifting his fiery head above the horizon, when Min met me with Dr. Bachelor's "tomtom." Shall I introduce the parties? Min—God's best gift to a missionary—is my dear wife. Cuddled down at her feet on a low stool, sits Allie, our first little famine-orphan, whom I brought home from the Infirmary. She seems as glad to see her "Papa" as if she was white. The "tomtom" is something like a dog-cart, has two wheels, carries two persons, and is drawn by Peter, a jet black pony, who trots along with us at a very thoughtful rate. Don keeps up behind, and so we come "home again" from Bancoorah, and, rested by six miles on an easy seat, I am ready to go to work.

CONTAL.

Contal is situated thirty miles to the south of Midnapore, and only five miles from the Bay of Bengal. In the days of the East India Salt Agency it was more populous than now—but it is still a prominent town, and one that has many attractions for the missionary.

On Monday morning, Nov. 26, at 3 o'clock, we start out from home. The party has received three additions—Mrs. Phillips, Madhu Das, a student preacher, and Ram Sing, a good Santal boy, are with us this time. You will know these persons by the shorter names Min, Madhu and Ram, for my quill rebels against long words. And then as speaking of my helpmeet as Mrs. P., etc.—why, that is all out of the question, for even her school-name had to be bisected and the final *is* left off for brevity. So now you have us "all told," and we'll proceed. We have to cross the beautiful Gassi just out of Midnapore. It is hard riding the ferryman so early. On a sort of a flatboat, the pole poles across. Our party—carts and all—just fill the deck. Now for a pull. Bullocks make bad work in sand—they are so weak and the wheels sink in sand. There is quite a long strip of sand on the south side, and it begins to show signs of daybreak by the time we have gained the hard high-road. Here the animals begin to scratch on at quite a cheering rate. This is the old pilgrim-road that leads down to Puri, and destruction too. This is not pilgrim season, so the travellers are few. Nothing remarkable occurs—a variety of game drops into our bag, and at noon we reach the halting place for the day, where we find the Bachelors in their glory at a D. P. W. (which stands for Department of Public Works), Bangalore very kindly "waiting dinner" for us. They are enroute for Santipore to attend the Quarterly meeting, and we shall accompany them. These Bungalows are a great convenience. You can put in for shelter or rest at the moderate price of a rupee per diem. They are found at short intervals along the principal routes of travel in British India. We are sometimes obliged to occupy them, when camping is impracticable.

Two days more bring us to Santipore, where, of course, we are welcomed to the hospitality of the missionary's home. The meeting occupies several days and is one of extraordinary interest, but it will hardly come within the province of the present paper to speak of it in detail. It was held, let me say, in the neat little Zayat, just built at an expense of 300 rupees, and an ornament to the Christian village. When the session closed we all had two good hunts for tigers, in the neighboring jungles. These brutes had been carrying off people and cattle at rather an alarming rate. But the beating of jungle and the hunting of the coolies started nothing, not even a hare. But the beasts are there, not tigers only, but leopards, hyenas and bears too, and some day we shall have a regular bull hunt, of which they will be apprised in due time.

On Wednesday morning, Dec. 6, our party is on the move again for Contal. We shall have to retrace our steps for some eighteen miles to the point where the road strikes off from the old pilgrim road. There is no road from Santipore to Danton, the nearest point on the high road, and we have to make our way as best we can for seven miles through bushes, across rice fields and over a river. Our little umbrella tent is pitched at Danton, and we shall dine there and proceed in the cool of the evening. But what can this mean? On the lot where our tent stood alone, we see three large magnificent tents and a number of small ones. Surely somebody has come. We hasten under our umbrella and Kall sets to making a soup. It is presently announced that the Collector Sahib and his lady are in camp. All right, they are our friends and more than once have cheered us in our work. Very soon in comes an invitation to take tiffin with the Herschels. You must know that our friend is the son and grandson of the great English astronomer. He is Magistrate and Collector of Midnapore. While our traps are packed on to the carts, and the bullocks allowed to get a good start, we spend a very pleasant hour in the large tent. In such excellent company we are apt to forget ourselves, and so we did—for it was nearly sundown when we bade our friends good bye and took up our line of march. May be you don't know that we have but one pony. Don is alone in his glory. But mind you, don't call this trip of ours a "one-god affair," for all that. And this beautiful animal is the sole property of my wife. She rides him at pleasure, and walks the dusty road with me when she prefers that. Usually in the cool mornings and evenings she likes to plod with me and help carry the game. This evening our walk, for she rode hardly any, was eleven miles, and at nine o'clock two somewhat footsore travellers stepped into a pilgrims' tavern by the roadside, ready to rest, eat and sleep without the slightest conscientious scruples. Had it been the pilgrim season we could have got no quarters here, but as it is we are furnished with a narrow room, with mud walls and floor, and thatch roof.

Along one side there are fireplaces at intervals of a yard, designed for the pilgrims to cook their curry and rice. This place is twenty-five miles from home and thirty-five from Contal, and here the new road strikes off at a right angle from the old pilgrim highway.

(To be Continued.)

PRAYING MOTHERS.

Samuel, who became a prophet and a judge in Israel, was early brought to the sanctuary, and dedicated to the special service of God, by a *praying mother*.

Timothy, who was an eminent minister of the New Testament, and exceedingly dear to Paul, and who from a child had known the Holy Scriptures, was blessed with both a *praying mother* and *praying grandmother*.

John the Baptist, who was filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his very birth, a greater than whom had never been born of woman, was the son of a *praying mother*.

The pious and excellent Doddridge had, long before he could read, enduring impressions made upon his heart, by means of Scripture prints on the tiles in the chimney, which were pointed out and explained to him by a *praying mother*.

The Rev. John Newton, who, besides all the other good he accomplished, was instrumental in the conversion of those eminent and useful men, the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, and the Rev. Thomas Scott, was himself brought to Christ by means of truth, which had been taught him in early life by a *praying mother*.

I recently read of a whole family of children who were all in a remarkable manner brought under the influence of the Gospel and of the Holy Spirit. But these children had received the carresses, and been brought up under the care and instruction of a *praying mother*.

A few years ago, the students of a Theological Seminary felt interested in the inquiry, what proportion of their numbers have been favoured with godly parents. And it was ascertained, that out of one hundred and twenty students, who were preparing for the sacred ministry, more than a hundred were the offspring of *praying mothers*.

And, to mention but one instance more, St. Augustine, that sublime genius, that illustrious father and great luminary of the Church, whose fame filled the whole Christian world in the latter part of the fourth and the beginning of the fifth century, was, till his 28th year, only "a bitterness to her that bore him." From his own subsequent confession, he was deaf to the voice of conscience, broke away from his moral restraints, and spent his youth amidst scenes of baseness and corruption. But, in all his wanderings, that depraved young man was followed by a weeping, praying mother. Her tears on his account watered the earth, and her prayers went up as incense before God. "It is not possible," said a certain bishop, in reply to her importunity that he would endeavour to reclaim her son—"good woman, it is not possible that a child of such tears should be lost." And at length the son himself carried to his praying mother the news of his conversion, and she received "the oil of joy for mourning," and "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Not long after, as they were journeying together, she said, "My son, what have I to do here any longer? The only objection for which I wished to live was your conversion, and this the Lord has now granted me in an abundant manner. Five days after she was seized with a fever, and on the ninth her tears were for ever wiped away. And wherever the name and writings of Augustine, the gifted Bishop of Hippo, have been known, there also has been "told for a memorial of her," the story of the *praying mother*.

WOULDN'T WORK FOR THE QUEEN ON SUNDAY.

A writer in the *Cottage and Artisan* (England) thus relates the firmness of a number of workmen who all afterwards became wealthy and successful, in withstanding the most urgent demands to work on Sunday:

I was fortunate to obtain admission to the firm of Messrs.—upholsterers and cabinet makers to her majesty, and helped to make the queen's furniture when she was married. When the heir to the throne of England was a year old, he was to go with the queen to open Parliament. A beautiful chair was made in the shop; but though we all worked hard, it was far from finished when Saturday night came. Parliament was to be opened at one o'clock on Monday. What was to be done? Finished it had to be. At ten times we held a consultation, and all the Scotchmen and Irish agreed not to lift a tool next day. We have been taught by our parents to honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy, and we cannot break it.

"The English workmen said, 'If you do not work the chair will not be finished; it is a work of necessity.'"

"We will not quarrel with you," said a tall, noble-looking man from the Highlands, "but our consciences will not allow us to break God's law."

"Well, my lads," said the foreman, when pay-time came, "I suppose you know you must all go to work to-morrow. I am very sorry for it, but necessity knows no law; if you do not the prince's chair cannot be finished in time."

"The English workmen said, as it was a case of necessity, they were willing to do so. The same man who spoke before now stepped forward and said, 'Sir, we are very sorry, but it is quite impossible for us to work to-morrow. Some of us have wives and children depending upon us for bread, but we have been taught to reverence the Sabbath; we cannot break it now. We do not say that we are better than others—only we think it right. If you will allow us, we will strip our coats and commence now, and continue until twelve to-night, and to-morrow night at twelve we will resume work.' This was said firmly but respectfully, and for a few minutes there was silence. 'I cannot accept your terms,' said our superior, 'so I discharge you; and you will get no more work here.'"

"Very well; we are willing to go." So we turned and went out; but we had scarcely reached the street when we were recalled and allowed to go on with the work on our own terms.

The throne was finished just in time, and when our young queen sat with her son beside her, surrounded by her peers, she little thought that she who rules an empire on which the sun never sets, had those in her dominion who had refused to work for her on Sunday.

ALL NIGHT IN PRAYER.

We know not what we owe to those tireless nights of prayer. The world's Redeemer there made intercession for all coming generations. What vast trains of the children of men must have swept in review before the Saviour's eye! And as the shepherd knows and recognises every lamb in all the flock, so our Shepherd, in those nights of watchfulness and prayer knew and looked upon us, for whom he came to suffer and atone. For his chosen he sent up the voice of intense, earnest prayer, asking mercy for the unborn world that he saw with Divine vision.

Think of it, careless one! As you lay your head upon a prayerless pillow, remember that your Saviour agonized all night in prayer. As you walk forth into the busy scenes of life having sought no protection from an unseen arm, pause, and let memory go back to Him whose everlasting love once remembered you.

Think of it, sleepless one, tossing wearily on your restless pillow! Christ prayed when the world slept! If conscience, or care, or grief stand near you, with their phantom forms robbing you of repose, pray! If pale sickness trail her poisoning robes near you, withering with hot breath the roses on your cheek, pray as Jesus often prayed when head and heart were sick.

Christian, let the thought fall on you, as the word "Peace" fell on angry, storm-tossed Gennesaret. Christian soldier, fighting against numerous foes for the promised crown let it stimulate your zeal, and inspire you with strength, till you listen to the glad beat of the reveille, in the sunny morning when you first tread your everlasting home, Christian teacher, mother, guide, remember the Master in his toils, and dis, encouragements, and prayers, on the green mountain slopes of Judea, in the crowded streets of Jerusalem, in the rocking fishers' boats on breezy Galilee. Dying Christian, let it be your comfort, as you go through the dark valley, that Christ once bore you all night long upon his heart.—*Norfolk Journal.*

"If MY FATHER WILL HOLD THE ROPE."—A botanist was once travelling through the Highlands of Scotland, when, approaching a deep gorge, he saw what seemed to him a new variety of flowers growing at the bottom of it, but beyond his reach. How could he get them? The longer he looked the more intense his desire for them became.

Presently a Highland lad came along the mountain path, and the botanist offered him a half-crown if he would clamber down and gather a bunch of the coveted plants.

The peasant boy wanted the money, but when he looked down the almost perpendicular chasm his heart failed him.

"I will let you down with a rope," said the botanist, "and then draw you up again."

Again the boy looked into the gorge, and then up into the botanist's face, saying, "I will go, sir, if my father will hold the rope."

So with us in the trials and hardships and exposures of life. We cannot venture alone. We feel that our own strength is insufficient, our own skill is inadequate to the task of successfully descending into danger and scaling the precipitous cliffs of difficulty to success and fortune. We stand on the brink of trial and awfulness trembling as we look down into the misfired chasm below. But let us once feel that our Father has hold of the rope, and all fear and doubt are at an end. Let us feel that a hand of infinite strength and love, the hand of God, holds the cord of our destiny, and will keep us from falling and draw us out of every difficulty will we but hold fast to the principles He has dropped like cables out of heaven for our recovery and uplifting, and there is nothing we cannot venture, nothing we cannot do. Give us that filial faith, and there is no depth we cannot fathom, no height we cannot scale, no obstacle we cannot remove or overcome. We do not want more objects of faith, but a ten-fold firmer faith in the old, everlasting truths which God hangs down from his own eternity to draw us thither.—*Liberal Christian.*

THRILLING INCIDENT.—At a Temperance meeting in Philadelphia, some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favour of wine as a drink; demonstrating its use quite to his own satisfaction, to be scriptural, gentlemanly, and healthful. When he sat down, a plain, elderly man rose, and asked leave to say a few words. "A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been intemperate, was at length prevailed on, to the great joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, struggling with his habit fearfully; till one evening in a social party, glasses of wine were handed round. They came to a clergyman present who took a glass saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well,' thought the young man, 'if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it so well, why not I?' So he also took a glass. It instantly re-kindled his fiery and slumbering appetite, and after a rapid downward course, he died of delirium tremens—died a raving madman." The old man paused for utterance and was just able to add, "That young man was my son, and the clergyman was the Rev. Doctor who has just addressed the assembly!"

"MY MASTER'S BUSINESS."—An aged American minister states, that in the early part of his ministry, being in London, he called on the late Rev. Matthew Wilks. Mr. Wilks received him with courtesy, and entered into conversation, which was kept up briskly till the most important religious intelligence in possession of each had been imparted. Suddenly there was a pause—it was broken by Mr. Wilks asking, "Have you anything more to communicate?" "No, nothing of special interest." "Any further inquiries to make?" "None." Then you must leave me; I have my Master's business to attend to—good morning." "Here," says the minister, "I received a lesson on the impropriety of intrusion, and on the most manly method of preventing it."

While ten men watch for chances, one man makes chances, and while ten wait for something to turn up, one turns something up; so, while ten men fail one succeeds, and is called a man of luck or favorite of fortune. There is no luck like pluck, and fortune most favors those who are most indifferent in fortune.

When Prof. Stuart was lying at the point of death, a friend said to him, "How do you feel in view of dying?" "Feel, feel!" he replied; "I long since learned to put no confidence in feeling: I just rest on Christ."