## Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

The only joy thou seekest,

And all thine endless leisure

The ill that was thy merit,-

In sweeteet accents sings,

The Life where Death is not:

The wealth that is thy King's!

(To be Continued.)

MONICA.

AN ARTICLE FOR MOTHERS.

had vainly sought in the cold wide world,

were stirred by these sainted names!

mother, and the son of her love?

trast to the white folds which, in Eastern fashion,

Monica sinned -- wilfully sinned -- against the

search in vain for a more melancholy or affecting

which succeeded her tearful sowing time.

his conversion.

longings realized.

in the promise, that 'the blood of Jesus Christ

sheaves to the heavenly garner, does this devoted

woman fold her hands, and dream that her work

here is done? Nay, she but bends her bow afresh

which had 'gods many and lords many.'

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT COD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE CLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Editor and Proprietor.

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Wa rate as GABEL.

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To the second second second second

NERS, &c.

N. B.

narge. 417H, lwright.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1867.

Whole No. 679.

No. 2 South Side Market Square, WILL sell at very reasonable prices—Fashionable TOP COATS; Shooting COATS; Dress COATS; Reefing JACKETS; PANTS, VESTS, &c.
Also on hand—Hats, Caps, Gloves, Mitts, Shirts, Drawers, Comforters, Ties, Collars, BLANKETS, Rugs, Mat-

trasses. &c.
Pilot Cloths, Beavers, Witneys, Fine Cloths, Tweeds and Doeskins, made up to order, and warranted to suit in price, style and quality. nov 2.—i3m

BOARDING HOUSE. THE Subscriber offers accommodation, on the most reaa sonable terms, to both Permanent and Transient Boarders, in the commodious premises formerly occupled by Rev. J. Perry, situated in the alley of Charlotte street, and near the Country Market. Entrance immediately op-posite Campbell's Hotel. No pains is spared to keep a quiet and comfortable House, and at as low rates as can be JOHN VANWART. M ENS' COARSE BOOTS.—A Superior Article of my own Manufacture. A. LOTTIMER, Queen st. sept. 21. Fredericton, N. B.

NEW GOODS, FOR FALL AND WINTER TRADE, AT LOTTIMER'S. DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY, BOOTS AND SHOES, RUBBERS, ROOM PAPER, PAPER BORDERINGS, &c - The subscriber has much pleasure in informing his numerous Patrons and Friends that he has received a large number of Cases and Bales of New Goods in his line, suitable for the present and coming season, which he has marked at a small advance from cost; his motto being "A Nimble Sixpence is better than a Slow

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT .- Dress Goods, in plain and checked Wincevs; Tweeds, Lustres, Alpaccas and Coburgs; Prints, from 12 cents a yard; Wool Shawls, new styles, Mantles and Sacques; Mantle Cloths, in Whitney, Ripple Beaver and Astracan; Scotch Tweeds and Pilot Cloths; Wool Scarfs, Hoods and Sontags; Red, White and Blue Flannels; Fancy Flannels; Grey and White Cottons; Osnaburgs, Towellings, Tickings, Shirtings, &c. Scotch Fingering and American Yarns; Ladies and Gents Flowers and Feathers; Hat and Bonnet Shapes; A Lot of Ready Made Hats and Bounets, very cheap; Ladies Black Caps; Fancy Dress Buttons; Table Oilcloths; Skeleton

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARMENT .- Ladies' and Misses' Boots, in Serge, Cloth, Felt, Calf, Kid and Grain; Gents' Boots, in Serge, Enamel, French Patent Calf, Kip, Grain and Upper Leather ; Ladies' and Gents' Felt, Rubber Fox ed Over Boots; Ladies' and Gents' Rubbers; Ladies and Misses' Rubber Boots; Boys' and Youths' Wellington (long) Boots and Bogans; Men's Larigans; a lot of Men's Coarse Boots, for \$1.50; a lot of Children's Boots, for 15 cents; a lot of Children's Long Boots, for \$1; Children's Boots in variety.

N. B. Homespun, Socks and Mitts taken in exchange A. LOTTIMER, Queen street, for Goods. Fredericton, N.B. nov. 22. VALUABLE FARM AND BUSINESS STAND

FOR SALE ! THE Subscriber offers for Sale the Property known as "WHITE'S CORNER," situated in the Village of Elmsville, Parish of Springfield, K. C., comprising a Farm containing about 70 acres of excellent LAND, under good cultivation; has a small, thriving Orchard and a well culti vated Garden; two DWELLING HOUSES, one suitable for two families, the other is large, two stories high, finished in modern style, and is entirely frost proof, and contain a STORE, where a large mercantile business has and sti can be transacted profitably with a small capital. Located as the above named Property is, in the most desirable and beautiful part of the Province, for pleasure, comfort and convenience, as well as business, makes it a very desirable

The above would be exchanged for a Farm or City Pro-For further particulars enquire of White & Bros., St. John; J. E. White & Co., Sussex Vale, or the subscriber W. H. WHITE.

NOVEMBER 21, 1866.

NEW GOODS.

RECEIVED AND NOW OPENED,

42 Cases and Bales NEW GOODS,

For Fall and Winter Trade,

WOOL SHAWLS, NEWEST STYLES.

Real Aberdeen Wincies, OF ALL GRADES AND COLORS.

Coburgs, Lustres,

Fancy Bress Materials. Flannels, Ginghams, and STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

RIPPLE BEAVERS, (for Mantles.) FURS.

Black Monkey Muffs, Ribbons, Gloves, Belt Buckles and Clasps.

PRINTS, Grey and White Cottons,

Which are 20 per cent. less than Spring Prices. A LARGE LOT OF

WOOL HOODS.

Clouds, Crossovers, and Comforters. SCOTCH FINGERING, AMERICAN YARNS, AND BERLIN WOOLS-in all Colors.

All Goods marked at Cash Prices. OUR MOTTO:

> " Quick Sales and Small Profits 1" JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, November 21st, 1868.

## The Intelligencer.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN. (Continued.)

BRIEF life is here our portion; Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care; The life that knows no ending, The tearless life is there, O happy retribution! Short toil, eternal rest; For mortals and for sinners A mansion with the blest! That we should look, poor wand'rers, To have our home on high! That worms should seek for dwellings Beyond the starry sky! To all one happy guerdon

Of one celestial grace; For all, for all, who mourn their fall, Is one eternal place: And martyrdom hath roses Upon that heavenly ground; And white and virgin lilies For virgin-souls abound.

There grief is turned to pleasure: Such pleasure, as below No human voice can utter, No human heart can know: And after fleshly scandal, And after this world's night, And after storm and whirlwind, Is calm, and joy, and light.

And now we fight the battle, But then shall wear the crown Of full and everlasting And passionless renown: And now we watch and struggle, And now we live in hope,

And Syon, in her anguish, With Babylon must cope: But He whom now we trust in Shall then be seen and known, And they that know and see Him Shall have him for their own. The miserable pleasures

Of the body shall decay: The bland and flattering struggles Of the flesh shall pass away: And none shall there be jealous ; And none shall there contend Fraud, clamour, guile-what say I? All ill, all ill shall end!

And there is David's Fountain, And life in fullest glow, And there the light is golden, And milk and honey flow : The light that hath no evening, The health that hath no sore, The life that hath no ending,

But lasteth evermore.

There JESUS shall embrace us, There JESTS be embraced, -That Spirit's food and sunshine Whence earthly love is chas'd. Amidst the happy chorus, A place, however low,

Shall show Him us, and showing, Shall satiate evermo. By hope we struggle onward, While here we must be fed By milk, as tender infants, But there by Living Bread. The night was full of terror, The morn is bright with gladness: The Cross becomes our harbour,

And we triumph after sadness: And Jesus to His true ones Brings trophies fair to see: And Jesus shall be loved, and Beheld in Galilee: Beheld, when morn shall waken, And shadows shall decay,

And each true-hearted servant Shall shine as doth the day : And every ear shall hear it; Behold thy King's array : Behold thy God in beauty, The Law hath past away!

Yes! God my King and portion, In fulness of His grace, We then shall see for ever, And worship face to face. Then Jacob into Israel, From earthlier self estranged, And Leah into Rachel For ever shall be changed: Then all the halls of Syon For aye shall be complete And, in the Land of Beauty,

All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear dear country ! Mine eyes their vigils keep; For very love, beholding Thy happy name, they weep: The mention of thy glory

Is unction to the breast, And medicine in sickness, And love, and life, and rest. O one, O onely mansion! O Paradise of joy !

Where tears are ever banished, And smiles have no alloy; Beside thy living waters All plants are, great and small, The cedar of the forest, The hyssop of the wall: With jaspers glow thy bulwarks; Thy streets with emeralds blaze;

The sardius and the topaz Unite in thee their rays: Thine ageless walls are bonded With amethyst unpriced: Thy saints build up its fabric, And the corner-stone is Unkist. The Cross is all thy splendour,

The Crucified thy praise: His laud and benediction Thy ransomed people raise: JESUS, Le Gem of Beauty, True Goo and Man, they sing : The never-failing Garden, The ever-golden Ring: The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,

The Guardian of His Court: The Day-star of Salvation, The Porter and the Port. Thou hast no shore, fair ocean ! Thou hast no time, bright day ! Dear fountain of refreshment To pilgrims far away ! Upon the Rock of Ages

They raise thy holy tower: Thine is the victor's laurel, And thine the golden dower: Thou feel'st in mystic rapture, O Bride that know'st no guide, The Prince's sweetest kisses, The Prince's loveliest smile Unfading lilies, bracelets

Of living pearl thine own The Lamb is ever near thee, The Bridegroom thine alone : The Crown is He to guerdon, The Buckler to protect, And He Himself the Mansion, And He the Architect. The only art thou needest,

Thanksgiving for thy lot

soul which was formed for its Creator Himself?

"That which hath life alone can fill the hving; That which hath love alone can fill the living."

At Tagaste, at Madaura, and at Carthage, where he attended the public seminaries of learn-Passing one day along the magnificent picture galleries of the great International Exhibition, ing, Augustine's sins grew in number and aggraour attention was arrested by a small but very vation, and his poor mother's heart grew sadder striking picture. It consisted of two figures and sorer. In the midst, however, of the clouds seated side by side, evidently, from their strong of this dark period of her history, there were here resemblance to each other, mother and son. and there streaks of sunlight streaming across the There was something wondrous about the ex- gloom. Her sweet, hopeful spirit hailed them as pression of each, and we felt assured that a tale tokens for good. An occasional relenting on of no ordinary interest was the history of their Augustine's part, a word of encouragement spoken to herself, put the spur into the side of this gentle Peace, heaven's own peace, sat on each coun- woman's prayerful effort, and she thanked God tenance,; yet were there traces of past storms, and took courage.

past agonies, on the pale classic features and The darkest, coldest moment in our night is colourless cheeks of that mother and son. Hand just before the dawn. So, at the very moment locked in hand, and a mutual look of repose and when Augustine seemed to have drained the last love, suggested the thought that the son-a pro- dregs of sin, and to be beyond the hope of every digal, perhaps-had found in the forgiving heart beart save that of his praying mother, the crisis of that sweet angel-like mother, the test which he came, the scales fell from his eyes. The very excess of his wickedness made him wretched, nav, We turned to our catalogue for information odious to himself. His ambitious desires were regarding this interesting pair. 'Monica and unrealized; his mind, hastening from one system Augustine,' was the brief answer to our eager of error to another, had become like a dark. inquiry. It was enough. Oh, what a flood of dreary cavern, wherein winds and tempests howlght was let in upon the scene ! What memories ed, when, lo! the prayers of many years were answered, and this poor burdened sinner was Reader, will you, in imagination, sit down by led to the 'wondrous cross on which the Prince us opposite the picture-gem, and we shall tell of glory died.' As he looked, the burden fell you some passages in the life of the Christian from his back; as he stood shivering and naked, a gentle hand plucked away the rags and clothed Monica-around whose form that light drapery him with a royal robe; as he listened, he heard falls, and whose colourless cheeks offer no con- a voice say, 'Live;' and to use his own language, a light of serenity was, as it were, infused into adorr. her head-did not always wear that my heart, and all the darkness of doubt vanished chastened look. Once she was a bright and away.' He had found a home for his restless,

ardour, and full of holy and happy desires. Yes, Ages. Monica, born in a pagan land, and surrounded He had chased the mirage and detected its but he who caught them did not eat them all; Would they believe? Why did not Altamont, with pagan worship, became an early Christian, deception. He had hitherto been feeding on and experienced the joy of having her best days the world's husks, when there was bread enough consecrated to Him whose service is perfect and to spare in his Father's house. But now, drawn by the cords of everlasting love, he has re-Yet, notwithstanding her blessed choice, and turned to that Father's home, and the voice of the earnest love of her heart to her Saviour-God, rejoicing is heard.

light of God's word, in a very momentous step thanksgiving remember and confess unto Thee doctrine of a future retribution? of her life's history. She heeded not the divine Thy mercies to me. Let my bones be bedewed While Voltaire lived, he often gave vent to the command, 'Be ye not unequally yoked,' nor the with Thy love, and let them say unto Thee, Who | most bitter-hatred of Christ and religion, in languawful inference deduced, 'What fellowship hath is like unto Thee, O Lord ! Thou hast broken age superlatively vindictive. This hatred was so light with darkness?' and, at the age of twenty, my bonds in sunder. I will offer unto Thee the intense that no one could feel it and be anything she gave her hand to one who clung to a system | sacrifice of thanksgiving.'

where the hearts and habits are opposed. We loving woman, Monica.

In Him she was made strong to endure and patient with your prayers. You shall reach them thus, what then? to hope. Her life's aim, at this period of her his- and you may, like her, win them back not only Altamont, when on his death-bed, gave utter-

both. Aware that 'the shortest way to win a earthly love - a mother's. of such a lot does not recall the daily, hourly her dissolute son, though steeped in vice and of crime for a hundred thousand years? struggle involved ! For it does not embrace any hardened in sinful habits, felt the charm of her | Cain exclaimed, "my punishment is greater

laxed path of meek patience and self-sacrifice. God. The prize held up is a priceless one-a soul And who shall tell where the influence of his sentence would be mitigated! Suppose that saved! The goal is glory. But the struggle is Monica shall end? How many shall rise up to Cain's guilt and anguish have kept even pace till sore, and the way is often long and painful. Let bless the mother of St. Augu tine! Hers will be now, and both made as rapid progress as they did such as know this from their own sad experience no starless crown, but one sparkling with jewels before he became a murderer, what is his condition take courage by the bright and noble example of from every nation and shore.

Monica, and pray on, and labour on, knowing In her forgetfulness of self, she was uncon- in the distant annals of efernity? that you too shall reap in due season if ye faint sciously using the surest means to render her Burton, the cel-brated comedian, was warned memory unforgetten, undying. She was a single- by his physician that he must quit the stage or Not to dwell further on this part of Monica's eyed woman. God's glory and the salvation of die. He replied that he should soon die if he history, we anticipate the glorious reaping time souls were the aims of her life. She did not should quit the stage. If left to himself he should seek to achieve fame in the world, or to make her be compelled to think, and that he could not en-Patricius, reckless, passionate, ungodiy, was name known in other circles. She took up the dure, he must have the excitement of the stage to ultimately touched by the power of her Christian talent bestowed upon her, -a heart glowing with drive away reflection. Now place him where life; and after he had been Monica's pagan hus- love to God and man, -and she traded with it in Dives was, and say to him as Abraham said to band for sixteen years, he took his place by her ber own home circle-woman's first sphere. Dives-"son, remember"-and there doom him side at the foot of the Cross, a rejoicing believer Great was her reward, golden was the harvest she to think forever, and yet not be able to die! What was destined to reap. 'Them that honour Me,' eternal comfort could atone for his incessant and bequeath to the children of her love. Who can cleanseth from all sin.' He lived but a short time God says, 'I will honour.'

And now, having gathered in some golden form.

READING BAD BOOKS.

at another pagan relative-her husband's mother | much, both bad and good.

mestic hopes twined, and seemed to bud afresh | get, and devour the new ones."

At an early age, Augustine had indescribable in which the Sabbath is to be spent?

t helomen egent bretter, kennepet in sons iln and greter ald mid geg bes e

he threw himself on the dark broad stream which, worked mother at home; married women, who torments for his punishment, or else to concede with every heaving wave, rolled him nearer to the neglected daily duties and slighted daily cares for that he was in the full enjoyment of the bliss of abyss of death. He drank deeply and long of the this hurtful indulgence; some men, who ought to heaven? turbid waters, but the thirst was still unquenched, have something better to do; and older people, Charles IX. of France, on St. Bartholomew's the immortal part was void. How could it be whose time, and whose example, and wisdom, day, 1572, slaughtered, in Paris alone, men, wootherwise? How can any created thing fill a were wanted for the work of life.

and your own thoughts are stained.

Should we never read these things! Nay, I and offered praise to God. do not decide. But if we make these people our As death approached, this great and honored come out pure from the contact.

end, pleasanter, for the mind would grow.

whether it is not better and safer to choose our lake of fire and brimstone, compared with this? buoyant maiden, with a young heart full of anguished heart in the clefts of the Rock of books as we choose our companions. The net

"LAKE OF FIRE."

Suppose we succeed in disproving the theory of a literal lake of fire, into which the wicked shall 'Oh, my God,' he exclaimed, 'let me with be east in a future state, will that disprove the

but an established infidel or a most miserable And now, dear reader, see that mother and wretch. For if a man should so hate Christ and A train of misery followed. We have stood son, with hand pressed in hand, with calm joy still be compelled to believe that he was to be on the spot where the transparent Rhone and on each brow, and holy peace—heaven's own saved eternally by him or be lost, language must the muddy Arac converge, but refuse to coalesce; peace-reigning in each heart. Say on what fail to describe his misery. As it was, Voltaire and the spectacle suggests the close connection sight more noble can the human eye gaze? what had a glimpse of the truth on his death-bed, which which may exist between two human beings, and | purer, truer happiness can be witnessed on earth? | rendered his last sickness a scene of horror. Supthe vet intense dissimilarity and estrangement | And the humble instrument of it all, that lowly, | pose that hatred should increase a hundred thousand years at the same rate as it accumulated Weeping mothers, dry your tears, and take | during his life of 84 years, and suppose his hatred proof of this disjunctive conjunction than in the comfort from this scene. Despairing mothers, ye of God and of the principles of revealed religion case of Monica and Patricius, her pagan husband. | who follow the sad track of your wayward sons, | to continue to yield such fruits as were shown at Her domestic sorrows drove her closer to her God. with bleeding hearts, follow them, like Monica, the close of his life-intensified proportionally-

tory, was to win her husband to her God; and to your own home and heart, but to the fold of ance to such expressions of anguish as filled the neither prayer nor paics were spared to achieve the Good Shepherd, who yearns over the straying minds of all who heard him with horror. Amidst this great end. Note, dear reader, the union of lamb with a love stronger than that sweetest of his intermingled prayers and blasphemies he proclaimed that there was a God whom he had denisoul is round by heaven,' she forgot not the means And remember to live the religion you teach. ed and a hell which he had ridicaled, and that he laid down in God's word, whereby a godly wife This was a great secret of Monica's success. She already endured the anger of the one and the may gain a godless husband. The heavenly was an epistle of Jesus Christ which needed no burning of the other. At one time he exclaimed, counsel was hid deep down in her heart, and translation; her pagau husband could read it "O thou blasphemed yet indulgent Lord God! welled up into her daily life: Likewise, ye wives, when no entreaties could persuade him to read hell itself were a refuge if it would but hide me be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if the inspired word itself; her pagan mother-in- from thy frown." Altamont died in early manany obey not the word, they also may without the law could read it with its chapters of unwearied | hood. A few short years had sufficed to fill up word be won by the conversation of the wives' love and self-denial, with its line upon line, and his cup of wrath so unutterably full. What would (1 Peter iii. 1). And who that knows arything precept upon precept of Christian example; and be his condition after having run the same round

single, though magnanimous, act of self-denial or lovely Christian life, and at last sought and found than I can bear." What a world of agony is disinterested love, but marks out a daily, unre- his portion-his peace-in his mother's Saviour- embodied in this short sentence, uttered in the presence of God, and without a ray of hope that now? And what will it be at some remote period

accumulating torment? For if his love of vice after the great change had passed upon his heart, Dear reader, go you and do likewise. Do and hatred of God should continue his suffering but long enough to testify to the genuineness of your part, and trust God to do His. He is faith- must increase. Would a place in the midst of ful that hath promised, who is able also to per- heaven, in the most beautiful of all the mansions Christ has gone to prepare, assuage the anguish of his guilty soul? Suppose him to be deprived of the means of indulging those vicious appetites Reading seems to be a part of the business of | which goaded hun on to madness, suppose him to with a firmer hand, and directs the heavenly life; everybody reads; not only the business man have countless years in which to think and to arrows against one whose heart seemed to repel, in his counting room, but the workman at home; nurse his hatred of virtue and of God and his love in its hardness and degradation, every attempt to the carman, or hackman, on his stand; the boy of vice, would it require the gnawing of an insatimelt or subdue it. Merely glancing, as we pass, as he walks the street. And so the people absorb able worm or the burnings of an unquenchable fire to constitute a place of torment?

-whom Monica was honored to turn to righteous- There may be such a thing as too much read- In threescore years and twelve Thomas Paine ness, and who, from being an avowed enemy to ing; and an hour spent in a circulating library, accumulated an amount of guilt which filled him herself and her religion, became her grateful would tempt one to think so. For instance, one | with such agony and madness as to make him alfriend, and a Christian indeed, we look now at the man says: "I have from two to three thousand most a terror to all who beheld him. Some have boy Augustine, the one cherished child of this subscribers, and for many of them the novels do attempted to deny this, but a denial can have no sainted mother, and the ceaseless object of her no come out fast enough. We have, at least, two influence in the face of facts so well authenticated. love and prayers. Round him her blighted do- a-week, and they read all the old books they can The recent attempt of an able New England magazine to gloss over his character and throw in fond anticipation. Alas! for many weary days You see them come in -young girls, pale and reproach upon the bigoted Christians who evidentand nights, hope's delicate blossoms seemed sickly; women in middle life, who ought to have ty "did not understand him," cannot blot out income. crushed and buried; but it was only in the end to the work of life to do; old women, who should the record of his dissipations on the bed of death, burst forth in resurrection beauty, and to expand have come to more serious things; all crying out and his curses of religion, and his blasphemies of in the sunshine of prayer answered and sacred for something new, "something exciting." And God, on the very threshold of eternity-intersperson Saturday, two books. Alas! is this the way ed, withal, by confessions and prayers. Now, instead of seventy-two years, suppose him to have pinings after the Infinite and the Unseen. Natu- Such reading is dissipation, and the appetite lived as many millions of years, indulging in rally of an ambitious, ardent temperament, he grows by that it feeds on, like that for any stimu- hatred against God and his attributes and laws; labored to excel in any chosen pursuit, and not lant, opium, tobacco, or something stronger, and suppose that this hatred should increase in satisfied. Giving the reins to his carnal desires, and who should have been helpers to a hard | prove that God hated such a being and invented | -- Seneca.

men and children of Protestant families, to a Dr. Ray traces many cases of insanity to this number variously estimated, ranging from 30,000 pernicions reading; the unnatural and undue ex- to 100,000. At any rate, blood flowed down the citement of the imagination, of the feelings and streets of Paris like the rain after a shower. In of the passions, the weakening of the mind, and other cities in France, too, the gutters ran with also of the body, by the habit of weak, self-indul- blood of the innocent. The brutal soldiery, by order of the inturiated monarch, continued this Suppose we are careful as to our companions, slaughter with as little mercy as the most ferociand yet careless as to our books. You read the ous beasts of prey, till, worn out with fatigue, record and the oaths of a profane man; your they gave over. The crime of these victims was, thoughts take the same tone, and an oath is much that they read the Bible and worshipped God, nearer your lips. You read of the daily and and did not worship the Pope, nor endorse the hourly dram-drinking of some of Dickens's men, mummeries and heresies of the Romish church. for instance; and brandy and water, or a rum- When the dispatches arrived at Rome, by which punch become very familiar and innocent drinks; the intelligence of this general slaughter was comyou read of those whose words verge on impurity, municated to the Pope and Cardinals, they marched in joyous procession to the chapel of St. Mark,

associates, we shall surely be influenced by them. | monarch imagined, by day and night, that he Some men, good men, go to a den of evil to look | heard the cries of those suffering martyrs ringing on and see for themselves what the evil is. But in his ears; and, at times, he believed the whole if they should sit down with those men, drink of troop of his victims constituted one great army their drink, smoke their cigars, breathe their at which had attacked the palace, and he would mosphere and handle their cards, they would not leap from his bed, uttering the most appalling screams of terror. A strong armed force guarded It is a question whether it is wise for young | him night and day, and yet his terror was so people to associate with those in books whom they great that he could get no rest, except in mere could not associate with in daily life. Whether snatches of sleep, of a few moments at a time. parents should trust their children with those in Place that Pope (Gregory XIII.), those Cardinals, books whose influence, as living men and women, and those soldiers, and Judas Iscariot, and all they would shun, for their children, as contamin- tuose men above mentioned, and all other crimiating. This might limit our reading somewhat; | wals which the world has ever seen, all in one but there are books enough, and fewer books | place, and let them associate together, and live on, better read would be more profitable -nav, in the and sin on, and remember all their crimes, and all the direful results of them, and sentence them to Let us look to it, and neit er be alraid of being this endurance forever! The mind turns from "strait-laced," or too particular, but decide the sight with horror. What would be a literal

Do you say they would repent? Why did that was cast into the sea gathered of every kind, | not their anguish bring them to repentance here? some he kept and "threw the bad away."- N. Y. and Paine, and Cain, and Burton, and Charles IX., and Dives belive? Do you say that a merciful God will abate their misery? Why has he always allowed men to suffer for their crimes? And why did Abraham tell Dives there was no way of getting out of that place of torment, nor f having his sufferings mitigated ?-Morning.

> A BIBLE-READING IRISHMAN. -- An Irishman had taken to reading the Bible. The priest came and told him he had heard that he was reading the Bible. " And indeed it is true, and a blessed book it is." "But," said the priest, "you are an ignorant man, and ought not to read the Bible." Well," said Pat, "tut your riverence must prove that, before I'll give up reading the Bible." And so the priest turned to the place where it reads, "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word." "There," said the priest, " you are a babe, and you ought to go to somebody who can tell you what the sincere milk of the word is." Pat was a milkman, and he replied, "Your riverence, I was ill, and employed a man to carry my milk, and he cheated me he put water in it; and how do I know (saving your riverence) but the priest may do the same?" The priest was disomfited, and said, "Well, Pat, I see you are not uite so much of a babe as I thought you were. You may read your Bible, but don't show it to your neighbors." "Indeed, your tiverence," says Pat; "I've one cow that I know gives good milk, and while my neighbor has none, sure I'll give him part of it, whether your rivereuse likes it or

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE. - Conversing recently with a noble Christian woman, she said to me, · I am reaping to this day the blessed fruits of my pious mother's example, though she has been for thirty years an inhabitant of heaven. I never saw my mother angry, and when i have felt inclined to yield to petulance or ill-will, her gentle eyes have seemed to look down reprovingly upon me, and I have thrown myself at the footstool of mercy, and sought for strength from above to govern my evil propensities, and to be led in the right path. Once I would have turned unheeding from a poor beggar who beset my path; but the words that as a lisping child I had heard from my mother's lips, came almost audibly to my ear: Better a hundred times relieve the unworthy, than send away unpitied and unrelieved one needy and suffering child of sorrow. "When tempted in my youthful days to taste

the cup of forbidden pleasures, to follow the evil steps of sinful companions, and break God's holy law, the memory of this pious mother's example has held me back; and when a child was born to me, my first prayer was, 'God grant that I may be to this little one what my mother was to me.'

What a noble legacy for a Christian parent to estimate the power of such a mother's example, long after she has been sleeping in the silent tomb? Let every Christian parent strive so to live, that his child may be blest in remembering and imitating the example set before him during childhood's impressible years.

SCRAPS OF WISDOM. -- If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of the

Live up to your engagements. Keep yeur own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the

Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so

that none will believe him. Drink no kinds of intoxicating liquors.

Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Earn money before you spend it. Never speak evil of any one. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

the talks given.

WASTE OF TIME .- " Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the unfrequently succeeded. But as he grew to man- Habits are easily formed, and stimulants are hard proportion to its duration; and suppose that the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. hood, and drank deeply of the streams of intellect | taskmasters. I looked at some of these readers, | increase of misery should be commensurate with | We are always complaining our days are few, and and pleasure, the immortal craving remained un- young girls, who wanted hardy, vigorous exercise the increase of hatred; would it be necessary to acting as though there would be no end of them.'