

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, MAY 24, 1867.

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The Intelligencer.

A POOR SERMON, AND WHY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Worse and worse," Mr. Hilton spoke with ill-concealed displeasure, as he stepped from the church door. "I've never listened to anything so dull and disconnected as the sermon preached this morning."

"Certainly our minister does not improve," was the discouraging response.

"Improve! Goodness! I should think not."

"He gave us some excellent discourses in our beginning—the best, in fact, ever preached in our church. But from some cause, he's been running down for a year past. In fact, he's not the man he was."

"I do, then," said Mr. Hilton, the parishioner who had opened the subject of complaint. "It lies just here—Mr. Orne has preached himself out. He's evidently a man of limited range, with a few good sermons, the utmost he can do. Having swept round his narrow circle of ideas, he has nothing further to give, and so goes plodding and stumbling along the way of prosy mediocrity."

"It may be so," answered Mr. Orne. "But I have read Mr. Orne differently. Every now and then he flashes up in a way that indicates mental power and originality. Even in to-day's sermon, poor as it was, I noticed many choice things, but to most hearers they were probably lost through the deadness of utterance."

"They certainly were to me," returned Mr. Hilton.

"He does not seem to be at ease in his mind," remarked the other.

"I know nothing as to that. If a minister, who is supposed to dwell on the mountains of spiritual tranquility, is not at ease in his mind, who may hope to be?"

"Ministers are bat men, and of like passions with the people."

"They are men, of course, and with like passions," said Mr. Hilton, "yet are supposed to live above the world, and to hold their passions under rule. Men who set up to be ministers should practice as well as preach, and show, by their living example, the truth of doctrine. They must not only point to Heaven, but lead the way."

"I'm afraid," was replied, "that as a general thing, we are inclined to look for too great perfection in our clergymen. To demand the highest Christian graces, though, like ourselves, they are burdened with hereditary evil, and struggling in the bonds of temptation. We have many excuses for our own shortcomings, but none for theirs."

"I can accept no excuse for Mr. Orne's shortcomings in the pulpit," returned Mr. Hilton. "He has preached better. Contrast his trial sermons with the stupid harangues now given; could anything be in more painful contrast? Either he has preached himself out, or don't care how his Sunday services are performed. In either case the fact is conclusive against him, and marks his unfitness for this parish. We ought to get rid of him. He does not suit us. He isn't the man for the place."

The two men had arrived at a point where their ways diverged, when they stopped long enough for Mr. Hilton to finish the last brief sentences, and then separated.

It was true, as had been charged, that Mr. Orne's sermon, on that Sabbath morning, was a very dull performance, and it was true, also, that for some time he had been growing duller and heavier in the pulpit, only flashing up, occasionally, with his wonted fire. There was, of course, a cause for all this. Let us see if we can find it. Let us look in upon Mr. Orne during the six days preceding the Sabbath on which he made this last unsatisfactory effort, and see if light can be found.

It was Monday morning, and there dwelt with Mr. Orne a troubled consciousness that his discourse on the preceding day had been sadly below its theme, and that he had neither watered his flock nor led them into green pastures.

"I must do better," he said to himself, "with an effort to spur his mind into activity. I must shake off this incubus." And he went resolutely to his study, where, after praying for light and strength, he sat down with his books and memoranda, and searched for an appropriate theme on which to write his next discourse. But he found it impossible to fix his thoughts on any subject long enough for a growth of ideas. Now he considered this text and pondered that, but his mind seemed as if dwelling in a closely sealed chamber, into which no light penetrated. He might think out some commonplace, weak and trite, and throw them into dull sentences. But there had been enough of that. He wished to do better.

At last thought began to play, with some activity, around a certain passage of Scripture. A window seemed opening in his mind; rays of light streamed through, and he had glimpses of azure sky, and a world of beauty outside of his prison-house. Now, his pulses beat quicker, and with exultant life. The old pleasure was coming back into his heart. He had passed to the world of ideas. Already sentences of stately form, full of thought, and glowing with heavenly ardor, were beginning to flow from his pen, when the door of his study opened softly, and his wife came in. He looked up at the intruder, and as his eyes rested on her countenance, the windows of his prison-house closed, and all his mind was circumscribed and in darkness as before, for there was trouble in her countenance.

"Mr. Folwell has called again," she said, in a tone of discouragement that was infectious. Mr. Orne experienced the sensation of a shock, followed by such a constriction of the chest that respiration became difficult.

"I shall have to see him, I suppose." And he shut the portfolio that lay on his table, put aside his pen, and rising, went down stairs, not with a quick, elastic step, but lagging and reluctant.

"Good morning, Mr. Folwell." He tried to greet his visitor cheerfully, but the effort failed.

"Good morning," was answered back, but in no gracious manner.

"Take a chair," Mr. Folwell sat down.

"You're called for that money," the voice failed a little.

"Yes, sir," very decidedly spoke Mr. Folwell.

"Well, I'm extremely sorry." The visitor's brows knitted, and his shut mouth grew harder. Mr. Orne hesitated in his speech, faltered, and then kept on. "But, indeed, sir, it is wholly out of my power to settle your bill to-day. I expected

to receive the money long before this, but have been sadly disappointed."

Mr. Folwell put on a severe aspect.

"Will you fix a time on which I may certainly calculate on receiving my money?"

The minister had no resources beyond his small salary, the last quarterly payment of which had now been deferred over six weeks, during a greater part of which time he had been anxiously awaiting its receipt, in order to liquidate certain bills contracted for supplies without which his family would have suffered. Hurriedly weighing the chances of receiving, within a few days, the portion of salary due, and likewise determining to see the treasurer and ask for it, if not forthcoming, a thing he would avoid, if possible, Mr. Orne made answer—

"On Saturday, at the latest, you shall be paid."

"Very well, sir," Mr. Folwell arose, and buttoned his coat to the last button with cold deliberation. "I will call on Saturday." And he bowed with a formal impressive air, meant to say, "Don't forget your promise, sir, for most assuredly I shall not."

The minister bowed, almost meekly, in return, and the two men parted.

Back to his study crept Mr. Orne, stooping as though his shoulders were burdened. He sat down to the table again, opened his portfolio, lifted up his pen, and commencing reading over the few paragraphs he had written on the next Sabbath's sermon. Twice, three times, he read them; but the sentences conveyed no living thoughts to his mind. They opened not the door to a world of ideas. He was in darkness and obscurity. Resolutely did he seek to follow but one suggestive word after another, recorded on the page before him; but just as he would seem to be ascending into the regions of light, the cares of this world would pull at his garments, and drag him down into obscurity. He had promised to pay Mr. Folwell on Saturday. Would he be able to keep that promise? The intrusion of this question acted like a chill to his rising mental ardor, and sent it shivering back into torpor.

"It's of no use. I can't do anything on my sermon to-day," said the poor man, almost despairingly, as he shut his portfolio, and bowed his head upon the table.

After dwelling for some time on the embarrassing nature of his worldly affairs—embarrassing, in part, through inadequacy of income; but, chiefly, because the payments on his salary were not made promptly when due—Mr. Orne resolved to see the treasurer of the church, and advise him of his pressing needs. A few words will make his case clear. On reaching this parish, after accepting a call, the expense of removal had nearly exhausted Mr. Orne's slender purse, and so no payment was made to him until the first quarter expired. He was, in that time, in debt for things nearly half the money received. It seemed as if he could never make up this deficiency. At the end of every succeeding quarter he found himself in debt, and obliged to pay away nearly the whole of his slender income as soon as received. After a year or two, pew-holders and subscribers to the fund for his support, grew careless in regard to payments, and it often happened, that two, three, four, and even six weeks elapsed, after Mr. Orne's salary was due, before the money came into his hands. Whenever this occurred, he would be worried by calls for settlements not in his power to make, and often hurt by the unfeeling power that disappointed creditors are sometimes wont to speak.

He was a sensitive, honorable man; and debt brought his mind into bondage. He could never meet a person whom he owed, and feel unembarrassed. Since coming to this charge, he had lost a portion of that manly freedom so dear to most minds, and without which no clergyman can do justice, in preaching, to himself or congregation. No wonder that his people felt the inadequacy of his ministrations.

Acting on his purpose to see the treasurer, Mr. Orne lost no time in calling on this individual, for he felt that, having promised to pay Mr. Folwell on Saturday, he would not be able to write a line to his sermon, until assured of having the means to keep his promise.

"You've been expecting to see me," said the treasurer, with a brief smile of welcome, as Mr. Orne entered his store. The minister grasped tightly the hand of the parishioner, forced an answering smile, but did not reply in words. The two men walked to the after-part of the store, away from clerks and customers.

"I'm sorry to say there isn't a cent in the treasury yet."

Mr. Orne tried not to betray any disappointment—tried to keep calm—tried to bear up bravely.

"Will you receive anything during the week?" he asked in a subdued voice.

"It is uncertain. I can't very well don the People you know."

"I wouldn't have you do that," said Mr. Orne, hardly knowing what he replied.

"Two or three of our subscribers are considerably in arrears," remarked the treasurer, "and it's mostly their fault that we're behind with your salary. There's Mr. Hilton, for instance, who hasn't paid in one cent for more than a year—and he's well off—if he, and some others like him, would make their accounts square, like Christian men, I could pay you promptly, at the end of each quarter. It's all wrong. But what are we to do with such people, Mr. Orne? I wish you'd show them up in a sermon."

"I've promised a bill of twenty-five dollars on Saturday," said the minister, going to the heart of the matter. "Try and get me that sum, if possible. A minister, above all other men, should keep his engagements, for, if he does not, how can he preach of justice and judgment to any good purpose?"

"If the money comes in, Mr. Orne, you shall certainly have it; but don't depend, too entirely, on receiving it from me."

"If the money comes in?" Was that an assurance strong enough to tranquillize the clergyman's mind? Could he return home, and get up a fine sermon for the next Sabbath on so vague a promise of the means for paying Mr. Folwell's debt on Saturday? There are men, who could have pushed even as disturbing an element as this aside, and risen above its influence into the regions of pure thought, but Mr. Orne was not of this number. He did not even look at texts, skeleton sermons, or memoranda of subjects again that day.

Men of a highly sensitive organization, are apt, when anything troubles them, to brood over it, on going to bed at night, and in a half sleeping,

half waking state, lie for hours suffering a kind of mental torture that exhausts both mind and body. Such a night succeeded to this unsatisfactory Monday and Mr. Orne wrestled with haunting shadows through all his lonely watches. A dull pain over his left eye, as he rose unrefreshed from his pillow on the next morning, gave warning of a lost day—and not only of a lost day, but of one doomed to intense suffering from nervous headache, which did not leave him until after succeeding midnight.

The day following one of these paroxysms of headache was also a day of exhaustion, in which rest and quiet were essential; and so Wednesday passed without the first line being written on his sermon. On Thursday a funeral at eleven o'clock, five miles away, consumed his morning, and also his afternoon, until three o'clock, when he arrived at home, in no condition to think or write with any degree of clearness or vigor.

On Friday, with a kind of desperate energy, the minister sat down in his study, and endeavored to throw his mind into a discourse, the subject of which had been chosen as he lay in the calm moments that follow sleep when thought awakes to a single instant. Now there was no rest, with conscious foolishness, before his mind perverted picture the meeting with Mr. Folwell, on the next morning.

"I must have this settled first," he said, at length, pushing his manuscript aside. "Under such a weight of doubt and uncertainty it is impossible to think clearly." And Mr. Orne took his hat and walked down to see the treasurer.

On seeing him approach the treasurer looked sober and shook his head.

"Nothing in the treasury yet?" Mr. Orne forced a smile to his lips, and tried to look composed.

"Nothing," answered the treasurer.

"Any prospect for to-morrow?"

"I'm afraid not. Yesterday I saw Mr. Hilton, and asked him outright for his subscription. He was half offended, and said he had other use for his money just now."

"I'm sorry."

"I don't know what I shall do. I promised Mr. Folwell that he should have his money to-morrow, and he'll be sure to call."

"It's too bad," said the treasurer, fretfully. "If subscribers and pew-holders are not more prompt in paying up their dues, I shall resign my office. I'm willing to keep the accounts, and disburse all the money that comes into my hands; but I can't act the part of a collector, and go about hunting up delinquents."

Mr. Orne lingered for a little while, vainly hoping that the treasurer would offer to advance the sum needed to make his promise good, and then went despondently home again. For an hour he wrote on his sermon, conscious all the while of giving forth common-place truths, in which dwelt no sympathetic life. The anxious care obstructed all influx of ideas, and he arose and walked the floor of his study pondering the morrow's trouble.

"I must keep my promise," he said, bitterly, almost hopelessly. And so he went out to see if he could not borrow the sum needed. Now there were many of his parishioners who were able enough to lend, and many both able and willing. But to none of these did he feel free to go. So he applied to a single individual, who, however willing, was not able to lend him twenty-five dollars. This failure, on his first essay at borrowing, sent him home mortified and discouraged, and compelled to work on the discourse that must be ready for the next Sabbath. Night came, and it not one-third done.

Saturday morning found the unhappy minister wholly unprepared to meet his surely coming creditor. He went to his study after breakfast, but not to write on his sermon. That was impossible. He was walking the floor when his wife came in and said:

"Mr. Folwell is waiting downstairs."

Sadly she looked into each other's eyes for a moment, and then Mr. Orne left the room.

"I am hurt and grieved, Mr. Folwell."

A flush of angry impatience burned in the man's countenance.

"I am hurt and grieved, sir; but I am still without a single dollar through which to make good even a part of my promise, said the minister, helplessly.

Mr. Folwell tossed his head, and drew himself up in a superior way, remarking:

"A promise should always be kept. At least, so we men of the world think."

His tone was cutting. Mr. Orne shivered internally. He felt humiliated in person and in office.

"You said I should have the money to-day," added the creditor, taking a cruel pleasure in hurting the poor sufferer, who stood helpless and in shame before him. "I believed you on the word of a minister. And now you tell me that I can't have it. We men of the world hold our promise more sacred, but maybe we have too nice a sense of honor."

Mr. Orne did not answer. He was hurt too keenly by these thrusts.

"When shall I call again? There was irony in Mr. Folwell's tones.

"I cannot fix another day," answered the minister, speaking without any sign of resentment.

"When I receive the amount, I will bring it to you within half an hour after it comes into my hands."

"The parish owes you."

"Yes, I would have starved rather than take your goods without a prospect of paying for them. I saw our treasurer yesterday, and expected to receive from him the sum needed to make good my promise. He had no funds. What am I to do?"

"Preach to your people on common honesty!" Mr. Folwell flung the sentence rudely into Mr. Orne's face, and then, as he turned away, said, in almost a sneering voice:

"Good morning!"

All the rest of that day, and until after eleven o'clock at night, the unhappy minister wrought at his sermon, wearily, and without heart; and on the next morning preached it in a dull, cold way to an unresponsive audience, some of whom were growing tired of his poor performances, and beginning to think, as we have seen, that he was not the man for the place. And he was not. The people of that parish, too many of whom were of that Mr. Hilton type, needed a man of different mettle. One who, taking the text given by Mr. Folwell, would have startled their consciences by a sermon on common honesty.

There are a great many parishes in which the minister, like Mr. Orne, seems to have preached himself out, having lost vitality, range of thought, beauty and strength; and grown dull, self-absorbed, and almost indifferent, and goes plodding and stumbling along the way of prosy mediocrity. Take a hint, my friend, if you belong to one of those parishes, from the case of Mr. Orne, and look a little more closely than you have done into the pecuniary condition of your minister; and if you are of the Mr. Hilton type, in the name of religion and humanity, pay up your subscription before finding fault with his preaching! Ministers are but men, and if you lay upon them anxious cares for food, and raiment, and humiliations in the face of those who may take pleasure in wounding them, how are they, thus weighted, to be swift and strong?

THE GOSPEL TESTIMONY.

It is characterized as "a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." It bears on its face the stamp and seal and impress of Divinity. It is perfectly true—thoroughly reliable, because it is the testimony of the God of truth. "If we receive the testimony of men, the testimony of God is greater, for this is the testimony of God which he hath testified of his Son; and he that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness (or testimony) in himself." This is just what Paul did. He believed God's record concerning his Son Jesus Christ, and believing it he had the witness in himself—he had in his own experience a demonstration of the truth of God's testimony. Such a demonstration of it—such an overwhelming conviction, that he cannot remain silent; and to this testimony of God, as it should be preached and handed down to others after him, he comes and affixes his seal that God is true. He can testify, because he has experienced its truth. And this is the testimony of his experience—"It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And as this Divine Testimony comes handed down to us, beheld the great multitude of souls that have been affixed to it—each seal the testimony of individual experience of its truth. Will you pat your seal there? Can you do what Paul did, and what a whole cloud of witnesses, some gone to glory and some lingering yet on earth, have done? O, that you would first prove its truth, by a hearty cordial reception of the Personal Truth—this Jesus who saves sinners, and then you can set to your seal that God is true. You can testify to others what you know by experience of the grace of God.

This testimony is true—true in itself—true though you should continue to reject it. Your neglect and rejection of it can never invalidate that testimony. If you continue to reject it, the offer of eternal life conveyed in that testimony shall have been withdrawn from you for ever. Will you not receive it now? O, how satisfactory this testimony is. No hand, no fraud, no deception, no inaccuracy, nothing doubtful, ambiguous or obscure; but simple, plain, clear as noon-day. Seen like the sun in its own light—a light to guide us to holiness and heaven.

This testimony is also "worthy of all acceptance, or of full acceptance." That is out and out, full, hearty, cordial, glad reception. It is true, and who but a fool would shut his eyes on truth? But besides being true, it is all-important. It does not merely tell us of things that are true in the universe, and our mind's interest. And besides, the things testified to are the most cheering and joyful, the most blessed news that the tongue of heaven could utter, or the ear of earth receive. Worthy of the credence and the confidence of every human soul, and infinitely worthy of yours.

And if this testimony is true, and worthy of acceptance at all, it is worthy of acceptance now. It demands it now. The God of the testimony, present in it, wherever that testimony is lifted up, appeals to your conscience and heart now. Will you refuse? Will you delay? Look at your position while delaying. If God is true, and the testimony is true, then you are out of sympathy with all that is good and true in the universe of God. More than that, you make God a liar—yourself a liar as if he were so.

You have heard the testimony of God concerning his Son; what are you going to do with it? "Well, I will think about it," some one says. You will "think about it," some one says. The devil will permit you to think about it. Yes, he will help you to think about it, provided you don't think to act for God now. God demands from you an instant acceptance of the Gospel, just on the strength of his testimony, which is now ringing in your ears. Sinner, give in to God now—heed the heavenly message now. Believe now, and your soul shall live.

FOR WHAT CHILDREN ARE GRATEFUL.

Parents spend a life of toil in order to leave their children wealth to secure them social position or other worldly advantages. I do not undervalue the worth of these things. Had they not been valuable, there would not have been so many accidental arrangements compelling men to seek them. I would only show that there is something of infinitely greater value, not only to the parent, but to be transmitted to the child. What does a child most love to remember? I never heard a child express any gratification or pride that a parent had been too fond of accumulating money, though the child at that moment was enjoying that accumulation. But I have heard children, though their inheritance had been crippled and cut down by it, say, with a glow of satisfaction on their features, that a parent had been too kind-hearted, too hospitable, too liberal and public spirited, to be a very prosperous man. A parent who leaves nothing but wealth or similar social advantages to his children, is apt to be speedily forgotten.

However it ought to be, parents are not particularly held in honor by children because of the worldly advantages they leave them. There is comparatively little gratitude for this. The heir of an empire hardly thanks him who bequeathed it. He often endeavors, before his time, to thrust in from his throne. But let a child be able to say, "My father was a just man; he was affectionate in his home, he was tender-hearted, he was selfless to the community, and loved to do good in society; he was a helper of the young, the poor, the unfortunate; he was a man of principle, liberal, upright, devout"—and the child's memory clings to that parent. He honors him, reveres him,

treasures his name and his memory, thinks himself blest in having had such a parent, and the elder he grows, instead of forgetting, only reveres and honors and remembers him the more. Here are experience and affection sitting in judgment on human attainments. They show what is most worth the seeking.—Ephraim Peabody.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

Household religion is the most important manifestation of the principles of the gospel. It secures the integrity of the individual, and piety and devotion of the church. It is the measure of the godliness of any age or community, the exponent of its moral condition and power. To secure the highest form of household religion, the family altar is indispensable. Without it there is no proper recognition of God, no devout acknowledgment for his mercy, no ardent supplication for his favor. Without it there is nothing to unite the household in the purest sympathy and holiest affection, and prompt each member to be faithful to every relation, from a sense of duty to God as well as to man. The happiest and most prosperous days of the church have been those in which the worship of God was duly observed in the family.

At the present time, there is a growing and fearful neglect of family and social devotional service. Many households professing Christianity, have no daily obligation, no hour for prayer, no mark of difference from the enemies of God. The voice of praise is never heard, the knee never bent in humble supplication; the day is begun, without regard to the divine favor and blessing, and ended, without thankfulness for mercies bestowed. Piety must languish in such homes. How different the practice of the old Patriarchs, of David and Daniel, and the blessed Master. How different the history of our forefathers, who amid fearful persecution, still erected an altar in every home, which like the Shechem, secured oftentimes the blessing and protection of heaven. How many have read with deep emotion the touching description of a pious household in the "Cotter's Saturday Night!" Such scenes should be enacted in every family. Such services should mark every household connected with the church, that God might be honored all the day, and his name exalted among all his people.

It was recently stated in a public journal, that a lady visiting among professing Christians in several different states, found but one family in which an altar of worship was erected and a daily sacrifice offered. There cannot be religious prosperity under such a state of things, and the pulpit and press should both bring this matter prominently before the people, that they may be instructed and encouraged to duty and faithfulness. The benefits arising from the family altar are numerous and obvious, and the church cannot afford to forego them. If any one who reads this article are faulty in this thing, our earnest hope is, that they will at once return to the "old paths," and give all to God the honor that is his due, lest He pour out His fury upon the families that call not upon His name.

BEYOND THE CLOUDS.—Mr. Giesler in conducting one of his arial experiments some time ago, says that when he left the grounds of the Crystal Palace, and rose with his companions to the height of 2,600 feet in his balloon, they were soon over the Thames. There were about 150 ships on the river, and, as seen from the sky, they appeared like dots on the water. While engaged looking on the scene below, a cloud came over them, and all at once they lost sight of the earth. "At 400 feet high," says the aeronaut, "the cloud was dark and dense; at 3,200 feet it was dense, but bright; and when 300 feet higher, we passed out of the cloud into brilliant sunshine, with a beautiful Prussian, unclouded sky, it felt warm, though in mid-winter, and looked like summer, and was a great contrast to the dull, leaden sky we had left. Under us was a perfect sea of dazzling white cloud, its surface varied with an infinite number of gauze-like filices evidently caused by the very rapid evaporation then going on from its upper surface. The average of the balloon, the car and ourselves, was perfect and very fine." But the air was so rare and elastic, that it was deemed necessary to descend, and then, on nearing the earth, all was calm, and clear, and quiet.

Have we not in this an illustration of the believer's experience? Rising, as he does, when his aspirations are heavenward, he leaves for a time the busy world, and although he may have to pass through cloud of trial, yet, as he ascends towards the purer atmosphere they become brighter until at length he finds himself in the sunshine of his Heavenly Father's smile, and realises the truth of His Divine presence. But he must descend. He has a work to do yet on earth, and his glances of Heavenly glory, which he gets "beyond the clouds," cheer him while he is here to do it.

VALUE OF THE SABBATH.—A distinguished banker charged with an immense amount of property during the great pecuniary pressure of 1836 and 1837, said, "I should have been a dead man, had it not been for the Sabbath. Obligated to work from morning till night, throughout the whole week, I felt on Saturday afternoon as if I must have rest. It was like going into a dense fog. Everything looked dark and gloomy, as if nothing could be saved. I dismissed all, and kept the Sabbath in the good old way. On Monday it was all sunshine, I could see through, and I got through. But had it not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been in the grave."

A FISHER OF MEN.—Henry Ward Beecher thus disposes of the question as to who should be preachers of the gospel:—

A man goes forth with a splendid jointed rod, a long silken line, an exquisite and glittering reel, and all manner of curious baits, and walks with full confidence of success to the appointed brook where fish should be taken. And his first throw is into a tree. He gathers back his line, and his second throw is into a bush. He gathers back his line again, and his third throw is into the mud on the opposite bank. And he loses his hooks, and snaps his line, and gets all manner of things except fish. And he is angry to think that one so eminently fit, one so thoroughly furnished, one so specially ordained, should fail in his mission. On the other hand, a poor, plain, working-man, that has toiled through his appointed hours, and needs something for his table, goes to the first brook and cuts him a pole, and takes a piece of twine for a line, and puts on the commonest kind of a hook, and goes to the brook, and drops the hook into the water, and instantly he gets a bite, and pulls out a fish. He throws his line again, and immediately he gets another bite, and pulls out another fish. A man standing by says, "He ought not to have caught those fish; he was not appointed to do it." But he

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