

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, JUNE 14, 1867.

Whole No. 700.

NEW GOODS.

For Spring and Summer
TRADE, 1867.

SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street, Fredericton,
Have received from London, Glasgow and
Liverpool—

Fifty Packages,

COMPRISING A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

DRY GOODS,

THE NEWEST STYLES IN

DRESS GOODS,

Shawls and Sacques,

Parasols, Straw Hats,

And Millinery Goods.

Trimmings and Small Wares,

Grey and White Cottons,

COTTON WARPS,

TICKING OSNABURGS,

Towellings and Table Linen,

Lace and Leno Curtains,

Door Mats,

CURTAIN DAMASKS,

CARPETINGS,

HEARTH RUGS,

Floor OIL CLOTHS,

From 1 yard to 4 yards wide.

An inspection is respectfully so-

lited.

SHERATON & CO.,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, June 7, 1867.

ALBION HOUSE.

APRIL 27, 1867.

NEW GOODS.

Imported direct per Steamships Pan-
theon, Thames, Acadia, and Ship
New Lampedo.

Comprising a large Stock for the present
season, personally selected, in the best
English Markets.

40 Cases and Bales

BEING NOW OPENED.

A large lot of PRINTS,

DRESS GOODS,

Coburgs, Lustres,

Alpacas,

New Dress Fabrics,

Black and Coloured SILKS,

Printed Muslins,

PARASOLS, with Carved and Club Handles,

SILK UMBRELLAS,

Straw Hats,

in Black and White.

Newest Style Bonnets, Beaded.

RIBBON, BLONDS, FLOWERS,

Crystal Trimmings,

BELT CLASPS and PEPHAM BELTS,

quite new.

Shawls and Mantles!

in Peplum Style, quite new.

With a large variety of other Goods, which
will be sold at prices that cannot be equal-

led in this Market.

Respectfully soliciting your patronage,

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, May 8, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

THE AUTHENTICITY AND INSPIRATION OF
THE BIBLE.

A SERMON BY DR. R. O. HAVEN, PRESIDENT OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

The Bible is a great fact in the history of the
world. The Hebrew idea of one God has swept
away the idolatry of nearly half the world, once
almost universal, and communicated an upward
motion to nations and races that otherwise would
have fallen into sensualism and ruin.

The Bible is still a sublime power among men.
By the worship of one God, under the names of
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, which it everywhere
creates and sustains—a worship elevating, intel-
lectual, expanding the mind—by its observance of
the Sabbath, giving steadiness, order, sobriety, to
the people; by its religious institutions and cere-
monies; by its encouragement of education and
its own educating power; by its cultivation of
profound prayer and beautiful song; by its awful
doctrines of immortality, of reward and retribu-
tion, and of divine Providence; of sin and of for-
giveness, of regeneration and of holiness; by
teaching that all men are of one family, and that
every man should do to others as he would have
them to do to him, it has changed and enlarged
the current of thinking; it has moulded hearts,
dispositions, and lives; it has worked upwards
through customs, laws, literature, conversation,
public speaking, to national organizations, and
now writes its name and record on the broad page
of the present among all the vital and growing
nations of the earth.

The Bible is in every respectable library of the
civilized world; it is in the legislative hall, the
court room, the school-house, but not in the rob-
bers' den, the drinking hole, the haunt of vice.
The Bible! already its copies are numbered by
millions, and the fountains whence they spring are
perennial, and the streams widen and deepen as
they roll—ever and anon a new channel by a
new translation striking out from the current, and
wherever they flow spring up order, sobriety,
thrift, hope, love, nobility, manliness. These
streams carry with them temperance, self-restraint,
the mutual love of husband and wife, parents and
children, contentment against wrong, kindness to
the sorrowing, the overthrow of injustice,
good jurisprudence, civilization, the hope of hea-
ven.

The Bible! it has been read to by millions
of persons, and has exerted its power more or less
upon them. And who are they? Are they the
weaker portion of men, intellectually, morally, in
culture, in goodness, in true manliness?

Lives there the man who would annihilate this
if he could? Can a wretch be so depraved that
he would eclipse the earth, and blot out the sun?

The Bible can not be destroyed. It is not a
book, it is a Spirit. The outward volume is only
an embodiment, an incarnation—it is *God's*.
fact, life. It is God's thought. The Saviour's
body was crucified; but he was the Saviour still,
and when the time came took again his body.
Happily in this case the body can not be destroyed;
but were it possible, the Bible would still exist,
and clothe itself in language again.

If you would have a proper conception of the
Bible, think not of a book, or of solid cords of
books, distributed among the people and read, but
think of the faith in one God our Father, in Jesus
Christ our Saviour, in the Spirit our Sanctifier;
its immortality, its everlastingly distinct right
and wrong, in the blessed duty and privilege of love
to God and love to man, for these all came from—
these are the Bible. There is no power in the
Bible, but in these; and, indeed, there would be
no permanent power in these unless they were
created as their instrument the Bible.

All this I doubt not every one who hears me
allows and approves; but still comes the ques-
tion from some inquiring minds, "What is the
proof of the authenticity and inspiration of the
Bible?" I recognize the propriety of this inquiry,
but I am almost overwhelmed with the difficulty
of giving it in one hour a suitable reply.

By authenticity I shall understand, at first, sim-
ply that the Bible is actually, or contains, a revela-
tion of the will of God to man; that its statements
are true and ought to be credited. By inspiration
I shall understand that in some way its writers
were empowered from God to deliver these senti-
ments, and that they have delivered them in the
shape which God intended they should have.

Before presenting any proof of these proposi-
tions I remark, first, that most evidently God has
never intended that the authenticity and inspira-
tion of the Bible should be so evident that no man
could doubt them. He has never intended it to be
an unquestionable truth.

I could prove this from the Bible itself, but that
would be reasoning in a circle—bringing evidence
from statements in the Bible to prove the Bible
true—a practice which, however common, is
however allowable in some cases I will not resort
to. But it can be proved from the history of the
world, and from the government of God. If any
proposition can be inferred from man's nature and
history, it is that the Almighty does not intend to
govern man by compulsion. No nobility of charac-
ter can be produced by compulsion. If the anxious
parents of a beloved little one should succeed in
seducing about the garden in which their child is
permitted to play, as actually to keep out all know-
ledge of sin, and to repress all wrong action, are
were it possible, all wrong desire, they might suc-
ceed in raising a grown up infant, but never man
or woman. There is meaning in the maxim
"The world is governed too much." Of the
families are governed too much; schools are gov-
erned too much. I do not propose to criticize
human institutions, but most evidently the divine
wisdom is displayed in the liberality of God's gov-
ernment. Scarcely any violation of the law re-
ceives its proper penalty at the time, or immedi-
ately subsequent to the act. The drinker of alco-
hol, who poisons his blood and actually re-
sults in his wound doing; he is exhilarated, and re-
joices in the bounding pulse and excited brain; his
muscle, perhaps, is rounded out, and his complexion
deepened, and he exults over his paler-faced,
abstemious neighbor. But mark the effects of
time. The longevity tables will tell the result.
Often, too, there is no need of waiting so long.
Neglect of duty, disease, lowering of the moral
sense, dissipation, delirium tremens, and all the
countless evils of drunkenness, follow in their train.
Now, why has not God made alcohol bitter, nau-
sating, and disgusting? Why has he not made

it morally impossible honestly to dispute whether
drinking is injurious or beneficial? Why
has not God caused the word poison, in legible
letters, to grow in every deadly berry? Why has
he not labelled things evil with the word Evil?
Why has he not inscribed on things good,
the word Good?

Evidently that is not his plan of governing man.
"Sentence against an evil work is not executed
speedily." The righteous are not at once rewarded.
Fully often wears the garb and usurps the seat of
wisdom. Wisdom is often clad in rags, and thrust
for a time into darkness.

If God has revealed any lesson to us by *fact*, if
he has ingrained any truth into our very consti-
tution and the constitution of all things around us,
it is that this life is a trial, a discipline, an educa-
tion. We begin in feebleness and ignorance, and
work upward toilsomely, painfully, slowly. Every
generation begins at the foot of the hill. Those
who are in advance may put up their landmarks
and signposts, and shout to us the way, and warn
us against dangers; but we ourselves must toil
upward, and in the meantime discordant
opinions are afloat, conflicting advice is pressed
upon us, and each one must select his own path
and decide for himself.

If there is one truth illustrated by all history,
and confirmed by every developed consciousness,
and so overwhelmingly proved, that to argue with
the man who denies it is waste of energy and
beating against the air, it is that this life is, and
God intended it to be a trial. It is a trial to all.
It is a trial of all. There is no royal road to virtue.
Kings and peasants start from the same level. In
this respect all men are born free and equal.

Trials may differ, but in substance all are the
same. "The fire shall try every man's work, of
what sort it is." You cannot escape it. Deny it
or not, this is the universal fact.

Now, it is not for me to impugn the wisdom and
justice of God in this universal plan. I accept it
as an unquestionable fact.

Secondly, a revelation from God, over and above
that given through his works and through human
reason, is antecedently probable. I believe in a
natural religion, or a religion taught by nature.
The "eternal power and Godhead" of the Divine
One are written on the human soul, and seen from
his works. The great lessons of the majesty of
right and the hatefulness of wrong, of the excel-
lence of mercy and the wickedness of vice, are
stamped on events. There are intimations of im-
mortality, and of retribution and reward, in our
own souls. There is an instinct of worship.

But so feeble is the scholar, so wild are his
conclusions, so strong are his passions, so un-
controllable is the tendency downward, that it does
seem intrinsically probable that a good and right-
eous Father would not leave his children to grope
forever in darkness and despair.

But if God gives us a Revelation, without violat-
ing this primary principle that life is a discipline
—a discipline for individuals, a discipline for
nations, a discipline for the whole world—what
shall be the character of that revelation? Shall
it be like the multiplication table, beginning with
once one is one, and arranged in symmetrical col-
umns, and ending with twelve times twelve are one
hundred and forty-four? Shall it be like the
measurement of quantity, starting with axioms
and ending with demonstrations that no man
possibly can deny? Where, then, would be the
trial?

I shall not carry out this *a priori* reasoning, and
endeavour to show from mere human foresight
just what the revelation must be, to accomplish
just what the multiplication table, beginning with
its good objects, and not violate the freedom of
man—for no finite mind can grasp the problem.
It embraces a world, it sweeps over ages; nay, for
aught I know, it may have its bearings on other
worlds, and embrace eternity; but I choose the
humble task of looking at this object, which alone
has any strong claims to be regarded as a revela-
tion from God—the Bible—and ask whether it
does indeed exhibit any fitness for what we all see
must be the purpose of a revelation, if such a
thing exists.

I see in this book a gradual growth. Its begin-
ning was so feeble that it would scarcely be noticed
—what purports to be a brief history of man down
to a time when authentic human records began,
and for a time when the Israelites were an acknow-
ledged power among the nations. This is the Pen-
tateuch, the first five books, which Israelitish tradi-
tion says were written by Moses. I am aware of
the objections which the lay-eyed critic will
raise by prolific imagination, of such men as
Voltaire and Bishop Colenso has urged against
these books—such as that there is intrinsic evi-
dence in the very structure of the Book of Genesis,
that it contains within itself the product of at least
two authors who wrote in different styles, and that
there are some arithmetical statements that seem
to be inconsistent, and that they contain expres-
sions about Moses that Moses would not have
written about himself, including even an account
of his own death and burial, and that some refer-
ence to the names of places seems to indicate a
later origin of the Book than the time of Moses.

But what of all these? Shall we say that the
ancient Hebrews were ignorant of the use of the
word, and imitations, and imaginations, and the
redundancy is too small to affect any honest mind.
Does Moses anywhere state that he did not quote
older writings or older traditions? If so, where?
What is more reasonable than that he should have
done so? The arithmetical objections, on close
examination, evaporate, or are reduced to mere
infinitesimals, or even confirm the truthfulness of
the narration. And it is fatal to the integrity of
the books to allow that a later writer—Ezra for
instance—interpolated a few paragraphs, changing
some names, and inserted the account of the death
of Moses, to render them more intelligible to the
people of his own generation?

And then, behold the intrinsic truthfulness of
the books, so far as they can be confirmed by
reason and contemporaneous history. Behold the
simplicity and artlessness of the narrative of the
lives of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Note the
confirmations lately discovered in Egyptian ruins
and literature, of the descriptions and allusions
herein found. Observe the Israelites themselves,
still existing, a perpetual miracle, a living expo-
nent of the fulfillment of those prophecies, with
customs, appearances, prejudices, faith, and reli-
gion, that could have sprang only from this origin.

Observe, too, this grand fact, that the Bible is
founded on history. Its pillars rest on the primi-
tive granite of the earliest past, and every age has
built up a new abutment. Destroy the Bible, and
all ancient history is in ruins. Assyria brings her
confirmation; Babylon in desolation, Tyre a
"naked rock," Damascus a "ruinous heap," bring
in their attestations. Ancient Alexandria trans-

lates the Bible into Greek; Samaria preserves her
old version in primitive and uncouth characters,
and Rome, later, is preserved from total ruin by
the influence of this strange book. In modern
times, not a chapter of the history of civilization is
exempt from its power.

(Conclusion next week.)

(From the Christian Freeman.)

THE CONNECTING BOND.

Until a man believes the Gospel, he is under
the curse of the law; and if he never believes it,
under the curse he must remain. The language of
the Scriptures on this point is as explicit as it
can be. The death of Christ is declared to be a
propitiation through "faith in his blood." "Being
justified by faith," says the Apostle, "we have
peace with God." "The righteousness of God"
is ascribed to be "by faith in Jesus Christ." "A
man is not justified by the works of the law, but
by the faith of Jesus Christ."

The distinction between faith and sight, between
what we believe and what we know, is a very
familiar one. It refers not so much to the certainty
of an opinion or fact as to the evidence on which
it rests. One may be equally certain of that which
he believes, as of that which he knows; but he has
arrived at his confidence by a different evidence.
I am as certain that there is a mosque at Con-
stantinople as that there is a church here; but in
the one case it is the certainty of knowledge; in
the other the certainty of faith. Knowledge is
derived from consciousness, from sensation, from
demonstration. Faith springs from testimony
and from analogy. I know because I am con-
scious, because I see, feel, observe, follow the reason-
ings of science. I believe because I am told by
witnesses and because analogy renders it probable.
But I am just as certain in the one case as in the
other. My faith that Columbus lived and visited
America has no more doubt in it than my conscious-
ness that I live myself. My assurance that the
huge bones of the mammoth belonged to a crea-
ture having lungs and muscles; and that the
splendid ruins of Palmyra were built and once in-
habited by men, is as strong from analogy as my
confidence in any proposition of Euclid from de-
monstration. So that when the Christian speaks
of his "faith," he uses a term which expresses
not one element of less confidence than when he
speaks of what he "knows." Indeed, in religious
affairs, these are for the most part convertible
terms. Religious knowledge, with scarcely an
exception beyond what relates to a man's private
experience, is precisely religious faith. It is a
knowledge founded like men's knowledge of
distant countries and past ages, on testimony; and
he walked by it just as confidently as if he walked
by sight.

The complicated machine of human society is
moved almost exclusively by this very principle
which men so frequently object to as it respects
Christianity. Testimony received and relied on
directs the determinations of princes and councils;
of senators and military chieftains; of judges and
magistrates; of merchants and scholars; in short,
of all the various classes of persons, in all the
various ramifications of their dealings with each
other. Human testimony in matters which fall
within its province is as sure a basis of truth as
the sense and reason are in regard to the things
which fall within their province.

In a general sense faith is the medium between
the invisible truths which the Bible reveals and
the human soul; the link between the testimony
of God without us and the mind of man to whom
it is made. Just as the senses are the medium
between external objects and the human under-
standing, so is faith the medium between truths
presented to us on the testimony of God and our
minds. Faith places them within the sphere of
vision, makes them palpable, enables us to avail
ourselves of them.

In the nature of things there can be no religion
excepting through faith. No man can come to
God except he believe that he is. No doctrine
can be received as from God except the testimony
which establishes it be believed. No teacher can
be followed, no futurity sought, no rewards antici-
pated, no retributions expected, no progress
faith. The beginning, progress, and end of the
soul's existence on earth is, and must be, a pure
process of faith. For it has to do with the past,
the absent, the distant, the future the invisible;
and there is no possibility for man to do with
any one of these except through faith. Where-
upon Christianity, rightly, necessarily and reason-
ably, founds itself on faith, demands faith of those
who receive it, and insists that without faith all is
vain.

The spirit of both worlds is the spirit of abso-
lute, unquestionable faith and trust. We trust
our sustenance, our comforts, our property, our
lives, every day to our fellow men just as truly
and fully as we are required in religious mat-
ters to give ourselves up by faith to God and Christ.
Examples illustrative of this point abound. I will
select one from out of the multitude which might
be adduced: the familiar use of a ship at sea.
What is it but a beautiful and striking illustra-
tion of the reality and power of faith and trust.
You place yourself as passenger on board a ship
bound to another continent. You have never be-
fore been at sea; you know nothing of the prin-
ciples of navigation. The whole process of man-
aging the vast machine and of ascertaining the course
you are to sail is a mystery to you. You never
before have seen the captain, or had any acquaint-
ance with the sailors. Yet you trust yourself,
ignorant and a stranger, without hesitation, to
that tossing barque on the threatening waters;
and you eat and sleep as quietly as if you had
been familiar with them all your days. And this
is the attitude of mind, not of yourself alone as a pas-
senger, but of the seamen also. They know
nothing of the science by which they are led.
They go by faith in their commander. They be-
lieve that he knows, and they trust themselves to
his orders. And even the captain himself is but
the child of faith. He puts reliance in the sound-
ness of his ship which he did not build; in the
accuracy of instruments which he did not make;
and in the exactness of tables which he did not
calculate. Not one of the whole company thus
loose from the land and flying over the bound-
less waters of the great deep, could be posses-
sed of any thing but terror were it not for this con-
fiding faith. Take it from them; exchange it
for distrust, for skepticism, for doubt; let the
commander cease to believe in his tables and his
instruments, and the crew and passengers cease
to believe in the fidelity and skill of the com-
mander, and their composure would be turned into

horror at once. Alarm and dismay would fill
every soul with agony.

Christianity demands nothing more implicit,
more absolute, more extraordinary than is demand-
ed in the case just described. The Christian's re-
liance on the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of
men, is not more implicit than that of the pas-
senger or the commander of the vessel. He trusts
the wisdom, the power, the skill of the Divine
Commander, and yields to his authority, and
hopes through his guidance to reach the promised
haven.

The faith of the Christian fixes its eye upon the
system of revealed truth, but especially upon
Christ as the great central object of interest and
attraction. The Christian, indeed, is nothing, has
nothing, can do nothing, without Christ. It is a
baptism of faith that owns not Christ as its Parent.
It is an ignorant faith that looks not to Christ as
its teacher; it is an impure faith that is not washed
in the blood of Christ; it is a disloyal faith that does
not recognize Christ as its King, and hesitates
to obey where he commands. The knowledge
of the believer is the knowledge of Christ. The
love of the believer is the love of Christ; Christ
in his uncreated glory—Christ in his humanity—
Christ in his obedience and temptation—Christ in
his kingdom and on his throne—Christ in his
weakness and in his power; in his reproach and
in his past history and his coming triumphs; on
earth and in heaven, is the divine and sublime re-
ality to which the faith of the Christian mainly
attaches itself, and whence it draws all its inspira-
tions for its lofty achievements and ultimate
triumphs.

TREADING UNDER FOOT THE SON OF GOD.

Disheartened by the extraordinary dangers
and difficulties of their enterprise, a Roman army
lost courage, and resolved on a retreat. The
General reasoned with his soldiers. Expostulat-
ing with them, he appealed to their love of coun-
try, to their honour, and to their oaths. By all
that could revive a faltering heart he sought to
find his courage and shake their resolution.
Much they trusted, they admired, they loved
him, but his appeals were all in vain. They
were not to be moved; and carried away, as by
panic, they faced round to retreat. At this jun-
cture they were forcing a mountain pass; and had
just cleared a gorge where the road, between two
stupendous rocks on one side and the foaming
river on the other, was but a footpath,—broad
enough for the step of a single man. As a last
resort he laid himself down there saying, "If you
will retreat, it is over this body you go, trampling
me to death beneath your feet." No foot ad-
vanced. The fight was arrested. His soldiers
could face the foe; but not mangle beneath their
feet one who loved them, and had often led
them to victory—sharing like a common
soldier all the hardships of the campaign, and
ever foremost in the fight. The sight was one to
inspire them with decision. Hesitating no longer
to advance, they wheeled round to resume their
march; deeming it better to meet sufferings and
endure even death itself than trample under foot
their devoted and patriot leader. Their heart
recalled from such an outrage. But for such as
have named the name of Christ not to depart from
iniquity, for such as have enlisted under his ban-
ner to go back to the world, for such as have
renounced sin to return to its pleasures, involves a
greater crime. A more touching spectacle bars
our return. Jesus, as it were, lays himself down
on our path; nor can any become backsliders, and
return to the practice and pleasures of sin, with-
out trampling him under their feet. These, Paul's
very words, call up a spectacle from which
every lover of Christ should recoil with horror:
"If he," says that apostle, "who despised Moses'
law died without mercy, of how much sorer
punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought
worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of
God?"—Dr. Guthrie.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

"A lovely child that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere."

Yes, it does not matter so very much where you
are, as what you are. I hope it will never be
your lot to be in either a prison or a workhouse.
The middle of a wood at midnight cannot be a
very cheerful place, and a wet, muddy road might
be pleasant; but some of you would doubtless be
happier in either of these places than some people
are in a well-warmed, well-lighted, magnificent
manion.

For there are some people who cannot be hap-
py. They have not the materials in them which
go to make happiness. No matter in what cir-
cumstances you place them, they are still fret-
ful, and discontented, and sorrowful.

It is a beautiful day, they will pick out a cloud
somewhere, and sigh that "it will perhaps be wet
to-morrow." If they have a fortune left them,
"it isn't so much as they expected." If they
have to walk, they grow "miserably tired;" and
if they go through life in a chariot, "it is very
cold riding." As for a hearty, thankful expres-
sion of entire content, you never get such a thing
from them, though you long for it for years.

But there are some who cannot keep unhappy,
no matter how they try. They are like a cork in
the water—great waves of trouble roll over them,
and beat them down, and the next minute up they
come again as light as ever. You tell them it is
a miserable day, but they don't see it; for their
eyes are fixed on a little bit of blue sky, and look-
ing at that, they forget the miles of leaden clouds
all about it. They have trouble upon trouble, but
they hope on. A great loss comes and sweeps
them almost away, but they go resolutely to work
to get some gain that shall quite make amends
for it. They are disappointed repeatedly, but
they still believe that the next day to which they
look forward is certain to be all they expected.
Besides, you have to say a good many gloomy
things before they admit that they have been
really disappointed.

It is a good thing to be a philosopher, when
philosophy teaches us to make the best of the ills
of life. But it is better to be a Christian, and so
make the best of both worlds—the world of sor-
row and the world of joy, because the lessons of
sorrow are very useful. It is well to bow the
head sometimes and say, "I was silent because
Thou didst it." It is a better way than resolutely
determining that we will not care, no matter what
shall come. It does us good to care, but not to
be cast down; to take the Father's chastening, and
grow meek and humble, but always hopeful under
it; to receive His words, and nurse them in our
hearts, hoping to grow thereby.

But it is no use to be children, and cry after
grand houses and carriages, and throw away our
toys because they are not made of gold. Of one
thing let us be sure—our Father places us where
it is best and most comfortable for us to remain.
Let us trust to Him, for does He not know best?
One day we shall be grown up, and able to un-
derstand the hard things that puzzle us now, and then
I think we shall be sorry that we were not happier
than we were.

A SPELLING CLASS COMPOSED OF MINIS- TERS.

A lady in Augusta, Ga., gives an interesting ac-
count of an experiment in "teaching theology."
She says:—

"A theological school is just being opened here
for colored Baptist ministers. A building is to be
erected by and-by, and a professor from the North
is to take charge; but at present the school is sim-
ply a voluntary organization of brethren, meeting
together for study, with such help as they can get.
They have asked Mr. Prince to take charge, and
he has proposed to me to assist him.

"I made my first visit last night, my good friend
Miss Burt accompanying me. I had taught night-
school before, but never just this kind of school.
Here were about forty ministers, of different ages,
from the white-headed father in Israel to the young
heliocentist, every one with a book in his hand, and
eager to study. They greeted us warmly, and
when I said I hoped they would not have any ob-
jection to being taught by ladies temporarily, they
replied unanimously that they should consider it
an honor.

"I touched me much to see a row of young mi-
nisters, every one with a primer in hand; hesi-
tates, I presume, these were. Miss B. took them
in hand, and afterwards attended to a Third Reader
class, while I took charge of a large class in the
Freedmen's Second Reader. On the front seat
was a venerable old man, evidently more accus-
tomed to the spade or the hoe than to a book. He
held it up to the top of his head, borrowed a pair of spectacles
from a neighbor, and finally succeeded in reading the
first two paragraphs of the opening lesson. I
confess I felt some delicacy at correcting the old
gentleman for the misplacing of a letter or two, or
the disregard of the commas and periods. I pic-
tured him in the pulpit giving full vent to his native
eloquence, urging his unconverted brethren
to come to Jesus, or going down to the river side
to administer the rite of baptism; and I almost felt
as if I were offering an insult to his gray hairs.
Not so he, however; his face brightened up each
time I corrected him, and as he evidently enjoyed
it I began to enjoy it too.

"But now picture, if you can, a minister's spell-
ing-class! Imagine my feelings as I called on the
Rev. Mr. ——— to spell w-o-r-l-d, and the Rev.
Mr. ——— to spell b-e-a-t-s; a difficult word, by
the way, both to spell and pronounce, and over
which every one tripped and fell! I took occasion
to enliven the spelling with various little disserta-
tions on the nature and peculiarities of the English
language, the derivation of words, &c., with which
they seemed highly delighted. When every one
had read and sp