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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JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, May 3, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

The following account of the Massacre of St Bartholomew's Day, one of the most horrible scenes recorded in the annals of the world, is taken from "Froude's History of England." The rejoicings over the event which were indulged in at Rome, even more than the scenes at Paris showed the connexion of Rome with the massacre and the responsibility of the Papacy for its commission:

Night had now fallen. Guise and Aumale were still lurking in the city, and came with the Duke of Montpensier at Catherine's summons. The persons who were to be killed were in different parts of the town. Each took charge of a district. Montpensier promised to see to the Palace; Guise and his Uncle undertook the Admiral; and below these, the word went out to the leaders of the already organized section, who had been disappointed once, but whose hour had now come. The Catholics were to recognize one another in the confusion by a white handkerchief on the left arm and a white cross in their caps. The Royal Guard, Catholics to a man, were ready made for the work. Guise assembled the officers; he told them them that the Huguenots were preparing to rise, and that the king had ordered their instant punishment. The officers asked no questions, and desired no better service. The business was to begin at dawn. The signal would be the tolling of the great bell at the Palace of Justice, and the first death was to be Coligny's.

The soldiers stole to their posts. Twelve hundred lay along the Seine, between the river and the Hotel de Ville; other companies watched at the Louvre. As the darkness waned, the Queen Mother went down to the gate. The stillness of the dawn was broken by an accidental pistol-shot. Her heart sank, and she sent off a messenger to tell Guise to pause. But it was too late. A minute later the bell boomed out, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew had commenced.

The Admiral was feverish with his wounds, and had not slept. The surgeon and a Huguenot minister, named Malm, had passed the night with him. At the first sounds he imagined that there was an *emute* of the Catholics at the Court; but the crash of his own gate, and shots and shrieks in the court below the window told him that, whatever was the cause, his own life was in danger. He sat up in his bed. "Mr. Malid," he said, "pray for me; I have long expected this." Some of his attendants rushed half-dressed into the room. "Gentlemen, save yourselves," he said to them; "I commend my soul to my Saviour."

They scattered, escaping or trying to escape by the roofs and balconies; a German servant alone remained with him. The door was burst open immediately after, and the officer who was in charge of the house, a Bohemian servant of Guise, and a renegade Huguenot soldier, rushed in with drawn swords.

"Are you the Admiral?" the Bohemian cried. "I am," replied Coligny; "and young man, you should respect my age and my wounds; but the term of my life does not rest in the pleasure of such as thou."

The Bohemian with a curse, stabbed him in the breast, and struck him again on the head. The window was open. "Is it done?" cried Guise from the court below, "is it done? Fling him out that we may see him." Still breathing, the Admiral was hurled upon the pavement. The Bastard of Angoulême wiped the blood from his face to be sure of his identity, and then kicking him as he lay, shouted: "So far well. Courage, my brave boys! now for the rest." One of the Duc de Nevers's people hacked off the head. A rope was knotted about the ankles, and the corpse was dragged out into the street amid the howling crowd. Teligny, who was in the adjoining house, had sprung out of bed at the first disturbance, ran down into the court, and climbed by a ladder to the roof. From behind a parapet he saw his father-in-law murdered, and, scrambling on the tiles, concealed himself in a garret; but he was soon tracked, torn from his hiding place, and thrown upon the stones with a dagger in his side. Rochefoucault and the rest of the Admiral's friends who lodged in the neighborhood were disposed of in the same way, and so complete was the surprise that there was not the most faint attempt at resistance.

Montpensier had been no less successful in the Louvre. The staircases were all beset. The retinues of the King of Navarre and the Prince had been lodged in the Palace, at Charles' particular desire. Their names were called over, and, as they descended unarmed into the quadrangle, they were hewn in pieces. There, in heaps, they fell, below the Royal window, under the eyes of the miserable King, who was forced forward, between his mother and his brother, that he might be seen as the accomplice of the massacre. Most of the victims were killed upon the spot. Some fled wounded up the stairs, and were slaughtered in the presence of the Princesses. One Gentleman rushed bleeding into the apartment of the newly-married Margaret, clung to her dress, and was hardly saved by her intercession. By 7 o'clock the work which Guise and his immediate friends had undertaken was finished, with but one failure. The Count Montgomery and the Vidame of Chartres lodged in the Faubourg St. Germain, across the water, on the outskirts of the town. A party of assassins had been sent to dispatch them, but had loitered on the way to do some private murdering on their own account. When the news reached Montgomery that Paris was up, he supposed, like Coligny, that the Catholics had risen against the Court. He ran down the river's bank with a handful of men behind him, opposite the Tuileries, intending to cross to help his friends; but the boats were all secured on the other side. The soldiers shot at him from under the palace. It was said—it rests on the worthless authority of Brantome—that Charles himself in his frenzy snatched a gun from a servant and fired at him also. Montgomery did not wait for further explanation. He, the Vidame, and a few others, sprang to their horses, rode for their lives, and escaped to England.

The mob meanwhile was in full enjoyment. Long possessed with the accursed formulas of the priests, they believed that the enemies of God were given into their hands. While dukes and lords were killing at Louvre the bands of the sections imitated them with more than success; men, women, and even children, striving which should be first in the pious work of murder. All Catholic Paris was at the business, and every Huguenot household had neighbors to know and denounce them. Through street and lane and quay and causeway, the air rang with yells and curses, pistol-shots and crashing windows; the roadways were strewed with mangled bodies, the doors were blocked by the dead and dying. From garret, closet, roof or stable, crouching creatures were torn shrieking out, and stabbed and hacked at; boys practised their hands by strangling babies in their cradles, and headless bodies were trailed along the trottoirs. Carts struggled through the crowd carrying the dead in piles to the Seine, which, by special Providence, was that morning in flood, to assist in sweeping heresy away. Under the sanction of the great cause, lust, avarice, fear, malice, and revenge, all had free indulgence, and glutted themselves to nausea. Even the distinctions of creed itself became at last confounded, and every man or woman who had a quarrel to avenge, a lawsuit to settle, a wife or husband grown inconvenient, or a prospective inheritance if obstacles could be removed, found a ready road to the object of their desires.

Towards midday some of the quieter people attempted to restore order. A party of the town police made their way to the palace. Charles caught eagerly at their offers of service, and bade them to do their utmost to put the people down; but this was all in vain. The soldiers, maddened with plunder and blood, could not be brought to assist, and without them nothing could be done. All that forenoon and night, and the next day and the day after, the horrible scenes continued, till the flames burnt down at last for want of fuel. The number who perished in Parish was computed variously from 2,000 to 10,000. In this as in such instances, the lowest estimate is probably nearest the truth.

[The bloody deeds of August 24, were repeated in Lyons, Orleans, Rouen, Bordeaux, Toulon, Meaux, and other places, including half the towns and villages of France. The King became drunk with frenzy, and the slaughter was not stayed, until, according to the belief of the times, a hundred thousand men, women, and children had fallen victims to the murderous delirium.]

The guilt of such enormous wickedness may be distinguished from its cause. The guilt was the Queen Mother's; the cause was Catholic fanaticism. Catherine de Medici had designed the political murder of a few inconvenient persons, with a wicked expectation that their friends in return might kill Guise and his uncle, whose power was troublesome to her. The massacre was the spontaneous work of theological frenzy heated to the boiling point. No imaginable army of murderers could have been provided by the accomplished conspirator to have executed such a work in such a way. The actors in it were the willing instruments of teachers of religion as sincere in their madness as themselves. The equity of history requires that men be tried by the standard of their times. The citizens of Paris and Orleans may be pardoned if they were not more enlightened than the Sovereign Pontiff of Christendom and the most Catholic King of Spain. Philip, when the news reached him, is said to have laughed for the first and only time in his life. He was happy in being saved from a combination which had threatened him with the loss of his Low Countries. But a deeper source of gratification to him was the public evidence that his brother-in-law no longer intended to tamper with heresy, that France was in no further danger of following England into schism, and that the seamless robe of the Saviour was not to be parted among his executioners.

At Rome, in the circle of the saints, the delight was even more unbounded. Where the blood was flowing the voice of humanity could not utterly be stifled, and expressions of displeasure began early to be heard. In the Holy City there was a universal outpouring of thanksgiving to the Father who had taken pity on His children. The cannon were fired at St. Angelo, the streets were illuminated, Pope Gregory with his cardinals walked in procession from sanctuary to sanctuary to offer their sacrifice of adoring gratitude. As, for an act of hostility committed five centuries before, a prophet of Israel commanded the extermination of an entire nation; as then the baby was not spared at the breast, the mother with child, and the sick were slaughtered in their beds—all murdered; as the hideous fury was extended to the cattle in the field, and all living things were piled together in a gory mass of carnage: so another slaughter of scarce inferior horror had again been perpetrated in the name of religion, and the Vicar of Christ, like a second Samuel, bestowed upon the deed the especial blessing of the Almighty. The scene of the massacre was painted by the Pope's orders, with an inscription immortalizing his own gratification and approval. He struck a commemorative medal, with on the one side his own image, on the other the destroying Angel immolating the Huguenots. He dispatched Cardinal Orsini to Paris to congratulate the King, and the assassins of Lyons, on whose hands the blood of the innocents was scarcely dry, knelt before the holy man in the cathedral as he passed through, and received his apostolic blessing. Such was the judgment upon the massacre in the Catholic world, where no worldly interests obscured the clearness of the sacred vision.—*Exchange.*

How it Died.—"Died—in Laodicea, the *Prayer-meeting*, aged one year. The health of this meeting was poor most of the year, and its life was despaired of. But a few anxious friends kept it alive, and sometimes it would so revive as to encourage them.

"Discouragement at last prevailed, and the prayer-meeting is *dead*. It died from neglect. Not a Christian was present when it died. Over forty were living within a mile of it, and *not one* was there.

"Had *two only* been there, its life might have been saved, for 'where two are agreed,' &c.

"Two-thirds of the forty *might* have been there, had they been so disposed; but they were not, and the prayer-meeting died."

Beware of Him.—Beware of whom? A dangerous companion. He can't walk; for he has no legs. He can't seize you; for he has no arms. He can't look at you; for he has no eyes. He can't hear you; for he has no ears. But he can harm you, nevertheless; for he has a tongue and speaks wicked things. Do you know him? I hope not. Shall I tell you his name? It is a *Bad Book*. Beware of him!—*S. S. Advocate.*

THE MIRACLE OF GROWTH.

It appears strange that scientific men should lend their names to irreligion. Young said years ago,

"An undevout astronomer is mad;"

and the scientific inquirer who fails to recognize a living, ruling, omnipresent and personal God in the processes about him, seems singularly blind or illogical. The following illustration of the argument for an ever-working Deity in nature is found in a volume just issued by Rev. Edward White, and quoted in a letter sent to the *Watchman and Reflector* by Peter Bayne:

"Suppose we could watch the grain of corn beneath the soil, when it begins to strike with an enormous microscope, so that the grain should appear ten thousand times larger than it is, so that we could perceive the movement of the small particles which compose it. We should then see the dwelling of the germ that lies hid in the damp earth, and the gradual shooting out of those filaments which are to form the root and the blade. It grows larger every day, and requires, therefore, new substance. But whence comes this substance? From the air, from the water, from the earth. Air particles, water particles, earth particles, have been drawn from around, under the stimulus of the sunbeams and the warmth of the earth's bed, and they have been changed into corn-root and corn-leaf particles, and have become alive, full of a power of drawing and changing other particles from the earth and air in the same manner. It is wonderful as if an iron seed had struck out, and had gathered from around lumps of clay, or pieces of wood changed them into iron, steel and copper, and built them up into the form of a steam engine with its complicated metalic fixtures and appurtenances. All this is incomprehensible. This, then, is most wonderful—the gathering of the new materials, and the change of the air, water, gas, and the earth's flint and salt into the substance of a wheat stalk with its straw, and chaff, and flour. But more wonderful still is that other miracle, the arranging of new particles in a pattern according to a plan, and that plan the plan of an organized structure, loaded at the top with food for mankind. Suppose we could see this process magnified so that the particles should seem as large as marbles, if a million variously colored marbles could be thrown upon the ground, and we should see them building themselves up into the pattern of a tree—its stem, its leaves, its flowers, its fruit, we should say, as we watched the process, why, they are alive, and each of them seems to have sense, to know where to go and where to stay, as if each one comprehended the whole pattern and saw where his plate ought to be; but, no, they cannot have this sense. When soldiers form in line, in square, in wedge, in circle, in echelon, or move quickly or slowly, according to command, this is because each man is intelligent, each unit has a mind. But each of these marbles surely has not a mind; yet it acts as if it had; takes up its place, or moves, according to the necessity of the general plan of the flower. How is this? . . . There must be some power distinct from the force possessed by each particle, and superior to all, which directs the movements of each, so as to bring out the predestined figure, as the general in command directs the movements of every soldier on the field. What is this power? You say it is life; yes, that is a beautiful word—but it means nothing, unless it means pattern-forming mind. These wonders conduct us by a very short process of reasoning to a spirit of life which is a spirit of thought, of order, and of power—the all-pervading spirit of God, who "maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains," who "so clothes the grass of the field," and who "openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." It is not then a piece of poetry, but profoundest truth, when we say that it is God who "giveth food to all flesh," and whose "mercy endureth for ever." He who gave the manna gives the corn. And he who would not acknowledge God in nature would not have acknowledge him even if he had seen the manna lying like a broad wreath of driven snow around the camp of Israel.—*Christian Freeman.*

"PUT ON THY STRENGTH, O ZION,"

There is as much need now for such words to startle men as there was when the prophet Isaiah uttered them. There are as many enemies to contend with and as many hard battles to be fought. Error has not lain down and slept these thousands of years and allowed truth to move on unobstructed. The conflict has been rife. The combined forces of the world, the flesh and the devil have been awake, and what one could not do the others have attempted. The devil has been at work while Christians have been at ease.

It was while men slept that he sowed tares among the wheat and went his way to do more mischief. The conflict began with the fall of man, and the scene of action has been widening to the present hour, and instead of yielding in the contest and ending the war, the exhortation is "Put on thy strength," "Be a soldier of Jesus Christ," "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might."

The church is in want of strength to arm her against intemperance, vile affections, the love of money, evil ambitions, party spirit. She should control the influence in the community. She should be mighty enough through God to pull down all the strong holds of sin, to say what plants may grow and what must be plucked up by the roots; if the young must have amusements, let them be innocent; if they must and will be educated either for God or the devil, let them be educated for God. But how is this strength to be put on?

1. By putting on personal piety. It is not by worldly embellishment and gaudy show that it is acquired. These are external appendages tacked on the outside for ornament; strength comes from within. The dress makes no man stronger. His strength lies in his bones and muscles, it is the frame-work that constitutes him the man. The strength of the church lies within, it is the heart's power with God, "This is the victory" says John, "that overcometh the world, even our faith." The heart takes hold of God by faith and moves him to answer its prayers. It was real piety in one of the reformers of England which led Queen Mary to say, "I fear his prayers more than all the armies of Europe." And it is real piety in the church that will make the world tremble and submit to God.

2. If he would put on strength, we must use healthily what we now have. Heenan taxed his strength day after day for years, before he could strike a blow that would weigh a quarter of a ton. Euclid struggled a life-time before he reached that point in mathematics which, it is confessed, has never been surpassed. Jenny Lind came nigh a failure before she could charm the world with song. Too many are longing for strength, who nevertheless, stand all the day idle. Little duties must be done, and smaller responsibilities borne, before we shall have strength for greater ones. We must be "faithful over a few things" before we shall be competent to be "rulers over many." Ease and quietude never increase faith. What has made ministers able men—it is their willingness to tax themselves to the utmost; it has been their greatest luxury to work for God; when they have preached they have warned sinners as if they never expected to warn them again. What has made churches strong is their working talent; they have been working churches. Feeling that they could not live without doing something, they look over the fields and have an eye to enterprise and missions.

3. If God's people would put on strength they must put on union. Divided about men or measures they will be shorn of strength. If one says, "I am for Paul," and another "I am for Apollos," their energies will be wasted on each other. Contending with such elements it is with the greatest effort that they can continue a church. Paul's words become sharp against them, "For if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." The Jewish historian tells us that Jerusalem was taken and destroyed by the Roman army, simply because there were so many divisions in the city. A united people, under God, can scarcely find their match. They become a mighty army and they can never be defeated. The cementing element is brotherly love, and it makes a defence stronger than walled cities or Satan's combined forces. May Christ's prayer "that they all may be one," be answered, and the churches put on their strength.—*Freeman.*

THE GREATEST WORK OF GOD.

He who discards revelation loses sight of God's greatest work, the redemption of a world. Though some good men question this, from the word itself, we can but conclude with President Edwards that "it is the greatest of all God's works, of which we have any notice, and it is the end of his other works." The value and destiny of the human soul should lead us to this conclusion. Christ said, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and no one understood so well the real importance of the immortal spirit as he did who gave his life for ruined men. The wonders of God's providence, wisdom, and power in the material universe, are indeed grand themes of thought. Yet to think of an undying being that can never cease to be, is more fearfully wonderful. It is true that man is a very small part of the creation of God, but the duration of his existence increases his importance beyond the utmost limit of imagination. The fall of man was made the occasion of a display of God's most wondrous scheme of salvation through the divine person of his own Son. Such an exhibition of infinite benevolence, wisdom and love, we are assured by the Scriptures, has not a parallel. Paul "counted *all* things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord." Just as we can have no clear conception of the distances of the fixed stars or the myriads of systems that have a place beyond the limit of our investigations, so we can hardly begin to comprehend the length and depth and height of God's love as manifested in our salvation. We may in this life well be astonished at the "manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us," but "it doth not yet appear what we shall be when we shall see him as he is."

Who shall say that we ever shall tire in praising God for his "unspeakable gift," or that Christ's person as our Saviour will ever lose its charms. John heard in his vision many angels and living creatures singing that *new song*, "Thou art worthy to take the book; for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God." Yes, all the redeemed of God shall through eternity sing "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—*American Paper.*

HOW DONALD SUCCEEDED.

A Scottish nobleman, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, lived a very retired life, and left his affairs very much in the hands of others. Donald, one of his tenantry, rented a farm, upon which his forefathers had lived for above two hundred years. The lease which he held was on the point of expiring, and the steward refused to allow Donald a renewal, wishing to put the farm into the hands of a friend of his own. Poor Donald tried every argument in his power with the steward, but in vain; at length he bent his steps to the castle, determined to make his case known to his lordship. Here again he was repulsed; the porter had received orders from the steward, and refused him admittance.

Donald turned away almost in despair, and resolved upon a bold measure, as his only chance of success. He climbed the garden wall in an unfrequented part, and entered the house by a private door. At length he approached the private apartments of the nobleman. He heard a voice, and, drawing near, found it was his lordship's, and that he was engaged in prayer. Retiring to a short distance, he waited till the prayer was concluded, and could not but hear his lordship pleading earnestly with the Virgin Mary and St. Francis for their intercession in his behalf. At length his lordship ceased. Donald, who had stood trembling with anxiety for the result, now gently knocked at the door. "Come in," was his lordship's reply; and Donald entered. "Who are you, man? What do you want?" was the inquiry. Donald stated his case. The peer listened, was touched with the tale, and having heard something of Donald, assured him of his protection, and that his lease should be renewed. Many artless but earnest thanks followed, and he was departing, when a thought of anxiety for his noble master occurring to his mind, Donald returned, and spoke thus: "My lord, I was a bold man and you forgave me, and have saved me and my poor family from ruin. Many blessings attend you! I would again be a bold man if I might, and say something further to your lordship." "Well, man, speak out." "Why, my lord, I was well-nigh a ruined man; so I was bold and came to your lordship's door, and as I stood there, I could not but hear your lordship praying to the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, and you seemed unhappy. Now, my lord, forgive me, but I cannot help thinking the Virgin Mary and Saint Francis will do you no good, any more than your lordship's steward and porter did for me. I had been a ruined man if I had trusted to *them*, but I came *direct* to your lordship, and you heard me. Now, if your lordship would but leave the Virgin Mary and St. Francis, who will do no more for your lordship than your lordship's steward and porter would do for me, and just go direct to the Lord Jesus Himself, and pray to Him for what you need, He will hear you, for He has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden;' and again, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Will your lordship forgive me, and just try for yourself?"

It is said, that his lordship was struck with this simple argument, and that he afterwards found that a poor penitent sinner, trusting in Jesus, will always find—pardon, peace, and salvation.—*M. Witness.*

"MY PATH IS GROWN UP."

My path is grown up." This was the language of one who for many years had been an active, useful member of the Church. The light of his Christian example shone with clear and steady lustre, and he was a zealous promoter of every good work; but now his zeal has cooled down into indifference, and his light shows but dimly. A friend, who had noticed the change, took occasion to speak to him on the subject, and to inquire into the cause of a change so visible in his spirit and conduct. He replied, "My path is grown up" alluding to his former practice of retiring often to a certain spot near his house, for private prayer, and so frequent had been his visits to this consecrated spot that he had worn a plain path, but now he had so seldom visited it that the weeds and grass had grown up in his path. He had ceased to renew his strength, as formerly, by waiting upon God in secret prayer, and as a consequence, he had lost his spiritual vigor and activity, and his usefulness in the Church. If the history of backsliding could be written, no doubt it would be found in most cases that they had their commencement in the neglect of some plain Christian duty, or means of grace, and none more likely than the neglect of private prayer. So important is this duty that it cannot be neglected without loss to the soul, nor will it allow of any substitute. The more of public religious duties we have to perform, the more need we have to renew our strength by waiting upon the Lord in private prayer. Dear reader, suffer one who stands on the verge of eternity to ask, are you a member of the church, a Christian by profession? Have you a place set apart for this important duty; and do you visit that consecrated place several times a day? Let conscience answer. And may the God of all grace stir you to diligence, that you may not suffer your path to grow up.—*Wesleyan.*

THE FATAL FLOWER.

Travelers who visit the Falls of Niagara are directed to a spot on the margin of the precipice over the boiling current below, where a gay young lady, a few years since, lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract and her own daring. She leaned over the verge and caught a glimpse of the surging waters, far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom, upon which her heart was fixed; and she leaned, in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation, over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful form which charmed her fancy, the turf yielded to the pressure of her feet, and with a shriek, she descended like a falling star to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death.

How impressively does the tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of impenitent sinners perish forever. It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation, but in pursuit of imaginary good, fascinated with pleasing objects just in the future, they lightly, ambitiously, and insanely venture *too far*. They sometimes fear the result of desired wealth or pleasure, they seem to hear the thunder of eternity's deep, and recoil a moment from the allurements of sin; but the solemn pause is brief, the onward step is taken, the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry comes up from Jordan's wave, and the soul sinks into the arms of the *second death*.

Oh, every hour life's sands are sliding from beneath incautious feet, and with sin's fatal flower in the unconscious hand, the trifler goes to his doom. The requiem of each departure is an echo of the Saviour's question, "What shall a man give in *exchange* for his *soul?*"—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

The Barbed Sins.—God doth chequer his providences, white and black, as the pillar of cloud had its light side and dark. Look on the light side of thy estate; who looks on the dark side of a landscape? Suppose thou art cast in a lawsuit, there is the dark side; yet thou hast some land left, there is the light side. Thou hast sickness in thy body, there is the dark side; but grace in thy soul, there is the light side. Thou hast a child taken away, there is the dark side; thy husband lives, there is the light side. God's providences in this life are various, represented by those speckled horses among the myrtle trees, which were the red and white (Zech. 1, 8,) mercies and afflictions are interwoven; God doth speckle his work. Oh, saith one, I want such a comfort; but weigh all thy mercies in the balance, and that will make thee content. Look on the light side of your condition, and then all your discontent will easily be dispersed; do not pore upon your losses, but ponder upon your mercies. What! wouldst thou have no cross at all? Why should one man think to have all good things, when he himself is good but in part? Wouldst thou have no evil about thee, who hast so much evil in thee? Thou art not fully sanctified in this life, how then thinkest thou to be fully satisfied? Never look for perfection of contentment till there be perfection of grace.—*Watson.*

Worship Without Hearing.—"Though I cannot hear you;" said an aged woman to her pastor, I come to God's house because I love it, and would be found in his ways, and he gives me many a sweet thought upon the text when it is pointed out to me; another reason is, because I am in the best company, in the most immediate presence of God, and amongst his saints, the honorable of the