

The Religious Intelligence.

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, AUGUST 2, 1867.

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The Intelligencer.

THE PIOUS WEAVER.

At the period when the Earl of Weymouth, afterwards Marquis of Bath, was one of the British Secretaries of State, there resided on his manor, appertaining to Longleat House, a pious Congregationalist, named Driver, a cloth-weaver, who belonged to a Church about four miles from his place of abode. As he and his family in stormy weather were obstructed from attending the services of the sanctuary, and as Driver possessed both "gifts and graces" for usefulness, he was authorized to open his own domicile for meetings for prayer and exhortation. The dwelling, however, belonging to the nobleman, and was occupied by Driver as his tenant. It was "the Lord's doing" and the evangelical work prospered until a Church was formed, and with the sanction of the Earl's bailiff (Davies), and by the aid of the neighboring Churches, and it is believed John Thornton assisted, a house of prayer was erected; and Driver added to the secular occupation of weaving, the spiritual office of preaching the Word. The hand of the Lord was with him; the Word of God increased; and a number believed and turned to the Lord.

During this interval, the Earl, who was obliged to reside in London on account of his public duties, who was also a very dissipated aristocrat, had either not been made acquainted with Driver's proceedings, or had paid no regard to his course. At length, however, his successful labours became too marked for continued scorn or ridicule. The parish church exhibited such an evident proof of habitual desertion on the part of the people, while the Nonconformist sanctuary was filled with the attentive and devout parishioners, enjoying the "communion of saints," that the pastor could no longer brook either the indifference with which he was treated, or the respect paid to the preaching weaver. He therefore resolved, if possible, to crush the mechanic who dared, he said, to "set up a conventicle" in his parish. Some time, however, elapsed before he had the opportunity to commence his malevolent operations. But when circumstances transpired through which the Earl resigned his Secretaryship, the nobleman returned in the summer to occupy his princely mansion at Longleat.

Without delay, the rector had an interview with his ecclesiastical patron and the manorial baron. He complained of Driver's fanatical proceedings; denounced the weaver and all his brethren with all obloquy, as disturbers of the peace; and reviled Driver himself as "a pestilent fellow;" adding his request, that as Driver lived in the Earl's cottage, and the conventicle, as he entitled the house of prayer, was erected on the Earl's domain, that he would summarily eject the ringleader and his whole devious community. The Earl promised to examine into the complaint, and do what was proper.

The bailiff (Davies) was apprised by the Earl of the rector's virulent communication, and the necessary inquiries were made of that steward respecting the truth of the representation by the rector of the affairs of the parish. Mr. Davies candidly unfolded the entire course which he had tacitly sanctioned; testified to the great worth of the humble follower of the apostles, and the numerous moral benefits which had resulted from Driver's efforts to evangelize his neighbours; and enumerated several instances in which the unwieldy, who had been formerly subjects of the Earl's judicial cognizance as a magistrate, had become exemplary persons for all good conduct and religious consistency; and convinced the Earl that the best method which he could adopt would be to disregard the worldly-minded rector and to encourage the sober industrious weaver. Upon which Davies was directed to invite the Nonconformist to dinner with the Earl. As they were about to begin their meal alone, the Earl remarked: "Driver, I suppose you say grace whenever you eat." "Yes, my lord," was the weaver's reply; "I always desire to acknowledge the divine goodness." "Well, then," rejoined the Earl, "say grace now." At which Driver made an appropriate petition for the Lord's blessing, both upon the food and the Earl who provided it. After a long conversation, and a scrutiny into all the concerns of the Congregational Church, the Earl added, at parting: "Go on, Driver, and do all the good among the people you can."

The story soon flew around that Driver had dined with the Earl of Weymouth, and that the Earl was highly delighted with the preaching weaver. This induced the rector a second time to expostulate with the Earl, with earnest solicitation that the conventicle might be stopped, and the people be forced to return to the parish church. The Earl again engaged to inquire into the matter, and do the best he could to promote the peace and welfare of his dependents. Towards the close of the season, just before his return to London, Davies was ordered again to invite Driver to dinner with the Earl at Longleat House. The poor had passed the summer and autumn exploring his large domains; and he ascertained that the hope, the temperance, and the virtues, in many instances, were "transformed by the renewing of their minds;" that the lawless and lighters were become prayerful and orderly; and that wherever Driver's influence and principles prevailed, all was comfort and decorum, and in the greatest contrast to that portion of the inhabitants who either attended the parish church or professed to follow the rector. Having dined, the Earl summoned Davies into the parlour, and called for the deed which he had directed the bailiff to prepare. By that instrument the Earl transferred the Nonconformist place of worship, graveyard, and the dwelling which Driver occupied, with the adjoining field, garden, and orchard, to trustees, for the use of an Independent Church; to which was appended a sum of money as an annual payment for the benefit of the minister of the church. When he had formally signed the deed, he presented it to Driver, with a donation for himself. As he bade him farewell, he adjured him: "Now, Driver, you must quit wearing cloth, and do nothing else but weave sermons! Go on as you have begun; and nobody shall molest you as long as my name is Weymouth."

The next day the rector hurried to Longleat House, to demonstrate with the Earl upon his "fanatical designs;" and was about to open his ecclesiastical artillery, when the Earl stopped him, and after sarcastically communicating the result of his investigations among the rector's parishioners, he drily told him, that the only thing he

could do to "drive Driver" out of the parish, was this—"PRAY HIM DOWN! PREACH HIM DOWN!" Driver continued to work in his Master's service, until that "good and faithful servant" was called to "rest from his labours" in Christian peace.—*Christian Treasury.*

LADY HUNTINGDON.

Take away the first seven and the last nine years of the past century, and you have the lifetime of Lady Huntingdon. She lived nearly eighty-four out of those hundred years. Her life extended through the greater part of four reigns—those of Queen Anne, George the First, Second, and Third. She was born on the 24th August, 1707, and died June 21, 1791. She died in the Parsonage House, then her ladyship's private residence, next door to Spa Fields Chapel, and was buried at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, near the ancestral domain of Donnington Park.

The eighteenth century was a most remarkable and eventful one. But, of all the extraordinary things which happened in it, none more worthy of our regard than the great revival of religion by which it was distinguished—a revival whose pulse is in full throeb even now, and whose results will fill all time, and stretch away into the glorious future forever. In that revival Lady Huntingdon took a foremost place.

When only nine years old, the sight of a funeral, carrying one about her own age to the grave, induced her to attend the burial. The first impression of religion were made upon her mind then. On the spot, with many tears, she earnestly prayed to God that when she would be taken away, He would deliver her from all fear, and give her a happy departure. The prayer was heard.

Her benevolence of disposition was manifested at an early period. When quite young she was known in the neighborhood where she lived as Lady Bountiful. She was a lovely girl, and in after life her personal appearance was a sweet mingling of dignity and condescension. One bright summer's morning, June 3, 1728, when not quite twenty-one, she was married to Theophilus, the ninth Earl of Huntingdon. He greatly loved her and she strongly loved him. Their mutual love increased with time, and he often said that "her life and actions rendered even virtue more lovely, and her society and conversation constituted his greatest happiness." Although he died many years before her—for she was a widow nearly forty-five years—her love for him never ceased. Just before her decease she shed tears at the mention of his name, showing the tender affection with which she remembered him to the last.

The celebrated Lord Bolingbroke wrote the epitaph for the deceased Earl, and thus speaks in it of the Countess:—

By his marriage with the Lady Belina Hinchey, He secured to himself, in retirement, A scene of happiness he could not have found in the world. The uninterrupted joys of conjugal love. The never-failing comforts of cordial friendship. Every care was softened. Every satisfaction heightened. Every hour passed smoothly away in the company of one Who enjoyed an perpetual serenity of soul That none can feel in this life but those Who are prepared for greater bliss In the next.

There were born to the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon four sons and three daughters; the eldest of whom, Lady Elizabeth, a most lovely woman, married the Earl of Moira, whose eldest son became the famous Marquis of Hastings, Governor-general of India, from whom is descended the present Marquis of Hastings.

Lady Huntingdon's sons all dying without descendants, the peerage fell into abeyance, until it was revived in the third collateral branch of the family on the seventh of January, 1819, by the royal warrant of the Prince Regent. On the newly recognized Earl going through the streets of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, the populace, in the excitement of their joy, cried "Long live the Plantagenet!" "Hastings!" "Long live the race of King Edward!"

Lady Huntingdon's conversion to God was effected by a remark of her husband's sister, Lady Margaret Hastings, who said "that since she had known and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, for life and salvation, she had been as happy as an angel." From that time she boldly asserted herself on the Lord's side, and met with the first Methodist minister, in what till recently was the Moravian Chapel in Peter Lane. The meetings there were of a most extraordinary character. Wesley and Whitfield thus describe them:—"On the first night of the new year (says Mr. Wesley) Messrs. Hall, Kington, Ingham, Whitfield, Hutchins, and my brother Charles, were present at our love-feast, with about sixty of our brethren. About three in the morning, as we were continuing intent in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, inasmuch that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we recovered a little from awe and amazement at the presence of the Divine Majesty, we broke out with one voice, 'We praise Thee, O God! We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord!' It was a Pentecost scene indeed," says Mr. Whitfield, "sometimes whole nights were spent in prayer; often have we been filled as with new wine, and often have I seen them overwhelmed with the Divine presence, and heard them cry out, 'Will God in very deed dwell with men upon the earth?' 'How dreadful is this place!' 'This is none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven!'"

It was in this mould that Lady Huntingdon's religious character was cast, and she bore the stamp of her first love to the end of her days. Being converted herself, her own great aim, henceforth was the conversion of others. "Christ," was to her, not nominally, but really "all in all." For this she sacrificed worldly honour, wealth—everything.

Her influence upon the nobility was wonderful. She gathered them in her drawing room to hear the Gospel from her favourite powerful preachers. Afterwards she opened chapels throughout the length and breadth of the land, and then threw herself, with her ancestral energy and decision, into the missionary enterprise. Her "Connexion"—meaning thereby the ministers, congregations, chapels, and institutions, associated with her—became a mighty power, leaving this land and others with the glorious gospel of the grace of God. To sustain this work she opened a College at Talgarth in Wales, and formed an "Apostolic Society" for perpetuating it after her death. The members of this Society, faithful to their friend and patroness and their principles, removed her College from Wales to Chestnut. It was her do-

mined rule, and afterwards even made law in the doctrine of the Apostolic Society, that students entering her college should enter it in good faith to serve her connexion "on the plan of the secession;" but if, after entering and studying the appointed time, they preferred to labour in other parts of the Lord's vineyard, they were at liberty to do so. She desired no constrained service from any one, but wished that those who served, with her, her Lord and Master, should do so with a willing mind. Considerable wealth from many persons was now consecrated to the "Connexion;" and although much of it is lost, there remain over one hundred thousand pounds as its property. From the nature of the trusts, in which the chapels, the college, and the funded property are left to the "Connexion," it must retain its name and form—the conference, however, resolved, some few years ago, that new places of worship, opened by it instrumentally, might be known as the Free Church of England. This was done to obtain greater security and freedom in its work—that, the nature of its work might be more clearly understood by the public, and that it might be the better qualified to meet the Ritualistic tendencies of the time. Further information may be gathered from the *Free Church of England Magazine* and the *Free Church of England Circular*.

Under this new form, the work which Lady Huntingdon began is expanding and assuming an importance which must gladden the hearts of those who desire the extension of Christ's kingdom, whether at home or abroad.

Although compelled to secede from the Established Church she loved its doctrines and its liturgy embodying as they do, the great principles of the Reformation. A monument to her memory is about to be erected in front of Spa Fields Chapel by the exertions of Mr. F. W. Wilelocks; who is the present Churchwarden of Clarendon, the Incumbent of which parish, the Rev. R. Maguire, has engaged to take part in its inauguration.

A favorable contrast to the times in which the Countess lived! It was by the unwise proceedings of a former incumbent that Lady Huntingdon, much against her cherished conviction, was turned into a seceder.

It is now better understood than ever that Lady Huntingdon's was a great life—great in the simplicity and earnestness of its consecration to Christ, and in its aim for the conversion of the world.

That life was a beautiful comment upon the two family mottoes, and an illustration of them:—*De Veritate Victoria*, and *Honourata est Honoratio*: Victory in Truth—then that honor Me, I will honour.—*Christian Times.*

[From the New York Observer.]

CITIES OF THE BIBLE.

THE SEA-PORT CITY OF JUDAH.

It is a very old city; some ancient historian say that it existed before the flood. But its reliable history begins in the Bible, when the land of Canaan was divided among the tribes of Israel. It was part of the territory which belonged to the tribe of Dan. Joshua calls it Japho (Josh. 19, 40); but elsewhere in the Bible it is called Joppa. The city is built on a rocky hill on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. Sailing toward the city from the north, almost every house can be seen; for they are built on the hill, one above the other, so that the roofs of one range of houses are on a level with the street above.

We do not hear much of Joppa until the time of Solomon; when it became the chief sea-port of his kingdom. It was the nearest harbor to Jerusalem; and when King Solomon was building the temple, Hiram, King of Tyre, furnished him with wood from Lebanon, and sent it "in floats by sea to Joppa." (1 Chron. 2, 16.) From Joppa it was probably carried to Jerusalem on the backs of camels. The materials for the second temple, built by Zerubbabel, were sent in the same way.

The next important event connected with Joppa took place centuries later, when "Jonah rose up to flee from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa, and he found a ship going to Tarshish; so he paid the fare thereof, and went into it" (Jonah 1, 3.) You will all remember how Jonah was punished for this disobedience of God's commands.

The harbor at Joppa was small and somewhat dangerous; but as there was no other port on that coast, it was the principal port through which the Jews carried on their commerce, until Herod the Great built an artificial port at Caesarea.

At Joppa afterwards lived that benevolent woman named Tabitha or Dorcas. "And it came to pass in those days, that she was sick and died." A town called Lydda was near to Joppa, and the disciples heard that Peter was there; so, in their grief at the death of this good woman, they sent for him to come to them immediately. When Peter came, he raised Tabitha to life again; and the miracle was known throughout Joppa, and many believed in the Lord.

Peter, at this time, tarried many days in Joppa, with one Simon a tanner, "whose house was by the sea-side." While he was there, Peter went one day up on the housetop to pray, and saw a vision. (Acts 10, 3-6.) And while he doubted in himself, what the vision meant, some men stood before the gate of Simon's house, and called for Peter. They told him that they had been sent by a man named Cornelius, at Caesarea, who had been warned by God to send for Peter. So, on the morrow, Peter left Joppa and went with them to Caesarea.

Each of the orchards contains one or two wells; the water is drawn by horses or mules; and thus the gardens are kept fertile and flourishing. Leaving the gardens, not much beauty is found in the city of Jaffa. The streets are narrow and irregular; and the busy people who crowd them are dirty and unpleasant in their appearance. Leprosy is common among them; and the place is sometimes visited with the plague. The city is surrounded by a stone wall; and has only one gate. Outside of this gate is a pretty fountain, and around it are the fruit-bazars, where the delicious products of the orchards are sold.

The house of Simon the tanner, where Peter lodged, is said to be still standing. It stands by the sea-side; and is a stone house, square in form with a flat roof. The entrance is through a low gallery; and there is enclosed a court-yard, from which a stone stair-case leads to the roof of the house. Whether this is the very roof upon which Peter went to pray, or not, we cannot tell; but we do know that the same God who heard him still listens to our prayers; and whether cities stand or fall to ruin, He lives unchanging forever and ever!

CONQUERING FAITH.

But two instances are recorded in which Jesus passed an approving judgment, and looked with an admiring regard upon the faith of those who came to him; and it is remarkable that they are those of the two Gentiles—the Roman centurion and the Syro-Phoenician woman. "Verily," said he of the one, "I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel!" "Woman," said he to the other, "great is thy faith!"

Great faith was needed in those who were the first to force the barrier that ages had thrown up between Jew and Gentile, and great faith in those instances was displayed. Of the two, however, that of the purely Gentile woman was the highest in its character and the noblest in its achievement.

The Roman's faith was in the unlimitedness of Christ's power—a power he believed so great that even as he said to his soldiers, "Go!" and they went; "Come!" and they came; "Do this!" and they did it—so could Jesus say to disease, and life, and death; curing at a distance! saving, by the simple word of his power! The faith of the Canaanite was not simply in the unlimitedness of Christ's power. His power she never for a moment doubted. He had no reason to say to her, Believest thou that I am able to do this? But his willingness to give her himself some reason to doubt. Thousands tried as she was would have failed—thousands tried as she was would have failed. Which of us has a faith in Jesus of which we are quite sure that it would come through such a conflict unscathed? In her it never seems for a moment to have faltered. In front of his mysterious, unexampled silence; in the explanation given of that silence that appeared to exclude; beneath the sentence that assigned her a place among the dogs; her faith lived on, with a power in it to penetrate the folds of that dark mantle which the Lord for a short season drew around him—to know and see that behind the assumed veil of coldness, silence, indifference, repulse, reproach, there beat the willing, loving heart, upon whose boundless benevolence she casts herself, trusting, and not afraid. This was her confidence, that there was more love in that heart to her than the outward conduct of Jesus might seem to indicate. It was that confidence which sustained her from first to last. It was that confidence which carried her over all the obstructions thrown successively before her. It was that confidence that sharpened her wit, and gave her courage to snatch out of Christ's own hand the weapon by which her last and greatest victory was won. It was that confidence in him, in spite of all adverse appearances, which placed the Lord so much for her likes, as we all do, to be trusted in—and which drew from him the unwonted expression at once of approval and admiration, "O woman, great is thy faith!" It is the same kind of simple trust in Jesus that we need; and it is, to us, too, but had it in like degree, it would accomplish like blessed results. What the silence and the sentences of Jesus were to that entreating woman, crying after Jesus to have her poor child cured, his ways and his dealings, in providence and in grace, are to us crying after him for the healing of our own spiritual maladies. We cry, but he answers not a word; we entreat, but he turns upon us a frowning countenance; when he speaks, his word seems to cut us off from comfort and from help. But deal as he may with us, hide himself as he may, speak roughly as he may, let us still believe that there beats in that heart of the Redeemer a love to us, upon which we can at all times cast ourselves in full, unshinching trust.

"Woman, great is thy faith!" he said unto thee, even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour.—*Dr. Hanna, in Sunday Magazine.*

The Door.—Christ is the door. Through him we have access to the Father. He is the Mediator between God and men.

Other doors have been set up, but to no purpose. They have been tried and have failed. There is the door of Self-righteousness. A cheap door, full of knots and holes, thinly veneered over and varnished, so as to imitate the genuine wood.

There is the door of Self-torture or Penance. A painful and bloody way, leading not to pardon, or peace, but to doubt and despair.

There is the door of Universal Salvation. Salvation, not from sin, but only from punishment. This is, in fact, no door, but the breaking down of all doors or boundaries between sin and holiness, right and wrong. It is changing heaven from a walled city into an unenclosed common.

There is the Roman door. This is of various forms. Sometimes it is rounded into a Roman arch, and carefully guarded by a man wearing a triple crown, and calling himself successor of St. Peter. Sometimes it is carried up into a Gothic point, in the English or Episcopal manner. Or, again, it assumes a severely square form, disclaiming ornament, and embellished with elaborate confessions of faith. This is the Presbyterian or Puritan door.

But no one of these gives the only and exclusive access to God, in holiness, to heaven. Hear and remember the words of Christ; "I am the door. By me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—*Star.*

GOD'S ARROWS.

The simple reading of a copy of the Scriptures, purchased of Francesco Medici by the captain of a small vessel trailing from Biba, and by him taken to the island, has been blessed first to the preacher, then of one and another of his neighbors, until a small evangelized community sprang up amidst the darkness.

This little paragraph, cut from a week's ordinary column of foreign intelligence, gives a modern example of the gracious results that have often followed one of God's arrows shot "at a venture" by one of His faithful servants. Such instances of Gospel triumph have always marked the course of Christianity since the white-robed rider went forth, the arrows of whose bow fly swiftly, sure, widely, here, there, and yonder; thought that is not always seen where they fall, the slightest turn of the bow shifting widely the scene of conquest.

An arrow from this bow, shot direct from the Lord Himself, entered the heart of Saul of Tarsus, and he became one of Christ's most expert and indefatigable bowmen, sending forth the arrows of God's Word, thick and fast, throughout Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy. And since his day, by indirect means of the most varied character, special servants of the Lord have been called and endowed with grace and power to draw arrows from the divine quiver and pierce "the heart of the King's enemies," till, at the voice of Walde, or Wesley, or Luther, Waldensian, sales, and English men, and German towns resounded with the joy and gladness of people saved by the Lord.

And so it is in our own day. By methods of His own, the Lord separates to do His work men whom the world, and sometimes even the Church, have not chosen; men with or without training, rich men and poor men; learned and unlearned; and even women, for not only our sons, but our daughters are beginning to prophesy, and some members of families are proving themselves to be mothers in our Christian truths. And all those are doers in the use of the Gospel bow.

When God raised up Luther and Calvin, Knox and Latimer, He raised up many helpers with them. Wesley and Whitfield, in taking to the highways and hedges, found many prepared of the Lord to receive them and bid them God speed. The revival in which President Edwards bore a conspicuous part, as it proceeded, drew to itself the materials for its own sustentation and success. And so it has always been. God's arrows from the mouths of His servants have silently but surely penetrated multitudes of hearts, and brought them under the Gospel yoke, enlisting them as Christ's soldiers, and sending forth an innumerable number of them as expert Gospel bowmen.

These are obvious reflections, but useful to impress upon the mind a right sense of the ever-acting presence and energy of God's Holy Spirit in the world, and particularly in connection with the labours of devoted, self-sacrificing men and women, who go forth in the name of the Lord, "to save poor souls out of the fire."—*Ch. Times.*

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

The thought may be new to some others as it was to me, how effectually the Lord Jesus has interwoven that latter portion of those two great requirements in whose fulfilment all the law and commandments—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,"—"in the beautiful prayer we have had in childhood, and earnestly uttered in later life!" so the little thought I send to you.

Much has been said and written on the necessity of duty, of self-abnegation, of the crucifixion of selfishness, as opposed to the sway of interest and pursuit of selfish pleasure. Hugo has astonished the world by his hero purified in the Christ-like labor of helping others—but far down by these consciousness of millions, in the imperceptible spiritual nourishment of that vast host who have fought the fight of faith, in the silent growth of that seed sown in good ground, this prayer of our blessed Master has been at work, like rain on goodly fields, doing a greater, grander work than man may know until the day when all the blessed holy influences of our Saviour are revealed to the astonishment of those who have never suspected the working of those mighty influences because they were unseen and silent.

Read the prayer once more, (we cannot read it too often), and notice particularly the reference to a common Father, to a common necessity, and common desire. "It is our Father," not "my Father," who reigns above. Not for "me," but for "us," is daily bread desired, and the soul's great need of salvation is expressed by saying, "forgive us our sins," instead of "thine mine."

Not does Jesus say: "lead me not into temptation," or, "deliver me from evil," as our form of appeal; but "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!" And by the expression, "as we forgive our debtors," or those who trespass against us, our Lord informs the earnest supplicant that he must so forgive and forget, and then love—in the universal "Ours!"

Is it not all complete? Has all the teaching of philosophers exceeded in effect, or in form, this silent invocation of Christian brotherhood and love? Let us examine our own hearts, and see if something there is not of love for fallen man let us ask if Christians have not more of this than Pagans, and then beware of ascribing any praise to men!—*Eschinger.*

PICKED UP OR CASE. A poor girl in California picked up the cutting of a grape vine, thrown into the road, in order to drive her mule with. She carried it home, and though it was wilted and worn, and appeared good for nothing, she stuck it into the ground. "It has a little life left," she said, "I will try and save it." So she watered it, and watched it, and trained it, and took as much care of it as if it were the most promising shoot in the world.

Well, how did it reward her? In one year after it was six years old, it bore five thousand bunches of grapes, and each bunch weighed one pound; these, on being sold, brought her a thousand pounds.

You see it is not so much having large means to do with, as doing the best you can with small means.

A LOVER REMOVED. A brother complained to his minister that he had to go six miles to church. "Never mind," was the answer, "Remember that a sermon six miles long—to all who reside on the road along which you pass."