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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The Intelligencer.

MARKED PEOPLE; OR, SAINTS AND CHRISTIANS.

BY MRS. PHŒBE PALMER.

A devoted minister, in describing the characteristics of his flock to a fellow-laborer who had come to aid him, said, "My people would be frightened if you should call them saints, but they would be offended if you should not think them Christians."

What a mistake! Not on the part of the minister, for further acquaintance with the people convinced us that he had placed a proper estimate on their piety. But it was a serious mistake, that they should think themselves Christians while they could not properly be called saints.

And how may saints be known? They may be distinguished by a mark manifest to the eye of God and man. When those invisible agencies in charge of the city in the days of Ezekiel were commanded to draw near, six came, each with a destroying weapon in his hand. One of these clothed in linen, with a writer's ink-horn by his side, was commanded to go through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark on the forehead of a certain class of the people. And who were the distinguished ones? Those only who, living in the spirit of sacrifice, were found in sympathy with the Divine being, sighing and crying for the abominations done in the land. All others were left unmarked. And then the men with the slaughter weapons were sent forth, and their fearful commission read thus:—"Slay utterly, old and young, both maids and little children and women; but come not near any upon whom is the *mark*; and begin at my sanctuary. Then they began with the ancient men which were before the house." Alas, how great was the slaughter! So great that the prophet cried out. "Ah, Lord God, wilt thou destroy all the residue of Israel!" Well for the prophet that he was found among God's *marked* men.

Reader, what was written aforetime was written for our instruction in righteousness. Not alone in Ezekiel's time was the Divine mark given. The solemn work is still going on. Had you lived in the prophet's day, would you have been found in heart-sympathy with God, sighing and crying for the abominations done in the land? Or, having been left *unmarked*, would you have been a victim to the destroyer's deadly weapon?

"I want to be one of God's marked men."

So said an interesting young man who presented himself as a seeker at the altar of prayer.

We had asked, "What would you have Jesus do for you?'

"I want to be one of God's marked men," was his significant reply.

"Have you been born of the Spirit?

"No!"

"Then you cannot be one of God's marked men until your heart is changed, for it is only thus that we are made partakers of the Divine nature. 'Unto us are given exceeding great and precious promises.' That is, unto you, if *you* will comply with the conditions. Give your heart to Jesus just as it is, and then the promise is yours, 'I will receive you.' 'I will take away the heart of stone, and give you a heart of flesh.' A new heart will I give unto you.' The moment you surrender your heart, Christ will make the exchange. You have his *promise. Believe*, and you will be made a partaker of the Divine nature." He did believe, and before the service closed, rejoiced in the witness of adoption.

"Now you may be one of God's marked men," said we to the newly saved one. "You doubtless have friends out of the ark of safety, and you must try and bring some one or more unsaved ones with you to the service to-morrow evening."

"O, I live a long distance, I walked four miles to get here."

"But what is four miles, or forty miles in comparison to the worth of a soul. Jesus came all the way from heaven to earth to save you, and now that you are one of God's marked men, you will be in sympathy with your Saviour for perishing sinners, and think no conceivable sacrifice too much, that may be subservient to the salvation of souls."

The next evening he came from his distant home, bringing a friend with him, for whose salvation he seemed most deeply interested. He accompanied his friend to the altar, and the penitent was gloriously saved. The next evening he came with another friend, the succeeding evening with two, all of whom were won over to Jesus, in less than a week from the time that he had said, "I want to be one of God's marked men." How manifestly had grace made him just what he had asked to be!—a marked man in the truest sense.

Surely his eight miles walk, and his daily effort to seek and save the lost cost him something.

The foundation of the Christian religion was laid in *sacrifice*. Did the father sacrifice anything when he gave his Son, who from all eternity dwelt in his bosom? Think of the Son God, who made himself of no reputation, and came in the form of a servant. Though he was rich, for our sake he became poor, lived a life of suffering, and died the death of the cross! To profess to be a Christian, and not live in the spirit of *sacrifice*,—what an inconsistency! Nothing can be more true than that Christians are *saints*, and saints are all marked.

Can anything be called sacrifice that costs nothing! Shall that which costs nothing in time, reputation, ease or money, be called sacrifice? God's saints in all ages have been a marked people. They sacrifice that which costs something. David was a *marked man*. He might have sacrificed that which cost him nothing. But his noble soul disdained it exclaiming, "Shall I sacrifice that which costs me nothing?

A new period of time is upon us. Shall we begin each day of the present year in the spirit of *sacrifice*. It costs something to rise early, and give the first virgin hour of each day of 1868 to our Creator, Redeemer and Preserver. Nature may crave a little more sleep. But perhaps by pre-arrangement or act of self-denial you may retire over night a little earlier than you have been wont, for the sole purpose of sacrificing the first pure unsullied hour of the morning to the God of all your mercies. Do not forget that to sacrifice that which costs you nothing is *not* sacrifice.

Remember Him who rose long before it was day to pray for you. Surely you would not be willing to offer to God that which costs you nothing in time or case. Thus prepared by communion with God in prayer and searching the Scriptures, you may obtain help from God to walk before him through the day in the spirit of sacrifice, living out of self, even as Christ, who lived not to please himself. Ask at the opening of every day what you may do for Jesus, and he will surely give you some little errand of mercy, or work of grace, which an angel might covet to perform.

Thus may you begin and end each day of the year 1868, in the spirit of love and sacrifice, and stand confessed before God, angels and men as one of God's marked people.

Soon will life's probation close, and God's saints be gathered. And how solemn and suggestive the thought, that only *saints* are to be gathered as God's elect. And how may saints be known amid the mass of nominal Christians? He who Himself is to be Judge, has given an infallible characteristic. Yes, The Lord knoweth them that are His! "Gather my saints unto me, those who have made a covenant with me by *sacrifice*." Such and such only are God's *marked people*.—*Zions Heald.*

MUSIC IN ROMAN CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT CHURCHES.

The following is from an address by the Rev. T. Dewitt Talmadge, D. D., of Philadelphia, at the annual meeting of the American and Foreign Christian Union:—

There are no grander artistic performances than by Roman Catholic choirs. Many of the great masters were born in that church, and their spirits still wail in her "Miserere," and weep in her "Stabat Mater," and triumph in her "Te Deum Laudamus."

And all the attempts of our churches to surpass theirs in the science of music will be ineffectual. But there is a power in good, hearty, unanimous, congregational singing to drown out the cathedrals. Churches of the living God, lift up your voices!

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad."

We have yet fully to test this influence in battling with superstition. In the time of the Reformation, cardinal Cajetan said in regard to Luther, "He has conquered us with his songs." In those days a congregation assembled at mass; at the close of the service two boys began to sing one of the Luther's chorals, and the congregation joined in, and they who came Roman Catholics, went away Protestants. Sing! Sing! What has made the Methodist church the most extensive of all denominations? Because it surpasses all others in heartiness of singing. The Methodists all sing; I have travelled up and down the land, and have seen many strange and curious things, but I never yet saw a Methodist that could not sing. They sing with their throats. They sing with their hands. They sing with their feet. Set a Methodist man and his wife down in the middle of a western prairie, and they begin to sing; and in a short time on one side of them comes up a meeting house; and they keep on singing till up comes a whole conference; and some autumn, we look over and find the prairies all on fire with a half-dozen old fashioned revivals. Sing! Sing!

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

When four wood-larks are allowed to do the singing of the forest, and four seraphs all the singing of heaven, then can our Protestant churches afford to depend for singing upon four persons who stand in the loft, with their throats yet sore from singing at the opera, executing their fugue tune and torturing our good old hymns in the following style:—

"Oh! for a man
Oh! for a man
Oh! for a man-sion in the skies."

"We'll catch the flee
We'll catch the flee
We'll catch the flee-ting hours."

"Pity our pol
Pity our pol
Pity our pol-luted souls."

"He'll take the pil
He'll take the pil
He'll take the pil-grim home."

"With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow—ow—ow before the Lord."

Oh, for hearty, unanimous singing in all churches! Napoleon's army came to a pass in the Alps where the rocks could not be surmounted by the ammunition waggons. He went to the leader of the band and asked for his portfolia; then leafing over till he came to an inspiring march, he said, "Play that!" The whole band struck the air with their instruments, and over the rocks went the ammunition waggons. And I tell you that over all obstacles and over all superstitions, the church of Christ will march triumphant, when we can gather the great hosts of the living God and hurl them against the battlements with some grand uplifting Antioch, Woodstock, Mt. Pisgah, or Old Hundred.

PREACHERS, NOT READERS, DEMANDED.

The Cincinatti *Christian Herald*, of the New School Presbyterians, in an earnest article on the subject of extemporaneous preaching, says the following:

"Nearly all the most popular and powerful ministers in our day preach without their manuscripts. Newman Hall, Henry Ward Beecher, and Stephen H. Tyng, are familiar examples. These men would be like Samson shorn of his locks if they should read their discourses.

"If the great object in preaching is to instruct, as some contend, that object will be secured more effectually by a free delivery of truth that has been carefully prepared; for, in that case the preacher can watch the faces of his hearers, can look into their eyes, can know whether they are receiving and comprehending what he says. He can expand and explain when he sees that his views are not fully understood. He can hasten on to a new topic when he sees that his audience is growing weary. But if the discourse is written down and must be read as written, there can be no such special adaptation.

"But to instruct is not the sole object of preaching. The minister is 'to warn and entreat' also. Can he not do this much better when his eyes meet the eyes of his hearers? When he speaks to them as one who has a message fresh and warm? Few men can write a sermon so that it will not smell of the lamp: few men can read a sermon so that it will not seem more like a rhetorical exercise than like an appeal from the heart of an ambassador for Christ to the hearts of those whom he would reconcile to God. Is not our preaching too purely intellectual—too cold and formal? Would it not be more effectual if we were more direct and personal? And would it not be more direct and personal if it were extemporaneous? We wish now merely to direct attention to this matter—especially the attention of our younger brethren. Never did the church need preachers—men who have the power to interest and impress the masses, she needs them now. She has scholars, thinkers, writers equal to those of any former age. But she has few such 'Sons of Thunder' as have roused the consciences and melted the hearts of thousands in other ages. Such men are specially gifted it is true. They are raised up to be leaders of the sacramental host in great emergencies. But though we may not all or any of us be equal to them, we may be like them. We may cultivate in our measure and degree the methods and the graces which make them so useful."

JESUS IS PASSING BY.

Yes, Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!

Christian look at him and feel as you never felt before, what a Saviour he is; how patient with your weakness, how long-suffering toward your backslidings, how generous in his free forgiveness, how amazing in his love, how awful in his purity and holiness, how wonderful in all that makes him the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world! And dare to draw near to him, nearer to him than ever before. Dare to take hold of his hand as your little child takes hold of yours. Let him lead you hence evermore! Never let go of that hand! Walk with him!

Backslider! Jesus of Nazareth passeth by! You blush, and are ashamed to lift up your face toward him. No wonder. But he himself has set the measure of his compassionate forbearance so high, that it embraces even you, bad as you are; black inexcusable as is your guilt. "Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee until seven times; but until seventy times seven!" He is a great, and an infinite forgiver! "With the Lord is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption." "I will heal"—this is what he says to you, and all like you—"I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away." Go to him now, and test his words.

Sinner! are you sick of yourself, and your past? You ought to be. You have trespassed too far, and too long, already, upon the divine forbearance. It is time for you to turn over a new leaf. It is time for you to repent. It is high time. Now is the accepted time. Stop where you are. Do you see, do you hear, a multitude? Do you ask what it means that people are rushing now to the prayer meetings who have not been accustomed to go thither? We tell you; Jesus of Nazareth passeth by! Cry out to him as did poor blind Bartimeus. Feel that you are blind, and that he can restore your sight; that you are sick and dying, and that he can heal; that you are dead in trespasses and sins, and that he can give you life again; such life as you never had before, even life eternal. Cry out with the sightless beggar; Thou son of David have mercy on me! He will have compassion on you, as he did on him. He will say to you: Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole!

Oh! take this near and loving Jesus at his word and see if he will not bless you, with such a blessing as your poor heart never felt before.

He passeth by,
Oh! seize the hour;
Lift up your cry,
Test now his power!

Congregationalist.

THE CAPTIVES IN ABYSSINIA.

The Bombay Times of India publishes a diary which Dr. Blanc, who with Rassam and Lieut. Prideaux, formed the mission appointed to convey the Queen's letter to the Emperor Theodorus, has written:—

It may be wondered how, strictly watched as the captives are and forbidden to write, it could be possible for any of them thus to compile a lengthy report, containing many remarks which, if discovered, would certainly have brought down the Emperor's vengeance upon them. And indeed the compilation of this report was no easy matter. Dr. Blanc says on this point:—"I was obliged on two occasions to burn my report: first, on being made prisoner in 1866, when we thought it advisable to destroy every note, letter or paper in our possession. At Gaffat I began to write it for the second time, but after the events that occurred there, I seized the first opportunity of making away with it. At Magdala it is exceedingly difficult to write; spies are constantly peeping into our tent on some pretext or other. The risk and penalty are great, as the order is that any one found writing is to be chained hand and foot." In spite of this risk and penalty, however, Dr. Blanc's report is a marvel of neatness, exhibiting the greatest patience and care. Paper and ink are scarce at Magdala and he has certainly been careful not to waste either; so closely packed are the letters, words, and lines, that into sixteen sheets of note paper is compressed material enough to fill three pages of the (London) *Times*—less about a quarter of a column! So thin likewise is the paper, that the whole report, covering letter, envelope, and all—weighs less than an ounce.

RECEPTION OF THE MISSION BY THEODORUS.

The 25th of January was our last stage. We had halted the night before at a short distance from the Imperial camp. The black and white tents of Theodorus, pitched on a high conical hill, stood out in bold relief as the setting sun made the dark background darker still. As we approached, messenger after messenger came to meet us; we had to halt several times, march on again for a while, and then halt anew; at last the chief of the escort told us it was time to dress. A small rowtle was accordingly pitched: we put on our uniforms and mounting again, we had hardly proceeded a hundred yards, when, coming to a sudden turn in the road, we saw displayed before us one of those Eastern scenes which brought back to our memory the days of Lobo and of Bruce. A conical wooded hill opposite to the one honoured by the Imperial tents, was covered to the very summit by the gunners and spearmen of Theodorus, all in gala dress, clad in shirts of rich coloured silks, the black, brown, or red shama falling from their shoulders, the bright iron of the lances shining like so many stars as the mid day sun poured its rays through the dark foliage of the cedars. In the valley between the hills a large body of cavalry about 10,000 strong formed a double line, between which we advanced. On our right, dressed in gorgeous array, almost all bearing the silver shield and the Bitwa, the horses adorned with richly plated bridles, stood the whole of the officers of his Majesty's army and household, the governors of provinces and of districts, &c. All were mounted, some on really noble-looking animals, tribute from the plateaux of Godjars and the highlands of Shoa. On our left, the corps of cavalry was darker, but more compact than its aristocratic *vis a-vis*. The horses, though on the whole, perhaps, less graceful, were strong and in good condition, and seeing their iron ranks, we could well understand how thunderstricken the poor scattered peasants must be when Theodorus, at the head of the well armed and well-mounted band of ruthless followers suddenly appears among their peaceful homes and, before his very presence is suspected, has come, destroyed, and gone. In the centre opposite to us, stood Ras Engeddiab, the Prime Minister, distinguished from all by his gentlemanly appearance and the great simplicity of his attire. Bareheaded, the shama girded in token of respect he delivered the Imperial message of welcome, translated into Arabic by Samuel, who stood by him, and whose finely-chiselled features and intellectual countenance at once proclaimed his superiority over the ignorant Abyssinian. Arrived at the foot of the hill, we dismounted, and were conducted to a small red flannel tent pitched for our reception on the ascent itself. Towards three o'clock we were informed that the Emperor would receive us; we ascended the hill on foot, escorted by Samuel and several other officers of the Imperial household. Arrived at the entrance of the tent, the Emperor again inquired after our health and welfare. Having acknowledged with due respect his courteous inquiries, we advanced towards the throne, and delivered into his hands the letter from Her Majesty the Queen. The Emperor received it civilly, and told us to sit down on the splendid carpets that covered the ground. The King made a few complaints about the European prisoners, and regretted that by their conduct they had interrupted the friendship formerly existing between the two nations. He was happy to see us, and hoped that all world be well again. We remained with the Emperor from the 28th of January to the 5th of February. During that period we were treated with the utmost courtesy.

PROMISED RELEASE OF THE CAPTIVES—AND JOURNEY TO KOURATA.

His Majesty accompanied us several stages towards the Tana Sea, as Kourata had been fixed upon as our place of residence until the arrival of our countrymen from Magdala.

On the 16th of March His Majesty sent us word to depart. We did not see him, but before we left, he sent us a letter informing us that as soon as the prisoners joined us he would take steps to send us out of his country in "honour and safety." We were the bearers of a humble apology from Theodorus to our Queen. All smiled upon us, and rejoiced beyond expression by the apparently complete success of our mission, we retraced our steps with a light and thankful heart through the plains of Agau Medar.

On the morning of the 16th we started for Dek, the largest and most important island of the Tana Lake. It is situated about half way from our starting place and Kourate.

The following morning we started for Kourata. Kourata is, after Gondab, the most important and wealthy city of Abyssinia—a town of priests and merchants, built on the sides of a conical hill, and bathed by the shores of the Tana Sea. The houses, many of them built of stone, are superior to any we saw in Abyssinia. From the sea you can hardly see the town, so close and compact are the towering, dark cedars and sycamores—the just pride of the inhabitants. The whole hillock is so completely covered with vegatation of every description that the spot from a distance seems more like a luxuriant waste, untouched by man's hand, than the abode of thousands, the central mart of Western Abyssinia.

We remained at Kourata from the 14th of February to the 15th of April. During that period I attended on a great many patients; but here, even more than on the road from Damot, there was no crush, no crowd of helpless cases.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAPTIVES FROM MAGDALA.

On the 12th of March the Magdala captives arrived: others who had remained as semi prisoners at Gaffat, and who had obtained permission to leave the country, also joined us. The European workmen of His Majesty had some time before by order of the Emperor, come to reside near us. His Majesty had sent them with their families, as he said to keep us company, so that we should not be lonely in his country. All appeared to be progressing very favorably. It is true, now and then a few ruffles appeared on the smooth waters of our good fortune, such as the request that the prisoners should be tried before they left the country, and declare before us whether they were guilty or not; or the demand for workmen, coupled with the wish that we should remain in the country until they arrived. But now all fears seemed dispelled, and all obstacles finally removed. We were building castles in the air; seeing dear friendly faces once more. Homeward bound, we laughed at the scorching heat of the hottest month, when all our plans, hopes and expectations were suddenly and cruelly crushed!

THE MISSION ALSO MADE A CAPTIVE.

On the 13th of April we made our third experiment of the bulrush boats (we had once during our stay at Kourata gone over to Zagay to spend a day with his Majesty), as the Emperor desired once more to see his dear friends before they left. All the Magdala and Gaffat prisoners started the same day, but by another route; the whole party was to rendevouz at Tankol, near the northwest extremities of the lake, where the luggage was to be conveyed by boats.

On our arrival at Zagay we were received with the usual marks of respect. On entering we were surprised to see the large hall lined on both sides by Abyssinian officers in their gala dress. The throne had been placed at the extremity of the hall, but was empty, and the large circular space around it was filled with the highest officers of the realm. We had only advanced a few stages, preceded by Ras Engedda, when he bowed and kissed the ground, we thought out of respect for the throne, but it was again on this, as on a more memorable occasion, a kiss that was the signal of a mean treachery. No sooner had the Ras prostrated himself than nine men, posted for the purpose, rushed upon each of us, and in less time than I can express, our swords, belts, and caps were cast to the ground, our uniforms torn, and the officers of the English mission seized by the arm and neck, were dragged to the upper part of the hall, degraded and reviled before the whole of Theodorus' courtiers and grandees!

We were allowed to sit down, our captors sitting next to us. The Emperor did not appear, but questions were brought to us by the Ras Cantiba Hallo (the Emperor's adopted father), Samuel, and the European workmen. The question asked by his Majesty were, to say the least, childish. Why have you not brought the prisoners to me? Why have you gave them firearms? Did you not come with a friendly letter from the Queen of England? Why have you sent letters to the coast? and such like rubbish. Many of the highest officers several times expressed openly their approval of the answers—a rare proceeding in an Abyssinian Court. They evidently did not like, could they justify, the treacherous conduct of their master. Between the questions a paper was partially read, referring to his Majesty's pedigree. As it had nothing to do with our alleged crime, I could not understand its purport, except that it was a certain weakness of this patrician to glory in his supposed ancestors.

The assembly having been dismissed, we waited a little while whilst a tent was pitched for us near the Emperor's enclosure. At the time we were undergoing our trial, all the luggage we had brought with us was personally examined by his Majesty. All arms, money, paper, knives, &c., were confiscated; the remainder sent to us after we had been escorted to the tent. We had hardly entered our new abode, and had not yet recovered from our surprise at the turn the Abyssinian imbroglio had just taken, when cows and bread in abundance were sent to us by his Majesty—a strange contrast to his recent dealings towards us. The following day we heard that our unfortunate countrymen had been seized a few miles from Kourata, put in chains, and were on their way to Zagay. On the 16th they arrived.

THE SO CALLED TRIAL OF THE CAPTIVES—THE EMPEROR'S PEDIGREE.

On the 17th we received a message from his Majesty, telling us to go to him, as he desired to try before us the Europeans who had, he said, formerly insulted him.

As soon as we approached, his Majesty rose and saluted us; received us, in short, as if we were still his honoured guests, and not the heralds from a great power he had recently so grossly insulted. A few minutes of silence followed, and we saw advancing from the outer gate our countrymen, guarded as criminals, and chained two by two. They were arranged in a line in front of his Majesty who, after observing them for a few seconds, "kindly" inquired after their health, and how they had spent their time. The captives acknowledged these compliments by repeatedly kissing the ground before that incarnation of the Evil One, who all the time grinned in delight at the sight of the misery and humiliation of his victims. Capt. Cameron and Mr. Bardell's fetters were then opened, and they were told to come and sit down near us. After that the trial of the captives began; their supposed crimes are well known, and as the present trial was only a repetition of the one of Gondar, it would be only a mere waste of time to speak of it here; suffice it to say, that those unfortunate and injured men answered with all humility and meekness, and endeavored by so doing to avert the wrath of the wretch in whose power they were. Their trial ended, and we were called forward, and the scene of the 18th acted over again. In conclusion, his Majesty said, addressing himself to us, "Wherever I go, you will go; wherever I stay, you will." On that we were dismissed to our tents, and Captain Cameron was allowed to accompany us. The other Europeans still in chains, were sent to another part of the camp, where several weeks before, a fence had been erected, no one knew why.

The following day we were again called before his Majesty, but this time it was a private affair. The prisoners were brought in; the Emperor bowed his head to the ground, and begged their pardon; they asked for his. The reconciliation effected. The Emperor dictated a letter for our Queen, and Mr. Flad was selected to convey it. The audience over, the prisoners were brought to our tents, and their chains opened. We then all had our tents pitched in a large enclosure fenced that very morning under his Majesty supervision. We were once more all mixed, but this time all prisoners. Flad left; we expected that his mission would be unsuccessful, and that England, disgusted with so much treachery, would not condescend to treat further, but enforce her commands.

(Conclusion next week.)

ROWLAND HILL'S FAITH.—Jones says of Rowland Hill, that he habitually entertained such exalted views of the majesty and glory of God, in his justice, holiness and love, that there was a solemn awe in his mind in the prospect of meeting Christ in his kingdom. When he thought on these things, he said, "Behold, I am vile." An old friend inquired whether he had the comfort of assurance. He replied, "I cannot say that I have much joy; I have no triumph, but my mind is immovably fixed on the glorious atonement of Christ; there I rest while I cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

A SINGLE PRAYER.—John Howe once observed two men in a violent passion. The mutual cursing shocked his religious sensibilities. He looked at them, raised his hat, and said in a solemn voice:

"I pray God to bless you both!"

This prayer so impressed the quarrelsome men that they ceased their strife, and thanked Mr. Howe for his supplication.

THE EXTINGUISHER.—Spurgeon, in his "Candle Sermon," says: "Trying to light a candle with an extinguisher upon it, well sets forth the ill effect of prejudice in preventing a reception of the truth. When Dr. Taylor declared that he had read the Bible through thirteen times, and could not find the deity of Christ in it, Newton replied that a man might try to light a candle thirteen times with an extinguisher on it, and fail in the design every time."