# Religions Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

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"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE CLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

Editor and Proprietor.

Vol. XV .- No. 52.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1868.

Whole No. 780.

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NOVEMBER 2, 1868.

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THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street. Fredericton, October 28, 1868.

## The Antelligencer.

INDUCEMENT TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS! THE "INTELLIGENCER" FREE TILL THE END OF 1868! We are desirous of having our list of subscribers view we offer the following inducement: For Two DOLLARS (\$2.00), received any time before the close of

Fifty-two numbers of the Intelligencer is good value for \$2.00. Our object in making the above offer is that we may secure a wider circulation for our journal, and thus, by reaching a great number of families, accomplish more fully its mission.

In every village and city of our country there are many who, we doubt not, would gladly become subter of our paper, and the object had in view in its publication. EACH ONE OF OUR READERS may render us efficient aid by obtaining for us new subscribers casion urging upon christian communities the necessity of supporting a religious journal. Pastors of our paper before the people among whom they labor, with the view of obtaining for it an entrance in-

to every family as a weekly visitor.

To Free Baptists especially the "Intelligencer" has become a necessity. The resolution of approval, unanimously passed at the last General Conference, told unmistakably the feeling with which that body regarded this journal, and yet there are, we regret to known on the Intelligencer's list of subscribers, nor do they take any religious paper. Should this state of things continue? We think not. We do not ask the patronage of our churches because of any profit we expect to derive from the enterprise, for as far as any monetary profit goes we have as yet failed to A FULL SIZE SKIRT for 25 CENTS. because we need it in order that we may be relieved from a portion of the embarrassment we sometimes the acknowledged organ of our denomination (consequently in one sense as much your paper as ours), and which is admitted by all to be a real necessity to our churches. If, in asking that at least all Free Baptist families subscribe for it, we ask too much, attribute it to our anxiety for the prosperity of the denomination we love.

Will not our ministers, agents, and subscribers generally, lend us their aid in extending the circulation of the Intelligencer? Let each subscriber send | would pass on. us one new name. From whom shall we hear first? THE "INTELLIGENCER" SENT TO ALL NEW SUB-SCRIBERS TILL JANUARY 1ST, 1870, FOR \$2.00.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS who have been prompt to renew, we tender our thanks for the support we have enjoyed thus far; and Notwithstanding our terms are "payment in AD-VANCE," we find by reference to our books that there she would not go to him and seek it. are many who are now in arrears. Upon all delinment. Delay causes us anxiety and loss. Remittances may either be made to us by letter-post-paidor be sent through any of our agents. Other subscriptions are about expiring. Newspapers can only live when renewals are promptly made. Our friends, knowing this, will please favour us with immediate | comfort, no joy for her but in Him.

We feel greatly obliged to the friends who have acted as agents, and hope they may continue their valuable services. Perhaps they can succeed in colwe shall be much indebted to them.

with beautiful trees and flowering shrubs, and glected Christian hymns,

of bamboo trees, stands the native chapel. village of Sibsagor. The houses of the native | single breeze to relieve the oppression of the at-Christians, built low of bamboo and reeds, and mosphere. As he sat there, a gay wedding prothatched with the long jungle grass of the country, cession with music and torches glimmered through after the native custom, present in the appearance | the mango, tamul, and cocoa nut-trees of the gar-COTTON WARPS, of neatness and convenience, a strong contrast den while the noise of the cymbals, tomtoms, and die. with the houses of the neighboring heathen. trumpets, almost deafened him.

> brethren and sisters, under the guidance of the land came to mind, the family worship at which her bedside, she said ! missionaries who first took her a heathen child this very tune had often been sung. Thoughts of helpless, because we had such good helpers. One

improved the privileges she enjoyed. home, which she had never anticipated. Her first the notes of " Coronation." first grief was great at their departure, yet, under as the voice again ceased.

at the mission press, earned sufficient support to bearer; are you asleep?" supply the simple wants of his family; and the "Sahib, I am coming. I have come, Sahib." stay with him there, and he will be brought up a his feelings and convictions. He resolved to go young wife, contented and happy, never dreamed "Did you hear that singing just now-that christian after all." She died at noon, rejoicing to God through Christ, in prayer. Soon he was

A few months after her teachers left, Colonel "It was the band, Sahib, playing for the great Jesus. increased for the next year. With this object in T., one of the European officers at Dibrooghor, Babu's wedding." anxious to obtain an honest native to hold a re- "Pshaw!" exclaimed the colonel indignantly; this year we will send the Intelligencer till the close office. The temptation was too great for Peter tune-a woman's voice." of 1869! By availing themselves of this offer new to resist, and he asked to be discharged from his The bearer, fast asleep, had not heard a sound through the influence of the kind colonel she was doing .- American Messenger. subscribers will receive the paper till January 1st,

"Oh, Mem Sahib, my heart is heavy; night and | "Ah, I had forgotten," said the Colonel to brooghor, no chapel or missionary there, no one lageat Sibsagor." to instruct or watch over us, not a friend to care Aud then for the first time he thought of the scribers, if their attention was directed to the charac- love here? And she added, as the crowning grief left; and turning to the bearer he asked: of all, "my dear boy cannot be brought up like a "Is the Christian woman happy here?" Christian, to go to worship and to school."

The teacher's eyes filled with tears as she wit- custom to know about other men's wives." among his personal friends; and on every fitting oc- her own separation from her native land, and the are all very pious souls; but you will lie, and steal pathy she felt for this weeping.

Churches can also do much by bringing the merits of village, under the protection of the missionaries, home far away, and the hallowed scenes which better learned the gospel of Christ. she had not realized as she now must the full cost | the singing of Budhi had revived, could not be of declaring herself a Christian among the heathen. banished, and he resolved "he would live more Not only would she be deprived of her Christian | like a Christian than he had been living." turning to Budhi, she encouraged her to be faith- them of her Saviour. Faithful to her husband ful to the heathen among whom she was to be and child, gentle to her neighbours, and devoted say, scores of Free Baptist families that are not by visit her at Dibrooghor, she bade her good- niends in Sibsagor. The letters she received and child left for her new home.

home the first few weeks after her arrival. The she endured before the desire of her heart was dark, dingy hut, with its two small rooms inspired | granted. discover where it is. We ask your support simply | no exertion to make home attractive. The pretty treasures which had decorated her former cheerful home lay hid in a chest. So mechanically she prepared her daily meals, and mechanically experience in the management of the paper which is united with her husband in their morning and evening devotions. But when he left for his daily labor, Budhi would sit and weep for hours as the child played on the mat by her side. No one spoke to her save a few heathen women who met her at the tank where she went to fill her jar with water. They tauntingly bid her " not come nigh them with her water jar, for it would destroy their caste; and if she but touched their cooking dishes they would throw them away; no caste was so low as the Christian caste. She was a dog, and if she died no one would bury her," and spitting on the ground in token of contempt, they

Budhi never retorted, nor tried to win them ; but sad and gloomy turned away. Where were all her earnest resolutions to try and do her people good-to make her home an example to her heathen neighbours? All buried under her load left, Colonel T. said to his guests: of grief and unreconciliation. The form of sacred levotion was gone through daily; but with no heart, and it brought no comfort. The dear we respectfully solicit a continuance of their favour. Christian hymns she so often sang in her old home, she could not sing now. These were days of

quents we are compelled to call for immediate pay- after her arrival at Dibrooghor, as she sat alone me more good than the chaplain's sermons." by her sleeping boy, thinking of the Christians at Sibsagor in the pleasant chapel where she had so often met with them, and contrasting it with her present loneliness and deprivation, overcome with er face in her hands to the ground, she begged

The dear Saviour heard the cry of anguish, and sent the Comforter to the heart of His sorrowing disciple, filling it with joy and praise. She took her Testament in which were written precious promises like these : " As the father hath loved lecting arrears due in their respective localities; if so, line, so have I loved you; continue ye in my BUDHI, THE CHRISTIAN ASSAMESE WIFE. meant even for this poor, lone disciple. Her and with the hope of soon meeting them again be earnest and devoted, you must be earnest and the general feeling of hopeless dulness. And yet The native Christian village of Sibsagor, As. heart received and trusted them. She was filled with the dear Christian brethren and sisters at devoted. There is a vast deal of meaning in the December can never be altogether sad-coloure sam is located near the Dikho river, a small stream | with joy ; and taking a seat on the mat by the which pours its waters a few miles below into the door where the bright moonlight shone in, as she noble Brahmapootra. Standing back from the waited for her husband she sang in the clearest road on the river bank, in a compound shaded strains, in familiar English tunes, the long-ne- sionary and his wife, after making their journey

facing the river, is the mission bungalow, with its That same evening, in the English officers' bunbroad verandahs, venetian blinds, and thatched galow, a short distance from Budhi's, but, but roof. To the right of the bungalow, only a few hid from it by a high red fence, Colonel T. sat giving an account of his wife's death. rods distant, and in a line with it, is the mission alone. The day had been very hot, and the evenprinting office; while at the head of the bunga- ing air had as yet caught no cool breezes from the gher, Budhi cheerful and happy, busied herself in Blank ots, low, close to the road under the shade of a clump distant snowy Himalayas. Restless and weary the colonel went into the verandah, and seating Back of this row of buildings is the Christian himself in a large cane easy chair, he longed for a

the care of the missionaries who remained, her "Bearer," he shouted to a servant who, tired white stone in which a new name is written." Christian privileges and happy home were still of waiting for his master, had squatted in the cor- Again she spoke : enjoyed. Her husband, with daily employment ner of the verandah and fallen asleep. "Bearer;

beautiful singing ? Who was it ?"

present employment, that he might accept the of those sweet notes; but the word Christian ex- buried with all tenderness and respect in the Eunew situation. His request was granted, but his plained it all to him. "It is perhaps, the wife of ropean graveyard. "Faithful unto death, I will wife could not be reconciled to the proposed the Christian Peter, who lives in a house behind change, and in her grief she came to her teacher, the garden fence; for Christian women sing at their worship, I am told."

lay there is no joy. How can I leave my teachers, himself. " Peter did bring his wife. A Christian Christian brethren and sisters, and live among the among these heathers. Just like the wretches to heathen? There are no native Christians at Di- torment her. That was a pleasant Christian vil-

for us in sickness; how can I go away from all I present home contrasted with the one she had "How should I know, Sahib? It is not our

nessed Budhi's distress. Perhaps the thought of "No," replied the colonel sarcastically. "You happy home of her childhood, deepened the sym- every rupee you can lay your hands on;" and on

privileges, but as a Christian in the midst of a Budhi had found her joy in Christ again; and heathen village, she would daily be exposed to taking up her home duties, she discharged them the insults of the people around her. But, thought faithfully, and tried with tenderness and love to her teacher, 'My grace is sufficient for thee;' and win the heathen women around her, and teach placed; and, cheering her with the hope that on to her religion, she set a bright example to those their missionary tours the teachers would by-and around her. But her heart still yearned for her bye, and a few days after Budhi with her busband from the Christians there seemed only to increase her desire to see them, and she begged most en-In their small covered canoe, the journey up treatingly in her replies to them for the promised the Brahmapootra was long and tedious, but the visit of the missionaries, pleading touchingly her Christian family safely reached their destination. loneliness and need of instruction. But many Very sad and unhappy was Budhi in her new | weary weeks and months of watching and waiting

> Over a year had passed in her new home, when one morning she was surprised and gladdened by the tidings from her husband, "Our teachers have come; they are at the Colone Sahib's bungalow. We will go to them. Come !"

Hastily dressing herself and boy in their best the bungalow with her husband and child. Entering the room where her teachers were sitting, regardless of the presence of the officer, she eagerly approached the missionary's wife, and throwing ierself on the floor at her feet, she bowed her face into her teacher's lap, and wept unrestrainedly tears of joy, exclaiming:

" Dear Sahib, dear Men Sahib! God has heard my prayer; God has answered my prayer; God has answered me. Our beloved teachers have come at last! the time seemed so long, I feared you would never come."

The greatness of her joy revealed a little the longings and deprivation she had suffered. There was not a dry eye in the room. After she had

"That woman is a true Christian. She is a wonder to the people here. Never angry or quarrelsome, neat and tidy in her house and person, caring for and watching over her child, she is a good example of the Christian religion. I darkness, bringing no light from her Saviour, for have listened many an evening here in my verandah as she sat singing her Christian hymns at Late one Lord's day evening, the third one home; and I believe Budhi's singing has done

which followed.

Sibsagor, she bade them a pleasant good-bye.

further up the river, returned to their own station; priest, so with the people." but instead of meeting Budhi there, as they expected, a letter from Peter was handed them, The first few days after the teachers laft Dibro-

the close of the week she was suddenly taken very ill. A native doctor was called, but he could do her no good. Peter, in his distress, went to Colonel T., who sent him with a note to the English physician. He kindly visited her at once, but soon

Into a pleasant home in this quiet village, Peter, "Can that be? Yes; it is one of our old alone with her husband and child, for no heathen was just before the sermon. When the minister Of course we have our dark moments. In one a Christian convert, took his wife Budhi on the English tunes, that I have not heard before for woman would dare enter her house, through fear rose, he announced the text: "Ye are not your of them came an illness, the thing of all others day of their marriage. A few years before, Bud- years;" and rising from his seat, he went to the of breaking their caste. Her loved teachers and own, for ye are bought with a price." "That is which we were most inclined to resent, but it grew hi, a homeless, wild, heathen girl, had been steps of the verandab, and leaning against a pillar Christian sisters, who would gladly have minis stronger, and we became worse, until suffering and brought under the care and instruction of the mis- listened as verse after verse was sung. He did tered to her, were far away; but Budhi did not self; "but it don't mean me. I am my own, weakness brought us to a very low ebb, and we sionary's wife, and led to Christ, and as a happy not understand the words, they were in the Assa- murmur or complain. The dear Saviour was with and al! I have is my own." Christian she entered her new home, full of joy mese language; but he could not mistake the her cheering and sustaining her. On the mornand hope; and here, surrounded by her christian tune; and as he listened, the old home in Eng- ing of the day she died, calling her husband to unfold our relations to God, showing that we are we could only have had under such sad circum-

into their home, Budhi spent the first year or two parents, brothers and sisters, came rushing upon gor, and never see my dear Sahib and Mem Sahib our redemption was the atoming blood of Christ. Love came into our hearts, bringing a great peace of her married life. She was greatly attached to him, and forgetting the present, he was once more and my Christian friends again on earth, for lam He dwelt upon the sinner's duty of personally with it. And for the first time in our lives we disher teachers and Christian associates, and well a child again, with his mother's face smiling upon going to Jesus, to heaven. They will meet me accepting Christ, and the fact that all worldly covered that we were of some account in the world him. The voice ceasing, checked his musings; there by and bye. Give our beloved teachers my good would not meet the soul's necessities. The after all, and that our sickness made quite a com-But a change was soon to take place in Budhi's but in a moment it tuned joyously forth again in dearest love. Oh, what joy it was to see them worldly, irreligious man was much impressed by motion in the little community to which we behere before I died! God sent them to comfort the discourse. Its clearness convinced him. He longed. Our friends found out that they loved us. beloved teachers left for home; and though her "Who can this be?" said the officer to himself, us, did He not? Tell them I die happy,—the took an honest review of his past life. He felt It was December but the Christmas had not been blood of Christ is my hope. He has given me 'a | how groundless his self-confidence had been; how | forgotten.

for my boy. You will take him to Sibsagor, and frame of mind. He made known to his family to the last in the assurance that she was going to rejoicing in a new-found Saviour, with a hope of

She was not buried like a dog, as the heathen | led a different life, and is now an active, devoted women had tauntingly prophesied when she first | follower of Christ. give thee a crown of life."-The Church.

#### HOW SHALL I TREAT MY PASTOR? The time is at hand when it becomes every

thoughtful Christian to ask the question placed at the head of this article. \* \* \*

Nor is the question which I have raised one of minor importance. There will be thorns enough in the pastor's pathway without any of his people's planting. The course which lies before him is rude enough, and rugged enough, if his church do all they may to make it smooth. Yet, strange as it may seem, many of the pastor's bitterest trials spring from a misconception on the part of his people of their true and just relations to him, and their Scriptural responsibilities towards him. dismissing his servant for the night, he entered Many a scare and pitfall is set for him, many a Sheltered, as Budhi had been in a Christian the house. But the thoughts of his own loved heavy burden bound by those who should have

> I propose, then, an encyclical charge to the churches, and my first point is: Treat your pastor with fairness and candor. Let there be nothing underhanded in your dealings with him. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" cries | canse, and to do both the one and the other for many a reader. Stop! my brother. How was it our welfare and salvation. The same hand preeverything fair and manly and above board? I may do my brethren wrong; but it is my impression that it is the exception, not the rule, for a church to deal with its pastor in the same spirit of straightforward, simplehearted honesty which its members bring to the transaction of their private ousiness. Most of the difficulties respecting the settlement and dismissal of pastors spring from this source. A minister is given to understand that the call which he is urged to accept is unanimous, when (we illustrate our meaning from an actual occurrence) only fourteen members in a church numbering 140 vote for his comiag. A church has come to realize that their spiritual prosperity positively demands the severance of the pastoral relati n. They do not frankly tell their force him to resign. They neglect to pay his salary. They ignomintously drive him from among attire, trembling with eagerness, she hurried to there is great lack of common honesty in the heart: It is good for me that I have been afdealings of people with the pastor. I might reverse the picture, if I were giving a charge to the of pastor with people.

Again, do not expect too much of your pastor. Churches are constantly making egregious blunders in this respect. The merest handful of believers, paying their pastor a more scanty pittance than that of a day-laborer, are hardly content with anything less than a Beecher or a Spurgeon to break unto them the bread of life. And in addition to preaching two sermons every Sabbath which are worthy of publication, the pastor is expected to make more calls during the week than the village physician. Nay the conception seems to be current in the churches that the pastor is called of God to live the spiritual life and do the religious work of the entire parish. Against this thought I wish most emphatically to protest. Each Christian man has his duties and responsibilities, which he can delegate to no person living. The pastor is under no more binding obligation to live for Christ than the humblest of his flock. His days, the rain falls as pitilessly, the moaning of sphere of effort is different. That is all.

During the week the missionary and his wife idea that the minister of Christ must possess | weep big drops of dead leaves, it is because they remained, Budhi had the delight of hearing the super-human sanctity and devotion. Remember, have no more tears left. And then December is gospel again preached in her own language, and | my brother, that your pastor is a man, with all a | the last month of the year, and how can we see of spending an hour or two daily with the mis- man's failings and foibles -not an angel or an the last of anything without being sorry? Elevengrief she threw herself on her knees, and bowing sionary's wife in the study of the Scriptures. To ideal saint. You are not to expect of him more twelfths of eighteen sixty-seven are gone, and we her, Budhi unburdened her heart, telling of her | than human weakness, strengthened by the grace | have only a very little bit left of the year with Jesus to help and comfort her, for there was no former trials and struggles, and the joy and peace of God can possibly accomplish. You are not to which we meant to do so much. We feel as a think that he is the only man in the place that | man might who has wasted his morning in bed. Like cold water to a thirsty soul were these can reasonably lead a holy life-that he alone is and sat dreamily by the fire all the afternoon; he privileges to Budhi's famishing heart. But as the | to work for Christ. He is given you as a spiritual | cannot help regretting it, but with a grim sort of time of her teacher's departure drew nigh, leader and guide-nothing more. You must fol- resignation and sel-leniency, he says, 'Ah! well; the longing to see her dear former home and low him, or his leadership will amount to very never mind! It is too late now to do anything friends revived, and she could not be denied her little. And (let me tell you a secret) you will get | with the day l' request to visit it. Arrangements were made for out of him just about what you put into him. It These are the thoughts which are pretty sure love;" "I will never leave, I will never for- her to soon accompany her husband to Sibsegor. you would have him preach good sermons, you to come with December, and a glance at the leadsake you." Here was comfort, love, and strength; Cheered by the visit of her dear "Sahib" and lives, give him en hued skies, or the decayed and lifeless appearfor these were the words of the blessed Jesas, "Mem Sahib," as she used to call the teachers, good sermons to preach. If you would have him ance of the fields, is only calculated to increase old saying : " As with the people, so with the because it is the festival month; and however It proved however a last farewell. The mise priest." But that, too (if I were charging the sombre may be the present, we cast our eyes forcandidate), has another side to it : " As with the | ward to greetings of long missed friends, and resta

#### BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

bath in examining his accounts, or in diversion. about which we grumble so much. It has a great While his family went to the house of God, he deal of fog and darkness, rain and wind, ice and was indifferent. One Sabbath he went out on a snow, but then it has its Christmas days. There walk : and as he was strolling abroad, he said is no such thing in any part of the world as unmitiwithin himself, "I have had success in business; | gated evil. Even when the worst comes to the I have gained considerable property, and I have worst, there is a little joy in the sorrow, a few done it by my own skill and industry. It is all light gleams in the night. Trouble is never the my own; all I have is my own."

meeting-house was near, he concluded to go in and is sometimes very dirge-like, also consists of Nearly two days she lingered in great suffering for shelter. He took a seat near the door. It jubilant strains and cheerful carols.

wholly dependent upon him, and are the stew- stances. It was not so very hard, after all, to be

ungrateful he had been to God; how indifferent

to the claims of the Saviour. "My dear husband, ask the teachers to care He went from the house of God in an unusual

forgiveness through him. From that day he has

sponsible situation, offered it to Peter, promising "I don't mean that horrid Babel of sounds, but came among them. Peter with his own hands In preaching the gospel we can never know four times the wages he recived at the printing the voice I have just heard singing a Christian dressed her in the white robes she had so joyfully how far our influence may extend. It is for us to put on the day of her teacher's arrival, and sow the seed. We must not be weary in well-

#### THE ROD.

Visiting a friend one day, Gotthold found him seated with his family at table, and observed that the children all received a due portion of food, and were required to eat it in a quiet and orderly way; but, that beside the father's plate, there was also lying upon the table a rod, to warn them against improprieties of conduct and manners. He thereupon observed to his friend : You treat your children as our heavenly Father treats His. He, too, prepares a table before them, and gives them all sorts of good things, spiritual and temporal, to enjoy, and yet the rod, which is another name for the cross, must likewise be at hand, that we may not become froward, but walk in holy fear and filial obedience. Of this truth, God has given us an almost similar emblem in Sacred Scriptures. For the ark of the Old Testament contained not only the golden pot with the manna, but also Aarou's rod, which blossomed, to intimate the authority lie exercises over his family. and teach us that although He feeds the members with the hidden manna of His sweet grace, He also purposes to use the rod, if He shall see that you "got rid" of your former pastor? Was pares the table and wields the rod. From one and the same heart flow both comfort and cross, God continues our loving and gracious Father when He chastises and corrects, no less than

when He refreshes and comforts us. A good man once pertinently said, that it was a doubtful matter whether bread or chastisement was best for children, because, while bread was necessary for them to live, chastisement was necessary for their living well. Even so must we, too, confess that the dear cross is as needful to us as life itself and far more needful and salutary than all the blesings and honors of the world. In heaven, the glorified spirits, who now fully understand its mystery, and enjoy, in the everlasting rest, the sweet fruit which grow upon this thorny brier, will thank the all-wise pastor so. They seek, by underhanded means, to and gracious God, especially for his holy cross and fatherly correction, without which they would never have reached the seat of bliss and glory. them. Such facts warrant me in affirming that Let us also learn this lesson, and say from the flicted, that I might learn thy statutes. Whether we like it or not, the Lord our God will not change candidate, and affirm an equal lack in the dealing his ways. Whoever wishes to be his child, must take bread and sorrow together from his hand. No guest at his table need think it strange to see the rod upon it, and be obliged often to eat his heavenly Father's bread moistened with tears. Here, in this world, it cannot be otherwise; but when we shall one day sit at his table in heaven, every rod shall be east into the fire.

> O, my Father ! I am becoming accustomed, by degrees, to thy ways, and have no objection to the rules of thy domestic government. Daily do I strive to learn, not only to relish the bread, but also to kiss the rod .- Gotthold's Emblems.

#### ECHOES FROM THE VALLEY.

If it were not for the Christmas festivities, December would surpass even the notable November itself for gloominess. There are as many foggy the wind is every whit as saddening, the days are Immense mischief has been wrought by this even darker and shorter, and if the trees no longer

> EXPERIENCE. ful holidays, and general merry-making. And remembering this we cannot feel that even the death-month of the year is a thing to be down cast about.

A man of wealth was wont to pass the Sab- And December is just a specimen of the life only companion of our journey; and the music of Just then came a sudden shower; and as a this world, though it often have a tone of wailing,

found ourselves in mid winter, in a very sorry