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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NOVEMBER 26, 1867.

ALBION HOUSE.

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DRY GOODS,

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Queen Street.

Fredericton, Nov 28, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

PREACHING TOURS IN INDIA.

BY REV. J. L. PHILLIPS.

(Concluded.)

One of our carts had broken down, so on Monday we are detained for repairs, and don't get off till noon. Night overtakes us in a good place. Here among these tall trees and thick bushes is a nice cove, which has such a clean, quiet look that it invites us to stay. Back from among the bushes issue a number of men who walk up and make salams as if they knew us. We proceed to pitch, and as they are chatting on the grass, one says, "*this is the hawk-sahib*," and this reminds me of an incident at this very spot a year ago. Dr. Bacheler and I halted here at noon one day, and while dining, a hawk annoyed us much. He was making his swoops here and there and coming ever time nearer to our table, on which lay a good-sized chunk of hunter's beef. His movements became so troublesome that I placed my gun up against the table, and as he was swimming in the air above us making observations previous to plunder, I picked him off, still keeping my seat, and at once exchanging tools proceeded with my meal. The hawk dropped dead near my feet. And you should have seen the wonder of the natives. The story will pass down several generations, I doubt not. So I am recognized, and presently a stout, iron-built man—a tree Nimrod as to looks—begs for percussion caps.

Do you know, reader, that this is the last night of the year? In this strange, lone spot, after the dishes are removed and prayers are over, we sit and talk of the way in which the Lord has led us these twelve months that must close to-night. How soon life's last night will come! May it find us working, watching! And now in this jungle, where beasts of prey prowl around us, we'll sing Edmeston's calm, sweet words, and sleep in peace.

"Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe, if Thou art nigh."

"A happy new year," sang the merry birds this morning as our carts rolled on over the stones. We must make twenty miles to-day. It is really cool and our fingers feel numb. But the sun will soon pack these coats, comforters and mittens on to poor Don, making him look like a gipsy. We halt just long enough for dinner—a grand new year's dinner it was, too, even though we had no turkey and mince-pie—and push on. There are no bridges here, and some of the gullies are hard things to cross. It is dark when we reach Ghatsilla, sixty miles from home, and the terminus of our last season's trip. Only fifty miles more, and the grandest of the journey is before us. We relish hunter's beef and dry bread to-night, I assure you, and the bed too. And after such a sleep as tired people only know, two hours ahead of his solar majesty, we take up our line of march. The hills! the hills! on the right and left and reaching far before us, we see their blue outline against the silver sky. What associations they awaken! As we drop down Min and I, by the roadside at sunrise for our lunch, we involuntarily wait and gaze silently out upon the scene. We are in New England once again. Are not these jungle-topped mountains the very ones we've climbed with dear associates in the land over the sea? It was a sweet reverie, and the face of many a friend stood fresh and fair before us as in the days gone by. The garries are up, so on we go until time for nooning. And such a charming spot we've found, on the high bank of the beautiful Subanrika, or *golden stream*. This is the very stream that, a hundred miles further on, flows so gently past the home of my childhood. See the huge boulders in the bed of the river which at this season is nearly dry. They tell of the drift period surely. There is one so large, so smooth, so black, and of such a shape, that at a thousand yards one might mistake it for a wild elephant that had come down to drink. Our garries have a hard time of it crossing this river. It seems to take the life right out of these bullocks. We reach a village at sunset, but conclude to go on to the next, which the natives say is directly ahead. We could have boxed their ears for this before we camped that night. Yes, that dark, dreary night when we plodded on for long hours without finding a human habitation. Up such steep cliffs and down—over such a horrid road, into such hard holes—why—man and beast ran a risk of dear life more times than one. The hills completely shut us in, for our road lies along a narrow pass. And to add to our pleasure, the men talk of the tigers and bears with which these jungles are infested. They fancy they see their glaring eyes, and hear their elastic bounds. How anxiously we scan the hill-sides that rise steep and sharp from the edges of the path! We are looking for a house, a fire, a man—some sign of life amid this desolation. It was ten o'clock and we had passed out of the defile into level territory. Far ahead a light is seen. We post off two of the party to find out where we are, for we have no idea. After a long and tiresome waiting the men come back to say that it was a fire in the bushes at the foot of a high mountain, and that the spirits had kindled it, no house and no man were to be found. So, doubly disappointed, we move on. Until we reach water we cannot camp. Another hour passes, an hour so dark that it is with extreme difficulty we keep the road. I was several rods in advance of the party—gun in hand, loaded and capped I assure you—when the sweet music of a little stream gurgling among the rocks fell on my ear. Now this is one of the streams of which Young has written:

"Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race."

We try to force the bullocks no further. Directly in the road close by the water we throw up our tents and camp fires blaze around. The next morning, half a mile beyond this stream, we found that village which was "just ahead." We chased the mirage many a weary mile, but found no reality until the morning. But we found it at last, and then forgot the trouble that was past. Now we look back upon the experience as one of the grandest and most romantic, which can never be forgotten.

A couple of days more among the beautiful hills brought us to Chyebassa. Such travelling is a perpetual delight. Our hearts are flowing with grateful praise to Him who lets us work for these benighted souls. I have said that evening prayers were held in the tent and all were in attendance. In the mornings, however, as we were on the move, we used to halt under some shady tree and there read the precious Bible, sing some familiar hymn, and offer up our prayers in the great vaulted sanctuary resonant with the melody of birds, and fragrant with the floral incense of a thousand hills. Camp never fared better for game than on this route. One day, however, Mahes looked sober as we drew near the dining place with but two birds in the bag. Like most Hindoos he has a profound respect for his stomach. Under a huge banyan we propose to halt. Close by it is a little tank where no less than a dozen cranes are feeding on small fish and snails. Four of the larger ones stand in a row along one side. I will stoop behind some old women who are washing near the corner, and try to get all the birds in range. There they lie, all four of them. The old women seem glad they escaped with their lives, and Mahes and Co. make many *salams*—(there is no such thing as "thank you" in this language)—and look happy enough as I make over the game. The head-man of the village where we stop for the night is a Santal, and a right good fellow. He provides food for man and beast, and has a number of men on hand to help us arrange camp, and when all this is over he and his people sit long at our tent door to listen to the Gospel. Our opportunities for preaching, save along the road, have been few, and we are glad enough to see this audience. Had father or Dulu been with us, they might have preached to these children of the forest in their own tongue. There are so many of these Santals in the Midnapore district, that I must set to learning this language at once. It is hard enough conveying religious ideas to these people at best, so one cannot afford to spare the great advantage to be gained by a ready command of their own language.

We are moving into Chyebassa. The last of the "ten rivers" is crossed, and only five miles are left. Halloo! what here? No less than a dozen men running across the fields and calling after us. What can they want? One of the number, all out of breath, tells the story. In that strip of water yonder lives an immense crocodile that is doing a world of mischief. He lurks near the edge in the tall grass, and when the cows come to drink he catches a leg and draws them under. Thus the monster has devoured many cattle. The poor countryman want him killed. They saw a Sahib passing with a gun, and ran to beg for help. "Come, Sahib, do come now, for the crocodile is basking on the bank." How can we say no? In go a couple of bullets over the charge of shot, and we follow our guide over the ridges. Don't growl should the "just here" prove to be a mile or two. Not so this time, for even now on yonder opposite bank you see what looks like an old tarred log full twelve feet long. That is the creature, but all this noise has broken his nap, and you may as well draw your bullets and save your powder, for he wont let you come within range for an ordinary fowling piece. O, for a rifle! Didn't I tell you? See the ugly creature drag his slimy length along, and now for a plunge. In he goes, and in he'll stay till the cows come again. So much for this row. It is a habit with these people. Frequently they shout a dozen at a time, under a tree when pointing out a bird. For this the bird doubtless feels more thankful than the sportsman. And here endeth the tale of the Crocodile.

Chyebassa is a droll place. In the bazaar we find a few Bengalis whom the trade of cocoons has brought here. There are also some Oriyas, and now and then a Mussulman who understands Bengali. The two principal languages in the street are the Cole and the Nagri, both of which are unknown in our district. So our work will be prosecuted under difficulties, and we cannot stay long. We have several interesting discussions with a Brahmin from Bancoorah, who is getting rich in the silk business. He is the noblest looking man I have yet seen among the Hindoos. Full six feet high, of fine proportions—a good head on broad shoulders—all right save the *heart*, which is black and dark enough, you can see. We think what a man the gospel could make of him. He is so kind and courteous, always in good temper and ready to listen. We left some tracts with him, and he promised to read them. May they reach his very soul and bring him to Christ! There are a few Europeans here. The Deputy Commissioner has been stationed here several years, and speaks the Cole and Nagri both fluently. He mingles much with the people, and they are excessively fond of him. We happen here the "day after the fair," for a great Mala or Exhibition has just closed. The most exciting part of it were the athletic games on the last day, at which those Coles bore away some fine prizes for racing, leaping, vaulting, etc. You should have attended the immense market at Chyebassa, where you could have seen thousands of these denizens of the forest. Many of their women dress like men, wearing but a bit of coarse cloth about the loins. They make a queer show with their enormous breasts swaying to and fro in front, and their long hair dangling behind, as they rush about the market, buying a few greens here, and then flying off there for curry spices. Mahes thought he would try preaching to these Coles. No sooner had he begun than they commenced to rush towards him. Such a crowd! And such faces! Not one word in fifty can they understand, but they stand like heroes, with ears, eyes, and mouths all wide open. Mahes went on a short distance, and, discovering his blunder, ended up with a jerk by saying, "*There, I shall say no more to Coles.*"

The German Lutherans have a mission here, but the missionary is away for a fortnight, so we shall not see him. He is late from home and speaks only German, having to use a dictionary when talking to an Englishman, looking up his words as he goes along. They took up this station a year ago. The pioneer missionary, a very ardent and energetic man, fell a victim to the cholera last July while working for the relief of the famine stricken poor. The Lutherans have a strong force in India and are doing a good work. Their method of labor, however, is somewhat unique. They publish no books and tracts, I am told by a friend here, and distribute none among the people, nor are they given to establishing schools. They rely mainly upon the simple preaching of the word. I cannot speak of the measure of success which they have attained in India. Everybody who knows them speaks of them as persistent and self-sacrificing workers.

Even here there is an English school. It is surprising to find how the natives are learning English. I found a number of Cole boys in the classes making good headway toward the mastery of our language. The second master is a Cole convert, belongs to the Lutheran Mission, and is a man of promise. In our own mission English has not until recently been introduced. Now at Midnapore some Bengali and Santal children are learning it. In a quarter of a century, English-speaking people will be found almost everywhere throughout India.

This will do for Chyebassa. On our return there are three points which we wish to make, where a day or two can be profitably spent. The first is the large village which was "directly ahead" for so many miles that dreadfully dark night. But we must climb one of these hills before we go back to the flat rice fields, and from its very top look off upon the world beneath and beyond. So we do. We shall tiff (may be you don't know that means lunch with us) at sunrise to-morrow on the cap of the grand old hill yonder. Bright and early we start out, for our camp is near its base, and begin the ascent. *We* means Min, Ram, Rover and yours respectfully. The side is rough and densely overgrown with low jungle. On and on we push, the top seems near all the time—yet we don't reach it. We rest on some old boulder, cushioned over with lichen, and then press on. At last we gain the summit, and on a large rock lay out our catables. The bottle of milk, the chupatis and the Yarmouth bloaters are relished as never before. The morning is very clear and cool. Sol showed his face just as we straightened up our bent backs on the top. See Don down in the road. He looks like a fair-sized cat. And now for a gun from this grand height. How the sound echoes and reechoes among the hills. Our celebration is over and now we work our way down and go on.

Arriving on Saturday we pass the Sabbath at the large village. Great numbers of people gather in the grove around our camp, and hours are devoted to addressing them. Some of the more intelligent Santals attend the services in the tent. On we push early Monday morning, taking another nooning on the banks of the beautiful Subonrika, and reach Ghatsilla three hours after nightfall. Here we find good congregations in the bazaars, and stay three days. The principal event is a visit to the king. He has many courtiers, some of whom come to our camp, sit and talk about Christianity, and when leaving invite us to call on his majesty. One evening we did so. The huge palace is in ruins almost. We find a large company of men on the front verandah, and Mahes begins preaching. They listen well, but one or two scoff. Presently there is a stir. "*The king, The king, The great king!*" Now look at this. I wish the office seekers at Washington could see what I do;—they would grow sick of servile sycophancy, I promise. This multitude of parasites stoop and wipe and even lick the dust from the foot of the raja. He manages to make his way through the mass and reaches a seat on the verandah—a young man not twenty yet, lean, supremely ugly and distressingly cross-eyed—that is the best I can say of his looks. He has ten wives, is quite a toper, and very savage and cruel towards his attendants. His father used to shoot down the servants who displeased him. Those were awful days. The old king had a temple where human sacrifices were offered. In the tank near it were hundreds of human skulls. The commissioner at Chyebassa hearing of this, ordered the natives to throw the idol into the tank. Not a Hindoo dared do this, but Mussulmans dragged the stone god out of his shrine and pitched it into the water. The king suffered imprisonment for some time, and was pardoned. So the people say. Well this young fellow is a "chip of the old block." He ridicules what we say, and succeeds in raising such a disturbance that we retire in disgust to look at the royal elephants which are vastly more mannerly than their master. It was the anniversary of somebody's birth day, one of those days at G., so we had a quiet little celebration. Mahes dined at our table and managed a knife and fork very well. Fowls and buffalo's milk done up in a variety of ways, with some little cakes and comfits, which turned up very unexpectedly, pigeon-soup and Hidgelee nuts—this made the dinner. The men had a treat also in their tent, and so it was a happy day for all.

We pass the Sabbath, Jan. 20, at Bandramuni. This means *Monkey's jewel*. One of our brethren lives here—the teacher of whom you've heard before. In this house and on the street we preach the Word, and the day is a precious one. On Monday we have a Conference with the brethren, (for Bongsi is here also) about giving tithes unto the Lord. And when we have got a dozen fine water fowl from a little marsh close by, we start for home. It is raining fast on Tuesday night when Min gallops up to the bungalow that for eighteen months has sheltered us. An hour later, faint and footsore, I am in my study chair. We've been away twenty-seven days, and travelled 220 miles. Min has walked full two-thirds of this distance, and I have walked it all, and it has done us good.

TUMLOOK.

Tumlook stands on one of the principal tributaries of the Ganges, is forty miles from Midnapore, and a town of decided thrift and business. It is our plan to visit it annually. Large audiences can always be had, and the people in the bazaar are for the most part civil. No sooner had we pitched our tents than the vague rumor reaches us that there has been a row. Who, pray has been fighting? Not the heathen, reader, for that we can understand and that we can face, but the only two Europeans in the place, one a Swede, the other a Scotchman. They came to blows in the presence of a gang of natives. No more need be said than what every one knows, both were to blame. But the missionary has to face all this when in the streets he stands up to preach Christ. All Europeans and Americans in India are called Christians, you'll recollect, and do you wonder that the conduct of these two men, who fought like bullies of the ring, is thrown in our teeth? There are Europeans, thank God, who cheer and help the missionary among the heathen, but there are others, a multitude of them, too, who serve as standing stumbling-blocks in his path. And such we met with at Tumlook.

I am alone here. Mahes has been kept at home on account of his wife's illness. I am so accustomed to have him with me, that I confess to something of a feeling of loneliness as I walk to the bazaar morning and evening. But who can feel so when the second thought comes, that *Jesus is with us!* The people listen much better than they did last year, and we have evidences that some of the books which were then given away have been read. It is gratifying, for instance, to have persons ask for particular tracts, calling them by name, and telling us what they treat of. When Mahes comes the audience is inclined to be much more noisy. How these Hindoos love to torment a man who has left them and become a Christian! Mahes takes it bravely. He very rarely shows that he is irritated by them. The grace of God holds him firm and keeps him calm. But we are not the only missionary party here. There are a dozen or more men whom the people honor as saints, wallowing in the dust and filth of the large temple. They never cut their hair, nor trim their finger nails. See the long, dirty rope of hair twisted round their heads! Their holy bodies are besmeared with ashes, and their arms and faces streaked with red paint. Usually their sole dress consists of a strip of nasty cloth about six or eight inches wide passing between the legs, and made fast before and behind to a cord that is tied round the loins. You can smell this foul crew as far as you can a flock of goats. Keep to the windward, I entreat you. These creatures—how can you say men?—have no home, no family, no abiding place. They are ever on the move, passing from shrine to shrine. Now they are returning from Juggernath and are going to Benares. Tumlook is alive with interest upon the advent of these sacred sages. Hundreds of men, women and children visit their camp daily, and prostrate themselves at their feet craving a blessing. Money, grain, fruit, and every delicacy is brought to them. They feast like lords, and live sumptuously every day! Why shouldn't they? At their bidding the ruddy blood of health leaps in long wasted frames! At their touch sterile wombs wake to a charmed and ecstatic fecundity! Such are the men and such their reception. Will the day ever come when the Christian missionary shall receive a welcome to the strongholds of Satan? Thus mused we, walking home that night. And our hearts were reassured and comforted by the promises.

At Tumlook we hold an English service in the tent at noon on the Sabbath. Of course only a few persons were in attendance, some of them children. One day a "gentleman" came in so intoxicated that he greatly disturbed the meeting I was obliged to speak sternly to him to restore order. This European is accustomed to visit the drinking saloons with the natives and get beastly drunk. So you may safely conclude that I had as heathenish an audience to preach to in camp as in the bazaar. A sad story might be written of the conduct of European officials in India.

The saucy boys of the English school, who troubled us so much last year, for the most part redeemed their reputation. A few, however, puffed up by a little learning, annoyed us much at camp by vain speculations and silly questions. I cannot tell you what a store of conceit a knowledge of a few English words puts into these Bengali boys. The school seems to be in a prosperous condition. This place being so near Calcutta, English-speaking is gaining rapidly. You find many Baboos on the street who accost you in your own language. Could we see half the interest manifested in Christianity that there is in learning English, we might rejoice. The fact is the people are wild to know the language of their rulers. And it is sad to perceive how the increase of this knowledge is given currency to a mass of infidel publications. I am pained to find that the names of Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire and even Paine, are already more familiar to these Anglicized Bengalis than those of the great and good men who have been an honor and a blessing, not to America and England only, but to the whole world.

While at Tumlook I had an interesting conversation with the Deputy Magistrate, a Bengali of more than ordinary intelligence and executive ability, and a good English scholar. His office hours were such that I could not visit him conveniently without leaving my work in the bazaar. So I feared I should find no good chance for an interview. But when he invited me to accompany him down the river on a duck-shoot one P. M., I very gladly did so. And as we were returning with our game, it was so quite and calm, not a sound being heard save the strokes of the oarsmen, that just the opportunity I had craved was given me for a religious interview. The Baboo talked freely, even cheerfully. It is rarely that we discover any of that reserve or shyness here, that is so common in America, when the subject of religion is introduced. We had a long talk. My friend expressed himself candidly, and so nearly as I was able to read his case, it stood as follows: He long ago forsook idols and lost all faith in Hindooism. He had little hope of the Bhrumists, or Bengali deists, ever becoming a strong and successful sect. His mind had often been directed to Christianity, and judging from the character of its great Founder and also of its precepts, he was inclined to believe that this would yet become the universal religion, such were its purity and power. But he was troubled by many doubts. He had carefully read *Paley's Evidences*. The book had been a help to him, still many dark doubts remained. He wished to serve God with all his heart. Here, then, you have another struggling soul. I was greatly blessed in pointing out to this man his duty. Will you not put this Tumlook Baboo on your list, and daily ask God to send him the true light? And this is all about Tumlook.

Throughout the tours that have been sketched in the foregoing pages, many unmistakable traces were seen of the dreadful famine, which even at the time of our visitation had not finished its desolate work. Along some of the roads entire villages were found completely deserted. And in and around the crumbling walls of some of the houses were seen the scattered bones of man, woman, and little child—a family altogether, who perished in the distress. Was not this sad enough? But pictures sadder far than this there are, that set forth the dire calamity, which has come upon the land. Look at this little group in the door of a prominent brick house in a bazaar, through which we often have to pass. Two shameless women in gaudy dress, richly bejewelled, stand there. By lewd words and acts they are wooing foolish men to destruction. Their "*house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.*" They stand there, and soon at God's judgment bar they must stand. But see the rest of this little group. Four or five beautiful girls, ranging from six to twelve years of age, are sporting around the door. Who are they? How came they at this den of infamy? The story is a short, sad one. These tender children have been either sold for a pittance, or given away to the hardened occupants of this temple of Satan. Pity the poor little things, who must now be reared to a life of shame. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of such have thus been disposed of during the famine, by parents who were driven by mad hunger to part with their own offspring. Tell me, reader, would you not rather look on the little skeleton or its scattered bones, than on such a scene as this? Other pictures as dark and dreadful might be drawn—pictures that the past few months have indelibly photographed on our hearts, but we forbear.

And now, kind reader, on this last page let me say that my aim has been in all that has been said to let you see and know us just as we are, and just as we work among these idolaters. I have written with no mere desire to amuse you, neither has it been my wish to play upon your feelings. This could do no good, and it is good, your good and ours, and the good of these benighted millions to whom the Lord has sent us,—that I seek. If in glancing over these very hurriedly penned lines your heart is drawn any more into sympathy with the missionary work, I shall unfeignedly rejoice. You will see before many pages have been read, that the missionary has his trials, and you will, I hope perceive more clearly what these trials are. You cannot fail to see, too, that the missionary has his rewards,—that the joy of his life is not all in the blissful future, but that God grants him even here the sweets of success and the songs of victory in his toil. I wish you might feel that our life is not all a dreary and thankless task,—that our spirits pine in no damp dungeon air, and that missionary is no synonyme for hypochondria. This conviction has done the world harm enough. Nor would I have you think of life among the pagans as a delightful romance, a sort of charmed existence, which knows no heartache, feels no pang of grief. Not this, O, no, not this, for this has deceived and disappointed too many already. I would have you think of this enterprise as a noble, blessed work inaugurated by the Son of God, and radiant with His perpetual presence. And I would have you regard the missionary as a cheerful, earnest worker for the Master's glory and the good of immortal millions. For if you regard him and his work aright, you must not cease to pray for him, and help him.

OUR SCHOLARS WATCH US.

I was early at my post one Sabbath morning, but I found John there before me. His peculiarly happy smile told of great joy and peace within, for he had some months before opened his heart to the Lord Jesus.

After a few words of greeting, I said,

"John, I am glad to see you are so near the Saviour this morning."

"Yes, I do feel very happy, but how did you know? Ah, I can tell as soon as I look into your face when you are happy," I said.

He smiled and looked as if he wished to say something, but could hardly speak it.

"What is it my boy?" I asked. "Did you wish to tell me something?"

Yes, teacher, I was going to say I *always tell when you are close to Jesus too.*"

"How can you tell?" I asked.

"Oh, by your looks one way, and then by the way you talk to us."

Just then the rest of the class came in, and we talked no more, but those few words kept speaking to me all the day, "*I can tell when you are near to Jesus.*"

I had often scanned each face to see if the love of Christ lighted up the eye, or if the tear of penitence welled up from the heart.

So long had I been with them, so well had I known them, that I thought I could tell much of the heart by the outward appearance. But John had turned the tables. Had been watching me—could tell when I was far from Jesus.

I knew that my pupils watched my conduct to see if precept and example went together. I knew they watched my words when I spoke of Jesus, but I knew not that they watched my very looks.

I had not expected this. I had not thought they felt the difference when I came with the heart warmed by communion with Jesus, or with a closely studied but prayerless lesson.

Those few words made me think, if I would have them close to Jesus I must be there myself.

Teachers, our classes are watching us. Do they see that we are near to Jesus?

We must lead if we wish them to follow.—*Sunday School Times.*

SOULS' REST.—The needle point in the seaman's compas never stands still but quivers and shakes till it comes right against the North Pole. The wise men of the East never stood still, till they were right against the star which appeared unto them; and the star itself never stood still, till it came right against that other star which shone more brightly in the manger than the sun did in the firmament. And Noah's dove could find no rest for the sole of her foot all the while she was fluttering over the flood, till she returned to the ark with an olive branch in her mouth. So the heart of every true Christian, which is the turtle dove hovering over the waters of the world, till it have the silver wings of a dove, and with the olive branch of faith, fly to the true Noah, which signifieth "Rest," till Christ put forth his hand out of the ark, and taking it in, receive it to himself.—*Old Writer.*

EVIL OF NOVEL READING.—The *general tendency* of novels is to evil. They present vice and virtue in false colours. They dress up vice in gaiety, mirth, and long success. They put virtue and piety in some odious or ridiculous posture. Suspicion, jealousy, pride, revenge, vanity, rivalries, resistance to the laws, rebellion against parents, theft murder, suicide, and even piracy, are so represented in novels as to diminish, if not to take away the horror which all the virtuous feel against these sins and crimes. Almost all that is shocking in vice is combined with some noble quality so as to make the hero on the whole an attractive character. The thief, the pirate, and especially the rake, are often presented as successful, elegant and happy. Novels abound in immodest and profane allusions or expressions. Wantonness, pride, anger, and unholy love, are the elements of most of them. They are full of exaggerations of men and things. They fill the mind with false esti-