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TERMS AND NOTICES.

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Rev. G. A. HARTLEY, Editorial Contributor, over the letter.

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Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., JULY 31, 1868.

RELIGION AND TEMPERANCE.

The above topic is one of importance, and which throws open an extensive field for thought, and has already proved, does and will continue to prove, a fruitful source of discussion.

We believe temperance to be an auxiliary to religion—its object being the removal of one of the greatest obstacles to the onward movement of religion—Among the various strong and mighty evils against which religion has to contend, and the influences with which it has to strive, there is nothing more powerful, and so nearly insurmountable, as that one evil—intemperance. The thousand evils produced by the grossest ignorance, or the most wretched infidelity, do not present a more formidable obstacle to the truths of religion, or shut up any more effectually the minds of the people against the light of revelation, than intemperance. When we speak of intemperance, we do not refer exclusively to drunkenness, but to what is a more potent evil—the habit of drinking moderately, and by some called temperately. We might mention a host of evils that injure christian churches, and which are fraught with the greatest evil to them; but amongst them all we could not point to one that is so prolific of the direct results to professed christians, and which alone is a greater curse to the cause of christianity, than intemperance. He who holds connection with the Church of Christ, and at the same time allows himself to become addicted in any degree to the use of intoxicating liquors, is unworthy the name of a christian, and exerts (though he may not be aware of it, and not being aware of it, may deny it), he exerts, we affirm, an influence in direct and positive opposition to religion, and is raising in the minds of unbelievers a strong barrier, which prevents the reception of the truth into many hearts, and in some cases breeds life-long skepticism. Even in this day, and in this enlightened christian Province, where Temperance societies are so numerous, and the principles of Total Abstinence are becoming every day more prevalent, if the christian minister be asked what he thinks the greatest stumbling-block to the membership of his Church, in the majority of cases he will answer, intemperance. We are glad to know that a decided improvement in this respect has taken place within a few years, and glad also to know that this reformation is gradually progressing; but we are constrained to cry out for a more thorough and immediate cleansing of the Church from the "unclean thing."

We have not the slightest hesitancy in saying that amid all the evils with which mankind has to battle, intemperance stands pre-eminent in power, and is in reality the greatest affliction of the human family. When we see the young man of noble form, and largely intellectual brow, without doubt the possessor of more than ordinary powers of mind—a being created in the image of God, become brutalized in his appearance and actions, and standing out for the time being at least a loathing and a by-word, with the possibility, and more, the probability, of becoming altogether an outcast; and this all brought on by intemperance, we cannot help feeling the keenest anguish on his account. It may be said, "It is not so with all." Admit the fact; neither is it so at first with him; nor did he ever imagine it would be so. Not openly was the attack made upon the intended victim; there was nothing whatever in the mode of attack that left the conviction that the result would be so terrible; but the result proves that in the very commencement there was gleam in the heart of the enemy, as he gloated with evident satisfaction over the ruin and death to be accomplished by the course thus covertly and stealthily entered upon. The very nature and mode of attack, when properly viewed, renders it fearfully dangerous. Steadily, and yet unperceived, does it effectually entwine itself around its victim, bending its iron-like chains closer and closer, dragging him down into the depths of misery and despair; till at last with health destroyed, hopes blighted, and prospects ruined, he finds himself in an almost helpless condition, face to face with a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's eternity. The thought is sadness in itself. It is a fact, though, however painful, that this dreadful evil, producing the most dreadful results, does exist in our midst to such an extent that no pen can picture, or tongue describe; and the question, "Where shall we look for a remedy?" naturally suggests itself. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no cure for the wounds made by this fell destroyer? Is there no power to be put forth which will wage a successful warfare against this terrible scourge? The balm, the remedy, and the power are found in the Temperance movement, which is sweeping over our Province, and which has already done so noble a work. In hundreds, indeed, we may say thousands, of cases it has effectually broken the spell of intemperance—and bursting their chains, has released them from the fascinations of the cup—and breathing again the air of freedom from all that can intoxicate, they have asserted their manhood, and have been respected again as worthy members of society. There is further cause for rejoicing in the fact that some have been brought thus to unite themselves with the christian Church. We regret that our professed christian should stand aloof from the Temperance movement, and regard it as an innovation "and a detriment to the usefulness of the christian Church. We have no doubt that many who do regard the matter in this light are governed by conscientious motives; but we trust that the good which has been, and is being accomplished, by the Temperance organizations now so numerous, will become so convincingly apparent, that every christian professor will feel justified in regarding the Temperance movement as an auxiliary to religion; and as such claiming his sympathy and support because so intimately connected with the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let there be no jarring, or even seeming antagonism; but seeing the intimate relationship existing between them, labour, whether we labour as Temperance advocates or as christian professors, or in both capacities, remembering that in due season we will reap if we faint not.

A letter from Bro. Halse, to Rev. G. A. Hartley, has been forwarded to us, from which we learn that he has spent some time laboring with the church at Lower Brighton, Carleton County. Tokens of good have been manifested. On Sabbath, the 19th inst., Rev. G. T. Hartley baptized two believers. Bro. Halse has gone to Knowlesville, where he purposes remaining for a time. We trust success may attend his mission.

HOW TO MEASURE TIME.

A friend has handed us the following excellent article, which we gladly give a place in our columns, hoping it may enlighten many as to the true mode of measuring their days.

The great Swedish philosopher, in that remarkable book the "Frona Celestis," in his description of the heavenly spirits says, "that they know nothing of days, months, or years, but that they measure the passing of time by the experiences." reckoning from a new feeling, a new addition of knowledge, a new discovery or experience of any kind, as familiarly as words by hours or weeks; consequently, if those who were simultaneously created, some were immeasurably older than others, having accumulated so much more knowledge, or experienced a greater variety of intellectual and spiritual sensations than their contemporaries. Whether Swedenborg ever visited the celestial regions in his lifetime or whether celestial visitants really come to us in this age, it matters little to our present purpose to inquire; for, in the above description of spiritual existences, Swedenborg is uttered a living truth—a truth to man, whether it is true of angels or not.

People are very much mistaken sometimes, when they say they are twenty, forty, or sixty years old. What though, as external facts, they appeared numerically to the census taker, at the particular epoch from which they date, if in the lapse of twenty or forty years they have developed but two or three instincts—as to eat, to dress, to accumulate? They ought to be reckoned but four or five years old, for children of that age often have these faculties in full force, and exhibit a strong taste for their indulgence. Many men never grow mentally older than the children of that age. How many we can think of who are, in every essential trait of character, exactly the same at forty-five that they were at thirty-five. Showing as plainly as physiognomy, speech and actions can make them, to have made no real progress in anything which constitutes an essential manhood. Their intellect has not been strengthened by discipline, study, or reflection; their love is as selfishly bestowed, or withheld in its limited channels, as it ever was; their heart has not increased its capacity; nor their soul grown in magnanimity; their character remains in an unimproved condition, as if in life's early manhood they struggled but timidly and doubtfully with temptations. They have no new experiences to reckon from; their sensuous sensations are mere repetition of what impart nothing from which they can draw a new impulse. Days, months, years, pass away, but they stand still like the telegraph posts by the road side, while messages from the poles and the antipodes, of an interest which might shake the earth to its centre, pass by and over them; but touching their natures, no more than the wooden pillars are touched by the electric thought which is flashing around and above them. Nor do they really live any more than these posts.

To live is to grow. Not to grow bigger or richer, but to grow in those attributes which distinguish man as a reasoning being, and as akin with the gods; any other kind of growth is a mere fungus expansion, the less there is of it the better. Learn to measure time by your moral and intellectual achievements, and then you will never "wish you were a boy again," or, if a lady, will you deprecate yourself, as you grow away from your teens, by striving to get "into" them.

Some men count their years by the dividends they receive, and some by the failures they have made; some by presidential election, and others by the good suppers they have eaten; and yet what can it matter to the progress of humanity, whether a person has a thousand years or only a score? perhaps the fewer the better for the race; for they, at best, are but clogs upon the wheels of all true progress, and the sooner they are shaken off the quicker will moral supremacy be acknowledged as the only legitimate order of society. Until then, however, we cannot do to measure time by the Gregorian calendar; but if they ever come to value mental and moral worth, above a large balance at their bankers, they may learn, like Swedenborg's celestials, to reckon time by the "addition of new experiences," and to count on nothing which has not added an intrinsic value to their name of man.

SECTARIANISM.

There are as many church-registers as there are church-houses. But there is only one Lamb's Book of Life for all the ransomed sinners of the world. That is the place for your name. It is not Methodist nor Presbyterian nor Lutheran, nor any other *ism* of men; but it is the life and power of the Son of God we preach. The different denominations are but symmetrical and convenient apartments in the one great sanctuary of the Lord. These distinct organizations are harmonious counterparts. Yet men separate themselves into sects, and magnify their consistent differences into conflicting doctrines. They build theological walls around themselves—the closer the safer, as they vainly imagine; and they begin, in their studied atmosphere and necessary shade, to doubt the orthodoxy of their neighbors. They put colored glass in intervening windows, draw down the blinds, bolt the doors, and nestle together, as though all outside Christendom were turning infidel, and as if they, secluded company alone of all the earth, held the faith once delivered to the saints. Such a faith, so monolithically bound, needs a new deliverance! Now, when you find yourself up in arms in defence of your creed, pause a moment, and consider whether in all your life, you have been so brave in defending the Bible. You become excited when you hear your Luther, or your Calvin, or your Wesley, or your Campbell criticised; but you will stand silent and unmoved when the name of your Jesus is blasphemed! Unless you can recognize your prosperity in other churches as heartily as in your own, and rejoice at the conversion of sinners under anybody's preaching and under any church's roof, you may write "sectarian" as a fit suffix to your name. You have been tempted through self and sect to enter a refuge of lies. "Ist and 'ism are warp and woof of the enemy's tent-covers, and you have been deceived. You are attracted by the sound of your church name more than by all the cries of Calvary! Verily you have your warning, and must bear the awful consequences of trimming your Christianity to a discipline of confession, or exorcism, or of wounding your Lord in the house of his friends.—The Gospel in the Trees, by A. Clark.

MINISTERS IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

It is sometimes difficult for the minister to find time for visiting the Sabbath school on account of other appointments; nevertheless there is much force in the following, which we clip from the *Examiner and Chronicle*:

If there is any truth in the talk sometimes heard concerning the waning influence of the pulpit, it arises from our delay in availing ourselves of the new avenues of Christian work and enterprise now opening in every direction. The minister whose heart is not in the closest union with his Sabbath school, whose face is not seen there every Sabbath, not as a teacher or Superintendent, but as one of Christ's shepherds, must not be surprised if the school seems almost independent of the church and of his influence. The editorial above referred to suggested the thought that in this department of Christian labor, the minister could exert a great influence over the intellectual character of the children and youth.

We mourn that the reading of the day is so largely religious, and condemn much of the literature of Sunday school libraries; but how seldom do we say to a young man or woman, You will find this book of value, or such a work will give you great pleasure and profit. Sermons against ill reading will do little good, if the education of the minister, or if his piety is not repulsive, will indirectly modify the minds of those who are the most thoughtful. It seems to me a pastor should be seeking the good of the whole man. Still keeping the salvation of the soul paramount, let every minister strive personally to influence certain youth of his Sunday school to read under his advice, and he will secure the former all the sooner because of his increasing intimacy with those he wishes to bless.

DEGREES CONFERRED.—The degree of D. D. has been conferred upon Rev. George T. Day, editor of the *Morning Star*, by Hillsdale College. The same degree has also been conferred by Bates College upon Rev. G. H. Ball; and upon Professor Whipple by McKendree College.

CARLETON COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

Passing Time.—Death by Drowning.—Dedication.—Branch Railroad.—County Council.—Rum Trade.

Mr. EORRICK.—It was my intention to write you ere this, but time passes rapidly away; before we are aware of it, spring glides into summer, and, imperceptibly, summer into autumn, till year after year of our lives is gone, and our youthful locks turn to silver gray; and thus, silently and constantly, we move from the time state to our eternal condition. Well, indeed, will it be for those who take the admonition, given by St. Paul, when he says they that sow to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but that they that sow to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. An accident, by drowning, which occurred here a short time since, by which two young men from the Parish of Richmond lost their lives, is well calculated to bring home to every heart that solemn expression of God's Word, "Be ye also ready." It appears that four brothers, named Crawford, came out to the river St. John to send produce to market by steamer, and while waiting the arrival of the boat, one brother went in to bathe, and getting beyond his depth, a second sought to rescue him, when both sank and were drowned. The other brothers did all they could to save them, but alas, it was in vain. What sorrow must fill the hearts of the survivors! What doleful and sad intelligence to reach the friends at home! Their bodies were found, and, amidst sorrowing friends, conveyed to their last resting place on earth. Such is life. Such are the sorrows of this time state—in the midst of life truly we are in death.

Leaving the sorrowful, let us pass to the contemplation of other topics. The Free Baptist Chapel at Upper Waterville is to be opened for divine service on the 26th inst. Your friends will be pleased to see you present on the occasion. Every pains has been taken to have a substantial and comfortable house, and I judge it will prove to be all they desire.

I have often had occasion to exclaim of the Woodstock Branch Railroad, its progress, &c.; but now we can state, and that, too, with great satisfaction, it is open for trade and passengers, and already are the streams beginning to flow. A pleasure excursion, filling seven cars, passed over the Woodstock Branch and on to St. Stephen, on Thursday last, and returned without any accident, making the passage, each way, in four hours of running time. This road, like railroads generally, will prove a great blessing and convenience to the people, but we must repeat what we have before said, many in the County do not desire its benefits. Those connected with the construction of the road deserve the greatest credit for their skill, tact, and perseverance. I need not name them, they are well known.

I notice that your piece of pleasantry on the secular press of St. John has aroused the anger of the Editor of the *Telegraph*. I did not suppose he was so tender on certain points.

The County Council, during its last session, manifested a laudable desire to improve the agricultural and manufacturing interests of the County. Another favorable feature is the fact that the prevailing feeling is against the rum trade. I do hope, and so will every christian man and woman, that this price of curses may speedily be driven from our midst.

The crops are looking well, and haying is now fairly begun. Yours, truly,
JULY 24th, 1868.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

(Continued.)

About a mile beyond Harvard is a place which no stranger in Boston should fail to visit—

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

There is no dull plainness and consequent sameness in this delightful spot, chosen as the resting place of the city's dead. Nicely graded walks and avenues, shaded with trees, lead through it in every direction. Now you come upon a lofty knoll whose level top, girt round with pure white marble, supports some family column; then again, you pass through a deep gorge whose hill-sides are burrowed with long vaults, holding the slumbering occupants in their niches—while now and then, suddenly a sheet of fresh water gladdens the eye; so prettily set in its case of elm and weeping willows. After passing the main entrance a little, we come to the chapel, a small but neat stone edifice, built on an elevated rise of the land. In it, we noticed standing, as mute guardians of the sacred place, the sculptures of four eminent men—Otis, Story, Winthrop and Adams group—the independence roll in his hand. Farther on, occupying the highest part of the grounds, is the tower, itself about 90 feet in height; and, ascending its winding stairs, you look out on a scene seldom equalled for quiet, subdued beauty. Imagine yourself up here, far above the highest tree-tops. Placing your back to the city, on your left it slopes down into a low valley, through which the Charles River, like a silver thread runs through emerald green; winds along its way to the harbor, then rises again grandly into the hills beyond, where large villages find their situation. Before you, and on your right, is the level country of Cambridge, with its splendid villas struggling out from the numerous trees; and lying right in its very centre is a little lake, like an eye of water, which refreshes in summer, and in winter hoards up its store of ice against the coming cold season. All around your feet lie the slumbering dead, their ashes topped by the white-pointed marble which gleams up through the thick leaved trees. How calm below! A bird sings in the willow, a squirrel chirps on the very top of a tombstone; all else is still. Thousands lie here in their long, last sleep; no prettier sylvan spot could hold their remains. Away from the clatter and noise of the great city, out in the quiet of nature's own realm; the breeze from off the meadows whispers above them, the evergreen grows and the flower blooms all around the bearded mounds, and man himself trends with a lighter step for here 'tis hallowed ground. 'Tis all folly to say that man cares not where the body may lie, when he—the soul—is fled away. Methinks one would die easier from knowing that his dust would be laid away beside friends, in some quiet, lovely spot, where the freshness and youth of nature might surround his grave, and the flower lift itself above him. The same spirit which breathes in the dying request, "Oh! bury me not in the deep, deep sea," finds its echo in all of us. Home and quiet are beautiful to us in life: something of the same atmosphere we wish about our last resting place. But enough of this.

A very good view of the city in all its parts can be had from the cupola of the State House, which enjoys an elevation of over 200 feet above the sea level. There you see South and East Boston, and Charleston, all virtually islands, Chelsea and the hills beyond; while towards the south spreads the harbor with its islands. Just at your feet lies the Boston Common, a beautifully wooded park, in which the purity and freshness of the country is in a manner preserved, even in the midst of the city. 'Tis like the great heart of the town, through which the life of the thousands beat all day in dingy offices and stifling shops, soiled with the sweat and dust of labor, circulates for a time, and, coming in contact with its pure air and greenness, flows away again healthy and invigorated. How pleasant, too, is this fair touch of nature spread out to view in full contrast to the brick and stone of the great blocks about it, with which man has covered nature's lap, to the exclusion of all her beauties. Free, too, for all. The bare-footed urchin who has cried his popped corn all through the heated day, stretches himself full length on the grass, and forgets alike his poverty and his fatigue.

The third machine comes away from the creaking of machinery, and listens instead to the music of tree and fountain. Justice knows no barring distinction here; the honest man and the rogue sit side by side; and the ruffian inspires as fresh a draught as does the very impersonification of gentleness. Society don't pretend to enforce her foolish laws of grading; the elite and the canaille jostle each other without ceremony, and beauty and ugliness don't seem either to suffer by close contrast. A motley scene the Common presents; yet all are better and happier for it. The young feel healthier; the old feel younger. The poor feel rich in nature's own wealth; the rich revels in what his biggest boards are powerless to buy. The fine Gillmore and Germania bands, furnished and paid by the city, give nightly concerts here, at which thousands of the people assemble. At the west end of the Common are the Public Gardens, which though nicely laid out, cannot boast of very much beauty.

THE MUSEUM.—This is also among the notabilities of Boston, and its contents will repay the labor of a day's investigation. A trifling admittance fee opened its doors to your correspondent, and he was ushered at once into the lower hall, where hundreds of the great and wise looked down upon him from sculptured bust and painting, while mute scrutiny, it is needless to say, he bore with true New Brunswick valor, and forthwith ascended up higher.

Prefering, while fresh and eager, to scan the waxen statue which, to me, was decidedly the most interesting, I took the topmost gallery first. Here are upwards of twenty cabinets, filled with scenes from life, the actors in which seemed so "natural like," that you half waited for the sign of salutation or recognition. Among others which particularly struck us was the "Game of Life," represented by Satan engaged in playing a game of chess with man, for his soul. Satan's men were idleness, anger, pride, and the like; those of the man were hope, love, prudence, and the other virtues. Standing by the board was man's guardian angel, sadly and tearfully intoning on the game, ready to discourage a false move or prompt a good one. Ah! how often—for this game is played every where through life—has she watched and watched, disheartening and inciting, all men's blind moves and steps, and turned in sorrow away as Satan has swept the last figure from the board, and clutched the prize in his grasp. Then there are the "Three Stages of Intemperance," admirably portraying the oft-told course from the merry wine party down to squallid poverty and cruel death. Then there is a figure, life-size, of Daniel Lambert, a 739 pounder, the largest man ever known; and at his side, a boy with a large tin vessel, marked, "beer for one." Verily, at this rate, Daniel must either have had much wealth, or kept his own brewery. In another is a spinster, putting the finishing touches to her toilet in a style more grotesque, perhaps, but not so white ridiculous than that of many maidens of our own day; a difference in the head gear, though for her hat immediately associated itself in my mind with one of those great plain leaves of India, which shelter a dozen men from rain or sun. But want of space and ability precludes my talking longer of this gallery. The others contain all manner of shells and dead things, sharks, alligators and various other evil eyed monsters, stuffed birds of every species, animals from the elephant to the timoness. Here shelves of heathen idols grin their silent benedictions upon you, then you are confronted with one of the old Egyptian great ones who, long ago, trod the parlor of the pyramids. So many and various were the objects which enter the eye and imprinted their likeness on my memory, that they overlapped each other in their abundance; and, with a head in which crocodiles and penguins, tapers and night-owls, and a thousand others queer and strange, mingled in graceless confusion, your correspondent bade good-bye to the wonders of the Museum, and gained the busy street below.

But my visit to Boston would not be complete had I not gone to the Bunker Hill Monument, the historic pride of the Bostonians. By far the best view of the city and country around is afforded from this monument, which boasts an elevation of nearly 250 feet. The scene is wide and varied, and, with the guide books which, for a consideration of course, you may become possessor of at the keeper's lodge, a stranger can gain a tolerably good idea of the vicinity. But space forbids us dwelling on this, or on the sights and machinery of the Navy Yard, which I also visited; and now I must close my already too lengthy letter. As far news lies, all the stir now, and all that will be for months, is the Presidential tournament. The Republicans have booted and spurred Grant and Colfax as their knights of the course; but they will be obliged to break many a lance, and perhaps be rolled in the dust once or twice, before Seymour and Blair cry enough. Everything evidences a hard struggle, and the whole country will be up in three party strife, business be stagnated and trade convulsed, before the Chair of State receives its next occupant. It is to be hoped that a long time will elapse before our Governors are made elective; for the higher the seat the fiercer the contest; and choosing for the Commons creates quite enough excitement for us. Trade is not very brisk; shipping is down, as the saying is; but building is brisk, and machinists and factory hands are in high demand. Wages are good; but then living is beyond reason, and the working man can support a family in the Provinces much more easily at a dollar and a half per day, than here at three.

I had intended to make a few remarks on the manners of the people here, and the characteristic difference between them and our own; as well as to give a few of (what appear to me to be) the reasons of our backwardness and their progress, as a people; but I must desist. Suffer me to say that I left Boston with very agreeable impressions of place and people; and once on board the good New England, began to think of the land and home I was approaching. The voyage was made, for the whole course, through a thick fog; but, thanks to the superior arrangements of this line of steamers, and the evident care of both captain and men for the comfort and pleasure of passengers, but little inconvenience was experienced. In due time the familiar coast lines of our own Province were in view; and though bare and cold and rugged, yet we felt that it was our own native land, and we would not exchange it for the mid skies and verdant slopes of any Italy.

PRESENTATION.—On the occasion of the departure of the Rev. John Lathern from Fredericton, the scene of his labours for three years past, the members of the Wesleyan church and congregation presented him with a very appropriate address, expressing their high appreciation of him as a man and a christian minister. The address was accompanied by a valuable tea-service consisting of six pieces, in silver. Mr. Lathern replied very feelingly, acknowledging not only this one evidence of kindness and esteem on the part of the people amongst whom he had lived and labored, but the uniform kindness they had manifested towards him during his residence in the City. He left the City on Friday last. By his christian walk and labour he now not only enjoys the respect and love of his church, but of the entire community. We trust he may be abundantly blessed in his new pastorate.

The Morning News furnishes another letter from Mr. Tilley.

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THE MUSEUM.—This is also among the notabilities of Boston, and its contents will repay the labor of a day's investigation. A trifling admittance fee opened its doors to your correspondent, and he was ushered at once into the lower hall, where hundreds of the great and wise looked down upon him from sculptured bust and painting, while mute scrutiny, it is needless to say, he bore with true New Brunswick valor, and forthwith ascended up higher.

Prefering, while fresh and eager, to scan the waxen statue which, to me, was decidedly the most interesting, I took the topmost gallery first. Here are upwards of twenty cabinets, filled with scenes from life, the actors in which seemed so "natural like," that you half waited for the sign of salutation or recognition. Among others which particularly struck us was the "Game of Life," represented by Satan engaged in playing a game of chess with man, for his soul. Satan's men were idleness, anger, pride, and the like; those of the man were hope, love, prudence, and the other virtues. Standing by the board was man's guardian angel, sadly and tearfully intoning on the game, ready to discourage a false move or prompt a good one. Ah! how often—for this game is played every where through life—has she watched and watched, disheartening and inciting, all men's blind moves and steps, and turned in sorrow away as Satan has swept the last figure from the board, and clutched the prize in his grasp. Then there are the "Three Stages of Intemperance," admirably portraying the oft-told course from the merry wine party down to squallid poverty and cruel death. Then there is a figure, life-size, of Daniel Lambert, a 739 pounder, the largest man ever known; and at his side, a boy with a large tin vessel, marked, "beer for one." Verily, at this rate, Daniel must either have had much wealth, or kept his own brewery. In another is a spinster, putting the finishing touches to her toilet in a style more grotesque, perhaps, but not so white ridiculous than that of many maidens of our own day; a difference in the head gear, though for her hat immediately associated itself in my mind with one of those great plain leaves of India, which shelter a dozen men from rain or sun. But want of space and ability precludes my talking longer of this gallery. The others contain all manner of shells and dead things, sharks, alligators and various other evil eyed monsters, stuffed birds of every species, animals from the elephant to the timoness. Here shelves of heathen idols grin their silent benedictions upon you, then you are confronted with one of the old Egyptian great ones who, long ago, trod the parlor of the pyramids. So many and various were the objects which enter the eye and imprinted their likeness on my memory, that they overlapped each other in their abundance; and, with a head in which crocodiles and penguins, tapers and night-owls, and a thousand others queer and strange, mingled in graceless confusion, your correspondent bade good-bye to the wonders of the Museum, and gained the busy street below.

But my visit to Boston would not be complete had I not gone to the Bunker Hill Monument, the historic pride of the Bostonians. By far the best view of the city and country around is afforded from this monument, which boasts an elevation of nearly 250 feet. The scene is wide and varied, and, with the guide books which, for a consideration of course, you may become possessor of at the keeper's lodge, a stranger can gain a tolerably good idea of the vicinity. But space forbids us dwelling on this, or on the sights and machinery of the Navy Yard, which I also visited; and now I must close my already too lengthy letter. As far news lies, all the stir now, and all that will be for months, is the Presidential tournament. The Republicans have booted and spurred Grant and Colfax as their knights of the course; but they will be obliged to break many a lance, and perhaps be rolled in the dust once or twice, before Seymour and Blair cry enough. Everything evidences a hard struggle, and the whole country will be up in three party strife, business be stagnated and trade convulsed, before the Chair of State receives its next occupant. It is to be hoped that a long time will elapse before our Governors are made elective; for the higher the seat the fiercer the contest; and choosing for the Commons creates quite enough excitement for us. Trade is not very brisk; shipping is down, as the saying is; but building is brisk, and machinists and factory hands are in high demand. Wages are good; but then living is beyond reason, and the working man can support a family in the Provinces much more easily at a dollar and a half per day, than here at three.

I had intended to make a few remarks on the manners of the people here, and the characteristic difference between them and our own; as well as to give a few of (what appear to me to be) the reasons of our backwardness and their progress, as a people; but I must desist. Suffer me to say that I left Boston with very agreeable impressions of place and people; and once on board the good New England, began to think of the land and home I was approaching. The voyage was made, for the whole course, through a thick fog; but, thanks to the superior arrangements of this line of steamers, and the evident care of both captain and men for the comfort and pleasure of passengers, but little inconvenience was experienced. In due time the familiar coast lines of our own Province were in view; and though bare and cold and rugged, yet we felt that it was our own native land, and we would not exchange it for the mid skies and verdant slopes of any Italy.

PRESENTATION.—On the occasion of the departure of the Rev. John Lathern from Fredericton, the scene of his labours for three years past, the members of the Wesleyan church and congregation presented him with a very appropriate address, expressing their high appreciation of him as a man and a christian minister. The address was accompanied by a valuable tea-service consisting of six pieces, in silver. Mr. Lathern replied very feelingly, acknowledging not only this one evidence of kindness and esteem on the part of the people amongst whom he had lived and labored, but the uniform kindness they had manifested towards him during his residence in the City. He left the City on Friday last. By his christian walk and labour he now not only enjoys the respect and love of his church, but of the entire community. We trust he may be abundantly blessed in his new pastorate.

The Morning News furnishes another letter from Mr. Tilley.

THE CHURCH OF NAME.—The Ohio and Pennsylvania Free Will Baptists are not in favour of a change in their denominational name, as proposed by some. At their yearly meeting, recently held, the following resolution was passed:—"Resolved, that we are in favour of the *honoured and appropriate name of Free Will Baptist*."

A New York paper reports two hundred and fifty deaths, from sunstroke, in that city during the three hot days of week before last. And adds that many of them were produced by intemperance.

An American paper says:—"Prince Edwards Island is getting ready to join the Union. A special treaty with it has been introduced into Congress. Yarmouth, in Nova Scotia, has hoisted the American flag on the Fourth, and did not the Dominion flag on the First—two straws. Newfoundland also should be annexed so that we can control one end of the cable. Come in, friends, there's room plenty."

The English Wesleyans report Fiji Islanders to the number of 109,000—about half the population of the island—have been supplied with the Bible, and are under instruction. There are 17,000 church members, 40,000 scholars in the schools, 88 native ordained missionaries, and 1900 other native helpers.

A meeting of Roman Catholic ladies of position has been held in Dublin, under the presidency of Cardinal Cullen, with the view of establishing the Ladies' Papal Fund of Ireland, to render assistance to the Pope, whose finances are stated to be at a very low ebb. The very Rev. Dr. Curtis, who spoke on the occasion, described his Holiness as surrounded on all sides by persistent and malignant enemies. Fighting was by some expected to recommence during the present month, but he thought it more likely it would do so in September or October. The ladies present at the meeting pledged themselves to afford every means of assistance to the Pope, to enable him to support his small army, and a committee has issued an address calling upon the Catholic ladies of Ireland for similar help.

The fascination of liquor selling is explained by the fact that a gallon of brandy, costing \$12, yields \$61.40 when retailed by the glass.—Whiskey, at \$5, yields \$27.70.

The list of public benefactors is steadily growing, and it is worthy of note that the most liberal among them are those who were the architects of their own fortunes. The fashion of giving during the lifetime of the giver, instead of trusting to the doubtful methods of a bequest, is gaining splendid converts. In America we have had Peter Cooper, Mathew Vassar, Cornell, and others, besides giving Mr. Peabody to both countries, and in England the noble example set by Mr. Whitworth, the great engineer, is now being followed by Mark Firth, master cutter and Mayor of Sheffield, who is about to erect and endow thirty-six almshouses, at a cost to himself of \$120,000. Nobody grudges such men their well-earned and well-employed success.

A GENERAL COUNCIL.—The telegraph brings information that the Pope has authoritatively summoned a General Council of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world. The Council is to be held in Rome during next Winter, or is may possibly be deferred until the Winter of 1870, owing to the difficulties and delays attending the convocation of members from all parts of the world. This Council will be much more grand and imposing than the gathering of prelates and representatives of the Church that attended the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, or the announcement of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother. It will be deliberative in its character, and will be the first General Council of the Roman Catholic Church that has been held since the famous Council of Trent.

The objects of the New General Council are said to be political rather than religious. The Church is to take ground once for all against the alleged infidel and revolutionary tendencies of the times, and interpose as a bulwark against anarchy and the dissolution of Society. Such, at least, are the objects of the Council as announced by Cardinal Manning in England. A Council of the Roman Catholic Church for any purpose must be an important event. The unity, concentration of purpose, and wonderful organization of the Roman Church throughout the world makes it potent for political as well as religious powers.

The influence of this Council will be felt in this country as well as every where else. We doubt not that the recent reforming attitude of America has much to do with the calling to Council.

The old method of attracting emigrants to new countries has been adopted with regard to the newly acquired territory of Alaska, and the American papers have commenced to circulate stories of the discovery of rich gold-fields on the Tagus River, in that country, where one may pick up gold in lumps.

Rev. Lambert Young, the Catholic priest who refused to let the Grand Jury what persons he saw in a lynching mob, alleging that by doing so he would violate professional confidence, was brought before the United States District Judge at Louisville on the 6th, fined \$50 for the contempt, and held in \$2,000 to appear before the Court at the next term.—Ee.

Pacific Railroad.—Trains are now running seven hundred miles over the Union Pacific Railroad. Twenty thousand men are at work, and it is expected that not less than nine hundred miles will be finished this year, and that the whole line to the Pacific may be opened in 1870.

OBITUARY.

The very naming of death is to chill our spirits, and I draw a dark veil over the glories of this life, and yet, our natures are such, and we are so frail, that the loveliest and most amiable of our communities do, and must die. We naturally look for death at tender infancy or feeble old age, but when the youth, blooming in the freshness of health and standing upon the threshold of happy social and religious relationships, is snatched away from us we acutely feel the weight of the blow. Such are our thoughts while thinking of the subject of this obituary. Eliza was the only daughter of Deacon Israel Atterton, of Fredericton. After long months of patient suffering she quietly and sweetly passed away on the 9th inst., at the interesting age of 25 years. She was a lovely youth, the joy and sunshine of the family circle. Her cheerful, affectionate and kind hearted manner won her many friends. She had not publicly professed religion, and yet for several years she felt deeply interested in whatever concerned the prosperity of the church, which she faithfully attended. During the revival in Fredericton, in the spring of 1867, she was deeply moved, and did take some steps in the meetings towards seeking Christ, but from causes, which she named while on her death bed, she shrank and decided to put it off until another time. While sick she thought much and earnestly about the state of her soul, and in the depths of sorrowing penitence sought the Saviour until she found peace in believing in Him. At times she was happy, and longed to depart and be with Christ. She requested that her poor body should be interred in the burying ground at Bear Island, where many family friends lie, and that the sermon