

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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The Intelligencer.

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Is the Papal Church increasing? Is the Protestant Church decreasing? Such are the pregnant questions that within a short time have begun to exercise, and to a degree, startle public attention on both sides of the Atlantic. We say "startle" because, while the impression has taken a somewhat firm hold that the former most be answered in the affirmative, facts and reliable statistics recently brought to light prove the very contrary. According to these statistics the Roman Catholic Church, especially in Great Britain, is visibly declining. The impression that it was increasing may be accounted for by the circumstance that a large number of monasteries, nunneries, colleges and chapels have lately been erected in England, and many new priests, nuns, friars, and religious orders created, coupled with the fact of several "perceptions" among the English nobility and clergy which have been duly heralded by the Papal journals and pulpits over the world. Figures, however, that cannot err, effectually dispel this impression, prove that the vaunted "alarming increase" is a mere phantom, that all other religious persuasions are advancing, and show further that, at the present rate of decline, Popery within a moderate number of years, not only to compute, will have completely died out.

In Great Britain and Ireland, while Protestantism has increased by nearly five millions and three quarters since 1841, Roman Catholicism in the same period in the United Kingdom has decreased by more than two millions.

To the Rev. Verner M. White, incumbent of one of the principal churches of Liverpool, we are indebted for the data upon which these conclusions are based. The figures we take from a recent communication of the Rev. gentleman on the subject to the *Mercury* of that city.

To begin with Ireland. According to the census of 1841, the religious population of that country stood thus as per government official returns:

Roman Catholics.	Protestants of all denominations.	Total Population of Ireland.
1841... 5,421,713	1,116,228	7,537,941

There was no census of Great Britain in 1841, and the returns for Ireland in 1841 did not specify the different religious persuasions. In order, therefore, to obtain a common starting point for the whole United Kingdom, we take the total population of Ireland as given in the census of 1841, and classify Protestant and Roman Catholics according to their relative numbers in 1841. Comparing with this Government official returns for 1861, we have the following results:

Roman Catholics.	Protestants of all denominations.	Total Population of Ireland.
1861... 4,005,444	1,292,535	5,297,979
1841... 5,421,713	1,116,228	7,537,941
Decrease, 1,416,269	267,594	2,183,863

Suppose, that the total population has continued to decrease in the seven years since 1861 in the same ratio as in ten years previously, the population of Ireland at the present time would stand thus:

Roman Catholics.	Protestants of all denominations.	Total Population of Ireland.
1868... 3,475,945	878,589	4,354,534
1841... 5,421,713	1,116,228	7,537,941
Decrease, 4,045,768	237,639	4,283,107

It appears consequently, that the Roman Catholics have decreased in Ireland from 1841 to 1868 by nearly two millions and a half.

It will at once be said, "Admitted, as far as Ireland is concerned, but they have emigrated to England, America and elsewhere, and by their increased numbers in these countries have more than made up for their losses in their native land." Let us see. First as to Great Britain. The total population of England, Wales, and Scotland, stood thus in 1841 and 1861:

Great Britain.	1841.	1861.
1841... 16,558,372	20,271,968	

There is no data on which to arrive at the exact Roman Catholic population of England, Wales and Scotland. The *Times* and other authorities speak of it as a million. Having carefully considered the religious census of 1861, and the number of Irish in Great Britain in 1861, Dr. White says: "I think the calculation is somewhat in excess. However, let us take it in round numbers at one million. Suppose that of this number there has been since 1841 the unparalleled increase of 67 per cent., or 670,000, and deducting this number from the total increase in Great Britain, and also from the Roman Catholic decrease in Ireland; and, on the other hand, deducting the decrease of Protestants in Great Britain, we have the following net result:

Actual Roman Catholic decrease in the United Kingdom since 1841.	2,078,946
Actual Protestant increase in the United Kingdom since 1841.	6,711,115

Showing in the last twenty-seven years in the United Kingdom to Roman Catholicism, as compared with Protestantism, a relative loss of 7,790,061.

A reference to the United States of America will show that Roman Catholicism has been dying out there more rapidly than in the United Kingdom. Although the mass of Irish emigrants since 1841, (the point from which our calculations started), amounting to many millions, have gone thither, yet out of an entire population of probably 33,000,000 or 34,000,000 only 4,000,000 belong to the Church of Rome, or a little more than one half the number belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists of the great Western Republic.

Similar facts, telling quite as powerfully against the increase of the Church of Rome, might be adduced from Australia and the other colonies of the British empire.

The following, according to a careful calculation, is about the proportions and numbers of the principal religious communities of the United Kingdom in 1868:

Episcopalians.	12,300,000
Presbyterians, all branches.	4,120,000
Methodists, all branches.	4,300,000
Independent.	2,450,000
Baptists.	1,300,000
Other Protestant persuasions.	600,000

Protestants of all denominations. 35,820,000 || Roman Catholics. | 4,005,444 |
| Total estimated population in 1868. | 40,400,000 |

The great increase of Roman Catholicism of worship, nunneries, priests, &c., and the immense efforts put forth by the Church of Rome, only prove the infatuated zeal of a people seeking the conversion of England when their own system is tottering and in decay from its centre to its circumference. They simply prove that England is regarded as a mission field (hence the determined adherence to territorial titles, though in open defiance of law) and can no more be regarded as a province of England becoming Roman Catholic than it would be if a missionary were to tell us of the number of missionaries, mission churches, schools, and so forth in India as incontestable evidence that that vast continent was fast becoming Christian.

"Here," adds a sage contemporary, "as everywhere, the system is evidently dying out. It has pursued a selfish and unpatriotic policy of its own, irrespective of the good of the community as a whole, or of opposing parties. The consequence is, it has no friends. No side either respects or trusts it; however, for their own purposes, all may occasionally use it. The history of the Church and of the world teaches all that great religious changes have usually, almost invariably, been accompanied by extensive, violent civil revolutions. The Gulf between the people and the Papacy by recent events has been and is gradually widening in Italy, in England, and everywhere, and there needs only some great convulsion, such as may at any moment occur, and it will fall, utterly and forever, unhelped and unopposed. These conclusions are certainly startling, and at first sight, appear incredible. That in the course of twenty-seven years, there should be a decrease of more than two millions of Romanists, and an increase of nearly six millions of Protestants, or, adding both together, a relative loss and gain of nearly eight millions, does seem beyond belief, but it is nevertheless true.—*Ch. Observer.*

DUMB DISCIPLES.

"If I believed what you profess to believe," said a sceptic to some Christians, "I could never hold my tongue about things so exceedingly important. I should ask everyone I met to become a Christian at once." The intellectual perception of the unbeliever was keen enough to see that the Christian system embraces doctrines of unutterable importance, and that Christian persons too often practically deny their profession by their silence respecting those doctrines. How is this? Let our readers aid us in trying to solve this enigma. The early Christians saluted each other with the joyful shout, "The Lord is risen!" well knowing that the entire body of Divine truth, whether given in type, prophecy, doctrine, or promise, depended for its vindication and verification upon the resurrection of the slain Messiah. If He who claimed to be the anointed of Jehovah, and the King of Israel, "saw corruption," then the greatest imposture of all time was successfully detected; but if this claimant to the highest position did raise from the dead—as overwhelming evidence testifies—then the Bible, revelation, Christianity in all its wonderful utterances respecting man and God, time and eternity, is seen to be divinely true by that moral demonstration which is more conclusive to the moral sense of mankind than the solution of a mathematical problem which is entitled to the Q. E. D.

If Jesus rose from the dead, Jesus was the Messiah. But if Jesus was the Messiah, the teachings of the Bible, which are all about Him, are unquestionably true, and consequently of intense and eternal importance. Condemnation under law, justification by grace, sin, holiness, darkness, light, substitution, sacrifice, atonement, resurrection, the judgment, the world to come—these, and many other related things, are seen to be realities. Yet there are Christians who profess to believe, and do believe these things, and yet never open their lips to utter one word of entreaty, or warning, or counsel, or kind advice, or earnest exhortation to persons of their acquaintance, who are obviously, and whom they know to be, still without Christ and without hope in the world. How is this? We ask again. There is nothing like it in the religion of commerce. Men tell each other of great mercantile openings, and the great firm of Demand and Supply does business with a heart that shames the majority of those who are professedly working for eternity. There is nothing like it in the religion of travel. How people dilate upon this romantic spot, that piece of enchanting scenery, and the other beautiful locality—the air so pure, the associations so soothing, the effect so healthful! There is nothing like it in the religion of medicine. How kindly friend recommends a friend to try the last new cathartic! How its praises are sung, how enthusiastically its efficacy is attested to prove its efficacy, and how careful the visitor is to put in your hands the exact address of him who vends the marvellous panacea!

If then, in other regions, kindness, generosity, or human sympathy opens men's lips, how is it that in the high and holy sphere of religious truth they are dumb? Is there not everything here to call forth warm-hearted utterance? Should not the love of Christ constrain His people to speak of His wonderful grace and peerless worth to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintances? Ought they not to follow the example of the early disciples, who, spake of Christ in the house, the market place, and by the wayside? We know well that more speech, if the life of the speaker does not vouch for his consecration to the Saviour, is worse than useless; but our line of remark does not suggest the absurdity of Pharisaic homilies; it is simply intended to remind Christian nates that by their silence concerning the sublimity of all truths, when fitting opportunity to speak presents itself they neglect a duty and lose a precious privilege. We do not want religious talk from sectarian zealots, or from the lips of men whose hearts have not been cleansed by atoning blood, and warmed by the Divine life that springs from union to Christ; but we do want all the children of God to feel that gratitude for what has been done for them should open their lips with the glad tidings, that others also may hear and, by grace, believe and be saved.

"The glorious Reformation!" Yes, sure enough it was, but it would have been more glorious if it had gone a great deal farther. One of the evil things that yet linger among us, in consequence of the Reformation stopping short in its proper work, is the idea that the diffusion of religious truth is exclusively clerical work, and that the laity have no mission of this kind. We vehemently protest against this notion, as one of the rags of priestcraft that yet flutter before and blind the eyes of men who think that has made free; but, for the sake of the blessed Master, and under the influence of compassion for the hungry multitude, let our protest take the practical shape of free speech about a free salvation whenever Providence gives us the ear of a man who is still a stranger to the life-giving truth of the Gospel. And, alas! there are many such men. The world teems with them. The majority are still heathen, still without God, unrenewed, unconvinced; so that if Christians would but open their lips on behalf of their Master, there is no want of hearers. If those who are reconciled to God by Christ Jesus would but seek instrumentally to reconcile others, we cannot doubt that the Divine Blessing would rest upon their efforts.

THE ITALIANS IN LONDON.

It is wonderful what this London of ours receive into its capacious bosom. Ancient Jerusalem at the time of her feasts is not to be compared unto it. The list of foreigners given in the Book of Acts as present at the great day of Pentecost, beginning with Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and ending with Cretes and Arabians, dwindle into nothingness by the side of the list of strangers who are always found among us. They come from all parts of the earth, and without invitation, press into our midst, and we receive them all. Multitudes come not to sojourn, but to stay with us, and in some cases we even assign them "quarters." It is so, for instance, with the Italians. It is computed that in England there are some 10,000 of these "strangers of Rome," and Florence, and other parts of Italy, and about 4,000 of them are to be found in London. And we know pretty well where to find them. For many of them, indeed, we have not to go in search. They are generally within sound, if not within sight, with their irrepressible organs or hurly-burlys. The difficulty in some parts of London is—how not to find them; and mathematicians and experimental philosophers who have taken lodgings in quiet streets, with the hope of pursuing their studies in peace, are driven half-mad by the persistent strains of the grinders music and by their provoking though good-natured grin and gibberish, well labouring to convince them that they must "move on." Hatton-garden on both sides, however, is the Italian "quarters," and there our friends the grinders are to be found when at home, as well as their brethren of other professions. The neighbourhood of Leicester-square is the rendezvous of more Italians, principally of those who follow higher art. But "the dingiest parlours of Holborn," are by general consent ceded to the poorer s of Italy.

A few facts respecting these lower class Italians in London may be read with some interest. The province of Coma sends us the makers and sellers of mirrors, barometers, frames, and figures, as well as some confectioners and a few carpenters who are found among us. Luca sends us the poor fellows who carry for sale through our streets varieties of plaster-figures, and from Parma and Piacenza come the regiment of organ players. Of course they all come here for the very prosaic purpose of earning a living, some of them being instigated in addition by a desire to see more of the world, and especially of the great city of the world. It cannot be said that on arriving here they are pampered and petted. Those who follow some handicraft live for the most part in the houses of their masters, who are a few shades in advance of them as to worldly position, and who often send them from Italy—contracting with them for their labour. Many of them seem to huddle together in one room, very much like the English of the same class. Their salary is very small, and their living very moderate, for the first three years especially. But others rise to an income of from 17s. to 28s. per week, and attain to the dignity of a private lodging. The organ-grinders seem to be in some respects a class by themselves. Some of them come to England of their own accord, hiring their organs for two or three shillings a week, and taking their chance of a living. Their habits are not luxurious—dry bread, with an occasional taste of fish, and a little water, satisfying them; and twopenny or threepenny a night sufficing for their lodgings. After a few years they generally go back to Italy, by which time they have managed to scrape together some ten or twenty pounds, with which they purchase a bit of ground, and settle down for life. They have made their fortunes. Rusk pears and water melons don't cost much, and these suffice to repair the wastes incident to the physical constitution of this class of grinders. There are, however, the oppressed order of grinders. They come down from their native mountains like men children, and, being contracted for like machines, or bought like slaves by tyrannical masters, are brought to England to "grind" and beg for their oppressors' benefit. Coffee and milk in the morning, and soup at night, with a little bread, and seldom any meat, form their diet, and they are allowed to retain a small portion of their "gettings" as salary.

It seems to be thought by some that, as Italy is now looking up in the world, she might keep her sons at home, instead of sending them about the world to pick up a living as best they may. However that may be, here they are among us; and they won't go. Indeed, the Italian artisan has made himself useful, and we have no great desire to send him about his business elsewhere. As to the "grinders," no doubt we shall still have to endure their "music" *nolens volens*. While, however, we have used our liberty of abusing these poor fellows, has it ever occurred to us to try to do them good? While they have provoked or abused us, have we forgotten that behind those grinning faces there are souls? and that they, like ourselves, are moral agents put into the world to work out their probation? Have we done anything to put them on the right track? What has Christian England, into whose lap they have fallen, done for these poor Italians? As we have seen, there is a little colony of them in our midst. Have we gone or sent anyone to preach the Gospel to these poor "creatures"? Being Italians, they are supposed to be Roman Catholics; but inquiry among them has discovered that they have little love for their Church; while many of them keep far away from their priests. Among 2,500 of them visited not long since by one of our countrymen, 250 of them avowed themselves Protestants, and nearly 400 more declared that they had no sympathy with Rome. For the most part it is found that the poor Italians are indifferent to all religion, utterly dead to the great object and end of life.

We are glad to know that there is in existence a "Society for the Improvement of Italians in London." It is, indeed, "a little sister" of our great Christian charities. But it is interesting, and it might be nurtured into growth. If we are

rightly informed, it began with the young ladies of a single family, who felt compassion for the poor organ boys, and who, together with their parents, whom they soon interested in their desire, devised means for their benefit. Other sympathisers were long discovered, and among them one or two Italian gentlemen, who felt for their poor degraded countrymen, and ultimately their efforts were made to embrace, not the organ-players only, but Italians in general. In Baldwin's-garden, near the celebrated church of St. Alban's a room was found in which an evening class is held twice a week for reading, writing, and general instruction, and a Bible-class on Sunday afternoons, which partakes of the character of an ordinary religious service, and which is conducted by Christian gentlemen. The attendance varies from fifteen to forty. The whole proceedings are, of course, conducted in the Italian language. It is hoped that means will shortly be forthcoming for establishing an Italian Evangelical Church. It is believed that many who go to the Roman Catholic Italian church in the neighbourhood go only because there is nowhere else for them to go. An able and earnest missionary, in the person of an Italian Count, visits daily from house to house, and thus comes into personal contact with his poor countrymen, while he also finds access to those of higher classes. Lectures have on several occasions been delivered to the men, and two conversations with music, tea, and fruit, have been given to these poor fellows in rooms kindly lent for the occasion. The British and Foreign Bible Society has given a liberal donation of Bibles and Testaments in the Italian language, which have been widely distributed. It is pleasing to be able to add that instances are not wanting in which Italian "outcasts" have begun to live a new and nobler life.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Only one stitch at a time, Martha," said her mother; "one stitch at a time, without leaving off, and your task will be done, for it is not a long one. Remember, it was by one step at a time that you learned to walk; by one letter at a time that you learned to read; by one stroke at a time that you learned to write."

"One stitch at a time, one step at a time, one letter at a time, one stroke at a time! Oh, mother, I never thought of that!" said Martha. "And it is by one stone at a time that the man builds the wall, and by one weed at a time the boy weeds the garden." And her little fingers passed nimbly over the ruffe she was hemming, and in a little while the work was done.

Two little girls were sent into the garden by their mother to pick strawberries. One kept fretting and leaving off to look into the field where children were playing whom she wished to join. The other kept on picking, and before her sister's basket was half full, hers was heaped up with red berries.

One berry at a time, without leaving off, and she was ready to carry her well-filled basket into the house, receive her mother's smile, and join the other children at their play; while her sister not only lost half her play-time, but made herself unhappy by her idleness and discontent.

It is by carrying one straw at a time that the bird builds her nest; by one tiny drop of honey at a time the bee fills her hive; by one grain at a time the ants build their houses. Let us think of this, and lay up in our hearts the lesson it teaches.—*Child's Paper.*

PLAIN PREACHING.—In this respect ministers want "preaching to;" at least I think so. Of the objections to the use of simple language which are commonly brought, I am not wholly ignorant; but they seem to me to have very little weight. Why should not simple language, such as is adapted to the apprehension of the ignorant adult, and even children, be as captivating when spoken to an audience as when written in a book? Yet I have always observed that those books which interest the young most, engage most deeply the attention of parents. Where is the child that has been more interested in the writings of Edgeworth, and Sherwood, and Gallaudet, than its parent? In like manner, I am fully persuaded that no sermons would be more popular among parents than those which should be more successful in engaging the attention of their children: Is it not a pity, then, that a reform cannot be effected? If an audience consist of 500 adults and 500 children, of whom none but 200 adults understand the sermon, would it not be important to interest, instruct, and improve the remaining 800? Yet I have been my lot to hear, probably, a thousand sermons, which to a greater proportion than four-fifths of the audience were to all intents and purposes delivered in an unknown tongue.—*Reverent.*

THE WILES OF THE TEMPTER.—No wonder that Christians lose their power and strength, if the enemy of souls find them asleep. How soon may he gain an advantage from without, if a strict guard be not kept within! Though Satan seems to sleep sometimes, and we should appear to be in no great danger, it is only his stratagem to make us careless. He never fails to be vigilant, and watch his opportunity, that he may offer us battle with advantage; and who knows but he may gain the victory by those very sins to which, perhaps, we for many years had had hardly any temptation! How cunningly does he work! How enticing is the world! Even in lawful things, very often, the most dangerous snares lie hidden. A single word that we hear may be able to disturb our peace. One unguarded look is sometimes enough to infuriate our hearts. There is danger on all sides. Unless the Lord open our eyes, and preserves us on all occasions, each of us, even the best of us, may still be overcome, and finally hurt by sin and the world. Satan is particularly intent upon beguiling the godly; and having caught them in his net, he triumphs exceedingly over them. O Lord suffer me never to sink into spiritual slumbers again!—*Boysbury.*

KEEP YOUR BALANCE.—Archbishop Whately, on one occasion said to some of his young clergy, "My younger brethren, if at any time you find your preaching productive of good, and that your congregation value your exertions, beware of being puffed up, and losing your balance! Self-respect is valuable and useful; but as there will be a sufficient growth each day, cut it down every morning. And when through the goodness of God, you are successful in your ministry, enter into your closet, fall down on your knees before the throne, and to the Lamb ascribe all the praise, the honour, and the glory."

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.—The cross is the foundation of a Church's prosperity. No Church will ever be honored in which Christ crucified is not continually lifted up. Nothing whatever, can make up for the want of this Cross. Without it all things may be done decently and in order. Without it there may be splendid ceremonies, beautiful music, gorgeous churches, learned ministers, crowded Communion tables, huge collections for the poor. But without the Cross no good will be done. Dark hearts will not be enlightened. Proud hearts will not be humbled. Mourning hearts will not be comforted. Fainting hearts will not be cheered. Sermons about the Catholic Church an apostolic ministry—sermons about baptism and the Lord's Supper—sermons about unity and schism—sermons about fathers and communion—sermons about fathers and saints—such sermons will never make up for the absence of sermons about the Cross of Christ. They may amuse some. They will feed none. A gorgeous banquet room, and splendid gold plate on the table, will never make up to a hungry man for the want of food. Christ crucified is God's grand ordinance for doing good to men. Whenever a Church keeps back Christ crucified, or puts anything whatever in that foremost place which Christ crucified should have, from that moment a Church ceases to be useful. Without Christ crucified in her pulpits, a Church is a little better than a chamber of the ground, a dead carcass, a well without water, a barren fig tree, a sleeping watchman, a silent trumpet, a dumb witness, a messenger without tidings, a lighthouse without fire, a stumbling block to weak believers, a comfort to infidels, a hotbed for formalism, a joy to the devil, and an offence to God.—*J. C. Ryle.*

THE DOGS OF THE STORM.—Some religious people are blessed with a prosperous and thriving trade, or lucrative profession; they have, perhaps, acquired a name, an established reputation, an extensive credit; their profits are considerable; their property increases; their respectability rises; their neighbors look on, some with envy, others with surprise. How dangerous to the soul is this state of things! Such a business often becomes a too successful competitor with God for the heart. These prosperous tradesmen are apt to embark their whole soul in their concern; it is their happiness, their dependence, their one chief solicitude. They admire their success, value themselves on account of it, watch it with a most acute sensibility, tremble if anything looks like a symptom of change, see with distressing jealousy the incipient prosperity of others in the same line, felicitate themselves on the greatness of their returns, exult themselves on the solidity of their credit, and the esteem in which they are held by the world, go to the scene of their success with conscious pride; in short, their soul is bound up in their trade, it is their idol, they in effect say to it, "Thou art my God, save me." But where all this while is their religion? Did they ever possess any? If so, it is lamentably low, lukewarm, and feeble. How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven! Let such men know they cannot serve God and mammon. The Spirit of God, like the glory of the Lord departing from the temple of Jerusalem, will retire from such a heart, for it has become the seat of an idol which has its altar, and his service, and his worshipper there.—*Fames.*

LEARNING IN THE PULPIT.—Some of the Rev. W. Rommell's congregation, thinking his style of preaching too common and plain, requested him to exhibit a little more learning in the pulpit. Accordingly, the next opportunity, he read his text in Hebrew. "Now," said he, "I suppose scarcely one in this congregation understands that." He then read it in Greek, and added, "There may be one or two that understand me now. I will next read it in Latin." He did so, and said, "Possibly a few more may comprehend me, but the number is still very limited." He last of all repeated the text in English. "There," he continued, "now you all understand it; which do you think is best? I hope always so to preach that the most ignorant person in the congregation may understand me."—*Gospel Magazine.*

HONORING MOTHERS.—During a long and varied life, I have had much to do with children, more especially with boys. As a rule, I could predict the future career of a boy by noting his conduct toward his mother. Boys who were dutiful and affectionate toward their mothers, have usually turned out well. Unkind and disobedient lads I have found as a common rule, have turned out badly. The Divine blessing resting upon loving and obedient children. It is, I am sorry to say, a very common thing for schools lads to ridicule a boy who consults the wishes and obeys the counsels of his mother. It requires great moral courage to resist the effects of ridicule. We are glad that amongst the recent numerous issues of new books, there is one which bears specially on this subject. We mean "Ellerslie House," recently published by the American Baptist Publication Society. It shows how a boy dared to do right, amid his opposing schoolmates; how he not only listened to his mother's counsel, but by God's help, acted upon it. Mothers will do well to put this book into the hands of their boys when they are leaving home for school.

THE MOTHER.—Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, sense and estate; but her relation as a mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its evening, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray-headed, but her motherly relations is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yes, winter, with a woman, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring. Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone—when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our heart—when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy—how low love us for ourselves—how few will befriend us in misfortune—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

HOME HEATHENS.—Domestic reforms, how much needed! England is looked upon abroad as the country whose faith is founded on a Book which she wishes to give to all mankind. But while she goes forth to possess the field of the world, has she not too often forgotten her *Heathens at Home*—those who cluster round her heart in her capital city—pitiable beings who live as if they had no God, no Bible, no hope, no thought of heaven—crowded together, often famishing,