

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1868.

Whole No. 779.

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October, 1868.

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The Intelligencer.

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

In every village and city of our country there are many who, we doubt not, would gladly become subscribers, if their attention was directed to the character of our paper, and the object had in view in its publication. Each one of our readers may render us efficient aid by obtaining for us new subscribers among his personal friends; and on every fitting occasion urging upon christian communities the necessity of supporting a religious journal. PASTORS OF CHURCHES can also do much by bringing the merits of our paper before the people among whom they labor, with the view of obtaining for it an entrance into every family as a weekly visitor.

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

Will not our ministers, agents, and subscribers generally, lend us their aid in extending the circulation of the *Intelligencer*? Let each subscriber send us one new name. From whom shall we hear first?

THE "INTELLIGENCER" SENT TO ALL NEW SUBSCRIBERS TILL JANUARY 1ST, 1870, FOR \$2.00.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

who have been prompt to renew, we tender our thanks for the support we have enjoyed thus far; and we respectfully solicit a continuance of their favour.

Notwithstanding our terms are "payment in advance," we find by reference to our books that there are many who are now in arrears. Upon all delinquents we are compelled to call for immediate payment. Delay causes us anxiety and loss. Remittances may either be made to us by letter—post paid—or be sent through any of our agents. Other subscriptions are about expiring. *Newspapers can only live when renewals are promptly made.* Our friends, knowing this, will please favour us with immediate remittances.

We feel greatly obliged to the friends who have acted as agents, and hope they may continue their valuable services. Perhaps they can succeed in collecting arrears due in their respective localities; if so, we shall be much indebted to them.

HIGHER LIFE. A few days ago I stood beneath a tall cedar, a student of nature and an admirer of its glory. I observed that the lower branches showed the only signs of decay, and that they seemed to be appointed to removal, in order that the sap of the tree might pass uninterrupted upward to develop the higher boughs, and to hold up the top in full evergreen. The trunk of the cedar is made the more grand and substantial by the disappearance of the lower branches year by year, and the avenues to communicate life and beauty upwards are thus the more direct and effective. And so does the Christian grow. The habits of his childhood, embryo notions and opinions as he rises into manhood, are lost; and like the cedar, as he grows, his lower affections and attachments, love of the world, of fame, of position, one by one die and disappear, and his higher nature is all the more comely and complete. Any man may thus die unto sin and live unto God; lose his attachment from the things of time and sense, and fix them upon those things which are eternal and divine.—*Clarke's "Gospel in the trees."*

REDEMPTING THE TIME.—Time is like the sun, that never stands still, but is still running his race. The sun did once stand still yea, went back; but so did never time. Time is still running and flying. It is a bubble, a shadow, a dream. If the whole earth whereupon we tread were turned into a lump of gold, it were not able to purchase one minute of time. O! the regrettings of the damned for mis-spending precious time. O! what would they not give to be free, and to enjoy the means of grace one hour! O! with what attention, with what trembling and melting of heart, with what hungering and thirsting would they hear the word!—*Brooks.*

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION AND THE PROSPECT OF PROTESTANTISM.

The great props of the Papacy are rapidly giving way. Even so recently as the commencement of the present pontificate, in 1846, a goodly proportion of the political power of Europe was on the side of Roman Catholicism. France, Italy, Austria, Spain, Sicily, and Southern Germany—in short, all the historic kingdoms of Europe, whose name if nothing else, shed a prestige on the cause they espoused, were on the side of Rome, and lent the Pope the aid of their policy and the defence of their arms. But twenty years have made a great change. Scarcely had Pius IX. taken possession of his chair, when the revolution of 1848 inaugurated an era of calamity and disaster to the "Church." France let loose the tempest of revolution once more upon that part of Europe which remained Popish; and though the shock was felt in all the Roman Catholic states, it was most severely felt at Rome, where it scattered the cardinals, and compelled the Pope himself to leave his see and his capital. These disasters were partially repaired, and the Pontiff, by the favor of France was restored to his throne. But the gleam of prosperity that now shone upon the "church" was short-lived. In 1859 Italy revolted, and Pius was doomed to witness, not only the loss of his best provinces, but the rise of a constitutional monarchy in a land which was the inheritance of his fathers and which he deemed sacred for ever to the twin powers of Absolutism and Priest-craft. This was much; but his cup was not yet full. Austria, his old and well-tried ally, the great military power of Europe, for so was that empire accounted, still remained faithful by his side. But the days of Sadowa came—the 9th of July, 1866—that day of sorrow to the Papacy, when wallings and stifled moans ran through the halls of the Vatican; and on that day the drop on which Rome leaned with so much confidence, suddenly broke and fell to pieces in her grasp. Scarce has the unhappy Pontiff had time to digest his sorrow, when another blow strikes him. Pius had turned his eyes to Spain; for where else could he look, seeing he distrusts and fears the arm of Napoleon, even while he leans upon it. And scarce has he uttered the words, "Spain, be thou my shield," when, lo! touched by that mysterious power which has smitten all on which Pius has trusted, Spain undergoes revolution, and the last Bourbon ceases to reign. Verily the future historians will have to say of the pontificate of Pius IX., that, like the prophet's roll, it was written all over with lamentation, mourning and woe. It has been an uninterrupted series of misfortunes. Not a hope has the Pontiff cherished which has not been blasted; not a project has he set on foot which has not ended in failure and disappointment. Has all this happened of chance? Is it without a guiding hand that such a concurrence of unexampled calamities have centered around the Papacy? For it is on it that all these destructive energies have converged. Of all the princely thrones that stood around Rome but a quarter of a century ago, not one now remains; all are fallen, or are alienated from her; their occupants have been chased into exile; or, if they still reign, they refuse to prostitute their arms and their policy to the service of the Papacy. Verily, as Pius, from his ancient hill, the Vatican, surveys Europe, it must seem to him as if that great earthquake, foretold in an old book, into which few priests, we fear, venture to look, were indeed come. Nations are revolutionized and thrones fall, princes flee, laws are changed, and altars are cast down: what is this but the earth rocking on its foundations, and the stars falling from the political heavens, like the untimely flags of the fig-tree? Do we mourn their eclipse? By no means. If these luminaries are darkened, purer and clearer lights, we trust, will shine forth in the sky of Europe.

The revolution would now seem to be complete; and rarely, in the history of the world, has a revolution been accomplished in so short a time, and with so little bloodshed. If we except two provinces, about which there is some doubt, the whole of Spain has given in its adhesion to the Provisional Government. A Junta has been installed at Madrid, with Serrano and Prim at its head. A constituent assembly is about to be elected by universal suffrage, and to that body will be referred the question as to the permanent form to be given to the government of Spain. Whether Spain shall continue a monarchy or become a republic is at this hour uncertain, though the probabilities are in favor of the former, provided a suitable person can be found for the office of king. Most of the two chiefs, Serrano and Prim, keep their own secret; but their policy, it is said, is in accord. The future destinies of the revolution will in good degree depend on its continuing so. Should the leaders remain united, the task of governing Spain should be easier than in the case of France, for the body of the people is less reactionary. One thing, however, the future rulers of the Iberian Peninsula, whoever they may be, may reckon upon—even the subtle, powerful, and persistent opposition of the priesthood. So Italy has found it, and so, too, will the regenerators of Spain.

And this leads us to ask, What will be the results of this revolution? Will it tend to elevate and purify this most degraded and unhappy of all the countries of Europe? Most men will reply that the condition of Spain is so unspeakably and deplorably wretched, that any change must be for the better. But our hopes of good for that ill-starred country rest on a more hopeful foundation than that of its present degradation. We see the hand of a righteous but benedict Ruler in this sudden and decisive change. The revolution He will guide to its goal, which may yet be some little way off, but which, we feel assured, is the emancipation of Spain from that baleful superstition which has paralyzed all its beauty. We do not, we confess, look for any sudden or striking recovery in its political and social condition. A period of anarchy, and of greater confusion even than at this hour, may be in store for it. Moral changes come slowly; and the seeds of spiritual truth, from which alone they can spring, have yet to be sown in the country. The revolution will sweep away hindrances and permit of the sowing of that seed. To the very last the throne of Spain, true to its old policy, was persecuting the Gospel, and awarded dungeons to the missionary and the Bible-reader. Now that throne is cast down. The door of Spain opens; the little Christian communities, hitherto hidden, will come forth into the light; gradually the Gospel will gain ground, and the accessions of Spain, coming so soon after Austria, will make the European balance decided-

edly incline on the side and liberty of Protestantism.—*The Christian Times.*

CONFESS YE YOUR FAULTS ONE TO ANOTHER.

A professing Christian once had dealings with a neighbor, in the course of which he defrauded him of two or three dollars. The neighbor was a member of the same congregation, but was an impatient man.

Two years after this transaction, the Spirit of God was poured out upon the town. The hearts of many Christians were revived, and some who had wandered far from God mourned and confessed their backslidings.

Among the latter was the gentleman I have mentioned. God came to him in the still hours of the night, and by the aid of the Spirit, set him in order before him. Two years backward his thoughts travelled to that wicked dealing with his neighbor. "It cannot be that I am a Christian," he said again and again; "I have knowingly, wilfully broken God's holy laws. Christ says: 'If ye love me keep my commandments.' Oh, I am a vile sinner! the very chief, for many misdeeds."

He arose from his couch, walked his room in agony of mind, determined, as soon as it was dawn, to go to his neighbor and confess his sin. Eagerly he watched for any appearance of life in his neighbor's house. At length he saw a little smoke curling up toward the heavens. In a few minutes he was at the opposite door. The bell was answered by the neighbor himself.

"You are probably surprised to see me here at this time," said he; "but I have not slept all night, and I came thus early to rid myself of a terrible burden. Do you remember the business I did with you two years ago?"

"Certainly, I remember it well," said the neighbor, "I told you that I cheated you of nearly three dollars, and not only that, I lied to you in order to get the money. Can you forgive me?"

The neighbor was taken entirely by surprise; but presently said:

"Why, yes, you have confessed it so frankly, I cannot refuse."

"Thank you," said the gentleman cordially grasping his hand. "Now," he added, taking out his wallet, "let me pay what I owe you. Will that satisfy you?" presenting him with six dollars.

"Certainly, I'm much obliged to you. Still I don't know but I ought to tell you, that every time I've heard you pray since that transaction, I've thought of the lies you told me. I've said to myself, 'If that is religion, I want none of it.'"

The professing Christian was too much distressed to reply, and presently took his leave.

"I've come," said he, greatly agitated, "to return you the balance of the money you left me. Only three dollars belong to me, and it would be wrong for me to keep the rest."

"Not at all," said the other: "I owed it to you for the injury I did you. I cannot take it."

"I came for another reason, too," said the neighbor, laying the money on the table, "and that is to ask you to pray for me; I disbelieved in religion once, because, to use your own expression, you cheated and lied. But when a man, naturally proud and fond of money as you are, comes voluntarily to make confession and restitution; and does it as sincerely as you did, I think there must be some motive powerful than I possess. If that is religion, I wish to obtain it."

They knelt and prayed together; nor did they cease their supplications until they had obtained a blessing.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.—Seek, my friends, Enoch's introduction to the living God. Go to him as Enoch went, believing that he is, and that he is accessible (Heb. xi. 6), and seek to get the same just and realizing knowledge of him that Enoch got. He is revealed to you more amply, perhaps, than he was to Enoch. Believe that he is not far off, but nigh. Believe that he is all that Jesus was, and believing this, walk with him. Admit him into your house, that he may inhabit you. Admit him into your hourly occupations that he may elevate and expedite them. Admit him into your happy moments, that he may enhance them; and into your hours of anguish, that his presence may tranquilize and transform them. Let his recollected Presence be the brightness of every landscape, the zest of every pleasure, the energy of every undertaking, the refuge from every danger, the solace in every sorrow, the asylum of your hidden life, and the constant sabbath of your soul. Learn with all reverence for his greatness, but with equal reliance on his goodness, learn to make the Eye that never slumbers the companion of your nights and mornings; and the Ear that never wearies the confidant of your weakness, your solitude, your ecstasy, your woe. Learn to have not one life for God and another for the world, but let your life be divinely devoted and divinely quickened. Let every footstep be a walk with God.—*Rev. Dr. Hamilton.*

I ONLY CRIED WITH HER.—The widow's mite was of more value in the Saviour's eyes than large contributions by the wealthy, because of the willing heart and scanty means. The following beautiful little incident shows how even children can do good by a little sympathy.—A poor widow, the mother of two children, used to call upon them at the close of each day for the report of the good they had done. One night the oldest hesitated in reply to her mother's question, "What kindness have you shown?" "I don't know, mother," The mother, touched with the tone of her answer, resolved to unravel the mystery, and the little sensitive thing, when reassured, went on to say: "Going to school this morning, I found little Annie G., who has been absent several days, crying very hard. I asked her, mother, what made her cry so, which made her cry more, so that I could not help leaning my head on her neck and crying too. Then her sobs grew less and less, till she told me of her little baby brother, whom she had loved so long and nursed so much, how he had sickened, grown pale and thin, writhing with pain until he died, and then they put him from her forever." "Mother," she told me this, and then hid her face in her book, and cried as if her heart would break. Mother, I could not help putting my face on the other page of the book, and crying too, as she did. And after we had cried together a long time, she hugged and kissed me, telling me I had done her good. Mother, I don't know how I did her good, for I only cried with her. That is all I can tell, for I can't tell how I did her good."

THE WRONG SIGNAL.

'What has happened?' said Mr. Hamilton to his son who entered the room in haste, and with the air of one who has some interesting news to communicate.

'A freight train has run off the track and killed a man,' said Joseph.

'How did that happen?' said Mr. Hamilton.

'The watchman gave the wrong signal. The engineer said that if he had given the right signal, the accident would not have occurred.'

Making a wrong signal cost a man his life. There is another sense in which wrong signals sometimes occasion the loss of life—of life spiritual. The preacher who fails to declare the way of salvation, as it is laid down in God's Word, who teaches that all men shall be saved, or who teaches that men may secure salvation by their own work, gives the wrong signal. In consequence, men take the wrong track and go on to perdition.

The private Christian, whose reputable standing in the church and in society gives influence to his example, pursues a course of conduct utterly inconsistent with the injunction, 'Be not conformed to this world.' The young Christian is led to practice a similar course; by degrees he loses his spirituality, and becomes one of those who have a name to live, but are dead. The holding out of the wrong signal led to the disaster.

A professing Christian exposes himself to resist the temptation, and escapes unharmed. One of less power is led to follow his example, and falls into sin. To him his predecessor had given the signal that there was no danger there. He gave the wrong signal.

We are constantly giving signals to our fellow men—signals which will direct their journey to eternity. How careful should we be at all times to avoid giving the wrong signal.—*Examiner.*

THE PASS-WORD.

One day, says an English writer, having to go down to St. Katherine's docks from the city, I thought I should save a little journey by going through the Tower of London. So I entered the gates at the west end, and walked along some little distance, passing through archways, and over draw-bridges, till at last I approached the high wall that runs along the eastern boundary of the Tower precincts. The place where I had to go was only just the other side of this wall, and I had but to pass through the gateway before me, and I should arrive at my destination. But at this gateway I found a policeman stationed, who opened and shut the door as the people passed to and fro; and I noticed that he spoke to each person as he came up, before he let him through.

On coming up to the gateway the policeman stopped me, and thus accosted me, 'The password if you please, sir.' 'The password! I have no password to give you,' I replied. 'Then I cannot allow you to pass,' said he. 'But my business is urgent, and I have but to go to these docks; you'll let me out surely?' 'No, sir, I can not.' 'I tried to persuade him, but he was inflexible. 'It is more than my place is worth,' said he; 'I dare not let any one through without the password.'

Seeing that all my expostulation was useless, I turned around with no other alternative than that of going all the way back, and walking around—altogether a walk of some distance. As I returned, my mortification was not a little increased at seeing others coming up, and on giving the password, at once allowed to go through.

In this simple incident, what an illustration we have, thought I, of another journey, and the gateway at the entrance of the heavenly city.

How important that we should know the password!

Let us try to picture the scene. The gate is guarded, people are coming to seek for admittance. Here is one who with confident step marches up to the gate, and loudly knocking, demands an entrance. The password is required. 'O,' says he, 'don't you know who I am? I'm well known as a man of generosity. I have made good use of my wealth in relieving distress, promoting the cause of religion, and establishing churches. And thank God, I can say I have never offended either against the laws of my country or the commands of God. I am not one of those who have sunk into sin. So undo the gates and let me enter.'

But the answer is, 'The gates cannot be opened, as you have not given the password.'

Then comes up another. He is not so respectable a man as the former. 'No,' says he, 'I cannot justify myself; for I am a sinner indeed, my soul is guilty, and I have no good works to bring; but I have repented of my sins; behold my tears, my sighs, my groans, my prayers! O, sir, are not these enough to gain for me an entrance into the Celestial City?'

Al! the gates are still fast closed, because he had not given the password.

But look again. There is one coming with trembling step and eyes cast down—he is afraid almost to approach the gate. At last he gives a gentle rap. 'It is asked, "Who art thou?" "I'm a poor undone sinner," saith he; "I come for mercy." What is your plea? Do you know the password?' 'JESUS ONLY!' cries the penitent. And no sooner do the words escape his lips than the heavy portals fly open, and ten thousand voices fill the air, 'Come in, come in, poor man, thrice welcome!'

Thus it is, dear reader, till we have been enabled to say from our inmost soul, 'JESUS ONLY!' we have not yet learned 'heaven's password.' It is not merely taking these words upon our lips, or even having a head of knowledge of the fact that Jesus only can save the soul, that will admit us into heaven; but it is real heart-felt experience of the truth, that we as sinners can do nothing, either to cleanse from sin, or to clothe with righteousness; but that for all this we must trust in 'JESUS ONLY.'

VALUABLE AID TO STUDENTS.—Hon. Ezra Cornell has founded and liberally endowed a university at Ithaca, N. Y., connected with which is a system of manual labor on a farm of 300 acres, and a large machine-shop, that will not only develop the physical strength and vigor of the students, but will also enable them to pay the expenses of their education, as they will be paid at current rates for such services. In a letter explaining the plan, Mr. Cornell says: "I will assure the boys, that if they will perform one-fourth as much labor as I did at their ages, or as I do now at 60 years of age, they will find no difficulty in paying their expenses while prosecuting their studies at Ithaca."

VARIETIES.

PERSEVERING PRAYER.—We're easily discouraged in Christian effort if the desired results are not attained in whole or in part. But the Divine command is, "Be not weary in well doing; in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." The following examples of persistency in prayer, from the New York Observer, may encourage some fainting heart to persevere:

In a godless neighborhood, a few pious persons formed a prayer meeting. One man led that meeting twenty years. Often their number was only that which Christ has promised to honor with His presence. He passed above, and no fruit did he see of his perseverance. Another took his place, and that band prayed on ten years more. Still the heavens seemed as brass, and the earth as iron. But then the blessing began, and continued with a constant flow. Revival followed revival. In a few years several hundreds were converted in that neighborhood. The old church was strengthened, and a new church was formed, and ten young men of those revivals became heralds of the Cross to the four corners of the earth. Here was perseverance long continued. Said one in a prayer meeting, "I prayed eighteen years for the conversion of my wife, and then she became a professing Christian. Since that we have prayed together for the conversion of our children. And those prayers from time to time have been answered, until now all are indulging a hope in Christ."

"Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receives the early and latter rain. Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."—James 5: 7, 8.

GOOD ADVICE.—Never shirk your duties, however low and mean they may seem to you. Remember that to do as well as ever you can what happens to be the only thing within your power to do, is the best and surest preparation for higher service. Should things go against you, never give way to debilitating depression; but be hopeful, brave, courageous—careful not to waste in vain and unavailing regret the power you will need for endurance and endeavor. Learn well your business, whatever it may be; make the best of every opportunity for acquiring any sort of knowledge that may enlarge your acquaintance with business in general, and enable you to take advantage of any offer or opening that may come. Above all things, remember that character is essential to success in life, and that that character is the best which is real and thorough—true and genuine to the core—which has nothing underlying it of the consciousness of secret sin.

WHAT MR. BRECHER SAYS.—So much has been said of Henry Ward Beecher's preaching, and so many varying estimates have been made of its character and value, that the following description of it from his own lips will be interesting: "I wish the world to know that the life I live is by faith in the Son of God. Notwithstanding new modes of presentation and peculiarities of expression, the marrow and power of my preaching is by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. I would not for any thing that any other impression should go abroad. Whatever of power and of success I have had is owing, not to any philosophy, nor to any understanding of human nature; but to the steadfast preaching of a living Christ. Take the inspiration out of my soul, and I should collapse and shrink to nothing. Through the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ I am what I am, and Plymouth church is what she is."

Let the church proclaim anew the cardinal truth that no good cause can be lifted by a wrong method. We may think to build churches by trick, bribery or selfish appeal, but we grossly deceive ourselves. We may put up gothic piles thereby, but we shall pull down the living stones of the true Temple.—*Robertson.*

A venerable old lady, who looked serenely happy, was asked if her children were converted. 'Yes,' she replied, 'all my children are members of the church of Jesus. Two of my sons who were converted when fourteen years old, are just where they ought to be—ministers of Christ.'

'It must be very cheering to you, madam, to know that all your children are converted,' remarked her friend.

The following is from a sermon addressed to a congregation in Turkey, in a community all of whose members with one exception, were known to be given to lying. 'Now, you know that all of you, except Brother Sarkis, who is over there with his feet down in the oven, are addicted to lying; and God means you when he says, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."'

'I strike 'oo,' cried a little boy in a sharp tone to his sister.

'I kiss 'oo,' said his sister, stretching out her arms and putting up her rosy lips in a sweet kiss. Tommy looked a look of wonder. Did his little ears hear right? They did, for there was a kiss on Susy's lips. A smile broke over his angry face, like sunshine on a dark cloud.

'I kiss 'oo,' he then said; and the little brother and sister hugged and kissed each other heartily. A kiss for a blow is better than tit for tat, isn't it?'

'Are there not things more precious than gold and bank stocks? When the Central America was foundering at sea, bags and purses of gold were strewn about the deck worthless as the merest rubbish. "Life! life!" was the prayer. Were some of the wretched survivors, it was "water! water!" bread! bread! These were worth their weight of gold, if they could have been bought. And oh! above all—far above all—the salvation of our soul is precious. It is not yet lost. Is it saved?'

A bankrupt merchant returning home one night, said to his noble wife, 'My dear, I am ruined: everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff.'

After a few moments of silence, the wife looked calmly into his face and said:

'Will the sheriff sell me? Oh no! Will the sheriff sell the children? Oh no! Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune, if our hearts and hands are left us.'