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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ALBION HOUSE.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.

NEW GOODS,

For Autumn and Winter,

PER STEAMSHIPS "ACADIA,"

FROM GLASGOW,

AND "CALEDONIA,"

FROM LIVERPOOL.

One hundred cases and bales of DRY GOODS, being received, which completes the Stock for this season, comprising,—

A LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED

STOCK OF

NEW AND FASHIONABLE

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DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

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THE

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JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Sept. 24, 1869.

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NEW GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

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FREDERICTON,

Has received per Steamships *Alhambra, Caledonia* and *Acadia*, from Glasgow and Liverpool,

A WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF

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Consisting of every description of

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ALL THE NOVELTIES IN

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☞ To which he respectfully solicits an inspection from the public.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, October 29, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

INFIDELITY CAUGHT IN ITS OWN SNARE.

"If Christianity is true, I am lost," said a young lawyer.—Marshal Wade, Littleton and West, a Physican, a Young Infidel, and other anecdotes.

QUESTION.—As Christianity, to use the words of Scripture, is a light 'to lighten every man that cometh into the world,' and is evidently the most rational system of ethics and religion, and is the greatest benefit, temporal and spiritual, to mankind, is it to be attributed to ignorance of the New Testament, and its proofs, or to human depravity, that professed infidels oppose it, and generally with rancor and scoffing as though it were their enemy?

ANSWER.—Their enmity may be attributed to one or to the other, or to both causes. Lord Bacon has said: 'A little learning may incline to atheism, but more learning will carry us back to a belief and trust in God.' Ignorance begets vanity and pride, and no position is more certain than irreligion and vice are always on the side of false philosophy and unbelief. Experience and observation in every climate and in every society prove the truth of the remark. Let the following anecdotes, which may be greatly multiplied, suffice:

Marshal Wade was deistically inclined. In a conversation with Bishop Newton, on the proofs of revealed religion, he frankly acknowledged that if it could be proved that there were prophecies of Scripture now fulfilling in the world, to him the evidence would be sufficient in favor of divine revelation. The bishop, and with success, undertook the office, and this circumstance gave rise to those proofs of the fulfilment and fulfilling of prophecies which carry along with them in the statements and examples demonstrable evidences.

Lord Littleton and Gilbert West were, as they supposed, fixed in their principles, and were persuaded that Christianity was an imposture. Under this persuasion they were determined to expose the cheat by writing criticisms on the New Testament, and exposing its errors as human inventions. Mr. West chose the resurrection as a subject for writing and publication; Lord Littleton chose the life of St. Paul. Having commenced the examination, surveyed the field of their enquiry, and reflected on the various parts of their subjects, they saw, as they proceeded, new light breaking in on their minds, and the force of truth overpowering their understandings, and were soon brought to a pause. The results of their separate attempts were truly extraordinary. They were both converted by their endeavors to overthrow the truth of Christianity, and became as eminent for piety as they were for science.

A small volume on religious subjects was presented to a young infidel, the son of a lawyer of Alabama, who denied the authority of the Bible. As it lay on the mantel, he took it up one day, and his eyes fell on the history of a pious man. He reflected on the influence which the truth of Christianity produced on the hopes and characters of the man whose life he read. There must be something, he thought, in the principles of Christianity different from the inspiration of his infidel philosophy. He saw the simplicity and beauty of religion, its sympathy and benevolence, the calm peace it spread over the mind, and how it lighted up the smile, conscience, and love, and said, 'What a contrast from my state and hope! If this be so, what will become of me? If Christianity is true, I am lost!' His reflections awakened his attention to examine the proofs of the truth of the Bible, and he was startled at his situation, for he became satisfied of their divine evidence, which issued in his conversion.

When Mr. Buchanan was travelling in India, he obtained in the interior of that country a very singular translation of the New Testament into the Hebrew. The translator was a learned rabbi. His purpose was to show its imposture, and to refute it. The translator, struck with the force of its truths, and the power of its heavenly origin, yielded his conscience to his convictions, and became a convert to Christianity.

Dr. Johnston well observed that no honest man would be a deist, or no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity. On the name of Hume, the historian, being mentioned to him as one who had studied it, 'No, sir,' said he, 'Hume owned to a clergyman in the Bishopric of Durham that he never read the New Testament with attention.'

Said Dr. Oliver, the celebrated Bath physician, who had been an inveterate enemy of Christianity, in his last moments, 'I have carefully examined Christianity. Oh, that I could undo the mischief I have done!'

'The more,' said Count Struensee, who had been an opposer of religion, 'I learn Christianity from the Scriptures, the more I am convinced how groundless those objections are with which it is charged. I believed it contrary to reason. But now it informs me of my sad condition as a sinner, and the necessity of reformation. It reforms my opinion, and gives me a new science.'

Sir Isaac Newton set out in life an infidel. But his philosophy and astronomy soon taught him his error. Science, with the study of the Scriptures, convinced him that Christianity is founded on truth and is divine.

Awake, oh, sinner, to thy true interest, 'Believe and thou shalt be saved.'—*Church Union.*

EVEN WITH THE WORLD.

BY H. M. L.

Mr B. walked leisurely through his mansion passed up the lengthy stairs leading to his observatory and seating himself surveyed his possessions.

His eyes wandered quickly over all these, his lips gave a little jerk, and rising up with dignity he exclaimed, 'Even with the world,—yes, I am, I don't owe one farthing.' He walked back and forth like a monarch, seemingly much at ease with himself. He recounted his struggles, and laughed at the obstacles he'd mastered. His lips drew up with a peculiar twist as he thought of the close bargains he had made, his head, bent in meditation, gave a quick turn and a proud look sprang into his cold grey eyes, as he boasted aloud of his honor, honesty and business tact.

Surely had he not cause to be proud of all this success, now that he was even with the world? There was an air of self-importance about this man that, to a close observer, was only a cover for the unrest that tried to hide itself beneath the satisfaction he feigned to posess?

'Even with the world,' he claimed to be: yet had he ever once given a poor man the best bargain? Had he once done a deed of benevolence to the needy; or lifted a burden from the oppressed? Had he paid the solemn vows he made to God when death stared him in the face? Had he cherished the wife he promised to protect, or trained up his sons in the fear of God? Had he remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy; or once taken his family to church on that day?

Had he brought one cheerful, wholesome comfort to his home; or talked as though there was an eternity beyond? Did he ever take time from worldly affairs to do one thing for God. Did he give one farthing for the support of the gospel or aid to any cause that made men better? Not one of these things did he do; yet he was even with the world!

When men thrust all their efforts towards the one object they desire to win, they generally succeed. We see worldly men prosper and grow rich and flourish like a green bay tree, for a season, and sometimes we wonder why those who live with their highest ambition to do God's will, are not rich in this world's goods, forgetting that such are laying up their treasures in heaven.

When men labor to be the Lord's and give of their substance for the support of his cause, when they take time out of the week and on the holy Sabbath, to do something for Jesus—they may not have mansions here to dwell in, or broad possessions to gaze upon; they may not boast of their good works; but cry out for God to have mercy upon them, and hasten to settle accounts with God, choosing that their sins go before them to judgment, to be forgiven and blotted out, that their heavenly mansion may be ready when they pass over the valley of death to that house not made with hands, fitted and adorned for them by Jesus. Not alone in dollars and cents may they desire to be even with the world; but in their example, their influence, and their life's work.

Leaning upon Christ they may be possessed of peace, and love, and joy, and through his merits be even with God, able by losing their wills in His to lay all on the altar, and have peace like a river. Even with God through the merits of Jesus! O how much better is this, than being tenanted in a mansion with the gold that perisheth, and a conscience that condemneth, and though 'even with the world,' sadly, dreadfully in debt to God.

WHY THOMAS WAS NOT AT THE PRAYER MEETING.

"But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came."

Why was Thomas absent from the prayer meeting? If his excuse had been a good one, I think it would have been mentioned, or the bad consequences would not have followed which did follow. It is a significant fact that his absence is recorded for all ages to read and know. And it is very plain that it might have been one of several reasons.

He might have been a man of great taste, one who loved the magnificent temple service, one who enjoyed 'the cymbals,' and 'the cornets,' and 'the organ,' 'the trumpets' and the 'shawms'—the voices of the trained choir who made Chenaniah the master of song; but he could not enjoy that prayer meeting. Why, they only read a chapter in the Bible, and then they sung; and *such* singing! Why, there was Peter's rough, heavy voice, always out of tune; and there was Matthew, always humming on one chord; and there was Bartholomew, always pitching the tune too high or too low, sometimes almost breaking down, and often drawling over the same old tunes. Oh, if they could only have had such singing at the prayer meeting as they had at the great temple! Alas! Thomas cannot enjoy such singing.

And then his taste is offended again at the manner of conducting this meeting. What tame work they make of talking. How they tell over the words which they heard Christ speak, again and again. How they tell us of his calling them, again and again. How Thomas has to hear about the same thing over and over, when he wants to hear something original, something startling. Oh, if Gamaliel, or some great doctor of divinity, could lead the meeting and pour out an eloquent dissertation; if some learned scribe would come in and lead the meeting and tell us all he knew; but Thomas never enjoys meetings conducted by laymen. He finds fault because they sing old tunes, when he knows they cannot sing any other. His taste is offended because the brethren talk and pray so uninteresingly, when he knows that he never set a better example of a rightly conducted meeting. The carriage is small, but he wants a steam engine to draw it. Or perhaps this is not the reason why Thomas 'was not there when Jesus came.'

He is a man of many acquaintances, perhaps, and last night he was at a party at the house of Zabdi the son of Zechariah, near the temple, and the party was very large and very fashionable, and Thomas stayed very late. It was a delightful party, and the entertainment was fine, and there were many strangers from abroad, and the music was exquisite, and the dancing was continued till a very late hour, and somehow or other Thomas does not feel like going to the prayer meeting tonight. James and John and Peter do not seem so refined, nor such real gentlemen, as those he met at Zabdi's house. The women who will be there—the sisters of Lazarus and Joses, and a few others—seem very ordinary people compared with those at the party. He wonders why those who go to prayer meeting need be such common sort of people. Not a scribe, not a Pharisee, not a single real gentleman, as the world would call them, among them all. He wonders why it is that going to the party should make him avoid the prayer meeting. He knows that the good people will not say a word about it; perhaps they do not know it. He knows that he can go in late and take a seat down near the door; but what if they should notice him and ask him to take a part? What if he should hear Peter's strong voice calling out, 'Will brother Thomas please lead us in prayer?' He knows he is in no state for that, and so he will stay away to-night. —*From 'Todd's Hints and Thoughts for Christians.'*

A wise clergyman, now deceased, once said: 'He had learned to preach not only so that people could understand him, if they had a mind to; but also so that they could not misunderstand him, if they wanted to.' A hint here to all called upon to make statements with pen or lips.

LOVE FOR GOD'S WORD.

Bibles are so common among us that we have a faint sense of the value put on them by individuals, or families, who have never seen an entire Bible, but only single books of Scripture. The following is a touching story of the joy of some of the natives of Madagascar on receiving a copy of the New Testament with the Psalms.

Two men came one night to Mr. Ellis, the missionary of Madagascar. They had walked a hundred miles out of their way to visit him.

'Have you the Bible?' asked Mr. Ellis.

'We have seen it and heard it read,' one man said; 'but we have only some of the words of David, and they do not belong to us—they belong to the whole family.'

'Have you the words of David with you now?' asked Mr. Ellis They looked at each other, and would not give answer. Perhaps they were afraid; but Mr. Ellis spoke kindly to them. Then one of the men put his hand into his bosom and took out what seemed to be a roll of cloth. He unrolled it, and after taking off some wrappers, behold, there were a few old, torn, dingy leaves of the Psalms which had been read, passed around, lent, and re-read, until they were almost worn out. Tears came to Mr. Ellis's eyes when he saw them. Have you seen the words of Jesus or John, or Paul, or Peter?' asked the missionary.

'Yes,' they said, 'we have seen and heard them; but we never owned them.'

Mr. Ellis then went and brought out a Testament with a book of Psalms bound up with it, and showed it to them.

'Now,' said he, 'if you will give me your few words of David, I will give you all his words, all the words of Jesus, and John, and Paul, and Peter besides.'

The men were amazed and delighted; but they wanted to see if the words of David were the same in Mr. Ellis's book; and when they were, and thousands more of the same sort, their joy knew no bounds. They willingly gave up their poor, tattered leaves, seized the volume, bade the missionary good bye, and started off upon their long journey home, rejoicing like one who has found a great spoil. Did not these poor men prize the Bible? And had not they found a treasure?

THAT YOUNG MAN WANTED.

A great contest is going on in reference to him. There are two great competitors for him. The young man has given scarcely the slightest attention to this great fact. But there is a game of fearful import in progress, in which he is the stake, and the issue is getting nearer and nearer every hour

The competitors are Satan and the Saviour. Satan wanted Peter; but he lost that prize. But he often succeeds, and if he does in this case, why does he want that young man? what will he do with him?

1. He will make him abuse, and, so far as possible, destroy all the noble powers God has given him. That is just what Satan has done with his own; he has been in total opposition to the will of God in this regard. Not one of his great endowments is used to glorify the Infinite Giver. And he will have a complete imitator in that young man if he succeeds with him. Not one hour's service shall the blessed God have of all those noble powers.

2. Nor shall the young man taste, for one moment, the noblest of all pleasures—the friendship of God. His abuse of his powers will make such an alienation between him and his Maker as will turn him away from all relish for, or seeking of, any pleasure in his Maker's service, and he will seek pleasure anywhere else than in the Infinite fountain of good.

3. And Satan, gaining him for a prize, that young man will turn his own influence in the direction of involving others in the same condemnation. His bad example, his false opinions and errors, his words, contemptuous of good and seductive to evil—in a word, his whole character will come into agreement with the great Deceiver, and co-operate with him in drawing others into as deep guilt and misery as that in which he is himself involved.

In short, Satan wants that young man, so as to make as complete a wreck of him as to all goodness and happiness, as he has made of himself—involving the issue, that his victim shall know, and that forever, all that is terrific in the fact of being a companion of the devil and his angels!

All this Satan has done with countless numbers of young men, and he is playing at the dreadful game of entrapping and ruining thousands more.

But there is another competitor for that young man. The Saviour wants him. What for?

1. To repair all the damage sin has already done him, and secure all his noble powers for the uses for which they were bestowed. Reason, conscience, imagination, the affections—have all been misused. The harp strings have been weakened or broken. But the Lord Jesus Christ would restore all and make heavenly music in the soul.

2. And thereby would give that young man the noblest and sweetest pleasures of which his soul is capable—causing a constantly ascending progress to higher enjoyment as he advances in the knowledge of God, till that joy becomes perfect in heaven.

3. And he reaches the grandest of all possibilities of good—viz., complete likeness to Christ and companionship with Him forever in glory.

This is what Christ wants of that young man.

Now let him think of these two powerful competitors for his soul—comparing their character and designs—how he would fare in the hands of the one or the other, and then decide who he would have successful in the game of which his soul is the stake. Satan wants him! The Saviour wants him! Which shall win?

TESTIMONY OF A POPISH PRIEST.—Rev. C. L' Pindar, a Popish priest, late of Circleville, Ohio, has abandoned the Romish faith. He says that that church is a fine institution, when viewed from a distance, 'but near by, and to the investigating priest, it becomes as corrupt a political machinery as ever worked its way among men. Despotic bishops, intriguing Jesuits, debauched secular priests, conducts this grand machine; the people at large are cajoled or driven into passive submission, and for the most part readily, as the religious aspirations of many seldom pass beyond the hearing of a Gospel, or a sup of holy water; of Jesus and his sublime morality we scarcely catch a glimpse. On this subject I could write a thousand pages, teeming with facts that have fallen under my own observation.'

FISHERS OF MEN.

I. Improve the time. All being ready, put out your line at once, and keep it out every moment possible, as you cannot tell the minute when you may take a big fish. Hold forth the Word continually—in season, out of season. Only yesterday a young lady just converted wrote to me, 'Do you remember in your letter to my brother, urging him to a Christian life, that you added, 'I think your oldest sister is a Christian?' That troubled me. I knew I was not a Christian, and I knew that I ought to be one.' Keep out your line.

II. Be sure and keep your hook whirling lively and bright. Make the truth fresh and attractive. Turn its bright sides to men's hearts. If you can add a bright feather from the wing of fancy, it will be all the better.

III. Row often over the same ground. The fish that is not quite ready to take hold this time round, may spring for it the next. No matter if other more expert fishermen than you have been over the ground before you. God may give to those hitherto indifferent an eye for your hook. Be careful about saying, 'There are no fish to be caught there.'

IV. Be prepared for disappointments. Now and then your hopes will be greatly dashed. You may reel a splendid fellow to the boat's side, and just when you are sure of him, off he will slip from the hook, and you will lose him. You will sometimes be sure a man is stepping into the kingdom, and the next thing you know he is in the deep water of worldiness or skepticism.

V. Finally, be patient. This is the supreme, indispensable quality in a good fisherman. A fisherman's patience is proverbial, the world over. You must learn to fish the whole day without taking a single fish or even having a bite, and yet consider that you had a good time, and go at it again, bright and cheerful, the next day. Above all things, be not weary in well doing, if you would catch souls.—*Rev. Dr. Ballard.*

FATAL DELAY.

There cannot be a greater danger than that of *delaying* our repentance, in the trust that we shall amend ourselves, or that God will change our hearts at some future period. We presume that God may forgive us whenever we turn and seek his pardon. But, alas! who can promise himself that he will return at any hour to God? or that God will not have withdrawn his Spirit, before that hour approaches? Upon what grounds may we conclude that the allowance we make for ourselves, shall be made for us when we come to judgment? that we may touch and only touch the limits, beyond which there is no hope of mercy for the soul? If we plead, that God may save us of infinite mercy only, we must allow that, on the same principle, He might have saved every sinner that has perished. It is revealed to us that we shall be tried on the principles of justice which we should dread to see violated even by an earthly judge, and before an earthly tribunal.

Besides, time, instead of bringing us new opportunities and inducements to repentance, will only deprive us of those which yet remain. The sins or pleasures which we cannot now forsake, we shall find it impossible to renounce, when our love of them is strengthened by the habit of years. We cannot hope that the Lord will be gracious to us, and will return unto us, when we are only waiting to complete the measure of our iniquities, and then propose to serve Him. Nor will His word affect us, when all the love we have towards Him is to conjecture how far we may sin against Him and yet be forgiven; how far we may violate his commandments under a possibility of repentance. It is the very tenderness of God's love which entreats us to come now, and not delay, for a period to which we should not defer one interest of importance, the great and awful work—the work of our salvation.—*Meditation by Rev. P. Wilson.*

A BASKET OF FRAGMENTS.

One of the hardest things possible for a Christian, is to forgive a real personal injury. Christ knew how. He not only told the disciples to forgive until 'seventy times seven,' but after Peter's most cruel, needless denial of him, sent that wonderfully sweet message: 'Go tell my disciples and Peter.' 'Shouldst not thou have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee?'

The patient, restful, sweet tempered persons are those upon whom the Lord often lays heavy and long continued trials; choosing such as an example to others—'to fill up what is behind of the sufferings of Christ;' because he knows they will bear it well—knows they will glorify Him in the fires. While those fretful, undisciplined persons, who rarely find much to be thankful for, but something to submit to in any given circumstances all through life, He does not employ to do any fine work for Him.

There is no harm in the words and sentiments of the Pharisee's prayer, if uttered in true humility; it is a sweet acknowledgment of his love and grace that maketh us to differ—we *ought* to be thankful that we are not as others. But when a man, in his own strength, in conscious mental or moral superiority, thanks the Lord that he is not as other men, other men are very apt to thank the Lord that they are not like him.

It is a striking thought that the pure and the beautiful, whom we love, are just as far from the kingdom as the openly vicious, in that they have not yet humbled themselves to the cry, 'Lord, what must I do to be saved'—have not yet sought and found a suffering, dying Saviour; such are often the most difficult to approach on the subject of their soul's salvation.

When a room is filled with light, we see every object in it—know their place and purpose; when the light is withdrawn we know they are still there, and that the appearance will be the same when it again returns; yet we are afraid to trust God in the dark—cannot believe that He is just the same when sensible comforts are withdrawn. When all is bright before us, it is easy to 'take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord:' but in losses and privations, when friends seem far from us, and 'our acquaintance in darkness,' there will arise the cruel doubt that He does not love us quite as as well, because His love no longer comes to us through their hearts—through the channel of their kind words and deeds.

Strange that the world should look so wide and the future so dark, when we know that every day it is narrowing—every day we are nearing the land wherein time, as we reckon it, shall be no more—where we shall not look back and count the weary weeks and months of changeless suffering, and forward to a heritage still the same; but where all shall be light—where all shall be made plain, where 'we shall see him as He is.'

We sometimes forget to thank God for daily blessings, because they are so common; when that is the very reason why we should thank Him. Some signal mercy, some great deliverance, show His power, but the numberless blessings of every day and hour call for louder praise, because they are the outgoings of a love and watchfulness that neither tires or fails.

A CHINESE IDOL IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The San Francisco correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, who has obtained access to one of the Chinese 'Joss houses' in that city, thus describes what he saw:

At one end of the room, reaching entirely across it, is a luxurious throne, composed of silk, satin and costly fabrics, embroidered heavily with gold and silver, and ornamented in the richest manner. In the centre of this throne, up two steps, on what seemed to be low, easy, silken cushions, sat Joss. Covering the throne and reaching to the ceiling, was the most gorgeous canopy, rich with silk, velvet, gold and silver. This covered the throne entirely, except the portion occupied by Joss, and the silk, and cords, and satin festooned with glittering richness above his head. In the centre of all this grandeur sat Joss, very demurely and very tranquilly—I may say, very happily. He was a singular creature to be so powerful. I don't know what he was made of, but I think he was formed of clay. His raiment was the richest I have ever beheld, and probably fills the Chinaman's idea of the wicked one.

He looked to me like a very harmless and peaceful devil. I should not be afraid to grapple with him alone. He had a putty looking face, black eyes, and a fearful black whisker tied under his chin, and covering the whole of the neck and most of the breast. His nose and cheeks gave indications of a heavy drinker—brandy, probably; and his stomach, round and fat, seemed to say lager. His dress was so heavily loaded with gold and silver, and so mixed up with folds of silver and velvet, that I could not tell whether it was a coat, a dress or a mantle. I am pretty sure the fellow had on some kind of small clothes. A very fine smoking cap adorned his head, but I could not see that he had clubbed feet, nor that his fingers were hooked. I endeavored to see if he was a Chinese devil and wore a queue, but his back was so covered with embroidery and furbelows that I had to abandon the undertaking, for I did not like to get too near him. In front of the throne, in the centre of the room, was an elegant counter or sort of table, carved and ornamented in a very costly and elaborate manner, and inlaid with precious metals and rare stones.

This was also, in point of elegance, beyond any thing I ever saw—not that it was so beautiful or tasteful, but that the profusion and rare character of the materials, and the nature of the ornamentation, were a most charming feast for the senses. Everything about the room showed the disregard of the cost. A number of banners, of the costliest materials and most expensive workmanship, were about the room, and a quantity of charts. Neither chair nor lounge was to be seen, nor a stool, nor an ottoman, nor anything to sit upon. The Old Boy had the only seat in the room. I have said that everything in the room was of the most elegant character. I will add that all the curtains and hangings, and the costly raiment, had once been the brightest colors. They were now smoked and dusty, and soiled beyond redemption. To touch them was to be defiled. This destruction of property was all done to please and flatter that drunkard among the cushions, under the silken canopy.

They also presented to him certain written charts, which he preserved by hanging them about the walls. These charts are supposed to contain the speeches of the various delegations to his Highness, about the same manner, I take it, as delegations make speeches to our President in Washington, when they make him presents. I cannot find out the manner in which the Chinese worship this enemy of the species, except that they burn incense under his nose, make speeches to him, and give him presents. The Chinamen don't like to talk on the subject. It does seem strange that a people so intelligent, so thoughtful, and so far advanced as the Chinese, should take such a course to show the faith which is somewhere within every heart.

THE SABBATH.—The streams of religion run deeper or shallower, as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected.—*Calcott.*

A preacher in Holland called the Sabbath 'God's dyke shutting out an ocean of evils.'

A preacher in Louisiana said, 'Brethren, stop that *crevasse* in the Sabbath, or your plantation will be inundated with immorality.'

'The more entirely,' said McCheyne, 'I give my Sabbaths to God, and half forget that I am not before the throne of the Lamb, with my harp of gold, the happier am I.'

Give to the world one half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no stronghold of the other half.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

I feel as if God had, by giving the Sabbath, given fifty two springs in the year.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

Where there is no Christian Sabbath, there is no Christian morality; and without this, free institutions cannot long be sustained.—*Justice McLean.*

HARD LOT REMOVED IN GRAY HAIRS.—Mrs. F. was an aged woman living on her allowance from the parish. She was induced to attend cottage meetings held in her neighborhood, and thankfully received the visits of the missionaries.

During one of these visits the agent asked:—

'How old are you, Mrs. F.?'

'I am seventy nine, sir; and until the last four or five months, I have for many years looked upon mine as a hard lot.'

'Is it not so hard, Mrs. F., as it used to be?'

'It is not hard now, sir, for I have Christ in my heart, which makes everything sweet and pleasant to me. I can read my Bible; and when I have but a crust of bread, I can feel thankful to God for his goodness to me.'

'For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.'