

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, MARCH 19, 1869.

Whole No. 792.

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The Intelligencer.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

George S. Fisher, Esq., late United States Consul to Japan, lately delivered, in the Forty-second Street Presbyterian Church, New York City, an interesting lecture on "Japan and the Japanese." As that populous empire is drawing toward it so marked a degree of attention among the western nations, the following abstract of the lecture will be acceptable to our readers:—

The Islands of Japan are several hundred in number, and generally fertile and healthy. The sea-board is stormy and inhospitable, but there are very many fine harbors to be found, and excellent anchorage ground within. Terrible storms and typhoons are common to the waters of Japan. The interior country is abundantly watered, and rich alluvial valleys, magnificent wood and table lands meet the eye on all sides. The camellia japonica is often seen growing to an altitude of sixty feet; the acacia, the camphor wood tree, the palm tree, the tall cedars, the variety of chrysantheums, and rhododendrons, the orange, the fig, and the pomegranate, are on every hand, and add intense beauty and interest to the landscape. The summer nights are always refreshing on the coast. In the interior the weather in some places is exceeding sultry. The population of the country might be about 38,000,000 of souls. The population of Jeddo has decreased, owing principally to the reversal of the ancient decree by the tycoon requiring the great daimios to retain a large representation of their followers at the national capital; and then there have been some fearful fires, burning down whole acres of houses, and destroying an immense number of lives.

The ceilings, partitions, doors, and windows of Japanese houses, are made of paper. The true Japanese house is opened front and rear, at the rear more particularly, and parterres of the most exquisite flowers are trained around the humblest dwellings. The tycoon is the great temporal ruler of Japan; he is commander-in-chief of the army and navy; he governs the treasury, coins all the current money of the realm, regulates the supreme, civil, and judicial business, and attends to innumerable other matters. The accounts we hear now from Japan about mikado being deprived of his share in the dual government—the spiritual element—are difficult to rely upon, because Japanese affairs are mystery thickly mystified, and impossible to be fully and clearly understood and appreciated by foreigners. There is a good deal of dissension among the daimios on the subject of trading with the outside world. Some of them favor throwing open all the ports, while there are others who would forever adhere to the old and obstinate policy of sealing up the entire sea-board. This very feeling on this subject was the source of the trouble which sprung up in Japan in 1853. A party insisted upon the immediate closing up of all the ports. The buildings of the British Legation at Jeddo, which had just been completed, were burned down; large numbers of angry and excited men swarmed around those ports where foreigners were congregated, threatening to trample in the dust men, women, and children of the barbarian race, but the wise and temperate action of the tycoon allayed the excitement and restored order.

The distinctions in Japan between people and officials are very great. Caste is not the same as that which is known in India; but the barrier is almost wholly impassable between the common people and the nobility. All persons and officials of rank wear two swords; old men, wealthy and retired merchants, wear one sword. The short sword is the peculiar sword for defending personal honor. Ladies of rank also carry a small sword or dagger for self-defence or self-immolation, like their lords, who perform the hari kari (happy dispatch) when certain forms of disgrace overtake them.

The people are more dignified, intelligent, self-reliant, generous, and hospitable than any other Eastern or Indian people. The fashions of the Japanese never change; fastidiousness in dress is more prevalent, and nudity is not uncommon. The transportation of burdens through the interior is done by coolies, who traverse the empire from one end to the other. The temples of religion are in some instances of great magnificence, and are situated among scenes of the most exquisite beauty.

The ingenuity of the Japanese gives them claim to be called the yellow Yankees of the East. For models of coolness and patience they excel, and in politeness they are ahead of the French. The masses of the women are low in stature, and more like slaves of burden than helpmates of their lords. Some of them in the higher ranks are very finely formed, and with teeth of pearly whiteness. The moment, however, that they marry, their teeth are put in mourning, dyed blacker than the blackest ebony. It is very likely a custom intended to draw a palpable distinction between the married and unmarried, and thus running away with another man's wife becomes a very difficult and dangerous operation for a known bachelor. Tobacco is smoked by all classes, even by women. The common people are neither very rich nor very poor. As a nation the Japanese have made more progress in eight years than the Chinese in fifty. The Chinese do not understand the steam engine. The Japanese are quite at home at it. The Chinese will never, if they can avoid it, adopt a foreign custom; the Japanese are ever disposed to adopt any practice they deem useful. Some of their public professions present to the eye of the foreigner a unique, magnificent, and unparalleled appearance. Among the amusements is the tournament, practiced by the daimios. Boar hunting has its votaries; traveling shows of all kinds are to be met with, but no circus has yet made its appearance. The first newspaper was started at Yokohama during our rebellion. Japanese Tommy, so well known in this country, was managing editor. The largest gold coin is the obang, as large as the palm of the hand, and worth eighty-two dollars.

There is great respect shown to the dead in Japan. The cemetery at Jeddo embraces over six hundred acres, and is filled with monuments and mausoleums of great beauty and richness. There is every reason to hope that Japan will be drawn into yet closer and more confidential relations with this country; and if only the same dignified, wise, conciliatory, and humane policy be persisted in which has already marked American transac-

tions with Japan, no other nation will secure so much of the confidence and respect of this highly intelligent and interesting people.

(From the Christian Messenger.)

A SUCCESSFUL VISIT.

A few years ago, when residing in the State of Massachusetts, I was providentially directed, on a fine evening in the month of June, to change my accustomed walk for exercise. In my walk I was accosted by an interesting child, who inquired if I were not one of the Sunday School teachers. On hearing my affirmative answer, she observed that she had long been anxious to attend the Sunday School, but her parents had forbidden her. I asked the reasons of her parents' objections; she wept profusely, and said her father was intemperate, and her mother so wicked, that when she asked to go to Sunday School, they would chastise her for it, and on the Sabbath would make her work all day. 'O!' said she, 'if my parents were willing, how glad should I be! I said, 'Will you direct me, my child, to your home? I will have some conversation with your parents, respecting your coming to Sunday School.' 'O!' yes!' she replied, 'and I will thank you too.'

On entering this mansion of paternal cruelty, I brathed a short prayer to God, that he would cause this visit to be long remembered by me and all its inmates. The child introduced me as one of the teachers in the Sunday School, who wished to have some conversation with her father on the subject of permitting her to become a scholar in the school. 'You wretch!' he exclaimed, 'have not I forbidden you going to such places?' he then called for a rod to chastise her. I felt I was in a delicate situation; and, amazed at such unattractive cruelty, observed to the man, that he would not punish a child so promising, and particularly that he would not do so on this occasion, as I was the cause of exciting his anger. I remarked—'Your little daughter, Sir, is kind and obedient to all your commands, is she not?' He answered, 'Yes; who are you?' 'I am your friend,' I replied; 'and wish to have a little conversation with you, if you please.' 'Well,' said he, 'talk on.' I hoped he would not correct his child on account of my calling to see him, as I was pleased on meeting her with the simplicity of her conversation, and thought I should like to see her father. 'Sir,' he answered, 'I will take your advice.' After conversing with him for nearly three hours, on the subject of Sunday Schools, and the propriety of his consenting to let Jane go, he partly promised me might. 'What say you, mother, to our Jane going to the Sunday School?' The mother retorted with an oath; and my heart began to despair. When I thought I had succeeded, I was disappointed from a quarter that I did not expect. I continued my entreaties for a short time, but to no purpose, and I promised I would call again.

On the following day, I bent my way to this unattractive and unfeeling family; and after the usual salutations, I renewed the subject, and after three hours' painful and laborious conversation, gained the consent of the father and mother that Jane might become a Sunday Scholar. The next Sunday, with grateful feelings to God, I had the pleasure of introducing Jane into the school; she was furnished with suitable books, and admitted a member of Miss D.—'s class, who was one of the most faithful teachers. Jane had not been long a scholar, before it was manifest that she was the subject of gracious feelings; and her placid countenance, a few Sundays after, indicated a change too visible to be unnoticed. At the close of the school one morning, Miss D.—asked me to remain, as she wished me to have some conversation with Jane, she returned after the school was closed, and I returned to the girl, who said, 'Oh Mr.—, you have been the kindest of friends in this world—you have been bringing me to this school to worship God. Before I came here, I used to feel bad, but could not help it. Miss D.—has told me that sin is the cause of all bad feelings—that we are all sinners in the sight of God, that he would forgive our sins. O! dear Sir, a few Sundays since, I thought and felt that there was no peace to my poor soul, and said if I should then die, I must go to hell with the wicked. On leaving the school, I resolved to pray to God for a new heart, to love and serve Him, to obey my parents, and to love everybody; and, dear Sir, you really cannot know what a weight my sins were to me; I could not sleep on account of my sins, and I have longed, Sir, for the last few days to see you. I have had such new feelings—my load is removed—that I might tell you what a dear Saviour I have found. I trust I have given myself entirely to God. I feel something in my heart which I cannot express. O, how thankful I am to God for your care and attention, for Miss D.—'s instruction, for ever coming to this school for me! I found the Saviour who loves me, and who hath said to me, Seek on little Jane, what you find me. Will you pray for me, pray for my father, mother, brothers and sisters. I have prayed for them; I will continue to do so.' This account was almost too much for me; I have related it in her own language as near as I could. Little Jane was only thirteen years of age; and she was not only happy herself in the enjoyment of religion, but it was her heart's desire that all her father's family might enjoy the same, and she did not forget to pray for them; she often introduced topics in conversation to interest them in religion.

From continual dissipation the father brought on a disease which brought him near the gates of the grave. One week on a little Jane visited him, while very ill, he asked if she thought he would recover, she replied with tears in her eyes, that she hoped he would; 'but if it is God's will, dear father, that you should die, where will your soul be when you enter eternity?' He gazed at her in silence. She then asked him if he wished to have the good Sunday School Teacher call to see him? 'He will pray for you, and with you.' He then said, 'O, my child; will you pray for me? but do you think God will hear prayer for such a wicked wretch as I am?' The child knelt by his bedside, and breathed out her soul in earnest prayer to God, that He would pardon all her father's sins, and prepare him for eternity. The poor hardened sinner was melted down into deep contrition. He now prayed himself, and their united prayers were heard; God in mercy restored him to health, and he became a new man and a devout christian. Soon after his recovery he came to the school, and then before the teachers and scholars, confessed how much he felt on account of his past conduct, and begged them all to forgive what he had done and said. He is now an active teacher, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

The mother, too, soon became serious. The brothers and sisters, all seeking earnest seekers of salvation. In a few months after Jane became a scholar in our Sunday School, she came forward with her fruits. Her father, mother, four brothers and our sister all entered into communion with the people of God. Thus was she instrumental in one summer, of the conversion of seven immortal souls. Where formerly oaths were heard from day to day, now the morning and evening prayers are offered on the family altar, and the Divine blessing supplied upon all our Sabbath Schools, to which through God's blessing, eight souls in this now happy family ascribe their conversion. Sunday School Teacher, be encouraged from this example to labor, and never, never forget to pray!

THE LAST IDOL.

It is said, in one of the ancient wars, the conquering army had orders to demolish every idol throughout the land. They marched on in triumph, casting down the idols of temple, grove, and household, so that, as they advanced, the right way was everywhere apparent and acknowledged. At length, in their triumphal march, they came to one, massive, towering in strength, around which gathered the priests and people in beseeching tones, pleading this should be preserved. 'Prostrate every other, demolish our temples, cast down all our sacred things else, but spare this one,' was the universal cry.

But the orders were demolish all, utterly destroy every vestige of idolatry throughout the land. And as, with sturdy blow and resolute will, the conquerors laid low this cherished idol, out rolled from beneath it treasures vast and wonderful, gold and diamonds and pearls and costly things, beyond all conception in richness, and all computation in vastness and worth.

Jesus, the conqueror of human hearts, has issued orders to demolish every idol, to cast down everything that exalts itself! He has come to us, to you and me, and has said, 'Give me thine heart.' He will not share it with another god. Perhaps we have tried to yield Him all, until He does reign over a limited territory within. To conquer us thus much, He has been forced by His Providence to lay low those idols we would not yield; or, through slow and painful discipline, we have ourselves cast them at His feet, a trophy of His grace.

But, perchance, to this hour, He has not full possession. The order to-day is, demolish every idol, there may be but one remaining, and that the chiefest, to us the costliest offering we can ever bring to the Redeemer. But his voice rings out clear and strong above all our pleading and demands. Shall we yield willingly, or compel Him to wield sturdy, yet, terrible blows before our idol falls. Oh! if we will consent to its demolition, as it falls, from beneath will roll out treasures of which we had no conception. Beneath the last idol in our heart lies hidden the richest things of the kingdom, treasures wondrous and vast, treasures of grace, treasures of influence, revealed of usefulness, treasures of power. The treasures of grace, how inexhaustible! The riches of the kingdom how vast! Who can compute with any arithmetic the treasures God has in reserve for His saints! All words are laid in contribution to add to their wealth; all intelligence wait the bidding of God to minister unto them. He notes the falling of the hairs of their head, and would dispatch a seraph from the throne to prevent the tripping of their feet in their upward way. The costly things of grace, the blessed fruits of the Spirit; the communion of the Father and His Son Jesus Christ; the fellowship of saints, the victory over flesh, and the robe, the palm and the crown are all hidden beneath the last idol, and through its fall will all be revealed.

Treasures of influence! We have no conception of the amount of influence the feeblest of us can exert for God and His cause. To be influential as a saint does not require wealth, social position, high intelligence, or extended fame. None of these are essential. Many professed Christians have these, and little or no influence for God. The treasures of a holy influence are open to the man of deepest poverty, of a low grade of intellect. He can rival St. Paul in holy living, and St. John in purity and love. The secret things of the kingdom are revealed to those who fear God and keep His commandments; and he can equal Abraham in obedience, and any saint in devout faith. The wisdom that is given liberally is open to his draft, and he is God's chosen one to be rich in faith and heir of the kingdom. An influence holy and all potent lies hidden beneath the last idol. Shall it fall, that the grace of God be not frustrated in you?

The casting down of that last idol is the perfect enthronement of Christ. On its ruins is built up a throne of power, from beneath which flow streams of blessedness and wondrous life. The fountain pure, the streams are life-giving, the fountain inexhaustible, the streams ever flow. The most powerful influence is not that which we exert with a purpose, but that which is unconscious. That which flows forth from character, rather than positive act. Not so much what we do, as what we are, is the measurement of our influence. Oh! if Christ is throned and accepted within, who shall tell the wonderful results of life! Who shall measure the good accomplished by the feeblest saint, or who count the stars in the Redeemer's crown, placed there by a holy life. Let that idol fall; deal lusty blows right speedily! Delay not, that your treasure of influence henceforth be for God and souls.

Treasures of usefulness! How incalculable the amount of good accomplished by one saved soul. To be useful does not imply great deeds, splendid talents, and varied acquirements. The humblest may be of untold service, the weakest may bear burdens for others. Opportunities are everywhere—the field is wide, seed may be sown broadcast, seeds of kindness, benevolence and love; seeds of warning, reproof and instruction, and more than all, seeds of holy living. The world is perishing for the lack of laborers. Night will soon be upon us and work will cease.

Life is inexorably real—eternity is a great practical fact, destiny unalterable, and eternity is the result of life. O! let the idols fall that keep Christ from His throne, and from your work! Enter the vineyard without delay; cast aside all that interferes with earnest labor; with a will seize on the first implement at hand; make resolute and persistent effort, and sure as you sow you shall reap; and, as you go, the harvest will be gathering thick around you; the reaper shall follow hard after the sower, and the ripened sheaves in the

garner shall prove you worthy the "Well done" of the Master.

Treasures of power! The dethronement of all that opposes God is the establishment of His kingdom. Henceforth His laws are obeyed, His work performed. He speaks and acts through us, His will is done by us, His glory is manifest in us.

The saint is humble, humility is strength; he is gentle, gentleness has made him great; he is weak in his impotency, thirst is manifest in power. In provocation he answers not again, silence is his defence. Under injury he is patient; patience is his stronghold. In affliction he murmurs not—his silent tears are the eloquence of love. In poverty he is submissive—his resigned soul feeds on the manna of the kingdom. In tribulation he rejoices—his joy is the miracle of Christ's religion. In death he triumphs—his victory is the astonishment of the universe.

Oh! what power has a saint of God! Power over sin within, and Satan and the world without. Power with God to prevail, and with man to persuade. Power to call down blessings, and to hold back judgments. Power to add to the number of the elect, and diminish the count of the lost. Power to heighten the song of seraphs, and decrease the wail of the banished. Power to add glory to the crown of the Saviour, and take dominion from the sceptre of Satan. Oh! who will not prostrate the last idol that keeps back such omnipotence of grace.—Guide to Holiness.

DON'T STAY LATE TO-NIGHT.

The hearth of home is beaming
With rays of rosy light;
And loving eyes are gleaming,
As fall the shades of night;
And while thy steps are leaving
That circle pure and bright,
A tender voice, half grieving,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."
The world in which thou movest,
Is busy, brave and wide;
The world of her thou lovest
Is at the single side;
She waits for thy warm greeting;
Thy smile is her delight,
Her gentle voice, entreating,
Says, "Don't stay late to-night."
The world, cold and inhuman,
Will spurn thee, if thou fall;
The love of one pure woman
Outlasts and shames them all;
Thy children will cling 'round thee,
Let fate be dark or bright;
At home no shaft can wound thee,
Then "Don't stay late to-night."
C. L. Lockwood.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A traveller was driving through the snow benumbed with the cold. As he went on, he saw a man in the snow insensible. What shall he do? If he goes on, a fellow being will certainly lose his life. Moved by the instinct of humanity, he stops. He takes the helpless form. He rubs him and uses every effort to promote circulation and save him from perishing. He is successful. The man opens his eyes and moves his limbs. The traveller had forgotten himself; but now he finds his own blood circulating briskly, and heat restored to his body. In his efforts to save the life of another he had saved not only that, but his own likewise.

Thus do our efforts for others react on ourselves. The good we do them returns upon our own heads. Thought for others makes us forget our own pains. Exertion according to our strength, and especially exertion prompted by love, inspires new life, strengthens the powers that still remain, and gives new victories over disease. "If any one had told me I could have done on this trip what I have actually accomplished," said an invalid to me, whom I had asked to take care of two sick men on our trip up the Mississippi, and had hesitatingly consented,—"I would not have believed it. I have not only done the work, but instead of being exhausted, I am much stronger." "I expected this," I replied; "and that was the reason why I asked you to take care of your helpless companions. We help ourselves most effectually when we help others."

Say not, then, you are in the world's or the church's hospital to be cared for, and therefore you will not care for others. You could not take better counsel against yourself. Be a generous sympathizing, helpful, spirit. Give a cup of cold water to him that is athirst. Uphold him whose feeble steps totter. If you can do no more, speak a word of comfort to that desponding youth. Sympathize with those around you. Do good to the bodies and the souls of men. Follow the example of the Saviour who went about doing good. Do you say you are sick? Then your sympathy will be more effectual. It will show a higher degree of love. Amid the sufferings of the cross the Saviour provided for his mother, and attended to the request of the penitent thief. You have no sufferings like his. Whatever your pains, forget not the wants of others. Then will you know in your own sweet experience how much more blessed it is to give than to receive, to help others than to be helped yourself.—T. S. in Star.

A HAPPY HEART.—A little boy came to me this morning with a broken arrow, and begged me to mend it for him. It was a very handsome arrow, and was the pride of his heart, just then, so I did not wonder to see his lip quivering, and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said, but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments, and then said, cheerfully:

"Never mind, mamma; if you can't fix it, I'll be just as happy without it."

Wasn't that a brave, sunny heart? And that made me think of a dear little girl, only three years old, whom I once saw bringing out her choicest playthings to amuse a little homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk, with bands of gilt paper for straps—a very pretty toy; but careless little Fred tipped the lid too far back, and broke it off. He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Minnie, with her own eyes filled with tears, said:

"Never mind, Freddie; just see what a cunning little cradle the top will make."

VARIETIES.

THE REASON.—A bishop who heard that the sun always shone on the cottage of a poor man in a certain valley in his diocese, determined to find out the cause of this wonder.

"Is it true," he asked of the poor man to whom the cottage belonged, "that the sun always shines on your roof?"

"It is true," replied the peasant.

"But what is the reason?" inquired the bishop. And none could answer.

"Do you pray more than others?"

"I live by the labor of my hands, and have but little time for prayer."

The bishop thought again. "Do you fast more than others?"

"My work is hard, and I can fast but little."

"Well," he replied, "but perhaps you give more alms than others?"

"I have but enough for my family, and can scarcely find any poorer than myself, to whom I may give."

So the bishop turned and went away, sorely grieved that he could not explain the wonder. But before he had gone far, a thought came into his mind, and he returned. "One question more. Do you love our Lord Jesus Christ more than others?"

The poor man cast his eyes to the ground, and answered, "I trust I do."

"Ah!" replied the bishop, "now I know why the sun always shines on this house!"

A RAGE FOR FICTION.—"I want a paper that has long stories in it," said a young lady; and she added, "I don't want a paper for anything else." Poor girl! much to be pitied—and a pitiful appearance she will make through life, at the present rate. She wants nothing serious, no acquaintance with the history of her times, nothing intellectual; nothing but newspaper novels! Empty heads they must be that can find room every week for some ten columns of a sham story. Yet these are the heads for which the weekly press toils and groans, throwing off by the ten thousand its sheets of shallow, insipid and disgusting fiction; and for this an amount of money is paid which a sound literature utterly fails to command. Yes, Christian fathers and mothers buy this vile trash for their sons and daughters, and so minister to their ignorance and destitution of all taste and fitness for life's duties. Doubtless the periodical press does more than any other one instrumentality to debase the opinions, habits of thought, and general character of the age. A family will very soon begin to show a sympathy with its weekly paper, and parent and child will soon begin simulating to it in sentiment and feeling; and as families are, so is the community at large. Blind and stupid, therefore, you, worse, are those parents who tolerate in their houses a class of papers which are good for nothing, then bad—made up of the writings of silly, ignorant scribblers, who would be "at the foot" in the town school of good morals. Such are the teachers of half the present generation.

A YOUNG MAN'S HISTORY IN BRIEF.—I first saw him in a social party; he took but a single glass of wine, and at the earnest solicitation of a young lady to whom he had been introduced.

I next saw him, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire by his worldly indulgence, and thought there was no danger.

I next saw him, late in the evening, in the street, unable to walk home. I assisted him thither, and we parted.

I next saw him reeling out of a low groggery; and a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue, and shame was gone.

I saw him once more. He was cold and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed every head was cast down. His father's grey hairs were going to the grave with sorrow; his mother wept that she had ever given birth to such a child.

I returned home musing on his future state. I opened the Bible and read, "Drunkards shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." When a boy, our poor friend was as happy and bright as any of you. More than once, when students together, did he sneer at my teetotalism; when I urged him to sign the pledge, he laughed and scouted at the bare suggestion of danger. Poor Fred! his father had the glass on the table, and there the appetite was formed. Beware of the first glass!

The most of unpunctual people, are pretty sure to be in time when they travel, which proves that their want of punctuality is but a habit. "Brethren," said a minister once to his congregation, as he rose to read the notices just before preaching, "I have been thinking that if this church were a steamboat, leaving the dock at half past ten, a good many of the passengers would have been left this morning." Some of the late "passengers" looked as if a new idea had entered their minds. And if Sunday schools were steamboats starting on time, how many teachers and scholars would be left on the wharf?

A plain man in the Second Baptist Church of Chicago, a straightforward unpretending mechanic, without even a good common school education, has gathered around him, every Lord's day, three hundred and fifty scholars in a Bible-class, which he teaches with an interest and effect that are truly surprising; and he will go through the driest parts of the Scriptures, and invest them with a meaning, and draw from them practical lessons of instruction, that astound all who hear. In 1866, there were one hundred and six conversions in his class. The secret of his success is earnestness; and the skill that earnestness gives. The only true success must come from a thoroughly earnest soul, and without this, the greatest culture, the most careful teacher-training will be of no avail.

Guided by the star of truth, no man was ever led into error. It is by turning from the light that is within and around us, that multitudes fall by the way and perish.

The words of the angry are like sparks of fire; when they fall among combustible matter, desolating conflagrations will follow.

Since God will bring every secret thing into judgment, vain are all attempts to hide our sins from ourselves, or from our fellow men.

The writer of "Ecce Homo" observes, that if Socrates were to appear at the present day, he would form no society, as the inventor of printing would render it unnecessary. But the formation of an organized society was of the very essence of the work of Christ.