

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.]

Vol. XVI.—No. 35.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1869.

Whole No. 815.

ALBION HOUSE.

JULY 1, 1869.

NEW GOODS,

PER STEAMSHIPS "DORIAN,"

FROM GLASGOW,

AND "UNITED KINGDOM,"

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

GOODS.

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

FANCY

AND

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

TO WHICH

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE

THE

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS,

JOHN THOMAS.

Frederickton, July 1, 1869.

MAY 1869.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,

FREDERICKTON,

HAS NOW COMPLETED HIS SPRING STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

DRESS GOODS,

Prints, Cottons,

Sheetings, Table Linens,

CARPETINGS,

Lace Curtains, Oil Cloths,

GLOVES,

HOSIERY, RIBBONS,

Silks and Velvets.

LACE GOODS,

Parasols,

See, See, See.

NEW BRUNSWICK WARPS.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Frederickton, May 27, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

THREE LONDON CHURCHES.

Whether it be right to use the Sabbath for purposes of curiosity may perhaps be an open question, and yet whenever the "Cotter's Saturday night" falls softly about the wandering cotter, away from his cot, the temptation to hear and see strange ministers become irresistible. In London this fancy may be gratified to an almost limitless extent; there being apparently no end to churches and chapels; neither to variations of creed and sect. It is said that within the limits of this great city, one may find represented every kind of worship practiced on the globe, except such as the State would be bound to prohibit on the score of indecency or immorality. So if you be thus inclined, you may taste this *olla podrida* to your perfect satiety. In every district, as a matter of course, the upper crust comes first, and as

St. Alban's Church occupies this relative social status, at least in its own estimation, leaving God out of the question, as the French say, it would be very natural to first take a look at this stronghold of Ritualism. The building itself is in a most out of the way little alley, though in the immediate neighborhood of the fashionable Oxford St. There is no grand marble entrance, such as one's fancy would picture for an aristocratic church; but a small unpretending little door, at the very end of one side. Over it is an inscription, telling that the church is dedicated to "The martyr St. Alban," and was built by a London merchant. On entering, the church is found to be full—an unusual thing for the Establishment generally, and the common thing with Dissent—and if the visitor has ladies with him, his party is immediately separated by the usher, the ladies all being by themselves on the left, and gentlemen on the right, facing the altar.

The interior of the church is very plain, being of simple unadorned stone, with stone floor and plain, unadorned, wooden forms for seats. All the faithful "gentlefolk," as they come opposite the altar and before taking their seats. It should be remarked that the sittings are all free, though in the midst of this aristocracy, the "inevitable contribution box" comes round. Most of the time of the long service is spent kneeling on the hard foot boards; and should this become painful, it can be remembered that this is in the nature of a penance, for which one may expect his reward. There are twenty-seven persons, all told—including several small boys, which, this being a Protestant church, it is hard to name—who are assisting in the service. They are dressed in all sorts of colors, green, black, scarlet, and white, and some of them all combined, looking rather funny. I think that is the word; though it is presumed the worshippers would say solemn instead. It would be an impossible task, to describe the various positions into which this illustrious twenty-seven marshal themselves during the hours of the morning worship. Now all in a row, from the highest step downward; now all bowing as they passed the huge cross placed over the altar; now falling on their knees before the sacramental cup or bread; all this *ad nauseum*.

It is curious to notice the effect of the recent interference and prohibition from the College of Bishops, against the Ritual practices of St. Alban's. Mr. Macdonald obeyed the letter most literally; that is, he put out two wax candles, and lighted seven hanging lamps; he ceased to elevate the Host, but made the sign of the cross with the cup and bread over the head of each communicant at the sacramental table. In other words, he simply evaded and no more. Being a man of large inventive genius, this determined Ritualist will evidently lead the authorities a sorry chase at prohibition and always beat in this little game. There was one really beautiful thing about this service—the music. The responses are all chanted; none spoken by the clergyman, according to the usual customs. I imagine the effect, with a fine choir, fine organ, and a house built so as to multiply sounds in the most charming echoes. And this is all that one carries away as a pleasant remembrance, of an hour spent in a vain effort to worship God, when worship must give way to curiosity and disgust.

Far different is the note of that trumpet, sounded by that brave old man in Crown Court, Rev. John Cumming; who with all his faults, has at least the virtue of being a most terribly earnest Protestant. Dr. Cumming is best known in America as the exponent of Second Adventism; and in his recent publications, has been widely circulated by this sect in the United States. But this is not his English fame, or rather it should be said this is but a part of it. He is considered at home in the whole range of Polemics as well. We were told by one of his flock that he had been some five years last past engaged, from Sabbath to Sabbath, going through with an exposition of the Bible, commencing with Genesis; and hence, only where the prophecies came in his course, did he preach upon the near approach of Christ's coming. How far his books upon that subject may have been the result of such a system of study, we do not pretend to say. Just now he is talking against Archbishop Manning and English Catholicism generally. On a recent Sabbath he said, "I believe the Church of Rome to be on the very verge of ruin," and leaning over the pulpit, marking each word with the slow motion of the long forefinger, he seemed to be pronouncing Rome's doom. He said, "When the Catholic sink, his confessor orders him to say a number of prayers as penance. What? a prayer for a penance? no, no! a pleasure and a privilege!" He said, "The music and the pictures, all the pride and circumstance of Romanism, may please the fancy, and delight the ear of the Well and the Full; but when we are sick and in want and mourning for our dead, who of us find relief in ceremonies, or even in music? Only Christ then." He said, "Priests, saints, the Virgin Mary, all these are appealed to as the poor sinner's representative, at Christ's throne; but Christ says, 'I am the way; come unto me.' Who then would drink of pools of mud, when the clear fountain flows free for all? Wearing the marks of years; evidently crippled by the ills of the flesh; yet earnest, faithful and loved by all the large church, he has gathered about him in thirty years; preaching without effort and from no laboriously written manuscript; talking from the two clear fountains of head and heart, he would win your favor, do you good, and linger pleasantly in your memory. And still another very different man is

SPURGEON.

of whom so many have written, and whom all travellers go to hear. The church is, of itself, a wonder. It will accommodate 7,000 people with seats; and on any occasion one may see eight thousand in the congregation. Two immense galleries go completely around the house, in the curve of an ellipse. The great preacher stands on a broad platform, jutting out from one extreme of the auditorium, on the level of the first gallery; thus his relative position is at one of the foci of this gigantic ellipse. He has no pulpit before him, only a railing, breast high, over which he leans—not a step recedes—as, from time to time he grows earnest in discourse. Back of him is a sofa, carelessly disposed as in a drawing-room. A small desk at his left holds up the Bible to which he refers from time to time, seemingly as the fancy takes him. Below the preacher, within a lower railing, is the choir of forty or fifty voices, and no instrument of any kind. As a supplement to the choir is the whole audience of eight thousand people. Indeed, the congregational singing is the chief charm of the worship. It reminds a Methodist, for all the world, of the "great day" at a camp meeting. Conceive of a camp meeting audience, and you have the best idea of the whole affair. The effect of such music is wonderful. It seems to lift one out of the flesh, and surely helps to imagine the great choir above; and yet one cannot help thinking how grandly all this might be better unified and sweetly harmonized by an organ, as is done in Plymouth church, Brooklyn. Query: Does not Mr. Spurgeon sin as much in his hard sayings against the Armenians as he would if he should be guilty of an organ in his church? There are those still in the world who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." At first the preacher rises and says, "Let us ask God's blessing," which he does in a short, simple prayer. He then reads his hymn, and gives his direction how he wishes it sung, thus: "Let us not sing this too loud," or, "Sing with all your might," or, "Now don't drag your way through this." Sometimes his directions are given in terms simply ridiculous, if any one else had spoken them. Mr. Spurgeon's audience are evidently made up largely of the common people. But then it is written of one greater, "The common people heard him gladly." Over this large company he has a wonderful influence. They hang upon his words, they give assent to his demands, which are often made in the most simple and direct manner. The charm of his preaching is in his simplicity and earnestness. You lose all sight of the man during his discourse, and listen to his words. His accent is not English, but American, and he absolutely has a new England tone. But describe him, one cannot. He is a great preacher, because he is God's own man.—*Ex.*

WHAT IS TRUTH WITH REGARD TO TEMPERANCE?

This is a question which every individual capable of thought should, with care and candor, resolve in his mind; for on the answer he gives to it depends greatly his welfare of body and soul, for time and eternity.

This is a question for philanthropists to consider; for on their opinion and consequent action relative to it, hangs the weal or woe of millions of their race.

This is a question for society, as a body, to reflect upon and agitate, with a view to decided and immediate and united action; for there is no source from which society has received greater damage in pocket, character, and life—not even excepting that great curse, war—than intemperance.

This is a question which legislators should take in earnest deliberation and decide, not according to outside persuasion and bribery, and with reference to political popularity, but likewise, good and accountable men; for in this, perhaps more than on any other one object, hangs the welfare of their constituents, as individuals and as a commonwealth.

And, we may add, this is a question for the consideration especially of those who call themselves Christians. What is truth in regard to temperance? What does God, by reason and revelation, teach me in my duty, in word and action, relative to this important matter? Let those to whom are committed the oracles of Jehovah, to whom all truth must be precious, unto whose souls the light of divine wisdom and glory has shone, who, if they are not in the holy of holies, and permitted to see the divine effulgence, are in surrounding courts of the temple, and in the enjoyment of some ray shining from the heavenly throne—let the Church, the great body of the faithful, composed of numerous sects, but all united in one army under the Captain of salvation—let the Church, in all her majesty and beauty stand forth and explain this momentous subject.

But, say some, this is not her business. The Church had better leave all discussion and definite action on this point to the temperance reformers. It will certainly injure the cause of piety if she meddles in this matter. It will only create prejudice and opposition, and may result in the most unhappy consequences. It is true God commands his ministers to cry aloud and spare not in rebuking sin. But in the pulpit they should be by all means, in regard to this delicate subject, very cautious and spare a great deal, lest they hurt the feelings of some who occupy the best pews. They had better touch the evil lightly if they must notice it at all, and very graciously pass on to other topics. And as to other Christians, according to the advice of St. Paul, "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." If he pleases, let the pious man drink the good creature of God—only he must be careful to know his measure. It will be very wicked in him to get drunk, although his neighbor, having a better stomach, may drink twice the quantity, and if he does not become intoxicated, will be perfectly innocent. Let him do as he pleases. If he choose to take some, what is that to others? "Every tub stands on its own bottom." He is responsible for himself.

Who has not heard reasoning or an attempt to reason like the above? It is the language of Satan, repeated by wine-bibbers and timid hearted believers.

Temperance is the handmaid of religion; and Christians, instead of treating this cause with aversion, should feel it has special claims on their sympathies and efforts. They should be the first and foremost to advocate and support it. And we believe, too, the time has come when the Church, in her organized capacity, should take hold of this subject and lead the way. Nor can

we believe she will attain the glory and power to which she is destined, until she puts from her not only drunkenness, but the cause, and unfurls her banner bearing the inscription: "Abstinence from all that will intoxicate!" We hope to give our reasons for this opinion next month.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

THE SOLDIER'S TRUST.

In the late war the rebels made an attack upon one of our regiments doing picket duty on the Maryland side of the Potomac. There were three houses standing upon the Virginia shore which afforded shelter to the enemy, and it became necessary to effect their removal. The colonel tried the effect of shelling them.—The only thing accomplished by this was driving the enemy out of them to the shelter of the woods beyond.

The colonel then asked for volunteers to cross the river and burn the buildings. Only two men came forward, one a private, the other an orderly sergeant. The colonel gave the command to the sergeant and told him to select as many men as he needed and go.

Selecting three men from his own company to manage the boat and assist him, the brave fellows departed on their perilous mission.—Ere they reached the middle of the stream they were greeted with a shower of bullets; volley followed volley, each passing over their heads without touching a man. As they neared the shore, the house immediately in front of them, which was a large brick one, offered them shelter for landing, and it was not many minutes after the smoke, issuing from the roof, showed their work was accomplished.—The next house was soon in flames also; but the third stood some distance from the river—to get to it they must cross a plowed field, directly under fire of musketry. Here as in crossing the river, they were made the target for the enemy's bullets. Strange to say, this "forlorn hope" returned unharmed, and were received by enthusiastic cheers from their brave comrades.

The young sergeant upon being complimented for his courage, and interrogated as the source of it, replied, "It is not in me—give God the glory. When I started I committed my beloved wife and child to His fatherly care should I never return. I breathed a prayer for myself and the little band with me. I went further; I entreated that we might all return in safety; and as I stepped from that boat these words of the ninety first Psalm fell at my mind: 'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.' Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." I received it as answer to my prayer, and though we could hear the bullets whizzing by, almost touching us, I felt no more fear of them than if they had been hailstones.—*Premium Tract.*

HASTY WORDS.

An English lady writes in the London Christian World:

The evil that is in our world, that rushes down our streets, devastating homes, ruining happiness, and leaving waste the pleasant places, has many fountains. But the deadliest work in many ways, and sorrow comes from a variety of sources. And hasty words have certainly much to answer for among the rest. We are apt to think that a word or two does not matter, that we need not trouble ourselves to be over-particular as to what we say. But that is only one of our many mistakes. Words live. There is so much vitality in them that they take root even upon very unlikely soil. Hasty words are almost sure to have little sense and less kindness in them. They are not the offspring of meek and quiet spirits, but of hot, passionate tempers. "All men are liars!" Who he says in a passion would have said that? The assertion is an sweeping and so unjust, that if David had not prefaced it by his confession, "I said in my haste, we should have understood it. Perhaps the reason why such words are spoken is that the speaker feels himself aggrieved. We often do in this life of ours; we cannot have all we wish from our brothers and sisters, and so we allow ourselves to grow fretful and angry. We are unreasonable enough to suppose that all things should be ours, and when we find only a few things coming to our share, then we become discontented and peevish and speak hasty words. Then we say very bad things of each other, and most sinfully say, in our hearts if not with our tongues, hard things of our wise and loving Father.

Seeing that hasty words are so unkind, unjust, and untrue, how can we prevent ourselves from uttering them, and so escape the need of the after-repentance, which is their consequence? "He that believeth shall not make haste." Is not the secret of our impatience to be found in our lack of faith in God? If our hearts were stayed upon Him, if we were like children resting in our Father's arms, would every little thing that occurred to us have such power over us? If we knew, so as to realize the fact, that nothing happens to us without his permission, that what seems to be provoking in those who are about us would not be allowed to trouble us unless He willed it so, if we saw that words, trials, inconveniences, and even unkindnesses, only come to us according to His pleasure, surely then we should cease to be hasty!

LITTLE SPIDERS.—I was in a hot house, not long since, where there were some very curious and valuable plants which had been brought from a foreign country. The gardener was busily engaged in washing with sponge and water, every nook and corner of the place. I could see no enemy, and no occasion for such trouble; but the gardener was vehement in his outcry against a very small red spider, which he said, except he could get rid of it, would soon kill his favorite plants.

In vain did I endeavor to discover this little enemy, and I could almost have doubted its existence, had he not shown me the ravages that had been committed by an enemy of the same kind on another of his plants. The speckled, fading leaf, that yet remained on the plant, and the many dead leaves strewn around it, with the evident marks upon them of the destructive work of this little enemy, seemed to cry aloud in my ears, "Try to get rid of little sins," but watch and pray against them, for they are like little foxes that spoil the vines.

RUMS DOINGS.

That they are invariably evil—terribly evil—who dare deny? As another evidence of the fearful workings of the rum traffic, the *Temperance Advocate* relates the following:—

A man by the name of Garret Roach, a shoemaker in the employ of C. P. Harrington, Staten Island, who was a confirmed drunkard, having taken and broken the pledge several times the last year, entered the bed room of Emma Harrington, a girl of twelve years, brandishing a knife, and called for her "money-bank." His wild, strange manner frightened the child, so that she did not speak for a moment, and he seized her by the head and cut two deep gashes in her throat from ear to ear. He then ran up stairs, and, on being pursued, was found almost dead, having cut his own throat. Neither lived but a few moments. He had been drunk almost continually for three weeks, borrowing a few cents when he could, and getting plenty of liquor from the licensed grog-shops. Two victims to the rum fiend in one day in one little village!

We were present at a meeting of the Excise Board when a large delegation of liquor-dealers presented a petition praying for a reduction of license fees, so that the burdens of the law might not fall so heavily upon their "legitimate business." The "murder of this innocent child is the 'legitimate' fruit of their business. These victims are the price of their license. The fees have been lowered, and the victims increase. We do not wonder that the people are aroused.

At the union prayer-meeting, held in the Old Dutch church, Tuesday evening, the following petition was unanimously signed:—"Impressed by the awful calamity with which this community has to-day been visited, and others which threaten us, involving the innocent as well as the guilty, and which clearly result from the nefarious practices of rum-drinking, the undersigned, in prayer assembled, and inspired by the Holy Spirit, implore you in the name of God and humanity to do what is in your power to suppress the sale of spirituous liquors, and turn with us to him for the pardon of our sins through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The Sons of Temperance were also in session, and will unite with other citizens and petition the rum-sellers. The crime of rum-selling stands out in bold relief when we see such fruits. How long shall the criminal go unpunished?

TEXTS IN GOLD.—This is a beautiful thought of the lamented Dr. James Hamilton: Suppose that every one were to mark in golden letters the text which has been the means of saving his soul. The Apostle Paul would mark the words, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" for it was these words, spoken by Jesus from the dazzling light, that made him a new creature. In the Bible of the Macedonian jailer, for contracting this simple offer, he rejoiced, believing in God with all his house. Martin Luther would print the text, "The just shall live by faith," in gold; for that text spoken by the gentle lips of the vicar general, guided him to peace; and the young monk of Erturth, reduced by fasts, and tears and struggles, to the verge of the grave, found rest in the wounds of Jesus. In the Bible of Bunyan, the mark would be found at "Yet there is room." It was through the lattice of these words that he first saw the cross, and he thought God put them into the Bible to meet his special case. And the ironside soldier would indicate Eccl. ix. 10; for it was there the bullet stopped, which, but for the interposing Bible, would have pierced his bosom; and when the battle was over, he read, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Does each day upon its wing
Its allotted burden bring?
Lead it not beside with sorrow,
Which belongeth to the morrow.
Strength is promised, strength is given,
When the heart by God is given;
But foretaste the day of woe,
And alone thou bearest the blow,
One thing only claims thy care,
Seek thou first, by faith and prayer,
That all glorious world above,
Scene of righteousness and love;
And whatever thou need'st below,
He thou trustest will bestow.
—Selected.

A FIELD.—Some ministers are uneasy because they haven't a "field" large enough for their talents. They want wide scope. Let us tell you what we saw the other day. It was a man selling some rare sort of cement for broken glass and crockery. He took his station at the corner of a street, and began to talk in praise of his wares. At first he had but one or two hearers, but he talked and talked just as earnestly and eloquently as if he had a crowd. His comment—why there was nothing like it! It came from a far country—from China—the famous Chinese cement—no family could do without it. Gradually one and another halted as they were passing, until at length he had a "field," and was all in his glory.

Initiate this vender of cement. Talk to your few hearers just as earnestly and thoroughly as if you had a house full. Put your whole soul into your work and keep at it. Preach, preach, preach; never you mind whether you have few or many to hear you. Cry aloud and spare not. You'll have hearers enough by and by.—*Exam.*

RED RAIN.—Prodigious lovers will be gratified by the intelligence that a fall of what would in other days have been called bloody rain has lately been witnessed. A few weeks back the Neapolitans found—Once a Week says, their streets stained with red, and their garments spotted with sanguinary drops. Examined closely, the coloring matter of this shower was found to consist of small red grains sensibly round, and varying from the two hundredth to the four hundredth part of an inch in diameter. When the mysterious element of this fall was dispelled, it was clear that the rusty particles were really dust specks drawn up by the wind from African deserts and borne with it across the Mediterranean. This is not an unprecedented phenomena. Twenty years ago a French philosopher collected a large quantity of the same quality, and probably from the same source, from a house-top at Valence; and, again, a German found the peculiar African grit in Berlin. These factitious howl pests and plagues, and the germs of disease may be carried from country to country by the transporting power of the wind;

it is not always inanimate dust that is thus wafted to immense distances. A shower of insects fell at Arachis, in Savoy, last January, which upon examination, proved to be of a species peculiar to the forests of Central France; and a few years back, Turin was visited by millions of larvae of a fly found nowhere but in the island of Sardinia. These are recent and well proved cases; many more striking instances might be collected from chronicles of things curious.—*Public Opinion.*

DO YOU PRAY?—We should not think of asking a man whether he partook of food or attended to the other wants of nature; for these are imperative. They cannot be ignored or neglected with impunity. To neglect them is to perish. We apprehend the danger and forestall the result, using appropriate means to prevent it. Equally imperative and more important is the demand for prayer. It is the medium of pardon and the only means of obtaining daily spiritual food. To neglect is to die spiritually, which is more to be dreaded than a temporal death.

"Thy only while we pray we live."

Hence the pertinency of the question.

MAKING TERMS WITH GOD.—Behold, I thought! said the enraged and indignant Syrian leper, as he turned away from the prophet's door to try the rivers of Damascus. Ah! there is the mistake men still fall into; the mistake of thinking for themselves, instead of submitting to God's thoughts as revealed in his Word. God has spoken; and the question is not, What do we think? but, what has God said? Naaman thought that the prophet would surely come to him, and stand and exhort on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. But what ground had Naaman to think all this? Elisha had told him what God said; and to turn away from this is to turn away from our only hope. It is not what we think, but what God has said, that shall judge us in the great day. "The word that I have spoken," says our Lord, "shall judge you at this last day."

Is it for a poor condemned sinner to dictate to God how he is to be pardoned? Can we choose in that matter? Oh! if we had eyes to see, we should discern that there is nothing so becoming as that we, needy beggars, should accept the offered boon; that we, condemned culprits, should receive the offered pardon; and that, just as they are offered, instead of thinking that we are thinking that, and attempting to make our own terms with God. Of one thing be assured—that it is impossible we should succeed. Naaman might have washed in Abana and Pharpar for ever, and his leprosy have remained uncleaned. And so we may think what we please about the way of salvation. God has said that there is salvation in no other than his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord; yea, that there is no other name under heaven given among men, by which they can be saved. "Wash, and be clean," was the word to Naaman. "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanse us from all sin," is his precious testimony to us. May we so know and believe it as that it may be said of us, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."—*The Witness.*

A NEGRO'S EXPLANATION.—An American clergyman relates, that he one day gave a tract to a poor negro in his congregation, and seeing him afterwards asked him what he thought of it. "O mass," said he, "it do me soul good. I never know before why dey call em 'trucks'; but when I read dat little book, it teach me dis way, and it teach me dat way, it teach me all day, and it teach me all night; when I go out in de born, it teach me dat; when I go in de woods, it teach me dat; when I come in de house, it teach me dat; it teach me every where I go; den I know why dey call em 'trucks'. This poor negro ultimately became a sincere and devoted Christian.

NO GUILT IN JESUS.—Beautiful words these—no guilt—nothing ever susceptible of mistake, or desire to conceal. How clearly he declares, when speaking of the rest of heaven—"If it were not so I would have told you"—implying that truth would have obligated him even to correct their anticipations, if false, as well as to unfold the revelation of eternal life. Think of him in the busy scenes of the market and the temple, sitting at the Pharisee's banquet, and eating at the publican's table, yet ever and always revealing hidden hypocrisy and interpreting the sincere sign for forgiveness and peace. True in what he said; true in what he threatened; true in what he promised; true in what he corrected; true in what he revealed.

FARMER'S SONS.—At the last annual meeting of the New York State Agricultural Society, General Patriek made the following remarks in regard to the growing aversion among farmers' sons to farm work:

Only a few of our children are following in our footsteps. The old folks are left alone. With falling health and increasing years many are compelled to sell out the homestead, and live in a village, where it is possible to live alone. Our young men are showing a great aversion to honest toil. Often, if they remain on the farm, they are more interested in fast horses than in training steers. Others engage in trifling undignified occupations, such as selling maps, books, patent rights, or even clothes pins. They are attracted by gaudy ways and habits. At the best they seek commercial adventures, and through this means sudden and great riches. Can they not read the fate of the thousands of the city of New York who attempted the same thing? For a while bodied strong young men to quit the farm and engage in such trifling pursuits as have been named, or to attempt, where thousands fail, in a city occupation, they should be ashamed. Whenever labor in any country is considered dishonorable, the doom of that nation is sealed. Until the idea prevails that labor is honorable, there can be no bright hope before us. When we find a country divided into small estates, and each proprietor labors with his own hands, we have a happy people. Under small homesteads grow up those people before whom the world trembled when they buckled on their swords—the ancient Romans. Look at the large plantations of the South, with degraded laborers, and you need not ask the result. Countries are cultivated, not according to their fertility, but according to their liberty. Agriculture is the basis of the happiness of a State, and it is the most honorable, as well as the most ancient of all professions.

If we stand, Christ must be our foundation: if we would be safe, Christ be our sanctuary.