

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, JUNE 25, 1869.

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The Intelligencer.

EXTRAORDINARY RELIGIOUS SECTS IN RUSSIA.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE DELUSION AND FANATICISM. THE "IMMOLATORS."

The wildest among the Russian fanatics, are the Molokochiki, or Immolators. The leading idea is to mortify the flesh for the sake of saving the soul, and in order to do this efficiently they have recourse to various means of mutilation and death. Sects inculcating the virtues of suicide and murder, naturally do all they can to keep their existence a secret, but every now and then, a horrible story comes from the interior of some gloomy forest or dreary waste, which tells how some of these wretched people have died. Sometimes a pit is dug in the earth and half filled with wood and straw. This is set alight, and when the whole mass is in a blaze, the miserable creatures leap into the pit and are consumed in the fire, wildly singing hymns as they burn. At other times they meet in a wooden house, round which they have piled heaps of straw; and in it they deliberately burn themselves to death, their neighbors looking on quietly the while, for the act is a sacred one; the victims are undergoing 'baptism by fire.' Some years ago, says Haxthausen, a congregation of Immolators assembled at a spot on the left bank of the Volga, and agreed to put each other to death. But after six and thirty of them had fallen, 'the desire of life awoke in a young woman, and she fled to a neighboring village. The people repaired to the scene of action, and found two of the murderers still alive, and forty-seven persons dead. The two who were taken were knouted—exulting at every stroke at the martyrdom they were undergoing.' It is to this sect that the Scopis belong, of whom we have spoken in a previous chapter.

THE "SCOURGERS."

Next in singularity to these people, come the Klisiti or Scourgers—the Flagellants of the Middle Ages—whose notion of a religious service is a wild dance, accompanied by severe castigation. In the middle of the room in which they meet, stands a vessel containing water, and to this they go from time to time, in order to wet their heads or to drink out of their hands. They then resume their stamping and their dancing, until they fall down utterly exhausted or convulsions seize them, during which they utter ravings which they call prophecies. Every Easter night, one of his secretaries told Haxthausen, the fanatics 'all assemble for a great solemnity, the worship of the mother of God. A virgin fifteen years of age, whom they have induced to act the part by tempting promises, is bound and placed in a tub of warm water; some old women come and first make a large incision in the left breast, then cut it off, and staunch the blood in a wonderfully short time. Other barbarities follow, too shocking to be told. During these operations, a mystical picture of the Holy Spirit is put into the victim's hand, in order that she may be absorbed in regarding it.' Afterwards, a wild dance takes place around the tub, kept up by the whole congregation until their strength is exhausted. The girls who have thus been mutilated, are ever afterwards considered as sacred. At the age of nineteen or twenty, they are said to look like women of fifty or sixty, and they generally die before reaching their thirtieth year.

THE "DUMB."

Another very singular sect, which existed in former days, was that of the Beslovniks, or the Dumb, but they seemed to have died out. Scarcely anything is known about them, for as soon as any one joined the community he became dumb, and from that time forward, no articulate sound ever escaped his lips. Various attempts have been made at different times to torture them into speaking, but always in vain. A governor-general of Siberia, named Pestal, in the time of Catherine II., ordered them to be tortured in the most horrible manner. The soles of their feet were tickled, and melted sealing wax was dropped upon their bodies, but they did not utter a sound.

THE "TRUE CHRISTIANS."

Not quite so wild as these sects, but still sufficiently erratic, are those of Molokani and Dukhoborts. The Molokani are so styled by the people on account of the quantity of milk (moloko), they consume, but they call themselves 'true Christians.' The sect has existed about a century; during which time its members have generally led peaceful and steady lives, in many respects resembling those of the Moravians. Now and then, however, they are carried away by outbursts of fanaticism, as on one occasion when a Molokan rushed into the midst of a church procession, seized a picture of a saint, threw it on the ground, and then trampled on it. At first the bystanders stood silently aghast; but they soon recovered from the shock and piously put the offender to death. In the year 1833, a certain fanatic named Terenty, began to preach repentance to the Molokani. He gave himself out as the prophet Elias, ordered them to desist from their work and give themselves up exclusively to praying and singing hymns, announced that the millennium was close at hand, and ultimately fixed a day on which he promised to descend to heaven before their eyes. When the appointed day arrived, he appeared in a carriage, and ordered the crowd which had assembled to meet him, composed of many thousands of Molokani from all parts of Russia, to kneel down and pray with him. At the end of his prayer he flapped his arms and tried to fly; but he only fell heavily to the ground, injuring a woman in his fall. A great uproar followed, and his disappointed disciples handed him over to the police, who sent him to prison for a time. After his release he recovered some of his influence over the Molokani, to whom he preached the coming end of the world to the day of his death. Eventually his flock migrated to Georgia, where they settled down within view of the Valley of Jehoshaphat described in their old Psalms, and where he was destined to overthrow the false Emperor, and restore the throne of the white Czar. So the Tambof Molokani appointed a deputation from their body, 'to go clothed in white, and present an address to him,' in the year 1812. The deputies made their way through little Russia and Poland, as far as the Vistula, but they were made prisoners. One of them escaped, and got safely

home; but the rest were never heard of again. Liprandi, in the report he drew up (in Russian) for the government in the year 1833, says that 'the Napoleonovskolniki, or sect of worshippers of Napoleon at Moscow, meet with the utmost secrecy in a private stone house in the middle of the town. There, after performing other rites, they prostrate themselves before a bust of Napoleon as before a divinity. For them Napoleon is still living, and they believe that some day he will return from Siberia, together with Peter III. Then Peter will mount the throne of the world, and Napoleon will command the legions of the faithful under him. Liprandi goes on to tell how the police contrived in November, 1844, to get hold of certain secret pictures belonging to this sect; one of which he laid before the Minister of the Interior. These pictures were printed on very thin paper, in order that, being slipped between the leaves of book and atlases, they might get passed unseen from hand to hand. And these pictures represent 'Napoleon ascending to heaven.' Liprandi ends his report (which was never intended to be other than strictly private and confidential) by remarking how strange it is that 'in Moscow there should have sprung up a religious sect of Napoleon-worshippers.'

THE "SOUL-WRESTLERS."

From among the Molokani have arisen the Dukhoborts or soul-wrestlers, who hold that the Dukhoborts is God, and cannot sin, but the non-Dukhoborts are radically wicked—all that he does, even what appears to be good, is sin.' One of their characteristics is 'the remarkable handsome forms both of men and women, and the health and strength they display.' This is partly to be accounted for by the fact, that they put to death every child that is delicate or deformed. 'The soul,' they say, 'being the likeness of God, must dwell in a worthy, noble and vigorous body. If we find it in a weak and poor one, we are bound to free it from its ignominious prison; it then chooses for itself, according to the law of transmigration of souls, another and a better body.' Such child murders give little pain to their parents; for their theory is that, 'the soul, the image of God, recognizes no earthly father or mother, and that there is only one father, the totality of God, who lives in every individual; and one mother, universal matter or nature, the earth. Consequently, the Dukhoborts never call their parents 'father' or 'mother,' but only 'old man' and 'old woman,' and a parent does not speak of 'my children, but of 'ours,' meaning the community.' The career of the great chief of the Dukhoborts, Kapustin by name, had something in common with that of John of Leyden. He must have been no common man, who, although 'merely an uncultivated Russian peasant,' was able to create, and maintain for several years, 'a complete theocratic State, comprising 4,000 persons—a Platonic Utopia, founded upon religious, Christian, and Gnostic principles.' It was near the Sea of Azov that the Dukhoborts settled, and there Kapustin, who had persuaded them that the soul of Christ dwelt in his body, ruled despotically. In 1844, he was imprisoned, but he was soon liberated on bail. After a time he disappeared, and it was not till long after he was dead, that the case in which he had spent the last years of his life, became known to the public. After his death, the colony fell into disorder. The Council of Elders which ruled it 'became a terrible inquisition tribunal.' Torture and death followed close upon the slightest sign of an intention to go over to the Russian Church. 'Within a few years about two hundred people disappeared, leaving scarcely a trace behind; an investigation by the authorities, too late to prevent the mischief, revealed a dreadful state of things; bodies were found buried alive, and many mutilated.' In 1842 and the following year, most of the Dukhoborts were transported to the Caucasus. Such are a few of the strangest offshoots from the main body of Russian dissent. Of the great mass of the Rasokniki, comprising the Old Believers and other respectable sects, our space has not permitted us to speak.

THE HOLY CITY.

'Jerusalem is the mighty magnet that draws to itself men of every creed and of every clime,' said to me an intelligent Arab, who had spent some time in England, as we sailed along the Levant. The vessel that bore us on was a proof of his assertion, for among the hundreds that sailed upon the Apollo, a large proportion was bound for the city of the Great King. Among the multitudes of Mohammedans, bound to the distant Mecca, were many who were content to see the Mosque of Omar, and worship in the holy place. Here was an Italian family making the pilgrimage to Jerusalem—there a Greek hastening on to the sacred sites—across from us at the table a Greek Bishop from Thessaly rejoiced at the thought of being at the Holy Sepulchre at Easter, and whom we afterwards saw in the procession of priests. Lastly, there were many from the distant West, who had travelled farther than these to see with the bodily eye this wonderful city, hoary with the age of 3,000 years.

My friend, if you are disappointed at first sight of Jerusalem, if you are utterly disgusted with its filth and its vermin, if, like some who have been there, you flee, a second Jonah, to Jaffa, or Tarshish, or anywhere else to escape, it is because you do not look upon that city with that spiritual eye that reconstructs the place and beholds them as Christ saw them, when he wept over them, seeing their present desolation, if possible, more sad than the merely material ruins which Titus left behind him.

But view these scenes with other than the bodily eye—walk amid these streets and think of Him who walked and talked here 'as never man spoke'—revert in memory to the days of Solomon and his glory, and you shall find that not Rome, with all her glorious relics, not Athens, with all her classic charms, not Egypt, with all her gray antiquity, not one, not all of these, have such magic power over the soul.

Look first at the physical features of Jerusalem and environs, that must have been the same in the time of Christ as to-day. The mountains are round about Jerusalem to-day, as when the Psalmist wrote, nearly thirty centuries ago. Scopus Olivet, the Mount of Offence, and the Hill of Evil Counsel, give the same landscape as then, and the more distant mountains rose upon the view of David, as upon the pilgrim of to-day. The Mount of Olives, along whose brow our Saviour so often walked, from whence he looked with such yearnings over the doomed city, and from whose summit He rose to the skies—you feel its inspiration

as you climb it, and recount the great events which here transpired. The Garden of Gethsemane, near its base, was the same on that fearful night when our Jesus suffered for us. Of course there was not then a wall as round the present garden; perhaps no grove as shown, in which He sweat great drops of blood; these eight olive trees are not the very same that witnessed His agony, but in this immediate vicinity, beneath such trees as these, near to this very spot, we may be sure, began the tragedy of Human Redemption. Wander among these pools and fountains, walk from the upper to the lower Pool of Gileon, step into the city and look upon the Pool of Bethesda, pass on through the Dung Gate to the Fountain of the Virgin, climb over Ophel, and down again to the Pool of Siloam, 'whose waters go softly,' then down the valley to En Rogel, drink of these waters and muse upon their verge, and you feel that near these same fountains and over these same pools, once and often stood our blessed Saviour.

Turn now to the architectural remains and the proper works of man, and see how much there is yet left, upon which the eyes of the Saviour often rested. First of all, the Temple area, mainly the same as in the time of Christ. Along the southeast corner of the wall are those mighty bevelled stones, that invariably tell of the ancient Jewish work, and which are doubtless *in situ*. Go far along towards the Beautiful Gate, the same is seen, and the same line maintained. On the opposite, the western side, all doubt is put to flight, and those ponderous stones are found which date from the times of Solomon. Near the southwest corner of the Temple area, is that remarkable remnant called Robinson's Arch, from which the bridge over the Tyropean spring, and whose counter pier has been found by Captain Warren, forty-two feet away and at a depth of nearly seven feet. A few hundred feet north of this and along the same wall, is the Jewish Walling Place, where are piled up in their ancient places, the great stones of the Temple area. It was a sad sight to me, when I visited this famous place one Friday afternoon, and saw Jews, young and old, swaying back and forth, and sobbing as if their hearts would break, over these ancient memorials of their nation's glory. These stones were the very same which Christ and the disciples saw, and there can be no doubt that the walls enclosing the Temple plateau, were nearly, if not quite the same, as those which now enclose the ancient site.

On the opposite side of the city, just south of the Jaffa Gate, stands to-day in all its grim majesty, the Tower of David, without doubt the Hippicus of Josephus and even the Fortress of Jerusalem. You look here upon an undoubted memorial of the olden time, and one which reaches back to the time of the first wall around Jerusalem.

Some distance south of this and without the modern city, is the traditional Tomb of David. No reasonable man can doubt that this is the very site where the aged king was buried, in his own city, and of which Peter could say, 'his tomb is with us to this day.' Nor do I see reason to doubt this tradition, that dates from early period, that the Lord's Supper was instituted in an upper room here, and that the Canaanite pointed out to the pilgrim, was the real scene of our Saviour's last instructions to His disciples, as well as the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost.

But there is one place more sacred than all, the very centre of the Holy City, and which all the skepticism of the doubting Thomases cannot wrest from me. I mean of course, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. No Christian man can enter it with out bowing the head and the heart. Here since the time of Helena, as all admit, men have worshipped at Calvary and the Tomb. Here millions of pilgrims have come from the ends of the earth. Here warriors have laid down their sword and worshipped, as Baldwin's sword and spurs hang in one of these chapels. Here kings have laid aside their crown and crept into the holy Tomb. Here to-day the shoes of pilgrims lie before the door of the Angel's Chapel, for this, to them, is holy ground. Take away all else, sweep aside the manifold superstitions and anachronisms, but leave to the devout pilgrim, Calvary and the Grave of graves. History, tradition, Scripture, all point to the genuineness of these sacred spots and render Acra the spiritual centre of the earth. I have long since forgotten to sneer at any religion where is manifest sincerity of worship. It is a solemn spectacle to see the Arab, on his housetop, or on the deck of a vessel, bowing towards the Arabian shrine. The worship of the Jew fills me with thoughts of devotion. The Romish and Greek rituals, even bring profit to my soul, and shall I say that the worship of the dervishes in Smyrna gave me a deeper view into man's spiritual nature. So, as I worshipped in the church of Jerusalem, as I followed the train from station to station, as I saw every nationality kneeling before the Holy Tomb, with lighted tapers and books of prayer, though I could not sanction all I saw, nor join in all I heard, yet, I too, swelled the psalm of joy that went up from this sacred spot, and thanked God that I was privileged to look upon these holy places. Never can I forget those scenes; and the walks about Jerusalem will be fresh in memory, until the new and better—even the heavenly city—shall greet my vision, and I shall enter therein to go no more out forever.—James L. Latimer.

"SET THY HOUSE IN ORDER."

'Died suddenly' How often these solemn words meet our gaze in the newspapers! They suggest most important inquiries to each one of us. Reader,

1. Is your business in such shape that if you should die to-night it might be settled by your survivors without unnecessary loss to your estate? Immense sums are lost, and vast trouble and expensive litigations are involved by improperly kept account books, and the neglecting of full memoranda of unfinished business.

2. Is your will made? In the event of your pulse ceasing to beat before to-morrow morning, would no injustice be done to your heirs, and those objects of Christian benevolence which it is your intention to promote after your death? *Died intestate!* is often the precursor of jealousies, and heart-burnings, and injustice, which might have been prevented by a few strokes of the pen.

3. Have you paid all your debts? Or have you made arrangements that your creditors shall not be wronged? There may be some balances against you, for which no legal claim can be

presented. You intend to pay them after a while. You have the ability now, but you are neglecting them. Take heed lest death, coming when you did not expect him, shall put it forever beyond your power to do justly.

4. Are you on amicable terms, so far as you can be, with everybody? You spoke an unkind word, and wounded a sensitive heart. Have you tried to repair the damage? That brother, that sister, that neighbour, towards whom, in a moment of excitement, you acted an unchristian part, deserve better treatment. You are conscious of having wronged them. Had you not better ask their forgiveness, and gain reconciliation now? To-morrow there they may be no opportunity. You know not what shall be on the morrow.

5. Have you made God your friend? If not, you have no time to lose. He waits to be gracious now. You will soon stand before him. 'This night thy soul may be required of thee.' Take Jesus at once to be your Mediator and Saviour. 'Set thy house in order.'—*Ex.*

REPENTANCE EVANESCENT.

There is such a thing as repenting too often and too much. Not that we shall ever, in this world, sufficiently abhor our sinfulness, or make the number of our confessions exceed the number of our transgressions. Every real Christian feels that a long life would be to short for the right understanding of one little sin,—for the smallest sin makes hell possible, and puts heaven so far off that only the God-man can bridge the gulf. Nevertheless, much time and strength are wasted in 'vain repetitions' in running backwards and forwards over the same ground, as if confession had some kind of atoning efficacy.

Deacon B. was very faithful in making 'a clean breast of it' at the prayer meeting. No one could doubt his sincerity,—that he felt sin to be 'the burden' which he said it was; that he was more copious in confession in private before God. But somehow, the deacon was not a growing Christian. He never read farther than Lamentations. He seemed to think that his sins would not stay repented of, nor remain confessed. As for leaving them to be canceled by a Saviour's blood, he rather went back after them, and ran over the old list anew with a kind of melancholy, despairing satisfaction. He was constantly engaged in repairing damages.

Deacon, said the pastor, one day, 'you are well acquainted with Mr. Seals, won't you talk with him about the godless state of things in his neighborhood, and persuade, and help him to inaugurate some improvement?' The young pastor hoped for an experienced ally.

'I don't know, sir, but my sins have come back upon me so heavily of late, that I don't dare to offer counsel to the unconverted.'

'My dear friend, have you laid them all without reserve before God? Have you asked for forgiveness in the name of Christ? And have you made acknowledgment and restitution, so far as possible, to every one you have wronged?'

'God knows that I have tried to do all this faithfully, Mr. L., but somehow I find no comfort in thinking how grievously, and how constantly I have fallen into sin. It seems as if it was impossible to make a thorough confession—to make my repentance stay put.'

'Did you ever use a rosary, deacon Smith?'

'Why, what do you mean? I am not a Roman Catholic!'

'I mean that we sometimes unconsciously fall into the snare of a Roman Catholic devil,' said the pastor, in a kind and serious tone. 'I think there is something of the spirit of penance, of the yoke of bondage, in going over and over with a confession which has once, so far as we can know, been sincerely and fully made. When we have told God the truth, we ought to suppose that He bestows the truth, we ought to suppose that He bestows it; when we can have surrendered unconditionally, we ought to trust to His promised mercy, and not waste time in burying the dead. You cannot make your sins any less by prolonging and multiplying acts of repentance: 'Do works meet,' is the exhortation which follows closely the first word of Jesus.'

'But God's judgments are so manifestly visited upon me as a punishment for my transgressions. I can see in a hundred things the consequence of the sins of my youth, and the neglect and inconsistencies of later life. This must be a sign that I have not really repented.'

'I remember you told me that your right arm was disabled by a blow given in passion by a disobedient son?'

'Yes, but Willie has long ago made good that injury.'

'What, can anything compensate for that crippled limb?'

'I mean that the change in my boy's character, which dates from his fall and free contrition after he struck me, has made our reconciliation perfect.'

'And you have renounced your displeasure with him?'

'Yes, I have never mentioned the act since I saw that he was heartily penitent.'

'But do you not often ask his help in work which requires more than one arm and thus painfully remind him of his unfaithful and aggravated conduct?'

'Of course, I am obliged to do that!'

'Well, now, do you suppose Willie regards every such occasion as a punishment, intended to draw out a fresh confession of his guilt? Does he ask your forgiveness every time that he sees you, or does he take it for granted that your assurance of forgiveness holds good, and give his strength to aiding you on the farm?'

'Why, he knows that I lay up nothing against him, and wouldn't pain him by asking assistance, if I could help it. However, perhaps it is doing him good to be reminded of the past in that way; it helps him rule his temper and to break off selfish ways, but not as a punishment exactly.'

'Deacon Smith, like as a father pitied his children, so the Lord pitied them that fear him. Do you suppose God is not as tender of you as you are of Willie? If you have really repented, you are utterly and finally forgiven. It is only to help you rule your temper, and break off selfish ways, that he allows you to be indirectly reminded of your wicked past. He would rather have you believe yourself fully pardoned, and devote your life to work in his field where you once helped to sow tares.'

'My dear sir,' said the fearful deacon, 'I see it all now; this bad world is God's touching reminder of the wrong we have done Him, of His complete pardon, and His wish to see us master ourselves. I have no right to think of my sins apart from His forgiveness—to look for them anywhere

but on the cross where I long ago nailed them. I will call on Mr. Seals to-day.'—*Congregationalist and Recorder.*

HE REDEEMED ME!

The tears of a slave girl, just going to be put up for sale, drew the notice of a gentleman, as he passed through the auction mart of a southern slave State. The other slaves of the same group, standing in a line for sale like her self, did not seem to care about it, while each knock of the hammer made her shake. The kind man stopped to ask why she alone wept, and was told that the others were used to such things, and might be glad of a change from the hard, harsh homes they came from, but that she had been brought up with much care by a good owner, and she was terrified to think who might buy her.

'Her price?' the stranger asked. He thought a little when he heard the great ransom, but paid it down.

Yet no joy came to the poor slave's face when he told her she was free.

She had been born a slave, and knew not what freedom meant. Her tears fell fast on the signed parchment, which her deliverer brought to prove it to her. She only looked at him with fear.

At last he got ready to go his way; and as he told her what she must do when he was gone, it began to dawn on her what freedom was. With the first breath, she said—'I will follow him—I will follow him; I will serve him all my days; and to every reason against it, she only cried, 'He redeemed me! He redeemed me! He redeemed me!'

When strangers used to visit that master's house, and noticed, as all did, the loving constant service of the glad-hearted girl, and asked her why she was so eager with unbidden service, night by night, and day by day, she had but one answer, and she loved to give it—'He redeemed me! He redeemed me! He redeemed me!'

'And so,' said the servant of Christ, who spent a night on his journey in a highland glen, and told this story in a meeting where every heart was thrilled, 'let it be with you. Serve Jesus as sinners bought back with blood; and when men take notice of the way you serve him—the joy that is in your looks—the love that is in your tone—the freedom of your service—have one answer to give—

'HE REDEEMED ME!'

[Written for the National Peace Jubilee.]

A HYMN OF PEACE.

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song—
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove—
Speed of our ark on the wings of the dove—
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love—
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brother, we meet on this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea—
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brother, once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full breath of the organ reply—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swells the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!
—O. W. Holmes.

(From the Christian Messenger.)

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

Speak to others about their souls. Try it. I know it is hard. Choose your opportunity. A giddy thoughtless young girl said to me the other day, 'I love Miss—, I shall always love her, she is the only one that ever took me aside and talked to me about my soul. I shall always love her for that.'

The speaker was a young Teacher, much away from home, but brought up by Baptist parents, surrounded by religious influences; several of her sisters members of the church, still, that young lady was 'the only one,' who had ever taken her aside and talked to her about her soul.

Religious friends, parents, brothers and sisters, are we our 'brother's keeper?'—Oh, that the question might thrill through our outward barrier of reserve and awaken us to a deeper sense of the solemn responsibility resting on us as professing Christians in our intercourse with the worldly minded. Have they often come to think we care for their souls? In my earlier religious experience I remember the earnest longing I felt for some one to speak to me 'about my soul.'

I sought the society of Christians. I loved to go with them to the house of God. But no word of kindly counsel or enquiry, can I recall, no one ever spoke to me 'about my soul.' Thank God, He did not leave me comfortless, and warm and sweet as the intercourse of Christian brotherhood is to me now, the yearning for their sympathy then, somehow has left a void not quite filled up yet. Giddy and thoughtless? Yes giddy and thoughtless as you will, but still with a consciousness of something higher than the life they are leading still, with a wistful look at the ones they deem possessors of 'the Pearl of great price.' 'A word spoken in season, how good it is.'

A GOOD RESOLVE.—A story is told of a temperance man being at a wedding, who was asked to drink the bride's health in a glass of wine which was offered him. He refused to partake of the intoxicating liquid, and said when he drank her health it would be in that which resembled her most in purity, and he knew nothing better than water—pure water. He then drank to her health in a glass of God's beverage—sparkling water. The ladies assembled on the occasion immediately stepped forward, and making a respectful courtesy, thanked him for the beautiful compliment he had just paid the fair bride, when it was resolved that all intoxicating drinks be banished from the room.—*Household Advocate.*

Remember, reader, every beat of your pulse you have lived a moment longer, and have a moment less to live.

My pulse is the clock of my life
It shows how my moments are flying;
It marks the departure of time,
And tells me how fast I am dying.