

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 26, 1869.

Whole No. 793.

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October, 1868.

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The Intelligencer.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

By MRS. V. G. RAMSAY.

At this time when the eyes of the civilized world are turned to Africa, anxiously waiting for the reappearance of Dr. Livingstone, it cannot be uninteresting to our younger readers to know something of the childhood and youth of this great explorer. A hundred lectures on the value of knowledge, the necessity of early culture, and the beauty of a life devoted to the glory of God and good of humanity, will not so impress them as the living exemplification of these truths in the life of this man. The success with which he has removed every obstacle from his path, wringing from the most unpropitious circumstances the means to advance his purpose, cannot fail to inspire energy and hope, and to awaken a desire to emulate his example.

Dr. Livingstone was born in Scotland, of poor but pious parents, descended from a family which, for many generations, had lived by cultivating the cold and rocky isle of Ulva. He says the only thing in the history of his ancestors of which he feels proud, is the following:—"One of them, a poor and hardy islander, was renowned among his people for great wisdom and prudence. When he was on his death-bed, he called his children around him and said, 'I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I have not been able to discover that there has been a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or any of your children shall take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood. I leave this precept with you: 'Be honest.'"

His grandfather, finding it impossible to support his large family from the little farm in Ulva, removed to Blantyre, a large cotton manufactory near Glasgow. There, in a poor cottage, the renowned traveller, whose name is familiar in every land, was born and reared. Among his earliest memories of his father's gentleness and piety and his mother's loving care, are mingled the recollections of the pinching of poverty—poverty such as few in our favored land need know; but her cold hand could not quench the thirst for knowledge in his young heart, nor stifle the aspirations for an honorable and useful life.

At the age of ten he was put into the factory to work; and with a part of his first week's wages, which his kind parents managed to spare from their pressing wants, he purchased Kildiman's rudiments of Latin. He immediately commenced the study of that language, and his success showed the power of a determined, persevering spirit. His work at the mill kept him busy from six in the morning till eight at night, but between that hour and ten, he attended an evening school. In this way, studying frequently late into the night, he read the classics, and all the books of travel and scientific works which came within his reach. At the age of sixteen, notwithstanding his constant confinement to labor for fourteen hours a day, he had made himself a better Latin scholar than many who pass through the schools with every advantage which can be afforded them.

The doctrines of Christianity had been carefully instilled into his mind by his pious parents; and as he grew towards manhood he came to feel the personal need of salvation. The fullness and freeness of the love of God, manifested in the death of Christ, awakened his deepest gratitude and affection, and determined him to devote his life to his service. His thoughts soon began to turn to those nations who are perishing without the knowledge of Christ; and an intense desire took possession of his heart to do something to enlighten and save them. In order to the greatest possible usefulness as a missionary, he resolved to study not only theology but medicine. This was a brave resolution, and the courage and perseverance necessary to carry it out were little less than have been required to explore the wilds of Africa. Forced to labor constantly in the cotton mill, he continued to place his book on the spinning jenny, so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed his work; and there, undisturbed by the perpetual roar of machinery, he pursued his studies, penetrating with ever-increasing joy into the sublime truths of science, and nourishing the divine life in his soul by a deeper knowledge of God. To this part of his education he ascribes his power of completely abstracting his mind from surrounding circumstances, so that he is able to read and write with perfect ease amid the clamor of women and children, or the songs and shouts of savage men.

At the age of nineteen, his wages were increased, but the labor expected of him, he says, "was excessively severe for a loose-jointed lad like myself." Yet the change was hailed with joy, for the 'better pay' enabled him to support himself while attending the medical and divinity lectures, and the Greek classes in Glasgow in the winter. Amid his many labors and studies he found time to "scour the whole country side," making himself acquainted with the geology and botany of his native land. "These excursions," he says, "often made in company with my brothers, one now in Canada, and the other a clergyman in the United States, gratified my intense love of nature, and though we generally returned so unmercifully hungry and fatigued, that the embryo parson shed tears, yet we discovered so many new and interesting things, that he was as eager to join us next time as he was the last."

Having completed a very thorough course of study, both in theology and medicine, "without having received the aid of a farthing from any one," in 1840 he sailed as a missionary to Africa, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. The field of labor assigned to him was the Bakwain country in South Africa; and he lost no time in commencing his work. In order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language, and an insight into the habits and customs of the people, he cut himself off from all European society for six months, living among them, sharing their filthy huts and scanty food, following them to the field and to the chase. He then began to feel the need of the severe training through which he had passed. He was unused to toil and privation, and his endurance astonished the natives and commanded their respect and admiration. Sometimes, when making a long journey on foot, he heard them discussing his appearance and powers. "He is not strong," they said, "he only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags (trowsers). He will soon knock up." This "stirred his Highland blood," and he kept them for several days at the top of their speed, till they

were glad to express a proper deference for his pedestrian powers.

Having married the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Moffat, a lady who had been born and educated amid the privations of missionary life in that country, they made their home in the valley of Mabotsa. There for nine years they labored with a good degree of success. Schoche, the chief of the tribe, a man of remarkable intelligence, was an early convert, and became a valuable assistant to Mr. Livingstone in all his labors.

This mission was broken up in 1852, by the white colonists of Coshan mountain. They had long promised the grossest outrages on the natives, and when at last they turned on them, and in their own defence killed several of their plunderers, the missionary was accused of having taught them to kill white men. "My house," says Mr. Livingstone, "which had been perfectly secure among the heathen natives was plundered, my books and medicines were destroyed, and our clothes and furniture were carried off, and sold at auction to pay the expenses of the foray."

From that time to the present, if he is still alive, he has devoted his energies to exploring the country with a view to the wider diffusion of Christianity and civilization. It was not without a clear apprehension of the hardships and perils which must be met, that he undertook this work. Having decided that God called him to this course, he says, "as I had always believed that we serve God at all, it ought to be in a many way, I determined to open up that part of Africa or perish in the attempt." He sent his family to England, commending them to his friends if he died, and plunged into the depth of the African wilds. For three years he was without any news from the dear ones, from whom he had thus separated himself. In 1856, he emerged on the eastern coast at the mouth of the Zambesi river, having crossed the continent from Angola on the west, and collected a large amount of valuable information. From this point he returned to England by the way of the Red Sea, and there published an account of his travels, which was received with great interest by the public. He concludes his book with these words: "No one has cause for more abundant gratitude to his fellow men and to his Maker than I have; and may God grant that the effect of his mercies may be such on my mind, that I may be more humbly devoted to his service."

After having returned awhile with his kindred and friends, he returned to Africa, and has since been pursuing his perilous work with unabating zeal and courage. In 1867, a report was circulated that he had been murdered by savages, and he was generally mourned as dead. Happily this report proved false; but buried as he has been for more than two years in the African wilderness, great uncertainty hangs over his movements, and the world looks with no small anxiety for his reappearance among civilized men; assured that if God preserves his life, his labors will add to our scientific knowledge and aid materially in opening up these dark regions to the light of Christianity.

With this man's example before us, can any young man say that circumstances crush him and necessarily make his life a failure? The circumstances of which we so often complain are those best calculated to fit us for the place God wishes us to fill. Instead of regretting the hardships and poverty of his early life, Dr. Livingstone says:—"Looking back now on that life of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education."

How much better to improve the circumstances under which we are placed, than to sigh for opportunities which are not given us.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

—Star.

THE TRIAL OF ST. PAUL.

The *Theological Eclectic* republished from an English magazine, *Good Words*, an article by the Bishop of London, on St. Paul at Rome, founded mainly on the great work of Corbly and Hudson on the Life and Times of St. Paul, from which the following extract is taken. It relates to his first imprisonment and trial, which preceded his death by four or five years, a period filled with various cares and labors:—

"The time wore away amid these varied labors; but at last the day for the trial came. Very striking is the picture drawn in the same work to which I have before referred, of the scene which must have been presented, when at last St. Paul's appeal came on for hearing, and he stood in the immediate presence of the tyrant.

Nero, after the example of Augustus, heard appeals in criminal cases in the imperial palace, whose ruins still crown Palestine. Here, at one end of a splendid hall, lined with the precious marbles of Egypt and Libya, we must imagine the Caesar seated in the midst of his assessors. The councillors, twenty in number, were men of the highest rank and greatest influence. The judge in this case, now at the age of twenty-five, had besides many other victims, murdered his innocent wife (his first wife, Octavia), and his adopted brother, Britannicus, and had dyed his hands in the blood of his mother. Yet even these enormities had disgusted the Romans less than his prostitution of the imperial purple by publicly performing as a musician on the stage, and as a charioteer in the circus. His degrading want of dignity, and insatiable appetite for vulgar applause drew tears from the councillors and servants of his house, who could see him slaughter his nearest relatives without remorse. Before the tribunal of this blood-stained adulterer, Paul the Apostle, now brought in fetters, in the custody of his military guard. We may be sure that he who had so often stood undaunted before the delegates of the imperial throne did not quail when he was at last confronted with his master (one so deservingly of his contempt). His life was not in Nero's hands; he knew that while the Lord had work for him on earth he would shield him from the tyrant's sword, and if his work were over, he would gladly depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

We do not know whether in his defence he entered on this occasion into the peculiar doctrines of that sect to which he belonged, basing them as he did, on the resurrection of the dead, and reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. If he did, he had an auditor, at least, who had more need to tremble than Felix. But doubtless a seared conscience and a universal truth

volity of character, rendered Nero proof against emotions, which for "a moment shook the nerves of a less audacious criminal."

We have no means of stating, except from conjecture, what the circumstances of the trial were. Nero, according to the usages of the day, must have himself presided. About this time, as we learn from history, a deputation of Jews, on other matters came to Rome, and some of these were perhaps the Apostles' accusers. It is surprising that the influence of the infamous Poppaea, whom in 62 we have seen Nero had married; and who in 63 was from the birth of her daughter, at the height of power, should not have prevailed to cause the Apostle to be put to death. For this infamous woman was, strange to say, a Jewish proselyte, and in intimate connection with the leading Jews of the times. It has been conjectured that perhaps another influence equally corrupt, strove in this instance to resist her. Nero had at this time a favorite freedman, put to death by the succeeding emperor, of whom we read in the sixteenth chapter of the Romans, 11th verse, that he had Christian converts in his household. "Greet them," says St. Paul, writing to the Roman church a few years before, "that be of the household of Narcissus, which are in the Lord." The influence of this Narcissus, Nero's freedman, may have been put forth against Poppaea, and thus one corrupt influence may have counterbalanced the other, and left Nero to do an act of justice. This, however, is also conjecture. All we learn with tolerable certainty is that the trial ended in an acquittal.

THE FUTURE OF THE JEWS.

Among the many problems which are rapidly approaching solution in this age of sudden changes and ruthless application of logical principles, whatever the results may be to which they may lead, the probable destiny of that mysterious race to which we owe so much, without even affecting gratitude for our indebtedness, is not the least in interest and importance. For eighteen hundred years the Hebrew race has presented the singular spectacle of a nation without a country, a religion cut off from its normal forms of worship. In minute conformity to the predictions of inspiration respecting those disobedient children of the living God, they have been scattered throughout every nation under heaven subjected to the fiercest and most protracted persecutions which the world has ever known, yet still have retained their name, their faith, and even their nationality. Like their great ancestor, they have been everywhere sojourners and pilgrims—looking with longing eyes towards their polluted fatherland whence they hoped the smoke of sacrifice might once more ascend to the ever-living God.

To do this peculiar people justice, they have endured undeserved oppression wonderfully well. Tenacity of purpose and pride of race for which they were noted during their prosperity, with the cosmopolitan spirit which is largely the type of our modern civilization. The Jew is always a Jew wherever you meet him; and yet in France he is the Frenchiest of the French, in America, the veriest Yankee of us all. He has adapted himself to circumstances which seemed to defy adaptation. He has thriven where another race would have been utterly exterminated.

There are to-day scattered throughout the world no less than six millions of Hebrews. You will find them wherever you go, unless you go to the poor-house—the "sons of the covenant" bar the door of that semi-barbarous institution against every child of Abraham, by their efficient yet unostentatious care for the aged and infirm. And, despite our prevalent notions respecting the sharp practice of the lineal descendants of Jacob, it must be confessed that very few of them find their way into our reformatory and penal institutions. The chaplaincy of one of our State Reform Schools being recently under discussion, a canvass was made of the inmates, with the idea that their religious tastes ought to be consulted in the appointment of an ideal emanating. I need hardly say, from a Church which pretty much peoples our poor-houses and penitentiaries. Our informant told us, with great glee, that there were only two children of Baptist parents in the entire institution. If we infer from that fact, favorable conclusions respecting the nature and efficiency of Baptist training, must we not draw a similar conclusion from the more striking fact that there was not, in that institution, a single Jew?

The Jews, as we have said, are well nigh everywhere. There are six of them in the British Parliament. A Hebrew by descent and a Hebrew in spirit was, until within a few days, Prime Minister of England, and as such, the actual head of the Church of England. Another has attained deserved eminence as Minister of Finance under the present Emperor of France. A Hebrew money-changer—an exaggerated Isaac of York, a nineteenth century Shylock—died the other day, leaving a property which exceeded the total value of the city of New York; and one of our own Jewish bankers can afford to pay one hundred thousand dollars to "help elect" an aspirant for the Presidential chair whom he really wished to see defeated, and leave for Europe, happy in the thought that he has thrown his money away to preserve his standing with the party. In literature and art many Hebrews have attained pre-eminent distinction. Not to mention those eminent Biblical scholars whose names are familiar to every clergyman, or philosopher like him of whom the poet sings:

"There is a God, said Moses long ago;
But Moses Mendelssohn first proved it so."

We have said that the Jewish race have endured adversity wonderfully well. It remains to be seen how they will endure prosperity. That is the problem to which we direct attention. The day of warfare upon creeds and races is past, thank God! Even in Austria which so lately as 1848 kept the machinery of middle-age persecution standing for the benefit of the Jews, middle-age creeds prevail to-day. In almost every land civil disabilities are removed from the Jewish citizen, and he is no longer subject to open persecution, though still suffering to a considerable extent under the reproach which rests upon those who were instrumental in the crucifixion of our Lord. In our own land he can vote and hold office (unless he reside in New Hampshire) with the best of us; and in our principal cities he is fast passing out of old clothes and cheap jewellery stage of his existence into a position which is represented by substantial warehouses and sumptuous dwellings.

Will this prosperity prove a blessing to the Jew? Will he exist as a Jew to enjoy it; or has

he maintained his nationality hitherto, not in spite of oppression, but by means of oppression? It may appear presumptuous to attempt an answer to this inquiry; but there are indications which lead us to believe that, in America at least, the Hebrew race is destined to be incorporated at no distant day with the great mass of the people. The Jews, as a class, have abandoned all hope of a coming Messiah, and interpret the prophecies respecting his advent as some zealous followers of William Miller interpret the predictions concerning his second advent—namely "in a spiritual sense." We are even told that the Messiah has come, and that his name is: The American People. This by the Jews, not the Millenarists.

Again, the Jews, as a class, have abandoned all expectation or desire of ever returning to Palestine. "We mean," said an intelligent Hebrew not long since, "to make this land our permanent home. We mean that our children shall die and be buried here." It is this thought, it may be, which leads to that significant modification in the form of the Hebrew religious service which has recently been inaugurated in the new synagogue on Fifth Avenue. The Jews do not propose, heretofore, to be so singular in their religious observances. They have instituted Sunday-schools after the modern plan. Some of the more advanced among them have discovered that "the Christian Sabbath is, after all, a seventh day," and are canvassing the advantages—some of them, perhaps, of a pecuniary nature—which would result from worshipping on the same day with their Christian associates. Nay, there are Jews who already "exchange pulpits" with their Unitarian neighbors and contemplate a closer alliance, in which the Unitarians, at least, have nothing to lose, while they may gain in numbers and the prestige of antiquity.

Such indications as these lead us to feel that the time is coming when the mutual prejudice which exists between the Jew and the Gentile, and which has been fostered by so many ages of persecution, will be done away. "We consider a Christian just as good as a Hebrew," said the intelligent Jew whom we just now mentioned. Is not the day coming when we can more heartily return the compliment which he intended to pay to his Gentile neighbors? And with the dawning of that day are there not opportunities to labor for the conversion of Hebrew souls such as the world has not seen since the days of Christ? Surely this period of transition is the church's opportunity, if the church were but wise.—*Geneva in Baptist.*

PAT'S PLEA FOR THE BIBLE.

In a school in the west of Ireland, a few years ago, were two boys, about the same age, fifteen or sixteen. Their names were Pat F. and Philip O'F. There were many very intelligent young people in the school, but Pat and Philip took the lead in most things; and indeed, visitors were often astonished at the remarkable readiness and appropriateness of their replies to the miscellaneous questions put to them. Philip has since become a missionary of the cross in Turkey. We do not know what has become of Pat; at that time by far the most promising boy in the school. But "the day will declare it."

We remember on one occasion, Mr. B., well known in that neighborhood, paid a visit to the school. He was desirous of trying at once, the knowledge of Scripture possessed by the scholars, and their power to apply it, to the solution of controverted points. Mr. B. assumed the language of an opponent of the general reading of the Word of God. "Boys," he said, "what right have you to read the Bible? 'Every right sir' said the boys, 'for Christ said (John 8th chapter, 38th verse), Search the Scriptures.' 'All very well,' said Mr. B., 'to prove that big people may read—men and women who have come to years of maturity—but what has that to say to little fellows like you.' 'The Word of God is for little people too,' said Pat, 'for we read (2 Tim. 3rd chapter, 15th verse), that Timothy knew the Holy Scriptures from a child.' 'But,' said Mr. B., 'Timothy afterwards, you know, became a priest. Your text only proves that young boys who are going forward to the priesthood should be taught the Holy Scriptures.' Oh, but, sir," said Pat, with a bright twinkle of his intelligent eye, that proclaimed he had the best of the argument, even before the answer came, "wasn't Timothy (2nd Epistle, 1st chapter, and 5th verse) taught by his grandmother? and, where, sir, was that a priest?" Mr. B. acknowledged himself beaten.

ONLY.

Only one drop of water at a time that had found its way from the mighty ocean through the dike and was slowly wearing a little channel. Only one drop. Yet if that little child in her morning ramble had not noticed it, who can tell what the terrible result might have been?

Only a stray sunbeam! Yet perchance it hath pierced some wretched abode, gladdened some stricken heart, or its golden light found its way through the leafy branches of some wild wood, kissed the moss-covered bank where the tiny violet grew, and caused a rich shade of beauty to adorn its lovely form.

Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows hath it fanned, how many hearts cheered by its gentle touch!

Only one stray bullet that pierced the noble soldier-boy as he trod the lonely midnight round, faithfully guarding the precious lives intrusted to his keeping, and the life blood slowly ebbed out, and the morning sunbeam fell upon the cold face of the dead.

Only a sentinel! And yet one soul more had passed from its earthly tenement to meet its reward at the hands of a merciful God.

Only a drop of ink! And yet it carried the news of death to anxious ones at home, and caused the tear of anguish to trickle down the furrowed cheek of a widowed mother.

Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary ache in that child's heart, and the quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it.

Only a smile! But ah! how it cheered the broken heart, engendered a ray of hope, and cast a halo of light around the unhappy present; made the bed-ridden one forget its present agony for a moment as it dwelt in sunshine of joy, lived in the warmth of that smile.

Only a word! But it carried the poisonous breath of slander, assailing the character. O, how it pierced the lonely heart.

Only one glass! And how many have filled a drunkard's grave through its influence! How many

homes made desolate? How many bright anticipations of a bright and happy future blasted by its blighting influence.

Only a mound in the quiet churchyard, and yet it speaks volumes to the stricken ones. Some home has lost a light! some home circle has a vacant chair!

Only a child, perhaps, yet of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Only a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, but it is not forgotten. Then toil on, Christian; yours is a glorious work; hope ever, for yours is a bright reward.

One soul snatched from the way of sin and degradation through your feeble efforts coupled with the grace of God will add lustre to your crown of glory, and speak more for your happiness hereafter than a life of selfish works.

Only a prayer, and yet it calls to you for help. It calls for good raiment and food; and, Christians, shall not we through the grace of God answer that prayer? God grant it in his mercy.

Only a lifetime, ashort day in which to prepare for death, for 'as death overtakes us, so judgment will find us.' Let us then gird on the armor anew and press on, the hope of a brighter hereafter being our talisman, using the weapons of prayer, lest we enter into temptation, and lose the rich reward of Him who is faithful even unto death.

—N. Y. Presbyterian.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A remarkable instance of answer to prayer has lately occurred in our village. Many years ago, a Christian girl of sixteen was united in marriage to an ungodly man. He opposed her going to church, and for several years she stayed away from the sanctuary. At length, finding that her husband grew no better, but rather worse, she concluded to brave his displeasure and obey the callings of her Heavenly Master, whose spirit still dwelt in her crushed and saddened heart.

She began to join the throng of worshippers who were gathered on Sabbath days from hill and vale into our little church, and, oh! how inexpressibly refreshing were the precious gospel truths, the sweet hymns of praise, and the earnest prayers to her hungering, thirsting soul! The rage of her husband was hard to bear, but sustained by the grace of God, she patiently and penitently walked in his ways for some years. In the mean time the wicked husband as if to afflict her still more severely, turned into the drunkard's path.

During the present winter, protracted meeting was commenced, which he forbade her attending. She persisted in going, until, in a fit of rage, he told her one day if she went that night he would burn her clothes while she was gone, and break her head when she came home. She went; but so overburdened was her poor heart by these persecutions that she told two or three Christian friends of her troubles, not enjoining secrecy, and they in turn told two or three more praying ones, including the pastor, who that evening publicly requested prayer for the conversion of the man who opposed his wife in going to church. It was a time of special interest, and the house was filled; but only a few knew for whom prayer was requested. A solemn stillness rested upon the congregation, and a burden of soul for that husband was felt by some faithful ones, so that earnest and unyielding supplications for mercy went up to the throne of grace in his behalf.

Shortly after special prayer had been made for him, this husband began to treat his wife with still more severity, trying to turn her out of doors and away from her tender little ones. She was combing her hair at the time, and his cruelty reached such a height that she could endure no more. She laid down her comb, and kneeling suddenly before the astonished man, poured forth such a torrent of prayer for his soul's salvation as completely silenced him. He went about the house offering the remainder of the day as quiet and peaceable as a lamb. That night, to her surprise and joy, he said: "O! Mary, what a wicked man I am! How dreadfully I have treated you! Can you forgive me? If you can forgive, I know God can."

"I can, I do forgive you with all my heart," was his sincere reply. After this, he attended the meetings and was soon converted to God. He now leads a consistent Christian life, attends church with his family, and in prayer and social meetings openly and humbly confesses Christ.—*Grace.*

THE BROTHER OUTSIDE.—The *National Baptist* relates the following incident from Rev. H. Clay Trumbull:—

I was once called to preach in a State Prison. When I heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of the men, and saw them filling into their places, thinking how few of them had improved their Gospel privileges, I was deeply impressed with my responsibility. I felt my own sinfulness, and that all the difference between me and them was owing to the grace of God. I told them so, and tried to impress it on them, that they should each for himself seek pardon for past sins, and divine help to be holy in heart and life hereafter. While all seemed interested, there was one man whose heart was especially moved, and who sent special request that I would visit him. I did so; that is to say, I went down the hall and stood before his cell. I put my finger through the grating and just touched his finger. While the tears were running down his face, he sobbed out the inquiry: "Did you mean what you said about sympathizing with us, and that only the help of God made you differ from us?" I assured him that I meant and felt exactly so. "O, then," said he, clasping his hands, "I thank God, and I thank you. I am here for life; but I can stay here more contentedly now that I know I have a brother out in the world." I told, thanked God more than ever for such a Gospel.

Some years after that, I related this incident in a public meeting, when an aged man, bathed in tears, arose, and with a trembling voice, exclaimed: "The Lord bless you, my dear sir, for your attention to that young man. He was my son. He was afterwards pardoned out. He enlisted in the army; he did his duty faithfully; he was captured in a battle and died in a rebel prison, to the last moment thanking God and thanking you for your sermon and your personal kindness."

Two laws are more adequate to the regulation of the whole Christian community than all political institutions together; namely, the love of God, and that of our neighbor.—*Pascal*