

# 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, FEBRUARY 19, 1869.

Whole No. 788.

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NOVEMBER 2, 1868.

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THOMAS LOGAN,

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Frederickton, October 23, 1868.

## The Intelligencer.

### CHRIST OWNING THE CHRISTIAN.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUTLER.

What a sacred idea it gives to the whole conduct of life to feel that we are Christ's property, and are consecrated to his glory! He says to each one of us. My blood-bought child, thou art mine. If I am Christ's, then he has a right to all within me and about me. My talents are his, whether they number ten or five, or barely one, and that a little one. My powers are given me for him. If the workshop of my brain forges new thoughts, then each bar must have his stamp on it. If my industry amasses wealth, then I must see the "image and superscription" of Christ Jesus on every coin and every greenback in my possession. If he loves a cheerful giver, I must give. If my moments are granted me not to serve myself, but him, then why should I begrudge the hours of devotion or those spent in prayer-meeting, the mission-school, or the tract-distribution?

My influence belongs to Christ. How dare I surrender it to the tyranny of Fashion? How dare I throw it on the side of social injustice, or frivolity, or wine-bibbing, or card-playing, or extravagance, or self-indulgent worldliness? If my influence is my Divine Master's, then must I so live as to adorn that Gospel-piety which I profess before men.

This ownership by Christ of every Christian has no limit in its sweep. It is all-containing, all-embracing, ever present.—Jesus seems to be saying to each of us, through every moment of our lives, Child of my tears, and agonies, and redeeming love! thou art mine! Live for me. When any of us sits dejected and lonesome, his loving face draws near and whispers, "Let not your heart be troubled. Lo! I am with you always." When we are tempted to sin, his solemn caution is, Remember thou art mine; wound me not in the house of my friends. When we grow sleepy in an hour of need, and lie down in careless security, his arousing call breaks in upon our guilty slumber, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Sometimes a poor suffering fellow-being comes to us for a gift or a deed of sympathy. Selfishness begins to mutter about "inter-ruption," or "impediments," or "these evolutions of charity." But he who once was so poor as not to have where to lay his weary head gently says, "This is one of my poor children. Do this for me; help him for my sake." There is not a struggling church, or orphan-asylum, or sin-stained harlot, or degraded soul, or ragged outcast, that knocks at our hearts for aid but behind them stands the gracious Master, whispering, "Thou art my steward. Help these suffering, needy ones for my sake. Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

Let us remember that with these commands of Christ are coupled exceeding great and precious promises. "Thou art mine," or "I have bought thee," or "I will come to thee," or "I will send you the Holy Spirit, who will make your heart his habitation." I will sanctify you by the truth. I will intercede for you as your advocate with the Father. I will draw upward your affections and so purify your heart, that you can love sinful men without loving their sinful ways. I will make you contented to be poor, or to be blind, or to be deaf, or to lie on the bed of protracted pain. I will grant you grace sufficient for your utmost need. I will stand by you when reproached for my sake, and "cover your head in day of battle" when you are fighting for an odious or unpopular cause, or will feed you with bread that the world knoweth not of, and give you to drink of the waters of life everlasting.—I will make you meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

But when death draws near to us with his shroud and pall—what then? Will Christ forsake us to the king of terrors? Nay!—He only draws up the nearer to us. He says to us, I so loved you that I have prepared a better place than this world for you. In my Father's house are many mansions. Ye are mine; I have a home waiting for you. It is built of celestial light and its walls are adorned with all manner of precious stones. Angels will be your companions there. The harps of heaven will thrill your ear with their harmonies. Ye shall be arrayed in white. I will present you to my Father, and say to him, "As thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, this child shall be one in us forevermore."

I will wipe away all tears from your eyes. Ye shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; nor shall any of you ever say, "I am sick." I will feed you, I will lead you to the living fountains of waters. My name shall be in your foreheads, and ye shall reign with me forever and ever!

"Sweet place, sweet place above,  
The crown of God's elect;  
Oh! happy place!  
When shall I be,  
Saviour with thee,  
Saviour with thee,  
Saviour with thee?  
Earth's but a sorry tent,  
Pitched for a few brief days,  
A short lease of tenement—  
Oh! happy place!  
When shall I be,  
Ever with thee,  
Ever with thee?"

GOD'S WISDOM.—The church is in its preparation only for its future glory. The temple is only building, the lively stones are only gathering, polishing, and finishing for their respective places. As soon as an individual Christian is mature, he is removed; the harvest of each season, as soon as they ripen, are gathered in, and fresh growth succeeds. We see, therefore, but indistinctly and partially the fulness of God's wisdom and love in all that He is doing. What will be the coming maturity? If the present truth be so precious, what will be the fulness of truth and glory in the day of Christ, when all the saints are gathered together in the glorified bodies of the resurrection, in the presence of Christ; when we shall see him as he is, and know as we are known? O, happy day, the Lord hasten it, and bring us each one to partake of it!—Rev. E. Bickersleth.

How TO RESTORE A FALLEN BROTHER.—Thou art in the boat. He has fallen overboard into the water, therefore don't push him with the oar, for he will only go farther from thee, or sink to rise no more; rather sail round him, enclose him in the Gospel net, or take him up in thy hands, and lift him into the boat, and speak kindly and comfortingly to him, and remember that, by doing so, thou shalt "hide a multitude of sins."

### ACCOUNT OF SPAIN.

As the affairs of Spain are at this moment attracting a large share of the world's attention, it may not be unacceptable to some of your readers, to have presented a brief account of a country which, in some respects, is one of the most interesting and valuable in the world; and in other respects, for ages, one of the "basest of kingdoms."

#### I. GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

Occupying with Portugal, a vast peninsula at the extreme southwest of Europe, Spain is bounded on the north by the Bay of Biscay and the Pyrenees, which separate it from France; on the east by the Mediterranean; on the south by the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, being separated from Africa by the Straits of Gibraltar, fifteen miles wide; and on the west by Portugal and the Atlantic. Area, 176,480 square miles. The interior of this peninsula, the most elevated plateau in Europe, is 2,275 feet above the sea level, and comprises an area of 93,000 square miles. This elevated table land is intersected by several ranges of mountains; from which other mountain ranges diverge in almost every direction. Of these mountains, those of Toledo and the Guadarrama range occupy the centre of the country. The Cantabrian chain and the Pyrenees are on the North; and the Sierra Morena and the Sierra Nevada lie near, and almost parallel with the southern coast. The highest peak, Mulachacen, 11,673 feet, is found in the Sierra Nevada range.

While Spain, from its mountainous surface, abounds in small rapid streams, there are but few large rivers. The Ebro, 410 miles long, drains the basin between the Pyrenees and the Guadarrama mountains, flowing southeast, and empties into the Mediterranean, near Amposta. The Guadalquivir and the Guadiana, separated by the Sierra Morena range, flow south-west into the Atlantic. The Tago, 520 miles long, rises in the central plateau, and flowing west between the Toledo and Guadarrama mountains, passes through Portugal, and empties into the Atlantic at Lisbon. And the Douro, 455 miles long, drains the Northern basin, 35,000 square miles in extent, which is formed by the Cantabrian and Guadarrama mountains, flowing west through Portugal, it empties into the Atlantic at Oporto.

The climate of Spain, from its elevation of surface and its proximity to the sea, is not uniform. In the interior it is cold and dry, and on the coast generally warm and moist. The mean annual temperature at Madrid is 59 degrees Fahrenheit, and at Gibraltar 67 degrees Fahrenheit. In the valley of the Guadalquivir, the mean annual rainfall is 48 inches, while that in the basin of the Douro is 111 inches.

The soil of Spain, like the climate, is variable. The most fertile regions are those bordering on the coast. Among the most valuable forest trees are the cork and chestnut; the elevated pastures support the finest sheep in the world; the cereal grains are those of the temperate regions of Europe; and the production of the wine grape and other costly fruits, is scarcely equalled in quality in any other part of the world. The mineral productions of Spain, too, are of great value. In the ancient history of the country, the precious metals were in great abundance, and attracted the notice of all the maritime nations of the Mediterranean. It is related, that the Phoenicians, in exchange for their commodities, obtained from the Spaniards such immense quantities of silver, that their ships could not contain it, though they used it for ballast, and made of it their anchors and other naval implements. The Carthaginians also obtained vast quantities; at a later period, the Romans in nine years carried off 111,542 pounds of silver, and 4,095 pounds of gold. And it is not a little remarkable that at a still later period, a people occupying what was in reality then the emporium of gold and silver in Europe, should have been the first to discover and possess, in the New World, regions abounding in the same precious metals.

#### II. GENERAL DIVISIONS OF SPAIN, CITIES, &c.

At an early period, Spain was divided into fourteen kingdoms or lordships: Galicia, Asturias, Biscay, Seon, Navarre and Arragon in the north; Catalonia, Valencia and Murcia in the east; Granada and Andalusia in the south; Extremadura in the west; and Castile, old and new, in the central regions.

Madrid, the capital of Spain, situated on the Manzanares, a tributary of the Tago, is remarkable as being the most elevated metropolis in Europe. The name of this city is of Arabic origin, and signifies "a suburban dwelling." Madrid, was at first, a mere village, with nothing to render it important, until it became the seat of Government in the reign of Philip II., A. D. 1563. The form of the city is that of a square, about six or seven miles in circuit. It is entered by 15 gates, and contains 506 streets, 42 squares, several hundred churches, besides a large number of convents, colleges, hospitals, fountains, and promenades. Of all the public buildings, the most important is the royal palace, which is situated on an eminence at one extremity of the city, enclosing a square 404 feet on each side. In the centre of the palace is a magnificent court, 120 feet square. The entire edifice is substantially built without wood in any part, having all the apartments vaulted. The furniture and ornaments of the palace, especially those of the royal hall, are of great taste and beauty. The collection of paintings (except that those of French masters are excluded) is one of the finest in Europe. Here also are deposited the state jewels and regalia, and the costly throne constructed for Philip II., supported by columns of rock crystal, and ornamented with rich gold embroidery, massive silver, and a vast quantity of precious stones. The colleges, academies, and benevolent institutions of Madrid are numerous. The royal library contains about 150,000 volumes, besides a large collection of manuscripts, medals, and other antiquities. The most noted promenade within the walls of the city is the Prado, so celebrated in Spanish romances, and the actual scene of political plots, and private assassinations. Population of Madrid, 301,600.

At the distance of 24 miles northwest of Madrid stands the celebrated "Escorial"—at once a palace and a monastery—built by Philip II., in honor of St. Lawrence, and to commemorate the victory which, with the aid of the English, he gained over the French, in the battle of St. Quentin, achieved on St. Lawrence's day, A. D. 1557. As, according to the legends of the saints, St. Lawrence suffered martyrdom by being burnt to death on a gridiron, this vast and costly edifice

was constructed to represent that instrument. The building forms a rectangle 740 feet long, 580 broad, and from the base to the cornice, 70 feet. Four towers, each 260 feet in height, standing at the four angles of the edifice, represent the feet of the gridiron. The apartments reserved for the use of the king form the handle, and eleven square courts, into which the main interior is divided, indicate the spaces between the bars. The figure of a gridiron appears in profusion among the architectural ornaments, and the same figure is embroidered on the vestments of the monks. The cost of this edifice was a sum equal to £2,500,000, or nearly \$13,000,000.

Other noted places in Spain are: Cordova, on the Guadalkiver, the early metropolis of the Saracens, and which, in the tenth century, became the most celebrated seat of learning in Europe. Granada, the last of the Saracen possessions in Spain, and where still stand the remains of their renowned palace and fortress, the Alhambra. Seville, an ancient Celtiberian city, embellished by the Romans and fortified by the Saracens. The aqueduct, built by the Emperor Trajan, has supplied this place with water for more than 1,700 years. This marvelous work consists of 159 arches, 90 feet high, extending over a space of 2,530 feet, and where it crosses a valley, the work is two stories high. Palos, the port of departure of Columbus on his first voyage, Aug. 14th, 1492. Seville, the chief seat of the Spanish Inquisition, and where stands in the spacious cathedral the cenotaph erected to the memory of Columbus by Philip I., bearing the inscription: "To Castile and Leon, Colon gave another world."

Cádiz—(anciently Gades)—founded by the Phoenicians, A. D. 1100, and remarkable in modern times for repeated unsuccessful attempts at revolution. Gibraltar, the renowned fortress at the entrance of the Mediterranean, held by the British since A. D. 1704; Saragossa (Cesar Augusta), famous for sustaining a vigorous siege against the French in 1808. After the invaders had captured the walls by assault, they were compelled to besiege the separate houses. Vittoria, renowned as the battle ground on which the Duke of Wellington finally defeated the French, A. D. 1813; and Corunna, on the northwest coast, rendered famous by "the burial of Sir John Moore," the British commander who fell in battle with the French, (1808), commemorated by Wolfe in the exquisite poem beginning:

"Not a drum was heard," etc.

#### III. MEMORABLE EPISODES IN THE HISTORY OF SPAIN.

I. The occupation of the country by the Celtiberians, the earliest inhabitants.  
II. The commercial enterprises and conquests of the Phoenicians who built Cadiz, A. D. 1100.  
III. The Carthaginian conquest under Hamilcar, A. D. 256. Carthage built.  
IV. Conquered by the Romans under Scipio, A. D. 210.

V. Overrun by the Gothic nations, A. D. 395-406.

VI. Subdued by the Saracens, A. D. 711.

VII. The conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, A. D. 1492.

VIII. Accession of the Bourbons in the person of Philip V., and the war of the Spanish succession, A. D. 1701-14.

IX. The invasion by the French under Joseph Bonaparte, 1808-13.

#### IV. THE CHARACTER OF THE MODERN SPANIARDS.

Spain, enjoying an eligible geographical position, a fine climate, a productive soil, and mineral wealth almost inexhaustible, should have been to the front rank of enlightened and prosperous empires. But becoming at an early period a model history, the stronghold of besotted priestly despotism, the people and the nation are just what might have been anticipated from the character of their religion and government; with some honorable exceptions, the higher classes are conceited, haughty and indolent; the mass of the population ignorant, base and submissive; while all classes are bigoted, superstitious and corrupt. But what could be expected of a people who have been trained to that abject submission by the fires of the Inquisition; amused only by brutal bull fights; taught to hold the practice of the mechanic arts in contempt, and who use the marriage relation as a cloak for nameless vices, but that the common demoralization should culminate in the misfortunes of their licentious and vagabond Queen, and themselves become, for a time at least, the sport of unprincipled, despotic demagogues.—J. P. C. in Christian Freeman.

### THE UNSAFE BRIDGE.

A young lady in giving her reasons for preferring a particular church, remarked that she "liked it best because it allowed its members to dance." She had been brought up to regard this as inconsistent for a professor of religion. She could not help feeling that it was running a risk to try to get to heaven and carry the world with her. But here was comfort. She had found a religious guide on which she could, as she fancied, shift off the responsibility. Instead of deciding for herself, in the light of Christ's teachings, she chose to take a second-hand opinion of a mere man as a rule.

One is reminded of an incident related by Dr. Whately, of an old bridge which had long been thought unsafe even for foot passengers. People usually went a considerable distance around rather than venture upon it. But one evening a woman, in great haste, came up to the bridge before she reflected on its unsafe condition. It was late, and she had yet to dress for a party. She could not go all the way around, though still afraid to venture. At last a happy thought seemed to strike her. She called for a sedan chair, and was carried across! Now the young lady who desired to follow the world and go to heaven too, was afraid to trust her own judgment on the subject of dancing. She feared the tottering arch might give way, and she be lost forever. To make all safe, she added to the weight of her own chance of error the additional chances of her human authority being wrong also.

Oh, it is a fearful thing to be a blind guide of the blind; for destruction must await its both. We cannot take as infallible any human leader. We must "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." One who studies the Bible much, with a prayerful, humble mind, will not be apt to go wrong in these matters. It is not what the church "will let you do," but what Jesus Christ sanctions, that must be your guide.—Sunday School Times.

### "FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud, the thunders roar above me. See, I stand like one bewildered! Father, take my hand, And through the gloom Lead safely home Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night is drawn darkly down. My faithless sight Sees ghastly visions. Fears, a spectral band, Eucopass me. O Father! take my hand, And from the night Lead up to light Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal; While yet I journey through this weary land Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand; Quickly and straight Lead to heaven's gate Thy child!

The path is nigh, my Father! Many a thorn Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand; Then safe and blest Lead up to rest Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt And fear and danger compass me about; But foes oppress me sore, I cannot stand Or go alone. O Father! take my hand, And through the throng Lead safe along Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn And fainting spirit rise to that blest land Where crowns are given. Father take my hand; And reaching down Lead to the crown Thy child!

#### THE GRACIOUS ANSWER.

The way is dark, my child! but leads to light; I would not have thee always walk by sight, My feelings now thou canst not understand, I mean it so; but I will take thy hand, And through the gloom Lead safely home My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night Darker to me than day? In me is light! Keep close to me, and every spectral band Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand.

And through the night Lead up to light My child!

The path is rough, child! but oh! how sweet Will be the rest for weary pilgrims meet, When thou shalt reach the borders of that land To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand, And safe and blest With me shall rest My child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side Thy Father walks, then be not terrified; For I am with thee; will thy foes command To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand And through the throng Lead safe along My child!

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was one Who bore a heavier for thee; my son, My well-beloved. For him bear thou; and stand With him at last; and, from thy Father's hand, Receive a crown, My child!

### MR. BEECHER AND THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered an address which was listened to with profound interest, in the recent National Christian Convention in New York City. The address, with what followed, is thus referred to by the *Advance*:

Many who heard Henry Ward Beecher at the late National Christian Convention held at New York, say that they listened to the happiest effort of his life. It is doubtful whether he himself would so regard it, as it was unstudied, and touched none of the magnitudes, and hence called for no extraordinary display of mental power. The subject itself was true enough—"how to conduct prayer-meetings," and showed to the full the wonderful power of the man in that for one hour, upon this subject, he held his audience under a spell of entrancement. It was a mingling of fun and pathos and sentiment and wisdom such as one seldom enjoys. The experience of years—an experience which commenced with a very poverty of numbers, and has culminated in having an average prayer-meeting attendance of nine hundred—was condensed into sixty minutes! Perhaps the best thing that can be said of it is that it awakened in many an appetite for more, as imperative as that of Oliver Twist. After the adjournment of the morning session about fifty men, mostly young, and identified with the hardest of Christian work in the most unpromising fields, gathered about him in order to wrest from him some of the secrets of his success. The results were too valuable to pass without entering record. The questioning lasted nearly an hour and a half. During that time, Mr. Beecher was in the centre of a densely-packed crowd, and not given a moment's rest. The questions were sometimes rambling, but nearly all tended to uncover an inward experience that others besides those then present would be glad to see. Omitting, of course, many things, the questions and answers were very nearly as follows:

"Mr. Beecher, what do you do with bores in your prayer-meetings?"

"Well, I try to be patient with them. Christ when he was living was troubled with bores, and I say to myself, Why should I not be? I try to tolerate them, and make something out of them. The man who is a bore now may become an effective worker if one is only patient."

"Well, but Mr. Beecher"—it was Mr. Moody that interrupted, as one might almost know from the character of the question—"there are some that are confirmed bores, and if you let them go on they will smother a prayer-meeting all to pieces—what do you do with them?"

"I never have and never will allow any one to 'smother' a prayer-meeting. If I can not bring about a reformation by privately talking to him,—if no other means will answer, I can say to such a man, sit down. But then, there are many ways to be tried first. If I see that a man is apt to talk in set phrase and continually repeat, I interrupt him with a question. A question is an obstruction in his track. He will have to get over it, or go around it, or come to a stand still. I ask him about his own experience in relation to what he is talking about, and in such a conversation there is no chance to be formal. I question the timid ones also. When I see that one that is deserving of aid is halting and stumbling, I help him with a question. There are a good many that can not make a speech in prayer-meeting that can answer questions."

"Do you make special preparation for a prayer-meeting?"

"Yes. That is, I always have a subject in my mind that I want to present. Sometimes it is adhered to by others, and sometimes it is not. When it is not, I never try to bring it back, but I try to develop the thought that comes out the most prominently. I try to find out as quick as possible the leadings of the Holy Spirit, and then follow them."

"Did you ever have to exercise any authority in prayer-meeting of the nature you allude to?"

"I had one man once that used to trouble me a great deal. He used,—and here Mr. Beecher impersonated him to the life, "he used to drag his words in the most tedious slow process that you can imagine. One evening he commenced as usual; 'I—hope—that—that—my—young—friends—will—not—like—me—put—off—their—consideration—of—the—interests—of—eternity,' and just then I interrupted him, by saying, 'Mr. —, if you go on that way much longer, Eternity will be here and half through before you finish!'"

"What are your theories for developing those that attend your prayer-meeting, and managing men?"

"I have no theories. One is to be developed in one way and another in another. One man lacks in this and another in that. It must be a minister's constant study to cultivate that which is feeble in men and to prune the overgrowth. As to managing men: I never see a man unless I think, Now, how could I manage this man? I am like an engineer that can never pass a fort without thinking, How could I take that fort?"

### I WILL IF YOU WILL.

Two young ladies in their visit among the absentees of their Sunday school class had to call at a shoemaker's. It was Monday afternoon, and a sad scene presented itself. The poor wife and children stood almost heart broken. The man had just returned from the public house, where he had been drinking with his companions ever since the Saturday night. His money was now all gone his head aching, and conscience tormenting him. The young ladies kindly remonstrated with him, and at last he said that he was doing wrong. One of the ladies then advised him to sign the Temperance pledge. He replied, "I will if you will."

Now neither of the Sunday school-teachers expected to have this said to them. They were in the habit of taking a little wine occasionally. They, however, reflected, that if this poor drunkard should be rescued, by God's blessing, through their example, it would more than repay them for the loss of the wine. One of them said, "I will sign, Mr. —, for yourself." "And I will too," said the other. A pledge paper was procured, and the names were duly entered.

Two years after, the writer had occasion to pass a Sunday in the place. I felt anxious to ascertain if the shoemaker continued firm to the pledge, and wended my way to the door of the once miserable dwelling. What a change! The room was well furnished, and everything bore the marks of comfort. The father had been with three of his children to the house of God. His children, also, not only regularly attended the Sunday school, but also a week day school, for which the father was well able to pay. Before I left, I read an appropriate psalm of thanksgiving to God for his mercies, and we then knelt around the family altar. When we parted, tears of gratitude prevented many words being spoken, but I felt thankful that a whole family, who were once apparently on the way to ruin, were now with their faces Zionward.

THE DIFFERENCE.—"You could not have preached such a sermon as that two months ago." Such was the remark of a deacon to a young pastor as he came down from the pulpit after having delivered, from notes, a plain, spiritual sermon. It was during a revival interest, and the good deacon was full of joy that his pastor had become greatly revived, awakened, spiritualized. The minister took out his manuscript and replied as follows:—"Brother, I have given you a sermon that I preached six months ago, and I remember distinctly that you were present and heard it. I then wondered that you did not appear to take any interest in it."

This occurrence was recently related by the pastor himself in our presence. The change, of course, was attributed wholly to the deacon. Possibly, however, the sermon was on the second occasion read with more of the love of Christ in the heart than at first.—A. K. M. in *Star*.

A LITTLE THREAD.—Payson once gave notice in Portland, that he would be glad to see any person who did not intend to seek religion. About forty came. He spent a very pleasant interview with them, saying nothing about religion, till just as they were about to leave, he closed a very plain remark thus: "Suppose you should see, coming down from heaven a very fine thread, so fine as to be almost invisible, and it should come and gently attach itself to you. You know, we will suppose, it came from God. Should you dare to put out your hand and thrust it away? He dwelt for a few moments on the idea and then added: "Now such a thread has come from God to you this afternoon. God has fastened one little thread upon you all. It is very weak and frail, and you can easily brush it away. But you will not do so! No, we will use it, and it will enlarge and strengthen itself until it becomes a golden thread to bind you forever to a God of love!"—S. S. Times.