

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, APRIL 15, 1869.

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The Intelligencer.

CROWDING TO TOUCH THE SAVIOUR.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPOONER.

"For he had healed many; insomuch that they pressed upon him, for to touch him, as many as had plagues."—Mark ix. 10.

Our Lord had been persecuted, and therefore he put forth many proofs of his power. When opposition attends the gospel it will be the more triumphant; the warnings of the devil prognosticate the success of the word.

When our Lord Jesus had done much, he was under a sacred necessity to do more; for every one who was healed, busied himself in spreading abroad the fame of the beloved Physician, and others laboring under similar infirmities hastened at once to receive the like cure. The more we do for Christ the more we may do, and I think usually the more we must do. If we hold back from Christian labor we may think that but little is required of us; but as soon as we once enter heart and soul into the Master's service, we shall feel as if we wanted a thousand hands and a hundred lives to overtake the growing demands upon us. I gather from the case before us in the text, that as it was with the Master, so will it always be with the servants; their pace of usefulness will increase in geometrical proportion, like that of a falling stone. Healed multitudes will act as willing decoys to attract multitudes of their unhealed friends. If there be any here who have received the grace of God, it will be natural for them to induce others to listen to the word of life, that so they also may find salvation in our exalted Saviour. Thus it is that more and more the kingdom grows, until the strongholds of sin are overthrow and the gates of hell are shaken. The little cloud no bigger than a man's hand increases till it darkens all the skies, and at last deluges the earth with blessing. Let us take care that we prove not an exception to this blessed rule, never let us by unholiness rob our Master of one of his best weapons, and the church of her greatest joy. You who are healed should publish abroad in every place the fame of the Friend of sinners, it is your privilege and your duty.

In calling your attention to the text, I shall notice the parallel which actually exists, and the fuller parallel which might be expected between the present times and those of the text. I shall then briefly notice the sins which prevent the parallel being carried out. Thirdly, I shall dwell a little upon the grace which invites us to complete the likeness; and, then, lastly, utter some cautions which may be useful.

I. First, the parallel which exists at this moment between these times and the text, and which might be expected more fully to exist.

Thus it is in the text: Jesus had healed many; these had informed other afflicted ones; those afflicted ones, anxious to obtain the boon, pressed around the Saviour in a mighty throng—every one striving to touch him that he might obtain immediate healing. At this present time, Jesus Christ has healed many. Spiritual sickness is as rife to-day as bodily sickness was in the period of our Lord's earthly sojourn; and he is at this hour graciously occupied in healing all kinds of moral deformity and moral disease. To our knowledge some great sinners have been saved. Some who were diseased with drunkenness, with dishonesty, with lasciviousness, have believed in Christ, and have been restored to virtue and to holiness. Surely, this ought to encourage others to hope that better things are possible to them through the Saviour's healing power.

The gospel has had free course in the slums of St. Giles; it has worked graciously in the mansions of Bloomsbury; the gospel has been found mighty in Bethnal Green, and it has been victorious in the West end. A few have been saved of the highest of the land; and not some only, but many of the poor in these last days have found Jesus mighty to save. Many who were lost to all spiritual things have been saved of late; during this last week many believed and were changed in heart. Every Sabbath souls are saved. We may not blazon it in the newspapers, nor parade the work of the Lord in the magazine, but for all that, God is giving us week after week to see evil men made good. We can assure you that those of us who are pastors, and watch for souls, constantly see Jesus at his gracious work with sinners. He is to-day healing men of the maladies of their souls.

Those whom Jesus has healed, have been most thoroughly and effectually restored. The drunkard has not merely been reclaimed for a time, but he has become throughout life, a sober, excellent citizen. The depraved and debased have not been lifted up to a transient hypocritical profession of a religion which they did not understand, but we confidently testify that they have been made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and are now amongst the most honorable members of society. Looking back upon our own observation during a course of years, those of us who are occupied in preaching the gospel, earnestly bear witness that in these degenerate times, as men usually call them, Jesus Christ exalted in the highest heavens is still delivering men from spiritual infirmities, saving them from gross vices and inordinate habits. So far the parallel exists, and it would be natural to expect to see it completed. Since many men diseased in soul have been healed, it might be reckoned on that great multitude of men would desire to be saved too. There are crowds of sick folk in every direction; there are many here this morning who are spiritually sick, with eyes that see not God, hearts that throb not with love to him, knees that bow not in earnest prayer, hands withered for all holy service, consciences seared, judgments unbalanced, imaginations perverse. All around us spiritual sickness of one kind or another meets our eye; even this house of God is crowded with diseased souls like a huge hospital. As for the great outlying population who fear God, what a scene of plague meets the spiritual eye; what pestilence stalks in public; what disease festers in private! Soul sickness being thus prevalent, and Jesus being still engaged in healing, how is it that the sick folk do not throng to him? How is it that every house in which Christ is preached is not crowded to the doors? Why do not men struggle and thrust one another to hear the glad tidings of redemption from their sins? How is it that they are not earnestly engaged in prayer? One would have thought that every house would have had its sighs, its groans, until Christ would reveal himself, and the inhabitants should be healed. One would have expected to find

whole families engaged in supplications, even to the neglect of worldly business for a time, until their souls were healed. Men lie by, awhile with bodily sickness, why not with soul-sickness? We might have imagined that we walked the streets men would run after us crying, "Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved?" The need of healing is great, the Physician is present—how is it that men sleep on and neglect such gracious opportunities which concern their eternal destinies? The parallel is not carried out. Men care nothing about the word of the salvation, if they hear it, they forget it; if some of them remember it, they do not practice it; if for awhile they practise it, their goodness is "as the morning cloud and as the early dew." The mass of mankind are content to be spiritually blind, and halt, and maimed, and talk as if their wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores, were marks of honor and emblems of health.

Now, this would not be wondered at if there were reasonable doubts as to whether Jesus did really heal the souls of men. But there is no doubt on the minds of those who have watched the various cases. Some of us have ourselves been healed, and therefore speak from assured experience. Here standeth a man before you, who by the space of five years was secretly bowed down with despondency and depression of spirits of an unusual sort—one whose life was spent at the very gates of hell, through sorrow of heart when but a youth; yet, in one moment was he lifted into perfect peace—a peace which he would not change with any man beneath the stars; and all that by a simple looking to whom who was crucified upon the cross. That one form of healing is a type of others; for all evils are overcome in the same manner. Jesus can heal you of your pride; he can deliver you from anger; he can cure you of sluggishness, he can purge you from envy, from lasciviousness, from malice, from gluttony, from every form of spiritual malady. And this he can do, not by the torturing processes of penance, or the exhausting labors of supererogation, or the fiery ordeals of suffering; but the method is simply a word from him, and a look from you, and all is done. You have but to trust in Jesus and you are saved; saved this moment, made a new creature in an instant; set on your feet again to start upon a new life, with a new power within you, which shall conquer sin. We who bear the testimony claim to be believed; we are not liars. Not even for God's honour would we palm a pious fraud upon you. We have felt in ourselves the healing power of Christ. We have seen it, and do so every day, in the cases of others, in persons of all ranks, and of all ages. All who have obeyed the word of Jesus have been made new creatures by his power. It is not one or two of us who bear this witness, there are hundreds who testify to the selfsame fact; not of ministers alone, but of other professions and callings. There are tradesmen here, there are gentlemen here, there are working men here, there are persons high and low here, who could, if it were fitting, rise and say, "We too, are witnesses that Christ can heal the soul."

Here, then, is the marvel, that those who know this do not immediately throng to Christ to obtain the selfsame blessing. "Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, 'tis wonderful!" The course of those of whom we read in the text was a rational one. They heard that Christ had healed many, and the true practical logic was, "Let us be healed too!" Where is he? Let us reach him. Are there crowds about him? Let us join one another, let us force our way into the mass until we touch him, and feel the healing virtue flowing forth from him. But men seem to have taken leave of their reason now. They know that the blessing is to be had, an eternal blessing not to be weighed with gold, nor compared with diamonds; and yet they turn their backs upon it! Selfishness usually attracts men to places where good things are to be had; but here is the chief of all good, the possession of a sound soul, the gaining of a new nature which will fit a man to be a partaker with angels of light in glory, to be had, and to be had freely, let him, untrue to himself, not even letting a right-minded selfishness govern him, turn him away from the fountain of all goodness, and goeth his way into the wilderness to perish of eternal thirst.

II. Secondly, and very solemnly, WHAT ARE THE SINS WHICH PREVENT THE CARRYING OUT OF THIS PARALLEL?

Painful is it to remember that one of the first sins which prevent men from pressing and thronging to touch Christ, is *ignorance*; the sin of willful ignorance, not knowing what they might know, not knowing in every truth what they have learned in theory. My dear hearers, many of you this morning are unconverted; you are just what you always were, men diseased by sin. You know that Christ is healing souls, and yet you have no desire to be healed, or the desire does not lead you practically to press to him for the blessing. I say one cause of this is your ignorance; you do not know your disease. You do not know the meaning of these three letters—S. I. N. If I were to put you through a few questions, you would admit the truth that you are sinners, but you do not know the meaning of your own confession. You would confess that you were born in sin, but then the true meaning of sin has never occurred to you, and the confession is, therefore, good for nothing. If I were to read the bottom of your soul, I should discover deeply engraven the belief that you are not very guilty, and that all your sins put together amount to nothing very serious. If you had indulged in some gross external act of iniquity, you might, perhaps have perceived its villainess; but you do not see any particular heinousness in those common-place transgressions into which you have fallen, and you are quite ignorant of the evil which lies hidden within in them. You are at rest, though God is angry with you. You remain at ease though you bear an unclean disease about you which will shut you out of Paradise. If a man were quite sure that he had a cancer in his breast, and knew that a medicine was to be found which would heal it, if he did not seek out the medicine, you would feel confident that he did not know what a cancer meant. So is it with you; you do not know what sin means; you do not know that the smallest sin is the beginning of hell, a spark of the infernal fire, the first cause of that unutterable torment, the smoke of which goeth up for ever and ever. O poor souls, to be so ignorant, where not to know is to be forever undone. May God's eternal Spirit shine like the sun into your dark spirit and reveal yourself to yourself. If I might pray one

prevailing prayer for every unconverted one here this morning, it should be this, "Lord make them to know their present state, and to tremble at it." Oh! if you did but know your danger, and knew the sweetness and efficacy of the remedy; if you did but know the punishment which is coming, and the blessedness of escaping from it, you would be amongst the first to press and throng about the Saviour to obtain healing from him. But ignorance holds many a back.

Akin to ignorance is *insensibility*. Many men know, but not feel. The masses of our houses, the unconverted I mean, have but very little feeling; indeed, spiritually they have none at all, for they are "dead in trespasses and sins." You may stab a dead man in a thousand places, but he will not cry out. So is it with ungodly men. You may tell them of the love of Christ, the story of which might surely melt a rock, and make the adamant dissolve; but if they feel any emotion it is but for a moment—a little superficial feeling, no sooner begun than ended, and they go their way to forget it all. The love of the bleeding Immanuel is an idle tale to them. Their hearts are like lead, and they feel no emotion at all; they are like dead men, and they feel no emotion at all. The love of the bleeding Immanuel is an idle tale to them. Their hearts are like lead, and they feel no emotion at all; they are like dead men, and they feel no emotion at all. The love of the bleeding Immanuel is an idle tale to them. Their hearts are like lead, and they feel no emotion at all; they are like dead men, and they feel no emotion at all.

In addition to this insensibility, there grows over unconverted hearers of the gospel a sad indifference about it all. I do not hear them speak out this indifference openly, but they might almost as well avoid it, for they really feel it. There is this kind of indifference: "Well, well, why make so much to do about it? If I am to be saved, I shall be saved; these things will happen in due time. Meanwhile, why make so much fuss about the soul? Our souls do not pay as a present investment, and we do very well with them as they are. We are at the desk from Monday to Saturday, we are in the shop or in the exchange all day long; really, a man must look to the main chance, and mind his business, or else nowadays he will soon go to the wall." There is a tacit persuasion among men that the soul does not matter, although few men would have the hardihood to say as much. Yet he who so soberly calculates, cannot but know that the soul is of the utmost consequence; for as the life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment, so must the soul be more precious than the body, especially viewed in the light of immortality. "What can it avail a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" When that funeral toll begins to toll, what avail shall it be to a man that he was learned and famous? that he made so much money and died, as men say, worth his many thousands? How can his wealth serve him if his soul, in all its naked deformity, is bound to stand before its God, its wounds unattended, its filth un washed, covered from head to foot with the loathsomeness of its sin? To hear the Judge say, "Get thee hence, thou hast no portion with the blessed, thou art shut out to death, get thee to the abode of the unclean forever," will be the everlasting death knell of all hope. O, sirs, you will then wish that you had given up all the world to have found Christ. You will then curse yourselves that you spent your lives in gaining an infinite loss, and hoarded and scraped more smoke and ashes. How will you mourn that you gave your minds to things which are not bread, and your labor for that which profiteth not, while you suffered your soul's weightiest affairs to go by default? Indifferent we may be now; it will be hard to be so indifferent on a dying bed; it will be impossible to be so before the bar of God. Here we may place earth first, but when we come to die, we shall find all mortal things recede. After death what a speck will earth appear! Our thoughts, except as they linger in our regrets, and aid former pains to our pains. Oh! I pray you, give your thoughts to heaven, for your immortal natures demand this of you. Pause awhile! Be sober! Give scope and room to sound judgment! Trifle not with eternity. If you must forget any part of your manhood, let it be the part which shall soon be worm's meat, and melt back to mother earth; but, O rob not your souls, defraud not your spirits, be not indifferent to your own best welfare.

(To be continued next week.)

THE LORD SENT HIM.

One Sabbath a poor drunken man walked in to one of our wealthy and fashionable congregations, and seated himself near the pulpit. He came in just at the close of the first hymn, and his shabby appearance and uncertain gait attracted general observation.

The minister had scarcely commenced preaching, when the stranger sank into a deep sleep; his loud snoring almost drowned the voice of the preacher, and one of the officers of the church approached to lead him out of the building.

"Let him remain," said the minister; "he does not disturb me. If he does you, try and bear with him. I hope that he may hear some word before he leaves which will persuade him to seek a new life. The man is not in his senses; there is some influence which we do not perceive which has led him here. I believe the Lord sent him."

The man continued to sleep on, but more quietly. The pealing of the organ and the singing of the choir at last aroused him. He started to his feet and gazed in bewilderment around. It was the old hymn, "Rock of Ages," which they were singing. He sat down and buried his face in his hands. What memories came thronging upon him who shall say? That he was afflicted might be seen by his flowing tears. He listened to the prayer which followed, a touching petition that all might repent and seek the Saviour, and that each one might find pardon and peace.

The next Sabbath he was again in church. This time he was a punctual and attentive listener. Although still shabbily dressed, he had paid some regard to his attire. He continued to attend and to improve in his appearance. In one

of the prayer-meetings he arose and said he hoped that he had become a Christian. He had had a pious mother; her great desire was that he might become a Christian. Since her death he had become a victim to intemperance. For years his course had been downward. On the Sabbath when he first entered the church, he had heard the singing, and paused to listen. A voice seemed to bid him enter. He thought it might be the voice of God speaking to him for the last time. Half overcome with drink and almost in rags, he entered the church. He heard part of the hymn, "Rock of Ages," the hymn sung by his mother upon her death-bed. The prayer, which followed seemed meant for him. He resolved to leave off his old habit, and by the grace of God he had kept his resolution.

He became a sincere and devoted Christian. Of that church he became a member, and subsequently a deacon. "I do not know," said his pastor, "a man more earnest, or more successful in doing good than he."—*British Workman.*

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

In the fifth chapter of Revelations, we read of a Lamb, as it had been slain, standing in the midst of the throne and of the elders. Before the Lamb—our Lord Jesus Christ—who thus stood in the midst of the throne and the elders, "four beasts and four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints. And they sang a new song, saying: Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and has made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." Would any one apply language like this to one who was only a mere man, no matter though the most exalted specimen of humanity which our nature has ever furnished? Assuredly not. There is something in the very idea at which our nature shudders that it ever should or could be said in heaven that any mere man could have redeemed those who were saved by the shedding of his blood. If any man on earth, however meritorious morally, and however exemplary in every conceivable class of circumstances, could pretend to have redeemed others by the shedding of his blood, the thing would appear preposterous—nay, blasphemous—that men's minds would turn away in mingled surprise and indignation at the fact. No creature, indeed, under heaven, not even the most excellent, in a moral point of view, could pretend that there was merit enough in himself to expiate his own guilt, much less atone for the transgressions of others. But it is here emphatically and explicitly affirmed that Jesus, or the Lamb, did redeem all who were saved by his own blood. Therefore, Christ must be Divine.—*Episcopalian.*

PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

It is estimated by the most reliable authorities that the population of the earth is 1,390,000,000. Of this number, 965,000,000 are Jews, nominal Christians of Asia, Mohammedans, and pagans. To enlighten these dark and dying multitudes, there are 48 Protestant missionary societies among American, British, and Continental Christians, who have in the heathen world 9,418 missionary preachers, colporteurs, and assistants, under whose care are 518,000 converted heathen children, with 235,000 pupils in school. The annual income of all these societies is only \$4,500,000—but a small fraction of the immense wealth held by those who profess supreme love to him who died to save the lost world. It is a serious question whether the followers of Christ begin to realize their responsibility in fulfilling the last commission of their Master, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Some of the bodies of Christians, though comparatively weak and small, are doing more in proportion to their numbers and ability than are the larger and more wealthy. The zeal and activity of the Moravians in the work of foreign missions is shown in the fact that their 87 churches, with an aggregate membership of less than 12,000 communicants, sustain 57 stations, with 1,430 laborers, and last year raised, from their own members and from other sources, 320,000 German dollars for their support, or about 18 American dollars a member.

What would be the results, if the members of other churches should show a like liberality? If the Baptists in this country should contribute in equal proportion, they would have to raise \$10,800,000 a year to send the gospel to the heathen. The Congregationalists would have to raise \$4,824,000; the Episcopalians, \$3,204,000; the Methodists, \$20,610,000; the Presbyterians, Old and New School, \$7,578,000; and the Reformed (Dutch) \$1,944,000. This would secure an annual aggregate of over fifty-seven million dollars contributed by professing Christians, in this country for the spread of the gospel over the world. Who can say that this would be more than their share? And who can estimate the vast results that, without doubt, would flow from the annual devotion of these millions to the extension of the kingdom of Christ throughout the world.—*Am. Messenger.*

A ROYAL TOMB.

The Mausoleum erected by Queen Victoria, within sight of Windsor Castle, for the remains of her husband, has cost about £1,000,000. The whole amount has been expended by the Queen out of her private fortune. The exterior is of marble of all colors and kinds. The building is of a central octagon surrounded by three chapels or recesses. The dome of the octagon, including a cross which surmounts it, is 83 feet, the height inside being 70 feet. The interior decorations are exceedingly elaborate in colors and designs, with gilding, painting and sculpture in profusion. A massive sarcophagus of highly polished Aberdeen granite, resting on a slab of polished black marble in the centre of the octagon, contains the Prince's remains. There is a kneeling angel in bronze at each corner. Upon the lid of the sarcophagus is a recumbent figure of the Prince Consort in white marble, the work of Baron Macchiotti. The dome above has a ceiling of blue, spangled with golden stars.

The ribs of the dome are supported with golden angels. In each of the side recesses a bronze and golden chandelier is suspended. Painted panels and sculptures adorn the walls, with inscriptions and traceries. In the recess opposite is the painting of the Resurrection; above it in

the ceiling, a fresco of the Ascension. There is to be a large painting, also, in each of the other recesses. The general result is said to be exceedingly impressive. Everything that affection could dictate, wealth procure and art achieve, has been done. The entrance to the Mausoleum faces east, and is reached by a flight of black marble steps, leading to a porch supported by granite columns, with a ceiling decorated with Venetian Mosses. The floor of the entrance, as well as of the entire structure, is formed of variegated marble, polished and inlaid in panels of various designs.

BENEFIT OF A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

An English paper has something to say about the benefit of a religious newspaper, which we commend to our readers; and if it should induce any to labor a little to increase the circulation of this paper, we shall not be sorry:

The day we live in is one which, beyond all former, requires especial attention to the quality and character of a newspaper. It is a mighty power either for evil or for good. People will have a paper; and if they shall not become the vehicles of food, poison in its stead will be accepted.

We have labored long and much to impress upon the heads of families the duty of taking our paper for the benefit of the household, contending that there is no process whereby so much can be done to enlighten the mind, to supply materials for rational conversation, to prepare young people for going forth, and with intelligence, respectability, and competence, discharging the duties of citizenship. A large portion of our best moral impressions and sentiments have been suggested, reiterated, and fastened on the mind by the family press. The pulpit does much; parental instruction, in many cases does much; but the press, in the present day, necessary to both. Let any reader of a well-conducted family paper open its pages, and consider thoughtfully its contents. There are in a single number sometimes from one hundred and fifty to two hundred separate and distinct articles, each one conveying an idea, a fact or a sentiment, and stated or illustrated so as to produce an effect in enlarging the reader's store of knowledge, or giving a right direction to thought, feeling, or action. Must not all this have its influence, and, in the aggregate, a mighty influence upon the reader? No reflecting man can fail to see that the fifty-two visits in a year of a carefully conducted paper—intelligent, correct, elevated in its moral tone, and withal interesting in its contents—must exert a great and blessed influence upon domestic life. Children growing up under such influences are far more likely to be intelligent, correct in their opinions and morals, and better prepared for the active duties of life, than they could possibly have been without it.—*British Banner.*

AFRICA.—An extensive revival of religion has recently been enjoyed in Western Africa. Not only emigrants to Liberia from this country, but also many natives have shared in the work. The native chiefs feel the influence of the work. Two messengers were sent the other day from an old man over a hundred years old, to inquire of the missionaries if they could send a "God-man," as they called him, to his town, to preach and teach. This man is a heathen, speaks no language but the Bassa, and has never seen a civilized town. He is the principal chief of this section of the country. His son is a church member; before his conversion he was a sorcerer. The old chief is anxious that his posterity should be better educated, and the natives are solicitous for the culture of their young men. A number of young men, once connected with mission schools, have strayed back into the country, carrying their religious impressions with them, and some of them now, as leading men, are opening the way for the gospel to run and be glorified.

Missionary stations exist at intervals for 2,000 miles along the Western coast, and tens of thousands bear witness to the benign influence of the gospel. The Christian churches number 15,000 members, and Arabic Bibles have reached the heart of the continent. A good work has been lately commenced in Upper Egypt.

South Africa, for 1,000 miles northward from the Cape, has been traversed by missionaries, and more than 20,000 communicants are the fruits of the gospel. The people are also receiving the customs of civilized life. In one small tribe of Zulus there are sixty American plows, and in another eighty. Three years since, six young heathen men, from a point 700 miles north of the Cape, came down to the missionary settlement, and they have just returned, devoted Christians, carrying with them bibles and Christian books, and announcing their intention of enduring persecution for their Christian efforts; but they say, "all these things we are willing to bear for Christ's sake."

QUAINT TITLES OF BOOKS.—In 1868, a pamphlet was published in London, entitled "A most Delectable Nougat for God's Saints to smelt at." About the year 1640, there was published a work entitled "A pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry," and another called "The Snuffers of Divine Love." The author of a work on charity entitles his book "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breaches"; another, who professed a wish to exalt poor human nature, called his labors "High-Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness"; and another, "Cranks of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." A Quaker, whose outward man the authorities thought proper to imprison, published "A Sign of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion." Breathed out of a Hole in an Earthly Vessel, known by the name of Emanuel Fish." At about that time there was also published, "The Spiritual Mustard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion," "Salvation's Vantage-ground, or a Louping-stand for Heavy Believers." Another, "A Shot aimed at the Devil's Headquarters through the Tube of the Covenant." Another, "A Reaping Hook well tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Christ, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." In another, we have the following copious description of its contents: "Seven Sals of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin; or, The Seven Potential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto is also added William Humble's Handful of Honey Suckles, and divers godly and pithy ditties, now newly augmented."—*Literary Pastimes.*