

# 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, SEPTEMBER 26, 1869.

Whole No. 819.

## ALBION HOUSE.

JULY 1, 1869.

### NEW GOODS,

PER STEAMSHIPS "DORIAN,"

FROM GLASGOW,

AND "UNITED KINGDOM,"

FROM LIVERPOOL.

One hundred cases and bales of DRY GOODS, being received, which completes the Stock for this season, comprising,—

A LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED

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### NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS.

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

### FANCY

AND

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TO WHICH

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE

THE

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS,

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, July 1, 1869.

MAY 1869.

## THOMAS LOGAN,

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NEW BRUNSWICK WARPS.

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THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, May 27, 1869.

## The Intelligencer.

### THE LOVE THAT INCLUDES ALL.

"Let brotherly love continue." It is natural enough for us to love some people, but to love all the brethren—the whole household of faith—is not so easy. To love those whose friendship or society give us pleasure is not difficult; but a brotherly love towards all—a Christlike love—a divinely-planted, grown and fruited love, universal in its affinities, notwithstanding there may be little to esteem and less by far to please—is too seldom found to exist, even among those calling themselves Christians. And yet this is the love demanded of us by our Master. In addition to the various beneficent loves commonly found among men, there must be another in lively exercise, prompting us to every kindness to all the brethren—to forgiveness for all injuries, to a tender blindness to the weaknesses and follies incident to fallen humanity. It must flow from love to God, and extend to all his real followers.

To do this is sometimes a great deal harder than to love a Hottentot, with five thousand miles between us. I may love the whole pagan world, and give my money freely, and my life even in their behalf—I may be without sin in the universality of my compassion for the islands of the sea, the morally desert places of the earth, and the barbarous "regions beyond"—and fall utterly when I try to love a man that has been or is now hateful to me.

In all our churches there are some who are disagreeable to their brethren—crooked sticks, knotty spirits, odd geniuses, quirky unadaptable souls. With these some are always in a ferment. They fume, bubble, effervesce and explode to gas, rather than continue in peaceable connection with these uncongenial elements. And after all, this disagreeableness may be not absolute, but relative to us, to our peculiarity of constitution, not to others. To John Smith and his family that hateful Christian may be pleasant and chivalry in the spring—that crooked stick may be straight as a line in geometry—that knotty spirit have the evenness of a saint—that odd genius the outlay of a noble right-royal soul—that quirky, unadaptable man may have the homogeneity necessary to make him extensively useful.

Walk therefore in love, my brethren, though little Christian opposition of disposition at times seems to characterize us. Walk in love; the hardest metals may be fused, and thereby intimately and usefully mixed. Walk in love, though diametrically opposed in some traits of your mental and emotional natures, since Christ has united the heavenly with the earthly, the divine with the human, the immortal with the mortal. There cannot possibly be so great diversity between you and any other brother as between you and the immaculate Jesus. "Walk in love as Christ also hath loved you."

I admit that there are those who are annoyingly indifferent to all the interests of the church. Like an iceberg, they float about a lifetime, useless and chilly, in the polar sea of Christianity; and if, by chance, they find their way down to warmer latitudes, it is only to shake fog and frost from their frozen drapery upon the fishing shoals of our spiritual Newfoundland. I admit that there are those who are intolerably heady, self-willed. Planted like a mile-post, they mean to hold their own at all hazards. I admit that there are those who are struck with a blindness that seems beyond every remedial agent known to the race—an aneurism that is fatal to the man, and annoying to the last degree to you. Truth is wasted on their paralyzed optics. I admit that benevolence is always found to be the lean ox in some men's stall. They give only when they must, and then seemingly with regrets more ardent than their prayers. I admit that there are too many lazy members in fellowship with all our churches. Stretched at full length in some shady dell, they lie basking in the sunshine, and listening carelessly to the thousand weird orolian voices floating in earth or air around them, while you are left to labor on alone, and endure hardships as good soldiers of Christ. All this I admit. The state of things is just as you say.

But what then? Is the duty of brotherly love thereby revoked? Does it hence become a nullity? Can Christ's new commandment be so easily abrogated? Is there permissible in Christianity a spiritual nullification of the grand individual and collective sacredness of fundamental principles—for such a cause? If so, where shall we stop? If love—the mark, sign, badge of Christian brotherhood—may be so summarily repudiated, what element of Christianity can withstand the repeating power of circumstances? Can faith in man, can benevolence, can any good thing survive the death of charity?

The truth is, without love one toward another, we are a Christian church merely in name. The shadow is there, but the substance is infinitely removed from us. We flaunt Christ on our banners, but drive him from our heart and life. The whole superstructure of our holy religion is gone; the church has become a rendezvous for cant and hypocrisy.

Let us walk in love as we ought—in that deep, all-comprehending love with which Jesus first loved us. Then will our churches be strong as God is strong. The gates of hell shall not prevail against them. The world may thunder in malice up to their very gates; skepticism may hurl its battering rams against their towers; every man may rage; the prince of the power of the air may hiss his legions from sea, earth and air upon a single point, to break our ranks; but with an elevated brotherly love in lively exercise, these massed forces of pandemonium must all fall back, with the demoralization of defeat chasing them to their Hadesan haunts. Church of the living God, "Let brotherly love continue!"—*Watchman and Reflector.*

### CHRIST'S CARE FOR US.

There is not a more significant truth for us, if Christians, than "that Christ careth for us." How it comes home to the forlorn, sad heart in the hour of its extremity, as a welcome panacea for all its sorrows! It encourages and invigorates the man for new efforts however dark and foreboding his prospects. Though all other friends prove treacherous and forsake him, he may always find in Jesus of Nazareth "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." It is not the embodiment of a general principle, or an abstract doctrine which appears beautiful in theory and intangible and indefinite in its application to practice, but to the man of faith it is a present, personal, vital reality, affording just the help he needs. He exclaims with a confidence,

"Yes, for me he careth,  
With a brother's tender care."

While we were under the dominion of sin he cared for us, else he would not have come to save us, and that in such a way as he did, by a life of sacrifice and a death of agony and of ignominy. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

What he has done for us in the rich and ample provisions of the gospel, what he is still doing for us in watching over us as our great Shepherd, in interceding for us as he stands at the mercy-seat above, in his ever-day dealings with us through his providence and his grace, and in what he will

do for us in the consummation of all things by the victory which he will secure us, and the crown which he will confer upon us, shows the nature of his care.

If this be so, what Christian will complain and doubt and refuse to bear the cross? When he is assured that all his labors, adversities, trials, yes, all things shall work together for his good, how can he hesitate, neglect, and even refuse to do what the Master bids him! How blind, how forgetful, how careless we are, not to apprehend, value and acknowledge the constant, watchful care of our divine Master.—*Star.*

### INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.

After we had embarked on a vessel to cross Lake Michigan, and were just ready to set sail, a young stranger came on board and entered the cabin. The few other passengers had already retired, and he seemed to suppose that he was alone, for he took out a Bible, read a few moments, and then knelt in prayer. He was evidently much engaged, but when the oaths of the captain and officers became very audible, his earnestness greatly increased, and, presently, he seemed in such an agony of spirit for those swears, that he could scarcely suppress his voice, while pleading with God to have mercy on them.

Early in the morning I was awakened by a loud voice in the companion way, calling out, "Here, whose tracts are these?" followed by threats and imprecations. "Those tracts are mine," responded the young stranger calmly. "I have but a few, as you see, but they are very good, and you may have one if you wish." The sailor smiled, and walked away, making no reply.

When seated at the breakfast-table, the young man addressed the captain, saying, "Captain, as the Lord supplies all our wants, if neither you nor the passengers object, I would like to ask a blessing on our repast."

"If you please," was the reply, with apparent good will. In a few minutes the cook was on deck, and informed the sailors, whose mouths were at once filled with curses. The captain apologized for the profanity of the crew, saying that it was common, and that they meant no harm by it.

"With your leave, Captain," said the young man, "I think we can put an end to it." The captain was embarrassed, and hesitatingly replied, "I might as well sail against a head wind as to think of such a thing."

"Well, I meant all I said," replied the young man.

"Well, if you think it possible, you may try it," said the captain.

The young man soon found an opportunity to enter into conversation with the oldest and most profane of the sailors, and drew from him a history of his adventures. At length, proud of his nautical skill, the sailor boasted that he could do anything that could be done by any sailor.

"I doubt it," said the young man.

"I can't," was the reply, "and will not be cut down, my word for it."

Well, when a sailor passes his word he ought to be believed. I know a sailor who resolved that he would stop swearing, and he did so.—"Ah," said the sailor, "you've anchored me, I'm fast, but I can do it."

"I know you can," said the young man, "and I hope you will anchor all your shipmates' oaths with yours."

Not a word of profanity was afterward heard in the vessel. During the day, as opportunity presented itself, he conversed singly with each sailor on the subject of his soul's salvation, and gained the hearts of all.

After supper he requested the privilege of attending worship in the cabin, and all the crew were assembled. He read Matthew's account of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection, and then looking around on us, he said, "It is risen; yes, Jesus lives—let us worship him." It was a melting scene. After prayer we went on deck and sang a hymn. All was peace and solemnity. We ceased just as the setting sun was flinging upon us his last cheering rays.

"Look yonder," he exclaimed, "you who have been nourished in the storm and cradled in the tempest. Look at the setting sun and learn a lesson that will make you happy when it shall set to rise no more. As rose that sun this morning to afford us light and comfort, so has the Son of God arisen to secure salvation to all who will accept of love him, and as that sun withdraws his beams and we are veiled in darkness for a season, so will the Son of Righteousness withdraw his offers of mercy from all who continue to neglect them. But remember, that season is one that never ends—one dark, perpetual night."

The captain, deeply affected, went into the cabin, took his Bible, and read in it until we had retired to rest. And thus for three days we regularly attended family worship, and had much interesting conversation on various subjects, for there was nothing in the religion of the young man to repress the cheerfulness of social intercourse. From his familiarity with the Bible, his readiness in illustrating its truths and presenting its motives, and from his fearless, but judicious and persevering steps, we concluded that he was a minister of the Gospel; but a few hours before we arrived in port, we ascertained that he was a mechanic.

Before we reached the wharf the captain came forward, and with much feeling bade him farewell, declaring that he was resolved to live as he had lived no longer. "I have had," said he, "ministers as passengers on board my vessel, on week-days and Sabbaths, but never before have I been reminded of the family altar, where my departed parents knelt."

As we left the vessel, every countenance showed that our friend had, by his decided, yet mild and Christian friendliness, won the gratitude of many and the esteem of all.—*Sabbath Day Miscellany.*

It is said that Dr. Chalmers once entertained at his table a distinguished guest from Switzerland, whom he asked if he would be helped to "kippered salmon." The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word "kipper," and was told that it meant preserved. The poor man in a prayer soon after offered a petition that the distinguished divine might be "kippered to the Free Church of Scotland."

Two classes of people are always out of debt—those who never want to buy what they have not the money in hand to pay for, and those who are such notorious rascals that they cannot get trusted.

## THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE CHINESE.

Was Columbus the first discoverer of America, or did he only re-discover that continent after it had, in remote ages, been found, peopled, and forgotten by the Old World? It is curious that this question has not been more generally raised, for it is very clear that one of two things must be true: either the people whom Columbus found in America must have been descended from emigrants from the Old World, and therefore America was known to the Old World before Columbus' time, or else the aborigines of the western hemisphere were the result of spontaneous human generation, the development of man from a lower species of animal, or descended from a second Adam and Eve, whose origin would be equally puzzling. Unless we are prepared to cast aside Holy Writ, and all our general notions of the origin of the human race, we must believe that there was at one time communication between the Old World and the New. Probably this communication took place on the opposite side of the world to ours, between the eastern coast of Asia and the side of America most remote from Europe; and I believe it is quite possible that the inhabitants of Eastern Asia may have been aware of the existence of America, and kept up intercourse with it while our part of the Old World never dreamt of its existence.

The impenetrable barrier the Chinese were always anxious to preserve between themselves and the rest of the nations of the Old World renders it quite possible that they should have kept their knowledge of America to themselves, or, at any rate, from Europe. The objection that the art of navigation in such remote times was not sufficiently advanced to enable the Chinese to cross the Pacific and land on the western shore of America is not conclusive, as we have now found that arts and sciences which were once generally supposed to be of quick modern origin existed in China ages and ages before their discovery in Europe. The arts of paper-making, printing amongst others, had been practised in China long before Europeans had any idea of them. Why, then, should not the Chinese have been equally, or more, in advance of us in navigation?

The sturdy ruins of Baalbek, with gigantic arches across the streets whose erection would puzzle our modern engineers, the Pyramids, and other such remains of stupendous works point to a state of civilization, and the existence of arts and sciences, in times of which European historians give no account.

One fact corroborative of the idea that the Old World, or at least some of the inhabitants of Asia, were once aware of the existence of America before its discovery by Columbus is that many of the Arabian *utema* with whom I have conversed on this subject, are fully convinced that the ancient Arabian geographers knew of Europe, and in support of this opinion point to passages in old works in which a country west of the Atlantic is spoken of. An Arab gentleman, a friend of mine, General Hussien Pasha, in a work which he has just written on America, called *En-Nesr-Et-Tayyir*, quotes from Djelkei and other writers, to show this.

There is, however, amongst Chinese records not merely vague references to a country to the west of the Atlantic, but a circumstantial account of its discovery long before Columbus was born. A competent authority in such matters, J. Hanley, the Chinese interpreter in San Francisco, has lately written an essay on this subject, from which we gather the following startling statements drawn from Chinese historians and geographers. Fourteen hundred years ago even America had been discovered by the Chinese and described by them. They stated that land to be about 20,000 Chinese miles distant from China. About 500 years after the birth of Christ, Buddhist priests returned there, and brought back the news that they had met with Buddhist idols and religious writings in the country already. Their descriptions, in many respects, resemble those of the Spaniards a thousand years after. They called the country "Fusany," after a tree which grew there, whose leaves resemble those of the bamboo, whose bark the natives made clothes and paper out of, and whose fruit they ate. These particulars correspond exactly and remarkably with those given by the American historian Prescott, about the maquis tree in Mexico. He states that the Aztecs prepared a pulp for paper-making out of the bark of this tree. Then, even its leaves were used for thatching; its fibres for making ropes; its roots yielded a nourishing food; and its sap, by means of fermentation, was made into an intoxicating drink. The accounts given by the Chinese and Spaniards, although a thousand years apart, agree in stating that the natives did not possess any iron, but only copper; that they made all their tools, for working in stone and metals, out of a mixture of copper and tin; and they, in comparison with the nations of Europe and Asia, though but little of the worth of silver and gold. The religious customs and forms of worship presented the same characteristics to the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago as to the Spaniards four hundred years ago.

There is, moreover, a remarkable resemblance between the religion of the Aztecs and the Buddhism of the Chinese, as well as between the manners and customs of the Aztecs and those of the people of China. There is also a great similarity between the features of the Indian tribes of Middle and South America and those of the Chinese, and, as Hanley, the Chinese interpreter of whom we spoke above, states, between the accent and most of the monosyllabic words of the Chinese and Indian languages. Indeed, this writer gives a list of words which point to a close relationship; and infers therefrom that there must have been emigration from China to the American continent at a most early period indeed, as the official accounts of Buddhist priests fourteen hundred years ago notice these things as existing already. Perhaps now old records may be recovered in China which may furnish full particulars of this question.

It is, at any rate, remarkable and confirmative of the idea of emigration from China to America at some remote period, that at the time of the discovery of America by the Spaniards the Indian tribes on the coast of the Pacific, opposite to China, for the most part, enjoyed a state of culture of ancient growth, while the inhabitants of the Atlantic shore were found by Europeans in a state of original barbarism. If the idea of America having been discovered before the time of Columbus be correct, it only goes to prove that there is nothing new under the sun; and that Stetley was right in his bold but beautiful lines: "Thou canst not find one spot where no city

stood." Admitting this, who can tell whether civilization did not exist in America when we were plunged in barbarism? And, stranger still, whether the endless march of ages in rolling over our present civilization may not obliterate it, and sever the two hemispheres once again from each other's cognizance? Possibly, man is destined, in striving after civilization, to be like Sisyphus, always engaged in rolling up a stone which ever falls down.—*Christian Freeman.*

### REWARD OFFERED.

A handsome reward will be given for the arrest and delivery at headquarters of Messrs. 'They say' and 'I understand,' who have been, and now are, committing fearful depredations throughout the country; such as tattling, lying, stealing, cheating, destroying property and character, robbing, and in some known instances, even taking life.

The above catalogue does not complete the list of charges against them, but it is believed to be sufficient to warrant their arrest. None are safe, not even the 'very close,' so long as they are permitted to run at large.

They are twin brothers, and, I believe, still have a father living, although he is very old, and, from present indications, is likely to live to be much older, notwithstanding he is suffering severely from a bruised head, which will doubtless prove fatal to him in the end.

His family is very large, and all are doing a 'driving' business, known as the firm of Belial, Abaddon & Co., as original proprietors; but they are doing business in every neighborhood under assumed names, some of which are very pretty.

'They Say' and 'I Understand' generally 'Poking-your-nose-into-others'-people's-business-Society.' They have often been closely pursued, but always manage to elude their pursuers, keeping next-door ahead. They have been known to be long to church, and to say prayers; and, if I mistake not, they have tried their hand at preaching. Their weapons, however, are generally aimed at church members.

I cannot give a personal description of these zealous characters, but they may be known by certain characteristics. For instance, after delivering their budget of interesting items, they will primp their sweet little mouths, go off in a convulsion of sighs, and piously groan out, 'I'm v-a-r-y sorry it's so; don't know how true it is—I always feared it would turn out so—don't tell any one, for the world,' and similar expressions.

Who ever apprehends the above characters, and risks society of their peculiar services, will make his name a sweet incense to the wise and good—a not trifling reward.

SAUL MINUS.

Polo, Illinois.

### THE WIFE.

Only let a woman be sure she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient, simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his hearty intentions; let her feel that her cares and love are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored and cherished in the fulfillment of her marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children, and society, a well-spring of happiness. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety, for her husband's love to her is a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, and adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A love with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed by words and looks and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out—is to a house without love as a person to a machine; one is life, the other is mechanism—the unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, a penetrating kindness to which the former is an entire stranger. The deep happiness of her heart shines out of her face. She gleams over it. It is airy and graceful, and warm and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the poetry and romance of life. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her exult high; and the end sanctifies the means. "Love is heaven, and heaven is love."

### MEMORABLE DATES.

1180, Glass windows first used for light.  
1246, Chimney first put to houses.  
1252, Lead pipes for carrying water.  
1290, Tallow candles for light.  
1292, Spectacles invented by an Italian.  
1307, Paper first made from linen.  
1341, Woolen cloth first manufactured in England.  
1410, Art of printing in oil.  
1440, The art of printing with moveable types.  
1477, Watches first made in Germany.  
1540, Variations in the compass first noticed.  
1543, Pins first used in England.  
1590, Telescopes invented by Porta and Jansen.  
1599, Jupiter's satellites discovered by Jansen.  
1601, Tea first brought to Europe from China.  
1603, Theatre erected in England by Shakespeare.  
1610, Thermometer invented by Sanctorius.  
1619, Circulation of blood discovered by Harvey.  
1623, Bricks first made of any required size.  
1626, Printing in colors invented.  
1629, Newspaper first established.  
1630, Shoe buckles first made.  
1635, Wine made from grapes in England.  
1639, Pendulum clocks invented.  
1641, Coffee brought to England.  
1641, Sugar cane cultivated in the West Indies.  
1643, Barometer invented by Torricelli in Italy.  
1646, Air guns invented.  
1649, Steam engines invented.  
1750, Bread first made with yeast.

A DIFFERENCE.—When William Kidd, a very able, useful and beloved Irish Wesleyan minister of a former generation, was once passing through the streets of Lisburn, he met two ladies. Mr. Kidd walked with a halt. One of the ladies said to her companion just as Mr. Kidd was passing, and sufficiently loud enough for the preacher to hear her: "That's Kidd, the lame preacher." "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Kidd, addressing the ladies, "it is not Kidd, the lame preacher, but lame Kidd, the preacher."

## WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

A London weekly paper sketches the Man of the Hour in these words:

There is a portrait which from from the shop windows stares you in the face in the midst of very ordinary-looking royal highnesses, serene dukes and eminent preachers, and elicits from the town man to his country cousin the words, 'There's Gladstone.'

It is a heavy, gloomy face—rocky, massive, and seamed with age, weariness and feeling. The faults of photography are just those which exaggerate the prominent characteristics of this dark face; but at its worst aspect these *caricatures de nature*, as such portraits are foolishly called—no sane man, no gentleman, ever having used one for a visiting card—will reproduce its leading features at its most unfavorable aspect. As you look into it you say: 'Ah, and so that man has achieved his highest ambition; he is *de facto* a constitutional king, much more powerful than President Grant of America, over a sixth part of the globe, eight millions six hundred thousand square miles of territory; and what he does, thinks or says, can materially affect the well-being of nearly two hundred and fifty millions of people, actually one-fifth part of the human race! He is the chief Minister of the Crown of the most ancient monarchy in Europe, the leader of the most brilliant and eloquent public assembly of the Mother of Parliaments, and of the freest people in the world! He started in life as a Liverpool lad, the son of a merchant of that town. He was a schoolfellow to Charles Keen, the actor, who fretted his little life away amid paint and spangles, and now lies dead, aged sixty; while Gladstone, with his Eton education, his double first at Oxford, his luck, his pluck, his undoubted hard work, is at about the same age the most popular minister that we have known for years, most powerful, too—hardly excepting Count Bismarck—who will pull down the Irish Church, and in a contest with the House of Lords will beat that historic and august assembly. And yet he does not look very happy. Is it worth while being the Prime Minister after all?'

Some such reflection the face must call up. Scared and scared as it is, we see in it extinct passions—yet not so extinct but that the underlying fires may burst forth. The head is large and very fine; the ear low, but too large; the brain power, from back to front, enormous; the hair, thin and iron-gray, is worn from the forehead, which justifies the novelist's adjective of 'massive'; the eyes are deep, and gleam from under strong, thick eyebrows, so deep that some one said—but he must have been a 'spooney'—that 'looking into them was like looking into a universe.' The nose is cogitative; the mouth stern, cruel and vindictive; the chin square; the jaw shuts with a vulpine expression, and exhibits immense power. The face is a remarkable face; it's possessor was once called a handsome Gladstone! It is, perhaps, as handsome now as ever; but it was never attractive. Two historical faces are somewhat recalled by it when you look at it—two faces set against each other in their day—the one is Stafford, who lost his head through Land and Charles I.; the other is Oliver Cromwell; but dress up Gladstone in a buff suit, a lace collar, and the singularly handsome but richly plain dress of a Puritan leader, and you would be carried back to the seventeenth century—such is the type of face.

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE MORALIST.—A Christian is one who is positive. A Christian is a fruit-bearer. A moral man is a vine that does not bear fruit. But then it bears everything else—good leaves, a good strong stem, a healthy root, everything that is good and nice in it, except the fruit. A Christian man is one that develops grace into positivity. He acts out of himself and never others. A moral man is one that simply defends himself from the action of evil. A moral man is like an empty bottle, well corked, so that no defilement can get into it—so that it may be kept pure within. Pure! And what is the use of a bottle that is pure, if it is empty and corked up? A moral man, I repeat, is a negative. He does not swear, he does not steal, and he does not murder, and he does not get drunk, and his whole life is *not*. His language is, 'Thou shalt not,' and 'Thou shalt not,' and 'Thou shalt not.' He is not all over, and nothing more. He is not positive. There is no aversiveness to him.—*Rev. H. W. Beecher.*

THE DUST-COVERED BIBLE.—Some years ago, a clergyman in Ireland took for his text one Sabbath morning, "Search the Scriptures." In the course of his sermon, he quoted a passage from John Wesley, to the effect that the bible "sometimes had dust enough on its cover to let you write 'damnation' on it." One of his hearers was struck by the remark, and on her return home repeated it. She was overheard by her brother, who had casually absent himself from church that day. The startling thought fixed itself in his heart like an arrow. He retired to his room, and took down his Bible. Looking at its dust cover, and scarcely knowing what he did, he traced on it the appalling words of the preacher. He looked at them, read them again, and bursting into tears, flung himself on his knees, and confessing his past sins, sought grace that he might prize it more in the future. The Bible became his companion, and to his dying hour he bore witness to its sustaining power, and his joy in the God it reveals.

See how much came from a seemingly random word spoken eighty years before.

GRECIAN BEND.—We are pleased to observe that a lady in Salem has burst into a satirical song against the Grecian Bend. She prefers "a bend over the wash-tub and over the churn," over the cradle and over the good Book, "a bend at church," and "a bend that shall not be like the camel's hump," or "the pannier of the donkey." She is unalterably opposed to all fashions which make women "shake in December, and sweeter in June," and with "the love of a bonnet just perched on one hair," she keeps no terms. She avers that most of the fashions are invented "to hide some deformity." This may be the purpose, but not, we venture to assert, the result. Many of the modes which to-day obtain, simply italicize defects which might otherwise escape the eyes of masculine critics, as we can confidently assure our female readers, fair or otherwise.

Pardon is a glorious kind of revenge. I think myself sufficiently revenged of my enemy if I pardon him. Cicero did more commend Caesar for pardoning Metellus than for the great victory he obtained over his enemy.