

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.

Vol. XVI.—No. 20.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1869.

Whole No. 800.

FALL GOODS.

October, 1868.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,

IS DAILY RECEIVING HIS STOCK OF

NEW GOODS,

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CONSISTING OF

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Prints, Osnaburgs,

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THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, October 23, 1868.

ALBION HOUSE.

APRIL 23, 1868.

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PER STEAMSHIPS "DORIAN,"

FROM GLASGOW,

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A LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED

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WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE

THE

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, April 30, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

THE HILL COUNTRY OF GALILEE.

TIBERIAS AND ITS SURROUNDINGS—MOUNT TABOR.

Tiberias is a hot place; so hot indeed that it was impossible to remain in our tent during the day. As I had before found a retired spot outside of the city, I now sought shelter in a room in an old castle, from which there was a fine view of the lake and surrounding country. It was only once disturbed by the entrance of a rough-looking man, not a pleasant visitor in such a place. Later we rode out, directing our course toward the lower end of the lake. Riding thus in a southerly direction, as soon as we passed beyond the walls of the city, we encountered ruins of an ancient town on every side—columns and foundation walls, now mostly covered with rubbish. They extended as far as the hot springs, a ride of about twenty minutes. These springs are near the shore, and are noted for their medicinal qualities. As the water has a temperature of 144 degrees, it might be supposed to have some effect upon one bathing in it. I entered the bathing place, but could remain but a moment in the bath-room, the air was so suffocating. This is a large square room with a tank in the centre, into which all go indiscriminately. I am told, however, there is a smaller room, which a good bathshik will open. The waters tasted bitter, and have a strong smell of sulphur. In the time of Pilate and Josephus they were visited by large numbers of people, some from great distances. We rode along the pebbly shore until we came in sight of the outlet of the lake where it pours its waters into the Jordan.

Having also looked upon the ruins of ancient Tiberias, renowned in the wars of Josephus, we turned our horses' heads again towards the city. Within a few hours the appearance of the sea has entirely changed. A strong north wind is stirring it from its depths, and the white caps sparkle in the sunlight. I could not believe, if I had not seen it, that so strong a wind could descend so suddenly and make it so dangerous for any boat caught on its surface. This must explain the fear of the disciples and their cry unto Jesus for protection. On our return we rode through the streets of Tiberias; no easy task when the streets are so narrow, and the arches, which every few yards reach from one house to another, threaten to sweep you from your horse. Tiberias is one of the holy cities of the Jews. According to their belief, the Messiah will rise from the waters of the lake, appear in this city, and establish his throne at Saida. Their aged men come from all parts of the world to the here, that here they may be buried, and here they may rise at that day. So in this place we find a large Jewish population. They are poor and pale, and sickly looking.

We reached our tent as the sun sets behind the western hills, and partake of our evening meal with thoughts of him who so bountifully provides for all our wants. Later I go forth into the beautiful moonlight, look out on these waters and realize the force of his words when he said, "It is I, be afraid!" And as one has been beautifully expressed it for all the nights and mornings of life, what sweeter and stronger words can cheer and brace the heart than these, spoken by the same voice, to heart after heart, age after age.

On Friday, we left the Sea of Galilee. The night has been very warm and we have slept but little. An animal got into the tent and brought us all out of bed. Better thus than was the case with an American party in Nabulus lately; when a slit was made in the canvas of their tent, and everything moveable was carried out without their knowing it. It is quite amusing to see in what a state of excitement Ibrahim our muleteer is in. While here he has traded off his little dockey and has made a great bargain—will not allow it out of his sight—pays it—dances about it, is as much pleased as a child with a toy. One of the gipsy women not favoring the exchange, he is anxious to be away and fearful they may steal it. So when we arose this morning, we found him sleeping by its side, one end of the rope tied to the donkey's leg and one end to his own, thus anchoring it. It is 3 o'clock, and the tents are taken down and the mules loaded by the light of the stars. The heavens are so brilliant that it is all sufficient.

We pass out of the gate of the city just as the light commences to break in the east. Our road lies over the high hills back of the city, and as we climb them, by a winding path we watch the changing sky in the East, and look down upon the lake like a silvery sheen below us. No description can give an idea of the glories of an Eastern sunrise, before the sun comes forth to view. Such brilliant hues of orange and of red and of purple and of violet. And at last so brilliant do these colors become, that it seems if the heavens would be torn asunder.

In fifty minutes we are one thousand feet above the sea, passing near the spot where was fought that great battle which confirmed the Median power in this land. Here the "fate of the Crusaders was sealed." The flower of the army was here assembled, and also the Mohammedan hordes led by the great chief Saladin. The latter posted his army on the heights above Tiberias, and others cut off the Christians from access to the waters of the lake. This was the principal cause of their defeat. Without water all the night, they fought the next day under a burning sun without a drop to moisten their tongues.

But a more interesting spot we now pass on our right, Kunin Hattin or the horns of Hattin. This named probably as it has been explained from some fancied resemblance in the two projecting knobs on its summit to the horns of a camel's saddle. This must have been the Mount of Beatitudes. The scene of that wonderful sermon on the Mount, one of the discourses as it has been suggested having been spoken to the disciples alone on the top and the other in simple language to the multitude on the plateau below. The nature of the ground would well agree with this explanation. More of the mountain range of Galilee is before us, which we pass over by a stony road. On the other side we go a little out of the way to ride through the deserted village of Kefi Saba, deserted because none of their property was safe from the roving Arabs. It is delightfully situated, and yet these people must gather up what little they had, and go forth and seek a new home. We now descend into a beautiful plain with a rich soil, and presenting every advantage that our western prairie affords to the farmer. But no human being is in sight, no crops

have been sown or reaped. Through this plain runs the great road from Egypt to Damascus. And here on our left are two immense stone buildings, with large towers on their corners. They were built and used in ancient times for the protection and accommodation of those large caravans that formerly passed along this way, bearing the wealth of the East. We watered our horses at the fountain which springs up in these deserted courts. It is only when a great fair is held here that any human being is seen. And then I am told they all return early to their own villages, and not one is to be seen in this plain after sunset. All these people stand in such fear of the Bedouins.

Lifting our eyes to the South, Tabor rises before us apparently very near, because of the clearness of the atmosphere. It is one of the most prominent objects in the landscape in this part of the land. The Palmist makes it one of the representative mountains. The North and the South then have created them; Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in this name. Travellers vary much in their descriptions of it. I think this can be accounted for from the fact that they approach it from different directions. As we draw near, coming from the north east, it appears to have a greater length from east to west, and it does not present so much of a small rounded surface on top. In fact, Mount Tabor is simply a small mountain by itself with plains and valleys on all sides.

From this side it presents a beautiful aspect, wooded from the plain to the summit. I had a happy surprise, expecting to find simply a bare, bald mountain. Now, I can understand the prophet's exclamation, "As Tabor is among the mountains, as Carmel by the sea," we cannot go up here, but must take a circuit round to the northwest corner. We, however, cut off the distance by following a path over the first ridge before really coming to the mountain, and striking the road higher up. This part of the ground is covered with dwarf oaks, which look at a little distance like apple orchards. At this point we find that the road has been repaired, and is very good for this country, so that we ride to the very top.

So wooded are the sides that only here and there we catch a view of the country below us. Beautiful wild vines cling to the trees and velvet moss to the rock. On the top we were surprised to find a number of large buildings built of cut stone and fitted up with all the conveniences of a modern establishment, and to hear a bell sound forth in silvery tones from this height seemed stranger still. It had been taken up, we learned with great difficulty, by an apparatus fastened to four camels. This is a Greek Convent, lately erected by the Greek Church, from money furnished by Russia. This government is very liberal in its grants to the Greeks in this land, evidently looking forward to what may be in the future. But what good fairy monks stowed away in these buildings, far from all their race, can accomplish, I was unable to learn. I turn away from this modern structure to observe the remains of old Roman times. In the ascent we had passed around the ruins of the Roman fortifications, and here on the top are solid masonry of beveled stones, dating back to the commencement of our era. Here are also arches, vaults and foundations. Under the shade of one of these arches we ate our lunch and drank of the pure water out of a cistern hewn out of a rock. This place was thus occupied and fortified by the Roman soldiers in the time of Christ. From this fact and also that the narrative leaves our Saviour just before this event at Banaes, the transfiguration could not have taken place here. After lunch we climbed over the ruins to the highest point, 1,900 feet high, and looked forth on the beautiful panorama at our feet. To the East I can trace the valley of the Jordan and catch a glimpse of a corner of the sea of Galilee, 1,200 feet lower than the plain around—beyond that sacred river the table land of Bashan and the mountains of Gilead. On the South across the valley there runs up from the East and upon the opposite mountain of Little Hermon, our gaze is fixed upon the two cities of Nain and Endor not far apart; and to the West one of the most beautiful plains in the land stretches out before us, even to Carmel—the plain of Esdraelon.

This mount is especially memorable in the Old Testament as the gathering place of Deborah and Barak with their ten thousand men, and after the battle was over there sang Deborah and Barak that song of songs.

It was also once one of the high places for judgment which was pronounced on the priests, because they have been a snare to Mizpah and a self spread upon Tabor. But here the true worship of Jehovah was known, as in the prophetic blessing on Issachar and Zebulun—They shall call the people unto the mountain; they shall offer sacrifices of righteousness.—R.A.C. in *Chr. tian Freeman*.

NEVER DESPAIR.

There is a story of one who had wasted a noble patrimony, till, having sold his last acre, he was driven out on the world a beggar man. He ascended a rising ground to take a last look of the broad lands of a long line of ancestors; and sweeping his eye over a scene full of bitter regrets, he sat down, and wept, and cursed his folly. Sudden as the conversion of St. Paul, a change came over him. Dashing the tears from his eyes, he sprang to his feet, and saying—the expression of an energy till then unsuspected, latent in his bosom as fire in a cold flint—"I'll be one more the lord of all these lands!" he took his way into the true world. There, stopping at once to the nearest occupation, watching for and seizing every opening to get on, denying himself all but the bare necessities of life, toiling for long years with a self-denial that indulged in no pleasures, and an energy that never flagged, working for money as if he had been working for salvation, he achieved his object. The prodigal returned to his father's hall as a beggar and care-worn and grey haired man, but the owner of every acre he had lost.

Nor, however desperate our circumstances in this world may seem, should we ever yield to despair. When there is neither shore nor sail in sight, and one after another of his fellows have dropped off into the sea, the shipwrecked sailor clings to the plank, hoping against hope. Nor in vain. At the moment when he is saying his last prayer, and unable to hold on longer, is taking his last look of the sun and sky and sea, a ship heaves in sight; his signal is seen; a boat is lowered, and the castaway, ere long, is safe on board—plucked from the jaws of death. A sweet

flower that grows not, indeed, within the grave, hope, blooms on the edge of it; and when life seemed to be gone, no pulse was felt to beat, nor was there breath enough almost to move a feather or dim a mirror, how strangely has life revived! In some instances presenting a recovery almost as wonderful as a resurrection! And still less are we to despair of the soul; and, giving it up as lost, sit with folded hands as if nothing could be done. God is not willing that any should perish. Who knows but He may have left the sinner to go on in his sins till the very brink of hell was reached, just to show his power to save! Under a covenant where mercy is bestowed without merit, and salvation is not of works, but of grace, free grace, Jesus can save at the very uttermost. Indeed, the dying thief he bore to heaven from a neighboring cross, the first fruit and trophy of his own, was one saved at the uttermost. Therefore, so long as there is life there is a plank for hope to cling to, ground enough about the flood for the sole of her blessed foot; and, as with the lamb, when David, turning on the savage beast, plucked it bleeding from the lion's jaws; as with the widow, when brought to her last handful of meal, she went out and met the prophet; or, as with the thief who never got spiritual life till, nailed to the tree, he was at the point to die—man's extremity may be God's opportunity.

But life once gone, ah! the door is shut. Hopeless as the attempt may seem, a man may have recovered lost property, recruit shattered health, retrieve his character, and get his soul redeemed; but, yonder, they that are wicked shall be wicked still, and they that are righteous shall be righteous still. The line that divides time from eternity, passed by a moment, by a single step, he who is lost is forever lost.—*Sunday Magazine*.

A WOMAN'S TESTIMONY AGAINST DRUNKENNESS.

So much has been said and written upon this subject by men of science and women of literature, that, if their arguments and entreaties are passed by unheeded, and the using of intoxicating drinks to an alarming extent still prevails, and our quiet villages and broad prairies are desecrated by the loathsome licensed grog-shops, it may seem of but little importance, if not an absurdity, for me to undertake to say anything against a practice so universally prevalent and permitted. But as a woman, and in defence of women's rights in this respect, I would wish for a tongue of eloquence and a pen of fire, to hurl argument after argument in support of my cause. But do we need such arguments? Does not every day show the result of the fire-demon in our midst? When by its effects the strong man is laid low, and raves in wild delirium, it is then he will acknowledge that it is woman's work to cool the heated brow, and by every art that she is in possession of, restore him to life and health.

The faithful woman works on with all the energy she possesses, not caring for self, though her hopes are destroyed, and all prospects of happiness in the future blighted; and with the cry of anguish we hear her exclaim: "Oh, he must not die!" The husband of her youth! The father of her children! Yet dying, and dying thus! O God! pity and help her; in thee and thee only can she find consolation. But has she any less pity for the slave to strong drink? We think not. Though he speaks in contempt of her entreaties, and in his false pride of self-identity he considers her words and warnings as weak and not worthy of his consideration, though she is the woman that he has sworn to protect, we do not think that he is capable of protecting himself, much less any one else.

Oh, could we think of some plan to break the chains that bind him, so that he could see himself as we see him! Then think you he would consider our reproaches, our reproaches, vain or weak? We think that instead of curses we should receive thanks. The reproach that we have given him not at all times, be mind. They tell us to talk mildly to the inebriate; yes, talk mildly if you can, to the son, husband, father, or brother, as drunken he reels under the influence of the poisonous fluid, heedless of its effects, careless of your piteous heart and tearful entreaties, as he plunges headlong to destruction. But, I ask, are we women doing all in our power to hurt the tyrant king from this throne?—and we might kill him dead, yes, thrice dead—or do we offer respect for him, in our closets, or on porches, and upon some slight indisposition do we mix up a stew, sweeten it with loaf-sugar, and make it as tempting as possible for our loved ones, and then say, "Here son," or daughter, as the case may be, "take this and go to bed, and you will feel better in the morning," creating thus an appetite that is not in our power to stay. To the thirst for drink we cannot say, Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther. If such is our practice, let us think of all the misery it has caused. See your sons grown to manhood, sipping occasionally at the bottle, and, after a while, get a little "tippin'" as they term it. Then you will remonstrate that you hate drunkenness; but can you feel and say, "I am innocent?"

We often hear the remark from the maiden, the wife, or mother, "I do not like to see one drunk; but it will not hurt any one to take a dram once in a while, especially if they feel bad." Just as though they could tamper with this demon of destruction and not be contaminated with it. Sometimes the man that says he is trying to serve his God so far forgets the cause in which he has enlisted, and the higher attributes of his nature, as to be kind to the slave of King Alcohol, and drinks health to his majesty, and for a time gives himself up to the temptations of the devil, and the wiles of the wicked one. We pray that such an one may see his danger in time, before he finds it necessary to seek the bowl for relief to drown a guilty conscience.

The physicians tell us that we can not do without liquors; that they are indispensable to the sick. If this is the case, then let it be confined to the sick-room; and if our sick have to take it, let us mix with it our quinine, castor oil, and all the nauseating medicine we can, without hurting them, just to kill the taste a little. Let the room be darkened a little with whiskey; it is said it kills poison. Think you, when our patients recover, they would have any particular liking for it? We think not.

To work in the cause of temperance is next in importance to that of religion, and is a duty which we owe to God and posterity; and God forbid that we, as women, should help to place the usurper, King Alcohol, on the throne, for we feel that when Alcohol reigns king our sex is no less pro-

trated to the earth than in those gloomy regions of Mohammedanism, where the crescent waves in triumph over the cross.—*Mrs. Leona Barson in Telescope*.

THE LAST DANCE.

During the occupancy of the city of Moscow by the French army, a party of officers and soldiers determined to have a military levee, and for this purpose chose the deserted palace of a nobleman. That night the city was on fire. As the sun went down they began to assemble. The women who followed the fortunes of the French army were decorated for the occasion. The gayest and the noblest of the army were there, and merriment reigned over the crowd.

During the dance the fire rapidly approached them; they saw it coming, but felt no fear. At length the building next the one they occupied was one fire. Coming to the windows, they gazed upon the billows of fire which swept the city, and then returned to their amusements. Again and again they left their pleasures to watch the progress of the flames. At length the dance ceased, and the necessity of leaving the scene of merriment became apparent to all. They were enveloped in a flood of fire, and gazed on with deep and awful solemnity.

At last the fire communicating to their own building, caused them to prepare for flight, when a brave young officer, named Carnot, waved his jeweled hand about his head, and exclaimed: "One dance more, and defiance to the flames." All caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and "One dance more, and defiance to the flames," burst from the lips of all. The dance commenced; louder and louder grew the sound of music, and faster and faster fell the pattering footsteps of dancing men and women, when suddenly they heard a cry: "The fire has reached the magazine! Fly—fly for your life!" One moment they stood transfixed with terror; they did not know the magazine was there, and ere they recovered from their stupor the vault exploded; the building was shattered to pieces, and the dancers were hurled into a fearful eternity.

Thus will it be in the final day. Men will be as careless as these ill-fated revelers—yea, there are thousands and tens of thousands as careless now. We speak to them of death, the grave, judgment, and eternity. They pause a moment in their search for pleasure, but soon dash into the world and forgetfulness as before. God's hand is laid on them in sickness, but no sooner are they restored than they forget it all and hurry on. Death enters their homes, and the cry is heard, "Prepare to meet thy God!" but soon, like Carnot, they say, "One dance more, and defiance to the flames," and hurry on. The Spirit of the living God speaks powerfully home to their hearts, and they shake, tremble, and are amazed; but earth casts a spell around them, and sings to them its songs, and with the cry, "time enough," "be and by," they speed on, stifling the voice, till often, ere days or months have passed, the bolt has sped, the sword has descended, the Judge has arisen, and the soul is lost forever—lost! LOST! LOST!!!

"Then haste, sinners, haste, there is mercy for thee. And wrath is preparing—haste, linger, die!"
—*Christian at Work*.

HEART WORK.

The devout Nehemiah and his associates rebuilt the walls of Jerusalem, amid many hindrances and discouragements, in a very short time. The reason for this remarkable success, is stated in a single sentence: "For the people had a mind to work." Clark says: "The original is very emphatic; 'Had a heart to work.' The sense is, the whole mind and heart were deeply intent on accomplishing the work. No flattery, hardship or danger could stop the laborers, as the Bible account of this enterprise clearly shows.

Cause and effect are ever the same. Intellect and affection, both keenly alive in the work of God, will accomplish wonders as of old. They move the body, by awakening each organ to act promptly. Feet, hands, ears, eyes and tongue—all the members, answer their imperative call promptly. The mind and the heart, both aroused to intense activity, give the most favorable condition for successfully building the walls of a symmetrical Christian character. Thus developing latent powers, and growing our Christian graces, in the light and warmth necessary to healthful development.

"All our actions take Their hue from the complexion of the heart, As landscapes their variety from light."

Those who "have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered," are the acceptable servants of Christ. This is the kind of work, too, that moves the world, notwithstanding its flattery and threats, enduring, suffering, laboring and dying to build up the cause of God. His laws are put into their hearts and written in their minds. Then "from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If "our hearts burn within us, and we long to speak," then shall we speak so as to move deeply other hearts.

"If among our hearts, our heads are right in vain." O, how telling are the words and deeds of Christians prompted by the overflowing heart to work for Christ! God works through consecrated earnest hearts. They successfully build the walls of our Zion who have "a heart to work." It will lead to activity in every department of Christian labor, in secret devotions at the family altar, in the meeting of worship, in liberal contributions to sustain the institutions of religion, and in our daily deportment. Heart work is effective, successful, and rarely fails to win. Here is the secret of a mother's influence, the greatest earthly power to mould us. Her instructions, reports and approvals are from pure love, given in tearful affection. Reader, see that your heart is in your work, and your work in every good cause, and your harvest is sure.

SKEPTIC-MAKERS.—Thomas Paine made men skeptical. So did Voltaire, and Strauss, and Renan. Infidels make men infidels. They write down Christianity—they talk it down. There are professing Christians who are skeptic-makers. What? A follower of Christ destroying men's faith in Christianity! How? By living it down. The best argument for Christianity is a holy, consistent life. The best argument against Christianity is an unholy, inconsistent life. The believer professes to be actuated by higher and better motives than the world, but if his life is down on the common plane, men lose faith in the thing which he claims to possess. If a believer alleges that he is controlled by Christ, and yet is evident-

ly controlled by self and sin and the world, men say the religion of Jesus Christ is a sham. If a believer asserts that he has a new life, has been born again, and yet acts like other men, seeking their delights, and relishing sinful things, men say that regeneration is a religious fiction. If a Christian claims to believe what the Bible says about the future condition of the lost, while yet he makes no effort to pluck these brands from the eternal burning, nor fervently prays for their salvation, men say he but half believes what he professes, and they wholly disbelieve it. Through these and similar means do even professing Christians make men skeptical on the whole subject of religion.

Believer, what is the tendency of your life? What is the living argument you furnish? You are either confirming men in faith, in the truth of Christianity, or you are strengthening them in their belief. Are you a skeptic-maker?—*H. L. M.*

UNIVERSALISM TESTED.—A. Do you really believe that the wicked who die without the exercise of repentance will be just as happy in the future world, as the most consistent Christians?

B. I do.

A. Then you believe that there is nothing to choose between the condition of the righteous, in the future state, and that of the wicked?

B. Certainly, I have no lack of faith in theory that all will be saved, and that immediately after death.

A. Will you now give a direct and honest answer to my more question?

B. I promise that I will answer it as plainly as possible.

A. Suppose you knew that you should pass into eternity in just five minutes, and, suppose, to that you could have your choice to go and be with Paul, and receive "a crown of righteousness" like his, or to go and be with Judas in "his own place," would you say: "I have no choice, I am just as likely to be happy with Judas as with Paul?"

B. I must confess that, under those circumstances I should express a choice to share in the lot of Paul.

A. Then you do not believe in the theory you profess to hold, you only hope that it may be true.—*A. Barnham*.

Mrs. Henry Day, of Milford, Indiana, who is now in her seventieth year, is superintendent of a flourishing Sabbath School there, of which she was the founder. Since her sixteenth year, she has been engaged in Sabbath School work without ever omitting a single full year. Her school is held at nine o'clock in the morning, and last winter she was in the habit of going early enough to see that the church was warmed before the children came.

ADDRESS OF CONDOLENCE.

Fidelity Lodge, No. 193, British Templars, to Mr. and Mrs. Darius Douglas.

DEAR FRIENDS—We, the members of Fidelity Lodge, British Templars, desire to address to you a few words of sympathy and condolence, in respect to the recent sad bereavement which an all-wise Providence has seen fit to visit upon you. The same stroke which has entered your domestic circle, and smitten down a beloved son, has entered our ranks, and taken away one of our number; and we have to regret not only that we have lost a neighbor, but that our Lodge has lost a worthy and esteemed member, our Order an adherent, and our great and good cause, one of its supporters. In connection with this sad event, it is pleasing to remember, that during the short intercourse we had with our late brother, his bearing and demeanour amongst us was of such a nature, as to win our unequalled respect and good will, and had led us to anticipate valuable assistance from him in the future; and, we may therefore unforgotten say, that is with sorrowful feelings we recognise the fact, that we shall never more enjoy his society nor profit by his assistance in our future meetings. Our brother has gone. We have sustained a loss. We mourn. But how much greater the loss you have suffered! How much greater must be your mourning! Oh! how can tell the depth of suffering a parent must feel at the death of one in whom his fondest hopes are centered! Who can measure the crushing sorrow such an occurrence must cast upon the soul of the bereaved one, but such as have felt it in their own experience! And we, who have never been placed in similar circumstances, would not dare to say that we can fully enter into the feelings of your hearts, and share with you the burden of grief laid upon you. But so far as we are capable, we willingly extend to you our earnest and hearty sympathy at the painful providence which has deprived you of a son, and us of a brother.

The darkest cloud may have a silver lining; so this heavy affliction is relieved by the thought, in which we can rejoice together in the midst of our sorrow, that while he who has gone, is lost to us here, we have a good hope that our loss is his eternal gain.

We need not attempt to offer you consolation, as you have within your reach the Mercy-seat and the Word of God, where, we believe, you have already sought, and found that solace which no human sympathy can afford. Our Saviour has not only been wounded for our transgressions, but he is ready also, we believe, to bear our griefs and carry our sorrows; and we are invited to cast our burdens on the Lord. The precious word of Inspiration, is richly studded with gems of comforting truth to those in affliction; one of which is contained in the words of Paul, where he says, that "All things work together for good to them that love God; to them who are the called according to his purpose." To these rich sources of consolation we may bring our wounded hearts in the sorest affliction, and find a healing balm, which Jesus Christ, the great physician, is by his Spirit, ready to apply. There may be comfort in the thought, that while earth has lost one object of your affection, heaven has, we trust, gained one, and is therefore the more attractive; and you will be enabled to anticipate with greater joy the glorious reunion of friends and kindred in the heavenly world.

Accept, then, dear friends, this humble expression of our sympathy, which we offer with the prayer and hope, that this painful visitation may prove a blessing in disguise, not only to you who are immediately connected with our departed brother, but to many others.

[Signed on behalf of the Lodge.]

G. F. CURRIE, W. C. T.

JOHN P. CRISTY, Sec'y.

Douglas, April 27, 1868.