

The Religious Anti-Slavery

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, JANUARY 8, 1869.

Whole No. 782.

FALL GOODS.

October, 1868.

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SHERATON & Co.,

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JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, November 2, 1868.

The Intelligencer.

AS WHITE AS SNOW.

ISAIAH L. 18.

That is a beautiful thought of the lamented Dr. James Hamilton:—Suppose that every one were to mark in golden letters the text which has been the means of saving his soul. The Apostle Paul would mark the words, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" for it was these words spoken by Jesus from the dazzling light that made him a new creature. In the Bible of the Macedonian jailer the golden letters would be found at Acts xvi. 31, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved;" for embracing this simple offer he rejoiced believing in God with all his house. Martin Luther would print the text, "The just shall live by faith;" in gold: for that text spoken by the gentle lips of the vicar-general guided him to peace; and the young monk of Erfurt, reduced by fasts and tea and struggles to the verge of the grave, found rest in the wounds of Jesus. In the Bible of Bunyan the mark would be found at "Yet there is room;" it was through the lattice of these words that he first saw the cross, and he thought God had put them into the Bible to meet his special case. And the Iron-side soldier would indicate Ec. xi. 9: for it was there that the bullet stopped which, for the interposing Bible, would have pierced his bosom; and when the battle was over he read, "Rejoice O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." But who can tell how many would enshrine in gold a text which has comforted millions, and is destined to comfort millions more; or what words do we so instinctively turn to in directing anxious souls to Christ as these, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." We have here an invitation and a promise.

1. An invitation, "Come now, and let us reason together." (1.) God is willing to come to terms. When quarrels arise among men it is not the offended party who first make proposals of peace. He feels that he has been wronged, and that he has a right to demand satisfaction from the offender. But here the party offended makes offers of peace first. God, as it were, descends from His throne and invites the sinner to a conference. The King invites the rebel—the Judge invites the criminal. God has no pleasure in being at war with so insignificant an antagonist as fallen man. He wishes the case to be settled here and now. He is easy to be entreated. The Father's heart yearns over the prodigal. God is in earnest. He has set up a Throne of grace where He is waiting to be gracious. He stretches out the golden sceptre. The case is easier settled here ere the day of grace is past, ere it goes up unsettled to the great white throne. "Fury is not in me; who would set the briars and thorns against me in battle? I would go through them, I would burn them together; but let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me; and he shall make peace with me."

(2.) He has provided an Advocate to plead for us. We cannot reason ourselves. In an action where the crown is pursuer, and a wretch laden with crimes is defender, he has little chance. Unskilled in legal forms himself, he cannot employ the first counsel—such counsel will not undertake his case, and it is lost. But here, although in legal phrase the King of kings is the pursuer, the guilty man the defender, He has, wonderful to tell, provided the first counsel in heaven to plead for us, an Advocate who never lost a case, who never took a fee for a case, who never refused to undertake a case, however poor and needy the client. Surely one of the great marvels of the gospel! No wonder that we call this text a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of Divine truth. An Advocate is here provided to conduct your case who will go into court with you; who will bring it to a successful issue without fee or reward; who regards it as the greatest honor that you lay upon Him all your sins and intrust him with the whole responsibility of making your peace with God; who glories in being the Mediator, the Reconciler, the Peace-maker between earth and heaven! "We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." "Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

(3.) He furnishes us with arguments. His own name is one—God is love. Sin-burdened, trembling soul! let this name be your plea. There is a perfect universe of tenderness in it. Christ's finished work is another. This plea carries all before it. When Joshua, clad in filthy garments, stood before the angel of the Lord, Satan stood at his right hand to resist him; but when the angel said, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Satan fled, and we never read of him more throughout the whole book of Zechariah! However great your sins, the blood of Christ is greater. Although they cry aloud for vengeance, with voices still louder, and sweet as the music of paradise, the blood of sprinkling cries, "Deliver him from going down to the pit. I have found a ransom!" The waters of the flood covered the highest mountains. Looking down from above, not one mountain top could be seen—nothing but a vast world of waters—a mighty expanse reflecting the beams of the sun. So if you are covered with the righteousness of Christ, the mountains of your sins will not be seen.

The promises are another. They hang in golden clouds. God's welcome to penitents in all ages is another. Said Benhadad's servants (1 Kings xx. 31): "We have heard that the kings of the house of Israel are merciful kings, and with sackcloth on their loins and ropes on their heads they came to the king of Israel, and obtained mercy for their fallen master. Thus, looking over the archives of His government, the countless roll of sinners, like you and me, whom He has pardoned with overflowing love from Manasseh down to the sinner who has found mercy to-day—may you reason, "Lord I have heard that Thou shewest mercy to thousands, that thy mercy is like a river still running, and I have come to taste of it."

Observe the word now. "Come now." Not to-morrow. "The Holy Ghost saith to-day,"

God offers to reason with man. He has fixed the place—the mercy-seat, and the time—now. He is waiting. Jesus is knocking. The Holy Spirit is striving. The great gospel is appealing. Now it may be the eleventh hour. Death is at the door. An artist requested permission to paint a portrait of the queen. The request was granted. The time and place were fixed. At the fixed place and time her majesty appeared; but the artist was not there; he was busy making preparations. In a few minutes he arrived, and found that the queen had left and would not return.

Thus many lose the supreme opportunity. The old world lost its day. Enoch lost his day, and bitter cries could not recall it. Israel in the wilderness lost their day, and God swore in His wrath that they should not enter into His rest. Jerusalem lost her day, and Jesus wept over her. The foolish virgins lost their day, and were only awakened, as a great writer expresses it, by "the bridal train sweeping by, and the shutting of the doors, and the discovery that their lamps had gone out." Felix lost his day. And, remember, well, many a day has begun fair, and continued long so, that has had a foul evening.

2. A promise. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." However great and heinous, however red and bloody your sins be; and though they be countless as the sands of the sea; they will all be blotted out, they will all be forgiven and forgotten by a gracious God. The sin of your nature, the sin of your heart, the sin of your life, the sin of your lips, your secret sins hid from every eye but God's—all your sins and iniquities, and unrighteousness, and transgressions will be made as white as snow.

(1.) Every sin has the color of scarlet and crimson. A deep-red bloody color. In heaven's statute book sin is a capital crime. We call murder a capital crime because it spills the life of the body. Cain's hands are still red with his brother's blood. But sin spills the life of the soul. Nay more, it strikes a blow at the crown, at the very being of God. Hence "the wages of sin is death," a soul in flames, a tongue which no drop can cool.

(2.) The word translated "scarlet" means a double dye—a deeper, darker dye. "Though your sins be as scarlet," though you be stained not only with original depravity, but doubly stained with actual transgression, in thought, word, and deed—though you be steeped and soaking in sin like cloth in a vat of scarlet dye—though your life become web of sin, the web of your daily transgressions interwoven with the warp of your original corruption—the moment you are sprinkled with the precious blood you become as white as snow.

We once visited a famous dyeing establishment. Inspecting the various processes, we were surprised at the strange transformations of material from gray to gold, and from the pale white of the lily to the red of the fresh blown rose. "Can you extract scarlet and crimson?" we asked. "Yes." "Will the material be white thereafter?" No; we can extract the colors, but the material will be clay-colored, or yellowish-gray. "A familiar fact in nature gave us a fresh insight into another fact into grace. It gave us a fresh discovery of the preciousness of that blood which not only extracts the scarlet and the crimson of our sins, but makes the vilest sinner as white as snow."

This fact is the pith and core of the gospel. Jesus took our sins; we receive His righteousness. He paid our debts; we receive a discharge in full. He died our lives; we live His life. God does not ask two lives or two deaths or two payments. Christ suffered the sentence of the law, and the law cannot touch us when we hide under the canopy of His glorious mediatorhood. His cross is the payment of our penalty, the cancelling of our debt, the tearing up of the bond or handwriting which was against us. When His blood is sprinkled upon us we become partakers of His death, we die in Him, we undergo the sentence of the law in Him; and then the guilt passes away. We are counted as law, and treated by God, as men who have paid the whole penalty and been "washed from their sins." In His own blood. "Though our sins were as scarlet, they are as white as snow; though they were red like crimson they are as wool."

We close with an extract beautifully illustrative of our subject from the life of the last Duchess of Gordon: "One night as she lay sleepless, she appeared as if really before her eyes a white scroll unrolled, glistening with unearthly brightness, and with floods of vivid light ever flowing over it. Written at the head of the scroll in large bright letters of gold, she read this inscription, 'The Lord our righteousness.' All her darkness was dispelled in a moment, and by the glorious words the Spirit imprinted on her heart and conscience the fresh seal of the pardon of all her sins; she believed and knew that Jesus was made of God unto her righteousness, and that His blood had made her white as snow, and that His blood entered in a moment into perfect rest; and she rejoiced in the full assurance that for her to die that night was to depart and be for ever with the Lord."—Duncan M'Gregor.

HALLOW MY SABBATH.

"I will show you next autumn as nice a field of grain as ever was raised in this town; and, in defiance of your God, I will perform all the work on the Sabbath," said a bold impious man to a neighbor who had expostulated with him upon the sin of laboring upon God's holy day.

In accordance with the threat, the ground was prepared and the seed sown upon the Sabbath; and he who had defied the God of Heaven sat down to wait for the gentle showers and genial sunshine, little realizing that even in this he was dependent upon the forbearance of Him whose law he was setting at naught. But He who seetheth His rain upon the just and upon the unjust, permitted this bold blasphemer to prosper in his undertaking, until he could say to those about him, "I have plowed, and sowed, and garnered in my barn, the best field of wheat ever raised in the town of M.; and all the labor has been performed on the Sabbath."

Even the quiet of God's holy day was disturbed by the clashing sounds of separating the chaff from the wheat; and heaps of golden grain lay in the autumn sunshine, waiting to be stored away for future use. Suddenly, the low muttering thunder was heard, growing stronger and stronger until crash followed crash, and the impious crew fled in dismay from such a manifestation of a power they had so recently disregarded. In a few hours the tempest ceased; but they returned not to their labors; for

the lightning's stroke had finished their labours. The huge barn, with all its contents, was laid low; and the language of its snow-dripping ruins was, "Hallow my Sabbaths, and they shall be a sign between me and you, that you may know that I am the Lord your God."—Christian Banner.

TAKING OFFENCE IN THE CHURCH.

A great mistake is made by many church members. When they receive an injury from a fellow member or imagine that they are unjustly treated by them, they rashly conclude that the best remedy is to absent themselves from the public and social meetings of the church. An article in a late number of the *National Baptist* treats this subject in the following very sensible style:—

This proceeding is wrong, the most wrong you could take. Come now, and let us reason together. Let me put together, in the fewest words possible, some of the pros and cons. By staying away—

1. You violate your duty to God, who commands you to "walk orderly" and not to forsake "assembling together" with His people. If you are sure you cannot be comfortable in that church, ask for a letter and join another at once. But if you act as you do you cannot have a letter granted to you.

2. You break your covenant with the church. Turn to it now, and read it prayerfully, and see if you are not in danger of committing a great wrong.

3. You are shewing resentment against the whole church for what a few members, or perhaps only one, has done.

4. You set at naught the great rule, Matt. 18. Unless you freely and fully forgive those who have offended you, go and do as Christ commands, and begin a holy discipline with them, or you bring on yourself His condemnation.

5. If you refuse to do this, and still absent yourself, the church must put you under discipline. A committee will wait on you, and you must then act according to Gospel-rider, or you will be excommunicated, and most justly. Now read, on your knees, Matt. 18: 19, and 18: 18.

6. The persons who have offended you may be pillars in the church. You are getting up a party to destroy their usefulness; yea, so far as your influence goes, to destroy the church; and you will be responsible before God for all the good you prevent.

"ABIDE WITH US."

The tender light is fading where
We pause and linger still;
And through the dim and saddened air
We feel the evening chill.

Long didst thou journey with us, Lord,
Ere we thy face did know;
Oh, still thy fellowship afford,
While dark the shadows grow.

For passed is many a beautiful scene,
Beside our morning road;
And many a fount to us is sealed
That once so freshly flowed.

The splendor of the noontide lies
On other paths than ours;
The dew that laves your fragrant skies
Will not revive our flowers.

It is not now as in the glow
Of life's impassioned heat,
When to the heart there seemed to flow
All that of earth was sweet.

Something has faded, something died,
Without us and within;
We more than ever need a guide,
Blinded and weak with sin.

The weight is heavy that we bear,
Our strength more feeble grows;
Weary with toil and pain and care,
We long for sweet repose.

Stay with us, gracious Saviour, stay,
While friends and hopes depart;
Fainting, on thee we wish to lay
The burden of our heart.

Abide with us, dear Lord, remain,
Our life, our truth, our way;
So shall our loss be turned to gain,
Night dawn to endless day.

—N. Y. Evening Post.

"NOBODY SPOKE TO ME."—An intelligent lady, relating her Christian experience to the church, said: "I was deeply convinced of my sinfulness, and went mourning many days. My soul thirsted for the waters of life, and I earnestly wished that some person would address me on the subject of religion; but nobody spoke to me. I sought the society of church-members; but they talked of other things, and said nothing to me about my soul. I went to the house of Rev. Mr. H., in hope that he would converse with me; but he made no allusion to the subject, and I returned home sadly disappointed. I do not relate this to reproach any one, but to suggest that Christians should seek opportunities to speak with the unconverted about their spiritual welfare; and I believe they will find persons whom they may benefit, and who will thank them for their faithful labors."

A prominent member of the church said: "This is like my own experience. When I was thirteen years old I felt myself a sinner, and tried to pray in secret, and wished that some Christian would talk with me, and tell me how I might be saved. I might thus have been preserved from the life of sin and folly that I afterwards lived." There is little doubt that many persons are prevented by diffidence from revealing their feelings, who, by the influence of kind friends, might find the light, and become decided Christians; but being neglected, their feelings wear away, and they again become indifferent, some of them remaining a long time in darkness.—*American Messenger*.

MACHINERY is nothing without the Spirit of God. I have a noble people, full of faith and prayer, and there under God is the secret of success. They rebuke me by their zeal. I do not pull them, but they push me.—*Dr. Howard Crosby*.

It is stated that John Bright is the first English Quaker who has attained the dignity of a seat in the Cabinet.

THE WALL OF SNOW.

When the year 1814 began, troops of Swedes, Cossacks, Germans and Russians, were within half an hour's march of the town of Sleswick; new and fearful reports of the behaviour of the soldiers were brought from the country every day. There had been a truce, which was to come to an end at midnight of the 5th of January, which was now drawing near. On the outskirts of the town, on the side where the enemy lay, there was a house standing alone, and in it there was an old pious woman, who was earnestly praying, in the words of an ancient hymn, that the enemy might fear to attack them. In the same house dwelt her daughter, a widow, and her grandson, a youth of twenty years. He heard the prayer of his grandmother, and could not restrain himself from saying that he did not understand how she could ask for anything so impossible as that a wall should be built around them so as to keep the enemy from their house. The old woman who was deaf, caused what her grandson said to be explained to her, but only answered that she had prayed in general for protection for themselves and their townspeople. "However," she added, "do you think that if it were the will of God to build a wall around us, it would be impossible to him?" And now came the dreaded night of the 5th of January; and about midnight the troops began to enter on all sides. The houses were speaking of lay close by the road, and were only very small cottages. Its inhabitants looked out with anxious fear as parties of the soldiers entered one after another, and even went to the neighboring houses to ask for what they wanted; but all rode past their dwelling. Throughout the whole day there had been a heavy fall of snow—the first that winter—and towards evening the storm became violent to a degree seldom known. At length came four parties of Cossacks, who had been hindered by the snow from entering the town by another road. This part of the outskirts was at some distance from the town itself, and therefore, they would not go farther, so that all the houses around in which the old woman lived were filled with soldiers, who quartered themselves in them; in several houses there were fifty or sixty of those half-savage men. It was a terrible sight for those who dwelt in this part of the town, filled to overflowing with the troops of the enemy. But not a single soldier came into the grandmother's house; and amidst the loud noises and wild sounds all round, not even a knock at the door was heard, to the great wonder of the family within. The next morning, as it grew light, they saw the cause. The storm had drifted a mass of snow to such an height between the roadside and the house, that to approach it was impossible. "Do you not now see, my son," said the old grandmother, "that it was possible for God to raise a wall around us?"—*Friendly Visitor*.

A YOUNG MAN'S HISTORY IN BRIEF.

I first saw him in a social party; he took but a single glass of wine, and that at the earnest solicitation of a young lady to whom he had been introduced.

I next saw him, when he supposed he was unobserved, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire by his sordid indulgence, and thought there was no danger.

I next saw him, late in the evening, in the street, unable to walk home. I assisted him thither, and we parted.

I next saw him reeling out of a low groggery; and a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue, and shame was gone.

I saw him once more. He was cold and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed away head was cast down. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow; his mother wept that she had ever given birth to such a child.

I returned home musing on his future state. I opened the Bible and read: "Drunkards shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

When a boy our poor friend was as happy and bright as any of you. More than once, when students together, did he sneer at my temptation; when I urged him to sign the pledge, he laughed at me and scouted at the bare suggestion of danger. Poor Fred! his father had the glass on the table, and there the appetite was formed. Beware of the first glass!

ATTENDANCE AT WORSHIP.—A prayer-meeting and lecture as usual on Wednesday evening. Dear brethren I urge you all attend these weekly meetings. Some of the dear "brethren" depart themselves in this way: Br. A. thought it looked like rain, and concluded that his family, including his wife and children, had better remain at home. On Thursday evening it was raining very hard, and Br. A. hired a carriage and took his whole family to the Academy of Music, to hear a lecture on the "Intelligence of the Lebanon." Br. B. thought he was too tired to go, so he stayed at home and worked at the sled he had promised to make for Billy. Br. C. thought the pavement too slippery. It would be very dangerous for him to venture out. I saw her next morning going down street to get her old bonnet "done up." She had an old pair of stockings drawn over her shoes. Br. D. thought there wouldn't be more than a dozen at prayer-meeting. She doesn't like these little meetings, so she didn't go. If she had gone there would have been thirteen. I met her next evening at a social gathering where there were just ten folks. She said she had spent a "delightful" evening. Three-fourths of the members stayed at home. God was at the prayer-meeting. The pastor was there, and God blessed them. The persons who stayed at home were each represented by a vacant seat. God don't bless empty pews.

FORGIVENESS WITHOUT A PRIEST.—A priest, after examining, with a knowing look, a corporal's pack, said to him, "Sir, I perceive that in your books a great deal is said about conversion and nothing said about confession; it is clear that you are a Protestant book." A notary who was present opened the New Testament. "But do you not see," said he to the curate, "that Jesus taught the thief without the intervention of a priest to confess him? And when St. Stephen was dying, did he ask for a priest to confess him? The dilemma was embarrassing. 'Sir,' answered the priest, gravely, 'the rules of the Church in ancient times were different to what they are at the present day.'

THE BIBLE AMONG THE ARABS.—American Christian enterprise never did itself greater honor or went forth into a field of greater usefulness than by printing the word of God in their own tongue to the one hundred and twenty millions of the Arab race. From Syria to Southern Africa, and from Gibraltar to China the Arabic is more or less used, and now that highly cultivated language has received as the most important and promising of all its treasures, the word of God. Christian America may now be said to be offering a pure Bible to every Arab who is able to read it. The most highly cultivated and learned of the Arabs proclaim their admiration of the accuracy of the translation, the beauty of the type, and the perfect mechanical execution of the published volumes. Wherever the Arabic language has gone this blessed book is fast travelling. It is already saying to fierce, sensual, degraded nations speaking the Arabic tongue, "Arise, shine, for your light has come and the glory of God has risen upon you." And we cannot but greatly rejoice that Christian America has taken the lead in this great enterprise.

"SO MANY CALLS."—"No, I can't give any thing. So many calls!" Well, if the calls are so many, the opportunity will not last long. Not more than seventy or eighty years does it ever continue. If it is an annoyance, you can bear it a few years. In eternity you will never receive these or any other calls.

Do these calls "ster" you? they bless others. Yonder is a poor woman reading the Bible which your money paid for; and there is another sweeping over a tract which she owes to your donation; and there is a third blessing the good people that support your domestic missions; and there is a heathen mother, who perhaps would have immolated her child if your contribution had not helped to send her the Gospel. Do you hear that young man? How well he preaches! You assisted to educate him. Do not complain, but welcome every call; do as much as you can for the various benevolent objects, for "the time is short;" and be assured, amongst all the regrets of a death-bed, you will never regret your liberality.

SIN AND THE SAVIOUR.—I feel, when I have sinned, an immediate reluctance to go to Christ. I am ashamed to go. I feel as if it would do me no good to go—as if it were making Christ a minister of sin to go straight from the swine-trough to the best robe—and a thousand other excuses; but I am persuaded they are all lies direct from hell. John argues the opposite way: "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father." Jer. iii. 1, and a thousand other scriptures are against it. I am sure there is neither peace nor safety from deeper sin but in going directly to the Lord Jesus Christ. This is God's way of peace and holiness. It is folly to the world and the bedeviled heart, but it is the way. I must never think a sin too small to need immediate application to the blood of Christ. If I put away a good conscience, concerning faith I make shipwreck. I must never think my sins too great, too aggravated, too presumptuous—as when down on my knees, or in preaching, or by a dying bed, or during dangerous illness—to hinder me from fleeing to Christ. The weight of my sins should act like the weight of a cross—the heavier it is, it makes it go the faster. —*McCheyne*.

PEN AND SOISSORS.

STRANGE DOCTRINE.—The Montreal *Witness* says:—"In a recent law-suit brought against a priest of the district of Quebec for defamation of character, it has been proved by witness in court that the priest had said:—

"If Christ himself appeared in this pulpit to contradict me, you would have no right to believe him! What can we think of the future of a people who have gradually been brought down to such a degree of obedience as to listen quietly to such blasphemous language?"

Wm. B. Astor, is now seventy-six years old, and said to be worth \$100,000,000.

FUNERAL OF A PASTOR AND HIS WIFE.—Sabbath day, Nov. 13, was a day long to be remembered in Skeketeles. After a long and painful illness of some nine months duration, on Thursday Nov. 12 at 5 o'clock a.m., Mrs. A. K. Bowen, wife of the pastor of the Baptist Church in Skeketeles, died of a cancer. Arrangements were made for the funeral to take place at two o'clock p.m. on Saturday. Her husband, Rev. Henry Bowen, who has been sick for the past six months, commenced rapidly to decline, and in the short space of forty-five hours, on Saturday, Nov. 14, at 2 o'clock a.m. he breathed his last, and soon side by side their bodies lay prepared for the grave.

Dr. Prime, writing in the N. Y. *Observer* that the Christians of Europe converse more freely and often on the subject of personal religion than do Christians in America. His remarks are worthy a reading:—

My remark is simply this: that without the slightest violation of the most sensitive delicacy, but in harmony with the sweetest graces of the Christian character, the subject of personal religion is more frequently and fully conversed upon by the good people in foreign lands than in our own. They glide into it as naturally as our men do into politics and business, or our women do into the prices of dry goods and the fashions of the season. It is not of set parties, or tea-drinkings, though these are delightful relations among Christian people, that I am now speaking. It is of the every day meeting, or the walk in the street on the way to business, or the chat in the car, or the friendly half-hour call. Foreign Christians are more apt to *improve* such occasions to refresh one another's souls with spiritual communion. They have, as a rule, more part, and they love to talk of that which to them is the life and strength and highest joy of their souls. They do converse on religious subjects more freely than we do.

I do not say that they are more religious. But I believe they enjoy themselves in their religion more. They live in it, for it, by it, more than we. They do not thrust it upon others. Indeed there is a consideration for the feelings and opinions of others that we might initiate to our advantage. But they speak out of the abundance of their heart and treasure are there. Are not our sins? And would we not help each other in the divine life if we put our hearts more closely together, and often talked of the progress we are making, of the obstacles in the way and the means of overcoming?

The Emperor of Austria has ordered that henceforth his title in treaties with foreign powers shall be "Emperor of Austria, King of Bohemia, &c., and Apostolic King of Hungary." In the body of treaties this title will be abbreviated by the omission of all reference to Bohemia, and he will be spoken of as "His Majesty the Emperor and King," or "His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty." The Emperor is in future, to be called "The Austro-Hungarian Majesty," or "The Austro-Hungarian State."