

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, OCTOBER 8, 1869.

Whole No. 821.

MAY 1869.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

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Fredericton, May 27, 1869.

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SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.

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THE

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS,

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Sept. 24, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

THE MISSION TO LUMBERMEN.

The spiritual wants of the Lumbermen of the Valley of the Ottawa are not neglected, as will be seen by the following report of the Kirk's Mission, which we find in the *Montreal Witness*. The work is a good and interesting one, and should be prosecuted in other lumbering districts. The Committee says:

Owing to the severe and unusual snow storms of February, much less has been done in the matter of conducting service in the shanties than your committee expected. This is, of course, the main object of the mission; that of circulating literature, however important, being only secondary. Only one section, that of the Madawaska and tributaries, has been visited, the Rev. Mr. McGillivray, of Brockville, having been able to spend a month in that district. He reports that wherever he went he met with a very cordial reception from Roman Catholics and Protestants alike; that he travelled over five hundred miles; visited more than fifty shanties; preached for the most part twice every day, and distributed the religious literature which your committee entrusted to him. The following extract from Mr. McGillivray's report may serve as an example of the welcome given by the shanty men to the missionary, as well as of the importance of increased earnestness in ministering to their spiritual wants.—The next shanty was one belonging to the Hon. James Skand, of Ottawa; here the foreman was of the Kirk of Scotland, and could not fully express his feelings of gratitude and surprise at seeing a minister of the Kirk out there. His men sitting round the fire on the weary Sabbath days frequently cast up to him that whatever others might do, nothing need be expected from the formal clergymen of the Kirk of Scotland; with holy joy and delight, therefore, he could now lift up his head and exclaim that the clergymen rejected and despised as cold and dead, appeared the most loving towards the destitute woodsmen. Before going far, I met an aged man from the 'land of brown heath and shaggy wood,' whose plaintive tale moved me much. His was one of forty families, who lived in the new township of Mattawachan, and except one visit from the late Doctor McMorine, had never seen the face of a minister of the Kirk of Scotland. He besought me to turn aside to the settlement, both to preach and baptize, but, as I could not do so, I promised to report his case.

The very great importance of this mission will be seen when it is remembered that there are, at the lowest estimate, about 15,000 men annually engaged in the shanties on the Ottawa and its tributaries. These men are entirely cut off from the regular services of public worship; the Sabbath is to them generally a day of coarse amusement. Little is done for their spiritual welfare, and that little is, for the most part, done in a desultory and fragmentary way, according to the inclination or opportunities of those few clergymen whose charges border on the lumbering districts. The clergymen of the Ottawa Bible Society, endeavor to spread the scriptures among the shanty men to as great an extent as they are able, but their labors seldom extend to conducting religious services. It should, moreover, be remembered, that such of the shanty men as live during the summer months in the country parishes, near the lumbering districts, carry with them the effects of their winter carelessness, and often become centres of evil influence in such parishes.

Nor are the difficulties connected with this mission very great or formidable. No opposition is offered on the part of the employers, but on the contrary, much encouragement, assistance and sympathy. Many of the men employed, perhaps half of the whole number, are Roman Catholics; yet, in so far as your committee are aware, these readily listen to the preaching of the Gospel, and gladly receive the literature sent to them. To the French speaking portion of the shanty men, who are generally unable to read, it is more difficult for your committee at present to provide the means of spiritual improvement. The work already accomplished, the experiments already made in this mission, seem to prove very clearly that there are no difficulties in carrying the Gospel to the lumbermen, which cannot be surmounted by piety, earnestness and kindly feeling, and also that religious literature, if at all interesting, will be eagerly perused by all of them who can read, in which class are included nearly all the Protestants, a portion of the French Canadians, and a few Irish Catholics. As regards the money requisite for carrying on the mission, your committee anticipate no difficulty whatever in this respect. The employers contribute willingly; and though, for the present, your committee think it advisable to solicit no subscriptions from the shanty men, yet when the benefits of such a mission are felt by the men, they would themselves in all probability support it. What then, it may be asked, are the prospects of this mission? Your committee feel that the true way of meeting in the fullest manner possible the spiritual wants of the lumbermen, would be to have a general Protestant Mission, thoroughly administered, managed by a Central Board, composed of the representatives of all Protestant denominations. Such a Board could engage such preachers of the Gospel as from their earnestness, piety, and tact, would be qualified for the work. With this view, your committee desire the co-operation of all other Protestants who may feel an interest in the mission. It is difficult for many reasons, to have settled ministers leave their charges for several weeks in mid winter, and therefore desirable to have the services of men whose special duty and object would be the supply of the ordinances of religion to the lumbermen. Such missionaries could, during the summer months, when the shanty men are away from the woods, labor in scattered and outlying districts, in many of which they would meet with the same class of men as those to whom they would minister in winter. Till the services of such men can be procured, your committee think that, in so far as practicable, the system which they have pursued during the past season should be continued.

In conclusion, your committee would express their earnest hope that the efforts put forth, may prove but the small beginning of extended labors in this mission. Its importance is great, its claims are urgent, and the vigorous prosecution of it would be a source of benefit to our church and country. There are no difficulties connected with it which may not be overcome by Christian earnestness and broad brotherly Christian charity. While the lumber trade of our country is one of the most important sources of our material wealth, it is sad that those most immediately engaged in it should be the most neglected in reference to their spiritual improvement. While it might be well for the church to do more in the work of Foreign Missions, it can never be anything ill for it to neglect its Home Missions. By going forward in the work with a living trust in the Lord, it is to be confidently expected that this agency may contribute to hasten the time when the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. All which is respectfully submitted.

DANIEL M. GORDON, B. D.
Convener of Committee.

The Witness says:

The closing remarks of the Report, are worthy of serious consideration. Surely when lumbermen, and their supplies, are able to go up these rivers, missionaries, with their religious literature, should be able to follow them. The priests, we believe, never fail to follow the lumbermen for the purpose of confessing them, and getting their dues from them, namely, a dollar from each man. From each shanty they will probably get between twenty and thirty dollars, which they make the employers of the men stop out of their wages at Quebec, and pay over to their order there. On this business we may remark, *en passant*, that most of the employers being Protestants, have felt it unpleasant for them to collect money for the priests, but, if they refused, they were assured by the said priests that they would get no men to work for them. Some employers have, however, ventured to disregard this threat, and the men, so far from leaving them, rather like to save their dollars. We expect, therefore, that this taxing of the lumbermen will be considerably curtailed in future.

THE REASON.

'Brother Headless, can you tell why it is that our minister does not preach as well as he did when he first appeared among us?'

'Indeed, Brother Whipper, I am glad you asked that question. That his preaching is not giving satisfaction we can no longer deny, and that he does not possess that cheerful and agreeable manner that he formerly had is also true. In fact, he is losing influence; his congregations are getting smaller—some of our members attend other churches, declaring that they will not pay for such preaching any more. Others have threatened to do the same.'

Bro. Whipper. 'Yes, yes; I admit the truth of all you say; but why are the things so?'

Bro. Headless. 'Well, Bro. Whipper, as we are alone we may as well be honest over the matter. I did not know, myself, until I met Bro. Commonsense yesterday, who told me the whole secret.'

Bro. W. 'You alarm me! A secret, is it? Some horrible misdemeanor at the bottom of it, eh? I feared for some time that there was something wrong in that man. Did you observe how guilty he appeared in the pulpit on last?'

Bro. H. 'O, brother, you are too fast! By 'secret' I did not mean anything criminal. I made use of that word simply because the matter is not made public.'

Bro. W. 'Perhaps I was not sufficiently cautious; but then I hate these preachers that have such a sneaking look. The Lord's ministers should have a sweet, open countenance and dignified bearing. If the man has committed no wrong, he should exhibit a manly character, and preach such soul-stirring sermons that the whole neighborhood would look up to him.'

Bro. H. 'But have no fault to find with your doctrine; but let me give you Bro. Commonsense's interpretation of the matter in hand.'

Bro. W. 'Very well, sir.'

Bro. H. 'Bro. Commonsense says he visited our minister the other day. He moved some logs to town, and, as he had two men employed to assist him, he took them to the parsonage to get their dinners, as they charged fifty cents a meal at the hotel. The minister's wife seemed to be a good while getting something together for dinner, so they had time for quite a little talk. The affairs of the circuit happened to come up during the conversation, so he told the minister of the dissatisfaction of the brethren. To his surprise the news—if such it was—was received in silence. The tears which flowed from the eyes of both the minister and his wife were evidence that silence did not mean indifference. Bro. C. then pressed him for an explanation, which was modestly given, with much reluctance.'

Bro. W. 'And what reason did he give for all his strange conduct?'

Bro. H. 'He attributes all to our failure to pay his salary.'

Bro. W. 'That don't satisfy me. Did we not pay him all but about forty dollars last quarter? And did we not for the three quarters past do almost as well as that?'

Bro. H. 'He says that five hundred dollars was too small a salary for his family of six children; and that according to present indications the brethren are likely to fall short of paying that by at least one hundred and fifty dollars.'

Bro. W. 'Well, admitting all that; should money matters make him sulky and preach so poorly?'

Bro. H. 'To show that pecuniary embarrassment unfits a minister, to a great extent, for his labor, he gave Bro. Commonsense a portion of his experience for one week. It was the week after quarterly meeting. He had promised to settle his bills after quarterly meeting; but to his sorrow he did not receive money enough by a heavy amount. He paid, on Monday, as far as his money would reach. True, he had received promises on subscription which were reported, but these added to the cash received still kept him in a bad fix. He felt now that his reputation for honesty depended on his borrowing at least fifty dollars. As his wealthiest brethren had sent in strips of paper containing promises, he could not expect to borrow of them. So, on Tuesday morning he went thirty miles to some blood relations to borrow the money. They did not have it. He returned on Wednesday. On Thursday he sought brethren nearer home. He finally found one on his own circuit who would lend him the money, provided another certain brother would go his security. That certain brother said he was not sufficiently acquainted with him to do that. He, however, got a minister of some

property to go his security. Friday he had a two horse wagon load of company all day, from an adjoining circuit. Saturday he was called nine miles to preach a funeral sermon. The Sunday morning following he went to preach without money in his pocket, or preparation for his work. And the very congregation that he went to preach to was the cause of his troubles. His wife, too, had hoped to be able to get clothes to enable her to go to meeting; but she must endure the disappointment another quarter—perhaps indefinitely. He was also compelled to sell some of his best books last quarter, to satisfy his doctor, who had heavy bills against him. After all, Bro. Whipper, these and scores of other things, might make a man look sad, and interrupt his cheerful thoughts so as to affect his preaching. And then the thought that his wife had no clothing to suit a visit to the house of God! His six children are not sufficiently provided for; his buggy is broken; his creditors begin to suspect his honesty; his members go to other churches; they say he don't improve any. I say these things might affect a minister.'

Bro. W. 'Well, Brother Headless, there may be much truth in what you have said; but how comes it that it takes so much more to keep preachers now a days than it did when I was young?—Saul Minus in Telescope.'

THE WRONG OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

Extravagance, or unnecessary expenditure in food, clothing and pleasures, may justly be regarded as one of the most prevalent and alarming evils of the times. Those who are caught up by its influence and borne upon its swift tide, will ultimately end their career in ruin. The wrong of extravagance becomes manifest in a variety of ways. It is wrong, because much precious time is consumed in meeting its demands. This gift of the Creator was bestowed for a far higher and nobler purpose than to be thus squandered. It is wrong, because it tends to destroy health and detract from bodily comforts. Sickness and suffering are the inevitable results of partaking of food which is too abundant in quantity or too rich in quality, of wearing clothing made more to suit a corrupt taste than for convenience, and of indulging excessively in pleasures.

It is wrong, because much that is squandered in this way is withheld from the proper objects of benevolence. The demands of charity are numerous. The poor we have always with us. The 'waste places' in our own land ought to be built up, and the word of life carried to the regions beyond.

It is wrong, because it is liable to result in want and wretchedness. All are in duty bound, while in health, to make suitable preparation for sickness and old age. None have any right in this particular to presume upon the kindness of friends or on God's special provision for the necessities of those of them. No one can really have two objects of pursuit which are directly antagonistic to each other.

It is wrong, because he who indulges in it fails to make the highest ends of life here, and is hindered from making the useful preparation for the life to come. He who is fully engrossed in the things of time and sense, can give no proper attention to those of eternity. He is engaged in the things of time, and he is engaged in the things of eternity. He is engaged in the things of time, and he is engaged in the things of eternity.

And, in a word, it is wrong, because it perverts the proper use of the bounties bestowed by an all-wise and benevolent Creator. These bounties were bestowed for use and not for abuse, and he only meets the approbation of the Giver who uses them for the purpose for which they were designed.

In view of these considerations, it is no wonder that the Word of God is severe in its denunciation of extravagance. Cannot something be done to arrest its course and prevent the ruin which it is working? If so, what?

THE LAST STRAND OF THE ROPE.

In the year 1846, on St. Kilda, one of the islands of Western Scotland, there lived a poor widow and her son. She trained him in the fear of the Lord, and well did he repay her care. He was her stay and support, though only sixteen years of age. They were very poor; and to help their scanty means, Ronald, her son, used to collect sea birds' eggs upon the neighboring cliffs. This feat was accompanied with considerable danger, for the birds used often to attack him.

One day having received his mother's blessing, Ronald set off to the cliffs, having supplied himself with a strong rope by which to get down, and a knife to strike the bird should he be attacked. How magnificent was that scene! The cliff rose several hundred feet above the sea, whose wild waves lashed madly against it, dashing the glittering spray far and near. Ronald fastened one end of the rope firmly upon the top of the cliff, and the other round his waist, and was then lowered until he got opposite one of those fissures in which the birds build, when he gave the signal to his companions not to let him down any farther. He planted his foot on a slight projection of the rock, grasped with one hand his knife, and with the other tried to take the eggs. Just then a bird flew at him and attacked him. He made a blow with his knife; but, oh! horrible to narrate, in place of striking the bird, he struck the rope, and having severed some of the strands, he hung suspended over that wild abyss of raging waves by only a few threads of hemp. He uttered a piercing exclamation, which was heard by his companions above, who saw his danger, and gently tried to draw him up. Awful moment! As they drew each cord, Ronald felt thread after thread giving away. 'O Lord! save me!' was his first agonizing cry, and then, 'O Lord! comfort my dear mother.' He closed his eyes on the awful scene as he felt the rope gradually breaking. He hears the top; but, oh! the rope is breaking. Another and another pull, then a snap, and now he sees but one strand supporting him. He hears the top; his friends reach over to grasp him; he is not yet within their reach. One more haul of the rope. It strains; it unravels under his weight. He looks below at the dark waste of boiling, fathomless water, and then above to the glorious heavens. He feels he is going. He hears the wild cry of his companions, the frantic shriek of his fond mother, as they held

her back from rushing to try to rescue her child from destruction. He knows no more; reason yields; he becomes insensible. But just as the rope is giving way, a friend stretches forward at the risk of being dragged over the cliff, a strong hand grasps him, and Ronald is saved.

Dear reader, if you are unsaved, I want you, in this true and simple narrative, to see your own condition. If living for this world, you are frittering away your precious moments in pursuing perishable trifles. As year after year passes away, the rope of your life becomes smaller and smaller. Strife after strife snags at the knell of each departing year tells its mournful notes. How many threads are now left, can you tell? Do you realize your awful position? It cannot be worse. How vividly Ronald realized his position in that fearful moment when the last strand was giving way, thread by thread—when, overcome by the sense of his dangers, and when that danger was most imminent, a strong hand was stretched out to save him, which brought him safely beyond the reach of further danger, and placed him in the loving arms of his parent!

THE BOAT RACE.

The race is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Yet its lessons should not be entirely forgotten. For six weeks the ocean telegraph and letter bag have been kept busy in dispatches and letters as to the conduct, condition, reception, and prospects of four young men, who were to propel for a short distance, a skiff by oars on the Thames. The sun's eclipse has caused far less excitement. Spanish affairs, Cuban revolts, Chinese immigration, Southern barbarisms, the President's progress, Christian camp meetings, every word and work that has occurred in that space of time has caused less talk than the race between four students of America and England. The excitement grew as the day drew near; and telegraph stations along the coast announced the result by their flags, and even the fire alarm of this city proclaimed it to every ear. What was it for? Not for intellectual supremacy; not for debates in learned tongues, or on learned themes; not for the grand rivalries of the Middle Ages between students who travelled far to test each other's genius in splendid tournaments of mind. This was for a triumph of muscle over muscle, of physical training over physical training. This was to test the question whether America or England produced, not the best brains, but the best brawn. But this race, so hotly contested, is only typical of another, which all are engaged. The Apostle uses the favorite games of the Greeks to bring forth the more clearly to the mind of his reader the conflict in which he was himself to engage. The great games of that day absorbed as much attention as this of ours. Socrates and Herodotus, acting their stately dramas, and reciting their charmed narrative, were forgotten by the aspirants and spectators of athletic games. The world remembers the former, and forgets the latter to-day. Yet the Apostle, aware of the atmosphere of his times, seizes on this passion, and applies it to the struggle for eternal honors. So let every one apply the boat race to his own duty and destiny. How assiduous has been the application of these young men. For years they have trained themselves for this hour. The leading oarsman of Harvard, when a boy in the Boston Latin School, ranked low in his class, but even then he was so zealous in his devotion to the oar, that his teacher, disheartened at the attempt to make him a scholar, said: 'You'll never be a valedictorian, but may be a member of the University crew.' That early training has been maintained. For the last six weeks it has been of the most extraordinary nature. It has called them to cross seas, to expend money with wasteful liberality, to subject themselves to severe labor, to restrict the indulgences of their appetites, and even to sacrifice otherwise proper food. And all for what? The fierce struggle of an hour.

What is the lesson? Every Christian is struggling for a grander prize. Over him, not nationalities alone are bending, but angels, and principalities, and all the host of heaven. Not telegraphs convey the tidings of his struggles and triumphs, but ministering spirits, the 'flaming fire' with which the Lord sends and receives dispatches. Not newspapers proclaim their deeds, but voices before the throne.

What shall their training be? Shall we be less willing to make a life work for this honor? Years of training brought these young men to their fitness to enter the strife. Shall a Christian fancy that he can win his infinitely greater prize with less preparation? They expend money freely. Shall he be less liberal to obtain immortal honors? They cross dangerous seas. Shall he be less daring? They submit to public examination, criticism, and reproach. As they ply their weary oars amid un sympathizing and hostile hostile spectators, shall he be afraid to do his duty in the face of a gazing and frowning world? They strain every nerve, muscle, put forth motions neither comely nor in accordance with rules approved by those among whom they are operating. Shall the Christian be less earnest, or more sensitive to the criticism of a world that despises both his doctrines and his modes of expression? They do all this for an earthly reward. He for a heavenly. They lose the prize for which they strive. The goal is not won, and only the credit of struggling manfully is theirs. He will suffer no such failure, if he strives to the uttermost. His triumph and reward are sure.

O believer in Christ, ply your oars in this mighty race for glory. O spectator of the believer, beware how you simply look on his efforts an interested critic, friendly or hostile.

"The God of all animating voices,
That calls you from on high;
'Tis He whose hand presents the prize
To your aspiring eye."

Hasten to put yourself in training for this prize. Hasten to strive for it. Put off the sin that easily besets, and greatly weakens you. Put on the habits of self restraint on your lips, on your thoughts, on your feelings, on your life. Put the strength of your soul into this work. What accolade will greet your success. Had the Americans won, Boston would have almost been illuminated in their honor. Fetes, gifts, every favor would have been theirs; and all for a muscular success of a moment. Your victory will be attended by the acclaims of angels, the fets of heaven. How unpeakable will be that rejoicing. You will have won, not a material but spiritual victory; not one trifling and momentary, but the most important and enduring that could engage your soul. Not against a fair and equal foe, but the

subtle and implacable enemy of you and God. Engage in this race, and God will help you, and insure you both the victory and the reward forever. —*Zion's Herald*.

MOTHERS' ANXIETIES.

How full of apprehension and solicitude is the fond, Christian mother watching over the interests of her little boy. As the various diseases and accidents to which he is exposed threaten his life, she nurses him with the most tender affection and care, fearful of the result. And when all these scourges of childhood and youth are passed she is more or less solicitous. Her anxieties are deepened; her fears are increased. She thinks of the welfare of his soul. As he grows more and more careless and skeptical, and she sees indications of waywardness, her worst apprehensions are aroused, and she trembly and prayerfully awaits the result. She hopes that he will become a Christian, and if this hope is realized, a great burden is lifted from her spirit, and she is as happy as a new born soul.

How many thoughtless young men are ignorant of their mother's intense anxiety for them. If they only knew how many tears are shed and prayers offered for them, they could not have a heart to disregard them; they must be hard indeed to despise them! This *Sunday School Times* gives an account of a young man which illustrates this point. He attended church with his devoted mother, and listened to an able and impressive discourse on the bliss of heaven. After returning home he spoke in the highest terms of the preacher's eloquence.

'But, mother,' he said, 'I was surprised, when others seemed so full of joy, to see your face so sad and gloomy, and that more than once you were in tears. I thought if any one could claim an interest in the subject, you were that happy person.'

'Ah, my son!' said the mother, 'I did not weep for myself, but because I feared that you, my boy, would be banished forever from the blessedness of heaven.'

Here she broke down with emotion, and the multitude of silent tears taught that son what he never knew before—the deep, continued anxiety which she felt for his soul. It went like an arrow to his heart and rankled there until Christ in mercy withdrew it and healed the wound. He alone gave the peace which was needed.

Mothers, not only feel for your children and pray for them, but let them know it, and in some way convince them of the genuineness of your anxiety and the depth of your agony for them, and if anything will melt the strong heart, you may reasonably hope that it will be melted. Too many carry their secret burdens to their grave, instead of letting them fall in tears upon the careless hearts of their children. Do your duty to your children. Sow the seed and reap the harvest of joy.

A BACKWOODS ADVENTURE.

A Virginia banker, who was the chairman of a noted infidel club, was once travelling through Kentucky, having with him bank bills to the amount of \$25,000. When he came to a lonely forest, where robberies and murders were said to be frequent, he was soon lost, through taking the wrong road. The darkness of the night came quickly over him, and how to escape from the threatened danger, he knew not. In his alarm he suddenly espied in the distance a dim light, and urging his horse onward, he at length came to a wretched looking cabin. He knocked; the door was opened by a woman who said that her husband was out hunting, but would return, and she was sure he would cheerfully give him shelter for the night. The gentleman put up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings that can better be imagined than described. Here he was with a large sum of money, and perhaps in the house of the robbers whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time the man of the house returned. He had on a deer skin shirt, a bearskin cap, and seemed much fatigued, and in no talkative mood. All this looked the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pockets, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying he would sit up by the fire all night. The man urged, but the more he urged, the more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that this was his last night on earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His fear grew into a perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman arose, and reaching to the wooden shelf, took down an old book and said:

'Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is always my custom to read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures before I go to bed.'

What a change did these words produce? Alarm was at once removed from this skeptic's mind. Though avowing himself an infidel, he now had more confidence in the Bible. He felt sure. He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and bent his knees in prayer, was no robber or murderer. He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, and at once dismissed his fears, and laid down in that calm and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof. From that night he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a sincere Christian, and often related the story of his eventful journey, to prove the folly of infidelity.

At a late meeting of the Presbytery, when the subject of Scripture was under discussion, Brother W— said, early in his ministry he and another brother were conducting a meeting in which there was much religious interest. An old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued until it began to interrupt the services. Brother H— said to Bro. W—, 'Go, stop that old man's noise.' He went into him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man at once became quiet. 'Brother H—, asked W—, 'what did you say to the old man that quieted him so promptly?' 'I asked him,' said Brother H—, 'for a dollar for Foreign Missions.'—*Harper's Bazar*.

The moment a man gives way to inordinate desire, disquietude and torment takes possession of his heart. 'The proud and the covetous are never at rest; but the humble and poor in spirit possess their souls in the plenitude of peace.'—*Kempis*.

Do not live for your own comfort and enjoyment alone; live for others.