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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MAY 1869.

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Fredericton, May 27, 1869.

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SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.

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WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE

THE

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS,

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Sept. 24, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

FROM ST. JOHN TO PORTLAND.

IN AND AFTER THE STORM.

DEAR INTELLIGENCER—Your correspondent was a passenger by the *New York* on Monday last; and having some leisure time, ventures to recapitulate some things that may have escaped the notice of those whose accounts are already published. The trip to Eastport was made swiftly and smoothly, and before 12 o'clock we were moored safely beside the wharf. Tidings of the gale, then blowing at Boston, here reached us; and as Eastport would not afford sufficient shelter, the *New York* steamed down Rummery's Bay, near Lubec Neck, and there anchored. This place is as perfectly sheltered as any well can be, and has beside the advantage of excellent anchorage, the bottom being of a stiff clay. Thirteen other vessels had sought the same shelter, and with close reefed sails, were riding at anchor when night shut in. The darkness and wind increased together, until at eight o'clock the blackness of Egypt and the terrible tornado were both upon us.

It was in vain that the full force of the engines was put on to support the cables and hold the noble vessel to her anchorage. She still strained upon them with a force they could not withstand. Then the upper deck began to give way, and for a moment, it seemed that this, with the staterooms and passengers, must be swept into the sea. But quick as thought, in that terrible moment, Capt. Winchester set his men to work to lash it down—both he and Mr. Graham, the gentlemanly clerk, exposing themselves bravely, and working with a will. Another blast came, before which our ship trembled like a reed. Her upper deck was shaken violently; the gas fixtures went dancing up and down; the lights now flaming upward to a great height and then almost dying out, adding the sudden interchange of glare and darkness to the greater terrors of the moment. I heard the windows of the pantry, situated next my stateroom, go in with a crash, followed immediately by the falling and breaking of hundreds of dishes; the door blew open, and then the debris of broken dishes, teatrays and kettles went clattering across the saloon. The blast increased in fury, until with a sudden start, we felt something give way, and the steamer careened over heavily. Stateroom doors swung open, and the alarmed inmates, as if by common consent, congregated in the saloon. They behaved admirably, though here and there a woman was crying, and many a head was bowed in prayer. Another moment, and we felt again that something had given way, for the vessel righted and then moved off rocking from side to side. We had parted our anchors and were adrift! At the mercy of the mad wind, we swept on through a passage across which fish weirs were constructed, striking heavily on and passing over some rocks beyond, wrenching off the rudder, and then going ashore, bow on. The scene is described by those who saw it from the shore, as thrilling in the extreme. In the inky darkness of that terrible night, the gaslights on the *New York* flamed out so brightly, that they imagined her on fire, and say she seemed rushing on before the gale with the swiftness and grandeur of a monster meteor. As she swung in toward an old fish wharf, here the steamer lay for some time near it, and for a few moments against it, one of the wharf timbers pushing clear through her bulwarks. Here your correspondent clambered down her side, leaping upon the slippery timbers of the wharf, and sprang ashore. This was an effort of considerable peril, as the covering and upper timbers of the wharf were swept away, and the darkness and gale added to the uncertainty. Six others followed my example, and all took shelter in a friendly house near at hand—grateful to God that our lives were spared. In the morning, we woke to find the *New York* gone, and ten of the thirteen vessels that had anchored in the Bay—ashore. Four of these were piled up within a length of each other. After breakfast, we set out on foot for Lubec village, hoping to find the steamer there. On the way, we found the most terrible evidences of the strength of the gale. In four miles we found thirteen barns blown down—more than as many as were left standing. Others, as well as houses, were unroof'ed, and in some instances where the roofs and buildings remained, *nearly half the shingles* had been stripped off by sheer force of the wind. At Lubec, we learned that the *New York* was at Eastport, safe, and we went thither in a tug that plies between the two places. In the morning there was a meeting of the passengers, at which the deservedly complimentary resolutions to Capt. Winchester and the other officers, were passed, and afterward prayer and thanksgiving made in recognition of our providential escape. For two days we continued to reside on board, and on the evening of the first, had a lively illustration of the manner in which most persons can make the transition 'from grave to gay.' There, among people, who twenty four hours before were in mortal terror and face to face with death, the liveliest merriment prevailed. Music, instrumental and vocal, with popular songs, made glad the hearts of those in the saloon. Here and there were little parties of four with a few onlookers, playing at cards, and down below to the squeak of a poor violin, a half dozen couples were dancing with wonderful zest. Such is life—on a steamer.

Distrustful of the treacherous sea on which we had never ventured without being badly 'shook up,' your correspondent decided upon proceeding to Portland overland. This course would have two advantages; I would escape the danger of drowning, and would see some portions of Maine that I had not yet looked upon. We left Eastport looking as if it had been bombarded. All its wharves but two were broken up, 103 chimneys were blown down, and other damage in proportion. Before leaving, we were shown where the gale had lifted a wharf plank and hurled it endwise *through the roof of a four story building*. It was still there when we left. Returning to Lubec in the tug, I went thence in a carriage twenty four miles to East Machias, which, if I mistake not, Brother Editor, was the birth place of your paternal grandfather. This portion of the road is rough, and for a considerable distance passes through an unbroken forest. My driver was quite fearful of being robbed here, notwithstanding he carried a Smith & Wasson revolver. Out of the woods he felt safer and told me stories of the gale. One incident which occurred at Lubec, was as follows:—'A man who feared his house would blow over, began to move his household gods out. He carried his little babe in its cradle and set it down, returning for another of his little ones. When he came out, the cradle had blown entirely away, and the babe lay crying in the gutter of the road. His house in the meantime blew over. I found East Machias and Machias Port, which is four miles beyond the former, both very pretty places. The buildings are kept neatly painted, and trees are planted everywhere beside the roads. From Machias I came in the mail stage through Herrington, Cherryfield and Ellsworth, to Bangor. The three former of these are like Machias—pretty little towns on tide water. But the country between them is poor beyond compare. It is no injustice to say that the poorest parts of New Brunswick that I have yet seen, are better than the best of it. How people manage to exist by farming in such a sterile, rocky waste, is more than I can imagine. Yet, the reader will bear in mind, that this is along a principal thoroughfare—the mail and telegraph route between St. John and Bangor.

In one of the small villages named, we saw five vessels on the stocks, and in other places a less number. In several places we saw among other less notable effects of the gale, where places of worship were blown down. We found a party of men working among the ruins of a new one that had suffered in this way, and our driver (a church member,) seemed to know the place and the people. Drawing up his team, he called out, 'I say, deacon, you take a good deal of pains a tearin' of your meetin' house down and puttin' of it away afore cold weather.' The deacon replied, 'It was a bigger man nor me 'at did that.' 'Wal, he everlasting put it along, whoever it was, didn't he?' replied the driver. Others here joined in, and the conversation, from what I have quoted, with doubts as to the propriety of doing so, degenerated into gross irreverence before it concluded.

In the gray twilight of morning, our coach and four, swept grandly into Bangor, leaving us at the Bangor House for breakfast. As the train left early, we had but a short time to look around, but were much pleased with the appearance of the town. The buildings all seemed neat, and some of them fine; while the beautiful trees, clad in their autumn garments of yellow and gold, elicited our warm admiration. We took the cars here, and were carried rapidly but with a good deal of noise and jolting, onward to Portland, which we reached at 2 o'clock, P. M. We found the country here much better than over our stage route, but not as good as we had expected, as this valley through which the railway passes, is called the garden of Maine. It will not compare at all either in beauty or fertility, with those of the St. John, Kennebeccasis, or Petitcodiac. Portland is a beautiful town; its streets lined with trees, and its buildings of new brick, or else bright with paint. It flourishes, and well it may, while the Grand Trunk Railway feeds it with the wealth of Canada, of which it is the winter port. This advantage St. John will share, in some measure, when Western Extension is built. And when the Intercolonial is added, Portland will be much less favored than now. M.

Portland, October 8, 1869.

VISIT TO NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR BRO. MCLEOD.—Accompanied by Mrs. Morell, on the 7th ult., I took passage in the schooner *Osceola*, Captain N. McConnel, bound from Boston, Mass., to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

Favored with a strong south west wind, our progress the first night seemed prophetic of a speedy passage to our port of destination. But as the curtain of night fell about us on Wednesday, and the dense fog continuing to envelop the vessel, it was considered by our excellent commander, too perilous to attempt running into harbor; so 'laying to,' we were driven before the gale so far off our course, as to render it necessary to make Westport haven on Thursday afternoon, some thirty miles north of Yarmouth.

On the way we were sorely annoyed by continuous sea sickness, and consequently by so much the more thankful for the quiet of a safe resting place for the approaching night.

Many a noble ship went in pieces, and many a poor seaman found a watery grave while contending manfully with the warring elements on that fearful Wednesday night. Many are the hearts that sit in the solitude and sadness of bereavement for the loved ones lost at sea at that time.

Friday morning, hoping the sooner to reach the place of meeting—for we were on our way to the Free Baptist Yearly Conference in the Province—Mrs. M. and I went on board a small schooner (*Joseph Ring*), Capt. D. Sullivan, and were nearly all day in crossing St. Mary's Bay—a distance of nine miles. Landing in a rain storm at Montaghon, with baggage in hand, we hastened on foot through the mud, to the public house—'Jan'—where the good landlady—Mrs. George German—made us very comfortable with a palatable supper, pleasant conversation, and excellent lodgings. O, how sweet is such rest, following the sleepless nights and torturing experiences on the storm angry waves of the sea!

Saturday morning, Mr. Joseph Babue (Frenchman), took us in his easy waggon to Beaver River, fourteen miles down the coast, relieving the journey with his intelligent conversation and prompt attention to our wants. Three dollars in 'green backs' settled the bill. Green backs in Nova Scotia, were worth in gold, seventy-five cents on a dollar. Paper money and American silver are the same in value as gold.

Arrived in time for the forenoon business meeting, and was received with peculiar expressions of joy by the Conference; for many had feared we were lost. With the forenoon, the business of the Conference closed. The afternoon was devoted to social religious services.

At the opening of the meeting, a few moments meditation upon the divine goodness shown to me, especially during the last two years, in which were included my former visit to this Province; my mission to the Freedmen; sickness in West Virginia; safe return to Maine; partial restoration to health; delivered from the dangers of our recent sea perils; and the opportunity of greeting so many christian friends at that hour, filled my heart with a *burden* of gratitude I could not express.

A large number spoke of their experiences in the love of Christ—of the precious hopes inspired by the gospel, and of the peculiar joy of meeting with the people of the Lord in their annual assembly. It may be said of them most emphatically, 'see how these love one another.'

At night, the educational interest was publicly discussed earnestly, and I think wisely; for, while the claims of education were urged upon the churches with a zeal worthy their importance; still it was as readily conceded, that since the demand for laborers in the gospel field is so imperative and the vineyard is so varied in its wants, no one truly called of God to preach Christ, should refrain from the work because of a limited education, when his circumstances forbid his attendance at the schools. It is to be hoped, therefore, that no good servant of the Master will cast himself aside as worthless, because he is limited in his attainments, and who, either from age, poverty, or other circumstances beyond his control, finds it too late to pursue a course of study at some institution of learning. With the love of Christ in the heart and the *burden of souls* pressing him into the service, such an one, not unfrequently, is enabled to accomplish a great and precious work. Our purpose should be, to make the most of what we *do possess*—of time, talents, and opportunities. Heaven does not require impossibilities. *What is duty can be done.* And just here, I desire to say to all my dear brethren in the ministry who feel deeply their weakness and poverty, let us not be disheartened in consequence of such views of ourselves. Christ has a work for us all to do—a place for us all to fill. And let us be sure that our pride does not overcome us, and so lead us to feel that because others outstrip us in learning, and command the attention of the public beyond our power to reach and influence the popular mind, we must give up in despair and lay ourselves aside as useless, worn out tools of a past generation. If we cannot shine with the glory of the sun, let us be willing to reflect the paler light of the moon, and, if not with the lustre of the moon, let it be the twinkling radiance of the far off stars, differing also among themselves in magnitude.

On the Sabbath, two hours of worship were occupied (C. Baptist and Free Baptist) by our brethren, and large and attentive audiences were present. It was indeed a pleasure to witness the cordial welcome given to us by our C. Baptist brethren to their church. May they also be refreshed by the spirit's presence and the conversion of many who wait on the ministry of the dear brother, their pastor.

At length the parting came, and the brethren were to go to their several ways, never more all to meet again on earth. The cup of pleasure, so full, through all the days of this holy convocation, must now be mingled with the bitterness of separation. How peculiar are the experiences of such an hour! In the joyousness of such special means of grace, one almost forgets the trials of the past, and for the time being casts off the consciousness of responsibility for the future labors and toils of the christian life. But the parting hour rolls back the burden afresh. But thank God, we may go back to our fields of toil, and to the responsibilities of our calling, refreshed by the contact of christian hearts, and reanimated and reassured in our work by the witnessing spirit. These occasional gatherings of the people of the Lord, are to the churches what the heart is to a healthy, vigorous body. They send the life current of a revitalized christianity throughout the entire organization, so that enlargement, strength, beauty, and usefulness are the consequence. The *parting*, however, is painful; and we sometimes feel, not unlike the disciples who were favored with the companionship of Moses and Elias with the Saviour on the Mount of Transfiguration. We would build tabernacles, and tarry longer where it is so good to be.

By special request, meetings were held on Tuesday and Wednesday nights following. At the close of the sermon on Wednesday night, about forty parts were taken in the meeting—among which, were several requests for prayers from the unconverted. It was an impressive meeting. The tokens of the spirit's presence were most encouraging to the people of God. It was with a heavy heart I felt obliged to turn away from this people. But again I was comforted in reflecting that my dear Bro. Downey, who had recently been laboring here as Home Missionary, so acceptably to the people, was expected to return on Friday next to lead the devotions of God's house, and point inquiring souls to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. May the Lord add a great multitude in this place to the stars in his crown of everlasting glory and joy.

The churches in Nova Scotia are progressing in every good word and work. Missions, both Home and Foreign, Education, Temperance, &c., are coming to share more fully, year by year, the sympathy, prayers, and efforts of the denomination. Many also are the whitening fields that invite the reapers, and the earnest prayer is lifted to the Lord of the harvest for a speedy and fresh supply of laborers.

The Freewill Baptists of the States, and the Free Baptists of Nova Scotia, and the Free Christian Baptists of New Brunswick, are essentially a unit in doctrine, church polity, and in experience; so that their ministers find no difficulty in preaching and administering the ordinances anywhere among the churches in the Provinces or in the States. In the States we most heartily welcome the ministers of the Provinces to the pastoral charge, and we of the States are received with open hearts to the care of the churches in the Provinces. What then doth hinder *our oneness in denominational name?* a 'result most devoutly to be wished,' I will venture to add.

The fruits of the 'union' between the Free Christian Baptists and Freewill Baptists of Nova Scotia, are highly gratifying and satisfactory. Their coming together, once more verifies the old adage, 'union is strength;' and I cannot doubt its re verification, were the union of the three denominations above mentioned, in due time consummated (I only speak for myself, not officially).

But this communication is extending much farther than was anticipated by the writer. If it seems to you suitable to a place in your excellent paper, I will add a second article.

Yours for the truth,

A. H. MORRELL.

Philips, Maine, Oct. 1, 1869.

Let the church proclaim anew the cardinal truth that no good cause can be lifted by a wrong method. We may think to build churches by trick, bribery or selfish appeal, but we grossly deceive ourselves. We may put up gothic piles thereby, but we shall not pull down the living stones of the true temple.—*Robertson.*

One of the most essential preparations for eternity is delight in praising God; a higher acquirement, I do think, than even delight and devotedness in prayer.—*Chalmer.*

EARNESTNESS IN THE LORD'S WORK.

Thirty years ago in Philadelphia, there came on Saturday night a terrific snow storm that filled the streets three or four feet deep with snow in banks. I went to church thinking that I would be alone. One little girl I found of sixteen years of age, up to her hips in a snow bank and unable to get out. She had walked from Ninth Street to Broad, in Chestnut, and had left her shoes somewhere upon the road, she could not tell where. I found her at the door. Would you like to know the history of that girl? I traced the conversion of twenty five of my young people to the ministry of that girl. She was made the wife of a faithful young minister, and died within two years after her marriage. She went into her work for Christ simply to do good. She would get three or four of her half grown boys of the Sunday school to wait upon her home, and she would take care of them in her house, and one after another used to come to me, and when I asked the question, 'What has led you to seek a Saviour's love?' they mentioned this sweet and charming name—till I traced twenty five, at least, among my people who were converted through her prayers and labors—and among them, that beloved son of mine at whose bedside I sat for sixteen long hours, wondering why God had taken him, and left me behind. This was the character of the girl. Nothing kept her back. And she did a spiritual work. Now, you may depend upon it, nothing is so important in the Sunday-school as a simple, practical habit in the work. There is everything in the habit of religion. It is indispensable to Christian efforts that one has a closet, a special place for prayer. I put it to my Christian brethren, whether every one has not some particular spot where he loves to go, some particular place in his room. I cannot pray by myself with half the comfort if I have not my own little place. If my knee could bore the whole I think there would be sockets in the floor at that spot. It is the place where God especially meets us. Now, this habit is everything. Take hold of it in youth, and work on into old age. I have had Sunday school teachers seventy-five years of age, and they still held on. The almond tree was upon their heads, but like Moses on the top of Pisgah, their natural strength was not abated. They looked into the Land of Promise, only to come back to tell another generation how beautiful and attractive it was. Make much, then, of the habit, as teachers, of being always at your post, and always there in time.

Permit me still to say another thing. I should say to Sunday school teachers, be always gaining in spiritual power yourselves. Trace the actual influence of your work on others. Maintain that habit of punctual, earnest fidelity in carrying out your work. Consider it a harness for your life. Now, as I often tell my girls, there is a dreadful bridge that girls attempt to cross, and five out of six tumble through the floor and into the river. And that is the fatal bridge of matrimony! Rarely, rarely can I find Sunday school teachers going over that bridge without tumbling into the stream. I look for her in her place. 'O, sir, I am married.' Like the poor servant girl whose mistress met her on the street, and asked, 'Where are you living now?' 'O, I am not living anywhere, *I am married!*' The poor girl told a prodigious truth without being conscious of it! Here is where we lose vast quantities of our Sunday school teachers. They marry unconverted men. The daughters of the Saviour go into the world of sin, and give their plighted love to men who have no real knowledge of that Saviour. They wound Him in the house of His friends. There is a difficulty, and a constant one. Now, I will not say, friends 'Be old maids for the sake of the Sunday school;' for there is somehow, I never could tell why, a prejudice on this subject among women; but I would advise you as the man might have been advised who made the most foolish of all the excuses, in the parable of the supper, when he said, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.' Why don't you come and bring your wife with you? Why don't you, my sisters in Christ, bring your husbands with you?—*Rev. Dr. Tyng, New Your.*

RELIGION BEAUTIFUL.

In the child, the maiden, the wife, the mother, religion shines with a holy, benignant beauty of its own, which nothing can mar. Never yet was the female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, and wealth are like pitfalls in the brightest day, unless the divine, light, unless religion throws her soft beams around them, to purify and exalt, making twice glorious that which seemed all loveliness before.

Religion is beautiful in health, in sickness, in wealth, in poverty. We never enter the sick chamber of the good, but soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of their song is, 'Lo! peace is here.' Could we look into thousands of families to day, where discontent sits fighting sullenly with life, we should find the chief cause of unhappiness the want of religion in woman. And in felons' cells, in places of crime, misery, destitution, ignorance, we should behold, in all its most horrible deformity, the fruit of irreligion in woman.

Oh, religion! benignant majesty! high on thy throne thou sittest, glorious and exalted. Not above the clouds, for earth clouds come never between thee and a truly pious soul; not beneath the clouds, for above thee is heaven opening through a broad vista of exceeding beauty.

Its gates shine in the splendor of jasper and precious stones, with the dewy light that neither flashes nor blazes, but steadily proceedeth from the throne of God. Its towers bathe in refulgent glory ten times the brightness of ten thousand suns, yet soft, undazzling to the eye.

And there religion points. Art thou weary? it whispers rest, up there, forever. Art thou sorrowing? eternal joy. Religion is happifying; cheerfulness and joyfulness are commendable, the fruits of faith and hope in God. The fruits of the Spirit is love, peace, joy, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.

"The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place,
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

Religion is in every way just the reverse of gloom or sadness. It imparts true pleasure and abiding peace, and sweetens everything in life.

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;'
'Tis religion will supply
Solid comfort when we die.
After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity."

PRESENCE OF CHRIST.

A Christian should make his Saviour a perpetual companion—everywhere, and on every day of the week. Christ offers to walk with him in every day's journey of life. What companionship so enlivening and so purifying as his; who else can make our hearts so burn within us by the way?

Christ's presence with believers is one of the best stimulators to duty. Jesus is "made unto us sanctification" as well as redemption. That is—his is a spirit of holiness. And when we live in hourly communion with Jesus, it has a tendency to make us holy. The sense of Christ's immediate presence is a perpetual check upon our lusts—a perpetual spur to our self indolence. Are we provoked to cutting words or irritating retorts? One look from the gentle, all forgiving Jesus, should be enough to seal the lip and to smooth the ruffled brow. Are we ever tempted to keen bargains and over-reaching in business? Selfishness says, "All is fair—others do it; it is the custom of our trade." But what will the pure and holy Jesus say?

How will account books look to him when he "audits" them? And so on all through the calendar of duties and the circle of daily temptations. With our Saviour beside me, how will I dare to play the coward, or the cheat, or trifler, or the sensualist, or the trickster?

Nowhere will Christ's presence be more cheering and sustaining than in the weariness of a sick room, or under the silent shadows of a great bereavement. "Christ comes to me in the watches of the night," said the bed-ridden saint, Halyburton: "He draws aside the curtains and says, It is I; be of good cheer; be not afraid. Here I lie pained and yet strong.' And when the last farewells have been spoken through the sobs of the dying hour, this never-failing Friend will sweetly whisper, Fear not, I am with thee. Where I am, ye shall be also. Having loved my own, I will love them unto the end."—*Cuyler.*

UNFAILING COMFORT.

When earthly hopes fail, he who is not a Christian has no fountain whence to draw sweet and abiding consolation. Not so with the Christian. To him the divine promises are all sufficient. The following is a most touching illustration:—

Would you know the value of the Bible? Let me introduce you to a scene of deep and thrilling interest as related by a minister, an eye-witness. A young woman, completely blind and deaf, was brought before a number of eminent surgeons, to see if anything could be done for. Her sad condition had been produced by a violent pain in the head. The only method of communicating with her was by tapping her hand, which signified no, and by squeezing it, which signified yes. The surgeons concluded that her case was incurable, and in reply to her unwelcome inquiries she received unwelcome tidings. She immediately burst into tears and wept aloud in all the bitterness of anguish. 'What,' said she, 'shall I never see the light of day, or hear a human voice? Must I remain shut up in darkness and silence as long as I live?' A friend who was present took up the Bible and placed it to her breast. It was a touching and beautiful act. She placed her hands on it and asked, 'Is this the Bible?' Her hand was squeezed in reply. She immediately clasped the Bible in her hands, and held it up to her bosom, and exclaimed, 'This is the only comfort I have left; I shall never more be able to look upon its blessed pages, but I can think of the blessed promises I have learned from it!' and then began to repeat some of its promises; 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee;' 'Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee;' My grace is sufficient for thee,' etc. She dried her tears, became submissive to the will of God, and was happy.

TO FILL THE PEWS.

The minister who does not succeed in interesting people, and holding them together when they have once come, is, of course, responsible if his audience at last is only cushions and pew doors. But the work of getting hearers at first is his only in part. It is a duty which belongs especially to his parish No man wishes to blow his own trumpet, or if he is a true minister blow the trumpet of the Lord, for the direct purpose of having it heard out of doors, and it requires a grace not taught in theological schools for him to say, even privately, to one and another of the people he meets during the week, come and hear me preach. It is just this very thing, however, that his parishioners are able to do, and by which it is in their power, quite as much as by getting an eloquent speaker, to fill up the church.

Half a dozen men in a society, taking such a duty upon them, would very soon remedy the disease of their congregations. One of our ministers was surprised, not long ago, at the large accessions he began to have to his Sunday evening meetings. Was it the extra quality of his sermons that caused it? Before he had time to get fairly settled in that comfortable belief, he was told the true reason. A wide awake parish committee had been chosen, who were on hand early every Sunday night; and when they found the church was not likely to be full, they scattered themselves up and down the street and at the corners where young men loaf, and notified, asked, urged, bagged and compelled the people in. It was a very literal obedience to the lesson contained in the parable of the marriage of the king's son, but a very effective one. A thousand dollars' worth of pulpit eloquence additional could hardly have accomplished so much. Would it not be well for many of our parishes, with more pews than people, to try this plan of of building themselves up by asking in, not a new minister, but a new congregation.—*Liberal Christian.*

'Are there not things more precious than gold and bank stocks? When the Central America foundered at sea, bags of gold were scattered about the deck worthless as the merest rubbish 'Life!' was the prayer. With some of the wretched survivors, it was 'water!' 'water!' 'bread!' 'bread!' These were worth their weight of gold, if they could have been bought. And oh! above all—far above all—the salvation of our soul is precious. It is not yet lost. Is it saved?

Let us remember, that *when we shall come to die*, and our souls sit, as it were, hovering upon our lips, ready to take their flight, at how great a rate we would then be willing to purchase some of these hours we once trifled away.