

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor,

Vol. XVI.—No. 32.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1869.

Whole No. 812.

MAY 1869.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,

FREDERICTON,

HAS NOW COMPLETED HIS SPRING STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

DRESS GOODS,

Prints, Cottons,

Sheetings, Table Linens,

CARPETINGS,

Lace Curtains, Oil Cloths,

CLOVES,

HOSIERY, RIBBONS,

Silks and Velvets.

LACE GOODS,

Parasols,

&c., &c., &c.

NEW BRUNSWICK WARPS.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Fredericton, May 27, 1869.

ALBION HOUSE.

JULY 1, 1869.

NEW GOODS,

PER STEAMSHIPS "DORIAN,"

FROM GLASGOW,

AND "UNITED KINGDOM,"

FROM LIVERPOOL.

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

A LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED

STOCK OF

NEW AND FASHIONABLE

GOODS.

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

FANCY

AND

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

TO WHICH

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE

THE

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, July 1, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

(From "Bright Glimpses for Mothers' Meeting.")

THE INFIDEL AND THE BOARD.

I am going to tell you something about the people who live in that pretty neat cottage by the roadside, where peace and love are now dwelling. Ah! I have known them for many a long year, and the more I think of them the more I rejoice in all the Lord's goodness, and in his wonderful works to the children of men. The owner of that happy home was a few years ago an atheist, yes, an avowed, open atheist; he professed the miserable, hollow, fearful creed which can afford no comfort in life and no peace in death, that comes by chance—no God, no Saviour, no Holy Spirit! One shudders as one says it, one trembles to think of that man, say rather that "fool," who "hath said in his heart there is no God." We who by our heavenly Father's great goodness have been taught the happiness of looking to him as our Creator, to Jesus as our Saviour, and to the Holy Spirit as our Sanctifier, may humbly exclaim—"What shall we render to the Lord for all his goodness to us! Well, this poor, deluded man was very prosperous as regards this world. A carpenter by trade, he had plenty of work, health, strength, and all he wanted, and for days and months and years he lived despising God, and putting his Word far from him. There is a time in a man's life when 'the strong man armed' keepeth his goods in peace, and a looker-on may see 'the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree'; but that time is but short. 'He passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I sought him and he could not be found.' (Psalm xxxvii, 35, 36.) A man may be strong in his boasted strength of reason and enlightenment, and fear nothing for the future, when all is prosperity and health with him. 'My fountain is so strong I shall never be moved,' may be the language of his proud heart, but let sickness strike down that strong man, let death yawn before him, let eternity be opened to his terrific gaze, oh! then, what can his cold, dark creed do for him? Nothing, absolutely nothing.

To return to my story. My friend, the carpenter, had one rich, very rich, earthly possession; its price was not to be told; he did not at the time of which I am speaking, value it half enough, he did not treasure it as he does now. He had an excellent, loving, praying, consistent wife, a gift from that God in whom he did not believe. A year after this good woman mourned over the state of her husband's soul, and she did more than mourn, she prayed. Now, I have met many poor women whose hearts are well nigh broken as they watched the down hill steps their husbands are taking; it begins perhaps by very little—so little, that at first they thought they had better not notice it. Instead of coming home at once, as formerly, when their work was over, they began by stopping at the beer shop, 'just to take one pint more than usual'; then 'just one half-hour they'd sit a bit, and have a talk, and then home.' Then the evil would come on and on, like the silent drop of water, which constantly falling on a building, though unheeded at first, at last passes the very foundation, and crumbles it to a ruin. Well, how have these wives I speak of, met this deep trial? Not always in the wisest way, I think. Let me speak a few words of loving advice to you, my dear friends. There are two ways in which to meet a husband on his return at night after a hard day's work—an angry way and a loving way. The former only makes a man hug his sin the closer to him, and determine not to give it up; the latter makes him sit looser and looser to it, until at last he throws it off through the warm, loving atmosphere of forbearance and kindness.

'What art thou doing, Joe?' said a wife, as her husband entered his cottage half an hour later than usual, tired and hungry. 'I'll be bound you've been at the public while I've been awaiting this hour with yer supper; now it's all spoilt, and yer may eat as yer can.' Then followed angry, bitter words, and in a little time that same husband might have been seen with a scowling, determined countenance hastily banging his cottage door, and wearily wending his way to the beer-shop, there to spend the rest of his evening. 'Ah! and who knows but that the midnight hour found him still there.

'I can't meet father, I hear his step; said a bright, good tempered, clean wife to her toddling little curly-headed boy; 'he's a bit late to-night, so we must make all comfortable for him; said she (turning to a tidy girl sitting busily mending well-worn stockings at the cottage door), 'for I warrant he'll be right down pleased with this piece of fried bacon and beans, both out of his own garden, as I may call it; catch up the baby, Jane, she's had a goodish sleep, and is just waking in time to sit on my knee, and give a pretty smile to him; as he cuts his supper, as he says, helping him to swallow his food smooth and comfortable. 'Ah, Jack,' she said, 'we are all ready for yer, and yer supper's all ready, and piping hot too.' And so Jack sits down with his little wife smiling, and his pretty babe smiling, and all smiling him a welcome, and even the pet pussy lying by the fire looks up and gives him a friendly 'meow.' He doesn't say much at first, and his loving wife fancied she saw him brush his arm across his eyes when he thought she wasn't looking; but he gets more comfortable as he eats on, and when he has finished, he takes the little one in his arms, and tosses her up high till she crows and laughs with delight; then out with his pipe, and he sits at his cottage door with his children all around him; but when they are in bed safe, and out of hearing, he confesses to his wife how 'Will Jackson had tempted him to the public, and how he had at first resisted, and at last had given in; but how his heart smote him as he entered his happy, clean home, and had such a 'missis' to greet him, and such a 'little one' to love; and how he would say, 'Wife, I didn't go the right way to work to-day, for I'm uncommon weak, and I never looked to God for strength, but you and I'll have a word or two of prayer together, now we are just alone and quiet, as we did that day I put that ring on your blessed finger, and said, 'I'll love you till death us do part.' So they knelt, and first Jack confessed his sins, and Mary took it up, and praised God that they were kneeling together on that cottage floor, and both husband and wife got up with hearts as lithe as a lark, and 'I'm told there's now not a better man going than Jack, or one more steady and sober.' Well, the carpenter's wife tried the loving way; she never tried to drive her husband, but to lead

him by love. (I never yet met a man who liked to be driven, but I've seen many a one who was pleased to be led by a kind, forbearing, thoughtful wife.) But she had a long, long time to wait before her prayers were answered. At last they were answered, and in a wonderful way too.

She found a love as ever father bestowed on a child; but, alas! such was his hatred of religion, and his contempt of the Word of God, that notwithstanding the entreaties of his wife, he would not hear of her even going to school, lest she should learn to read her Bible, and be taught about the Christian's God! So the little one lived untaught, save by her gentle mother, who ceased not to pray that her husband's heart might be softened, and that he might become a lamb of the Saviour's fold. At last God's time of converting grace came. The carpenter was taken ill; he became more and more so. His wife's fears were aroused: 'Oh! if he should die,' thought she, 'what will become of his never dying soul?' She prayed and prayed, and when she saw the strong man becoming weak as a child, she determined to go to the minister and entreat him to visit her poor husband. That minister, ever on the watch for the souls of his people, had long striven in vain to speak words of truth to the atheist, but he had resisted every word, and he had been treated with scorn. Now, like his divine Master, this messenger of peace at once joyfully rose up with the anxious wife; but no joyfully rose up with the anxious wife; but no sooner did the sick man get a glimpse of him than he assailed him with oaths and curses, and bid him begone and never darken his door again. The man of God, seeing it was useless to remain, mournfully left the poor man, inwardly praying that the hour might yet come when he might return and repent. The terrified wife came in for no small share of abuse at daring to fetch the minister. Meekly she bore it all, and continued lifting up her heart in prayer for her husband's soul.

Presently he exclaimed, 'I'll never let that man into my room to talk to me of his God, that man into my room to bring me a board and a piece of chalk.' The wife obeyed, and what were her feelings of horror, when she saw his hot fevered fingers slowly write in capital letters, 'GOD IS NOWHERE.' 'Place this,' said he, 'at the bottom of my bed, that I may see it every time I open my eyes, and that all who enter may see my creed.' The poor wife dare not expostulate, and trembling did as he bidden her; then she sat apart pleading forgiveness for her hardened husband.

The fever increased until delirium came on, and the life of the atheist was in imminent danger; the ravings of the wretched man were heard, and death seemed at the threshold. Then, as if by magic, the character of the minister. He came to the chamber of disease; his presence was unnoticed now, for reason was obscured. He at once decided to take the little girl to his own home, that she might be out of the way of infection. He strengthened the sorrowing wife, and prayed with her, and like his divine Master, left a blessing behind him. The little girl was received as a sacred loan by the minister's wife, who determined to make the most of the short time she might be with her, and teach her lessons of truth. She found her an apt and willing learner. She took her with her to the Sunday School, and there, for the first time, she heard God's Word read and explained to the assembled children. Again, in that minister's family, when all were gathered together for family worship, and their wants and the wants of his people were spread before God, the little one heard with delight her loved father prayed for, that he might recover; and then her mother, too, was not forgotten, that she might be supported and blessed. Oh! that family altar, what a blessed thing it is! What a channel for streams of living water to flow in! It is a happy thing when the Christian father daily, morning and evening, gathers his family around him for united prayer and praise. I wish family prayers were known in every cottage in happy England. What sight more delightful than to behold the working man, after his day's toil, his well-earned supper and his comfortable pipe, go to his shelf and take down his carefully kept, and yet well read Bible, gather his wife and his sons and daughters around him—aye, every one, even the babe on the mother's knees, and the tiny, rosy girl who creeps up to her father, and clings with little loving arms round his neck, and open it and read a portion—a short psalm, perhaps, or a dozen verses from one of the beautiful Gospels, and then kneel down, simply asking God to bless them all! Oh, sleep comes so happily after this! There is no pillow so downy for the rich or the poor as *love*, and united family worship does bring love with it. Try it, and you will find it so.

I must return to my story. Ere long, God in his infinite mercy, arrested the hand of death; the fever abated, then was subdued—the poor man was pronounced out of danger; the wife's heart overflowed with gratitude—the minister praised God in the congregation. The first request the sick man made was that his treasured little girl might be brought to him.

The doctor promised that in a little time, if all went on well, and the sick man gained a little strength, but he showed no grateful acknowledgment to God for his mercy in not giving him over into the hand of death; and his eyes still fell on the words of that terrible board at the bottom of his bed, for his wife had not dared to run the risk of exciting him by removing it. At length permission was given for his little girl to see him for only a few minutes. These few minutes were pregnant with eternal import. She was placed on the pillow near her father, and that heart, which was 'at enmity with God,' was softened with the tenderest emotions towards the child. Oh, the depth of man's sinfulness! Oh, the greater depth of God's forbearing love!

'Well, my pet,' said the carpenter, 'where have you been while father has been lying ill?' 'Oh! said the little one, 'I've been so happy; the minister's lady is so kind; I love her so. The minister took me away, and has been so good to me, and they have taught me to read, and given me a book full of beautiful pictures, and I can read with delight to his sweet, artless prattler, then could you read much yet, I should think; could you read to me the words on that board at the bottom of my bed?' 'Oh yes, father, let me try,' said the little one; and she began slowly spelling, and repeating each letter—G, o, d, i, s; she

then stooped, got very red, looked again, then said, 'Oh, father, I've got it, God is now here,' and added, 'Yes, father, so he is, and he's been here all the time you've been so ill.' 'You must go now, darling,' said the father, in a low, choking voice; the door was closed, a burst of repentant tears followed; and sounds, blessed sounds, which rejoiced the angels in heaven, came from that sick man's room—sounds of prayer, sounds of deep contrition for sin. The requests of the loving, praying wife, long ungranted, but not forgotten, were now fulfilled. The atheist was turned penitent. 'Where sin had abounded, grace had much more superabounded.' Satan was taken in his own snare; the very same letters he had tempted the minister to write, were the *selfsame* letters employed for his conversion. He now called on God, the true, the living, the prayer-hearing God for mercy; he was awakened to a sense of his transgression; he was broken hearted before God; he now earnestly desired to see the minister. That messenger of love and kindness at once went to him, showed him the way of access to Jesus, and had the joy of beholding him rise from that bed of sickness, a 'new man in Christ Jesus,' filled with an earnest purpose to go forth and show, by his life and conversation, 'What great things the Lord had done for his soul.' Does not this beautiful instance of a wife's prayer being answered encourage any of you who are in trouble to go to God in hopeful prayer, believing that he whose ways are not as our ways, will in his own good time grant your petitions?

THE DEATH OF CHARLES I.

We copy this well drawn picture of a historic event from the last and one of the best of the stories of the Schönbogen Cotta Family,—*On Both Sides of the Sea*:

Since England was, such an event was never witnessed within sound of her seas, that which darkened London on the fatal 30th of January, 1649.

In my memory that day lies shrouded and silent, as if all that happened in it had been done in a city spell bound into silence in a hush, and, less, colorless world, where all in intermediate tints were, gathered into black and white, the black of the heavily-draped scaffold and the whiteness of the frosty ground from which it rose into the still and icy air; whilst behind the palace slept, front-bound, the mute and motionless river, imprisoning with icy bars the motionless ships.

From early in the day the thoroughfares and squares and open gathering-places of the city were filled with Commonwealth soldiers. I remember no call of trumpet or beat of drum; only a slow pacing of horsemen, and marching of footmen, silently, to their assigned positions, the tramp of men and the clatter of the horse-hoofs ringing from the closed and silent houses on the line of the regiments.

It was no day of triumph to any. To the army, and those who felt with them, was a day of solemn justice, not of triumphant vengeance. To the Royalists it was a day of passionate hushed sorrow and bitter inward vows of retribution; to the people generally a day of perplexity and woe.

It was well for his adversaries that those days of the king's humiliation were not prolonged. Irrepressible veneration and pity began to stir among the crowds who beheld him, and the cries of 'Justice! justice!' were changed more than once into murmurs of 'God save the King.' But the pity was a slowly-rising tide of waves now advancing and now recoiling. The determination for 'justice on the chief delinquent' was a strong and steady, though narrow current; and it swept the nation on irresistibly to its end. At ten o'clock His Majesty walked through St. James's Park to Whitehall, passing rapidly through the bitter cold, under the bare branches of the silent trees, through a crowd in appearance as cold, as silent. His face, men said, was calm and majestic as ever, although worn; his beard had become gray, and his hair was thinning, but his step was firm. He disappeared through the Palace gates, from which he was never to step forth again. Then followed six hours of suspense and terrible expectation, the crowds surging uneasily to and fro, unable to rest, repelled and yet attracted by the terrible fascination of the empty, expectant scaffold, whose heavy funeral draperies fell from the windows of the Banqueting Hall on the frosty ground beneath. There were whispers that the ambassador of the United Provinces was pleading not hopelessly with Lord Fairfax, that the Prince of Wales had sent a blank letter signed by himself, to be filled with any conditions the Commons chose to demand; but that the King had burned this letter, and refused the ministrations of any but the clergy of the Episcopal Church of the realm;—so that if he was indeed to die, it would be as a martyr to the rights of the Crown and the Church.

And through these soberer reports ever and anon rose wild rumors of approaching deliverance, of risings in the Royalist counties, of avenging fleets approaching the Thames, of judgment direct from heaven on the sacrilegious heads of the regicides.

But to us who knew of the purpose which had been gathering force in the army since that prayer meeting at Windsor six months before, those mid-day hours were hours not of doubt or suspense, but of awful certainty, as minute by minute the hour approached when that scaffold was to be empty no more.

We knew that within the still and deserted halls of that palace, the King was preparing to meet his doom; and (all political questions and personal wrongs for the time forgotten) from a thousand roofs in the city went up prayers that he might be sustained in dying, and might exchange the earthly crown which had sat on his brow so uneasily, for the crown of life which burdens not, nor fades away.

At length three o'clock, the moment of doom, came. 'It was the ninth hour,' as the Royalists fondly noted. Save the guard around the scaffold, and those who attended his dying moments on it, none were near enough to hear what passed there. It was all mute; but the spectacle spoke. In most things unseen. In this the thing to be seen was no mere sign, but a dread reality, a tremendous event. The black scaffold, the wintry silence, the vast awe-stricken crowd gazing mute and motionless on the inevitable tragedy; a few plainly dressed men at last appearing on the scaffold around the well-known stately figure of the King, richly arrayed, 'as for his second bridal,' the 'comely

head" laid down without a struggle on the block 'as on a bed'; the momentary flash of the axe; the severed head raised an instant on high as 'the head of a traitor'; a shrouded form prostrate on the scaffold;—and then, as good Mr. Philip Henry, who was present, said, 'at the instant when the blow was given, a *dismal universal groan* among the thousands of people who were within sight of it, as if with one consent, such as he had never heard before, and desired he might never hear the like again, or see such a case for it.'

The multitude were not left long to bewail their King. One troop of Parliament horses rode instantly, by previous order, from Charing Cross towards King Street, and another from King Street towards Charing Cross; and so the crowd were scattered right and left, to lament as they might each man under his own roof, and to read in secret the 'Eikon Basilike,' which it is said the King composed, copies of which were distributed under his scaffold, and will, doubtless, be reverently treasured in every Royalist household; not in the library, but in the oratory, beside the Bible and the Prayer Book, exclaiming loyalty from a passion, deepening it from a religion, while they compare the King's trial to that before the unjust judge of old his walk to the scaffold to that along the Dolorous Way, his sayings to those last words on which, dying men and women have hung ever since.

Every one knows the heaviness with which even a day of festivity closes, when the event of the day is over. The weight with which the fatal day closed it is hard for any one who did not feel it to imagine.

Scripture words repeated with omens warning by ministers, Presbyterians and Episcopal, echoed like curses through countless hearts: 'I gave them a king in my anger and took him away in my wrath.' 'Who am I that I should lay hands on the Lord's anointed?'

Death gave to the King's memory an immortality very different from the technical, 'the King can do no wrong' of the ancient constitution. And even with those whose resolution remained unwavering to the last, this was not the time for speech. The extremity of justice had been done; there was nothing more to be said. It would have been an ungenerous cry from the thought of such regicides as Colonel Hutchinson and General Cromwell to follow it with insulting words, and their own self-defence they were content to leave to events. Mr. Milton's majestic Defences of the English people came later.

Ours was a silent fireside that winter night, as Roger, weary and numb, came at last to warm himself beside us.

As he entered, I was saying to my husband, 'The terrible thing is, that he who lived tramping on the constitution and the rights of conscience, seems to have died a martyr to the constitution and conscience, doomed by a few desperate men.'

'We must concern ourselves as little as possible, sister,' Roger said very quietly, 'with what seems.'

'I fear this day will turn the tide against all for which you have fought throughout the war.'

'The tide will turn back,' he said.

'But what if not in our time?' I said.

'Then in God's time, Olive, which is the best.'

But he looked very worn and sad. I repeated of having said these discouraging words, and we both strove to undo them as he asked me to unloose the helmet which his benumbed hands could not unloose.

'I would rather thousands times,' I said, 'have you with Colonel Hutchinson, and General Cromwell, and those who dared to do what they thought right in the face of the world, than with those who thought it right yet dared not do it. The nation will recognize their deliverer in General Cromwell yet.'

'I do not know that, Olive,' he said; 'but it will be enough if General Cromwell delivers the nation.'

'At least the generation to come will do you all justice,' I said.

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

'I am not sure of that,' he said. 'It depends on who writes the history for them. There is one Judgment Seat, whose awards it is safe to set before us. Before that we have sought to stand. That sentence is irrevocably fixed. What is it we shall hear hereafter, when the voice of this generation and all the generations will move us no more than the murmur of a troubled sea a great way off, and far below.'

INDIAN OUTRAGES IN KANSAS.

A Leavenworth paper, of the 20th, gives the following particulars in regard to the recent massacre of thirteen persons upon Saline river by the Indians:—

On Sunday, May 30, as Mr. Thomas Alderdice was returning from Salina to his home on the Saline river, he heard, when about three miles from his residence, that a band of Indians had been into the settlement and murdered a large number of people and destroyed considerable property. On arriving at his home he found it deserted, and was almost paralyzed with grief at finding one of his children, six years of age, dead on the ground, with four bullets in his body and another of his dead, shot with five arrows. A third child had five arrow wounds in his body, one entering his back to the depth of five inches. The wounded one is now lying at Mr. Zeigler's on Saline river, alive and doing well. Mrs. Alderdice and her babe, aged eight months, were carried away captives by the Indians. It seems that the Indians—who are supposed to have been members of the Dog Soldier band of Cheyennes—came upon the settlement about an hour before dark. They divided into bands from five to seven, and made simultaneous attacks in different localities. Mr. Weitzel, a farmer, who lived about two miles from Mr. Alderdice's house, was murdered, together with a comrade, and Mrs. Weitzel was carried off by the savages in company with the wife of our informant. The Weitzels were from Hanover, and had only been in the country about two months. A Danish man and wife were murdered on Spillman Creek, about seven miles from the mouth. A silversmith from Chicago, named Peterson, had his head smashed with his own ax, and was shot through the heart with an arrow. They tried to burn his house, but were frustrated in all their attempts to destroy it. A young boy named Harrison, about 15 years old, was shot through the head with an arrow, and his head mashed with a war club, which was found beside his body broken in two. A boy named Smoots, about 13 years old, was shot through the body, and no hopes of his recovery are entertained, as the dart of an arrow is supposed to be still sticking in his lungs. The house of Thomas Noon was attacked, and the assailants driven off by three Saxons, two of the Indians being wounded. The house of William Hendrickson was saved by the heroism of two women—Mrs. Hendrickson and Mrs. Green—who fired on the savages several times and finally drove them away. When the Indians were after young Smoots, a boy aged twelve and another nine, started to the rescue, the elder carrying a gun and the younger the ammunition. They kept the murderers away and prevented them from killing Smoots. Thirteen persons in all were killed, and all the movable property in the settlement destroyed or carried away.

Mr. Alderdice came to Kansas six years ago, and has been living where his family was murdered for some time past. Mr. Alderdice is here to make his complaints in person to the military, and see if any assistance can be rendered him in looking for his wife and child. He has scouted the country for a considerable distance around the scenes of the outrages, and gives it as his opinion that the savages have not left this section of the country, but are still prowling around in bands of from four to eight.

THE FESTIVAL OF JUGGERNAUT.—About this very time of the year tens of thousands of pilgrims are making their way from all parts of India to the shrine of that god which has the power, as they believe, to obliterate the transgressions of all who make their offerings to him in person. Juggernaut, the 'lord of the world,' has been worshipped in the sacred town of Pooree, in the southern part of Orissa, lying about 300 miles from Calcutta, for 700 years past, and the pilgrims constantly increased in numbers until the year of the fatal famine, when the whole country was strewn with the dead. Five years or so ago the attention of the English public was called to a celebration in honor of Juggernaut, within a few miles of