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, July 1, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

THE HILL COUNTRY OF GALILEE.

SUNRISE ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES—JERUSALEM BEAUTIFUL FOR SITUATION—TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

We rose this morning when it was yet dark, and had breakfast in our tent by candlelight. We did this in order to be on the top of Mount Olivet to see the sun rise. Left our camp when the first faint lines of light could be seen in the East. Going now in the opposite direction from the one we took when making the circuit of the city, we turn our faces northward until we reach the corner of the city wall; then turn to our right in an easterly direction. Jerusalem is thus to the south of us, and we ride by the side of Mount Akra and Bezetha. On our left are gardens and olive orchards. After turning the northeast corner of the wall of the city, in a few minutes we pass St. Stephen's gate, which is on the east side, and overlooks the valley of the Kidron. This valley now lies below us, and Mount Olivet rises on the opposite side. To it we descend by a winding road, as Mount Moriah here rises quite steeply. We cross a bridge over the brook Kidon, and here two roads open before us. The one passes over the southern end of Olivet to Bethany; the other to our left over the northern end, and so on into the wilderness of Judea. It is the road we shall take this morning. No drawing, no view that I have ever seen, gives any true idea of this Mount of Olives, forever rendered sacred by the presence of our Saviour. It has a more diversified surface, a gentler slope, it is better wooded, it has greener verdure, and vines creep over its white rocks more plentifully, than I had supposed. I never tired gazing on it, with its graceful minaret pointing to the skies from the small mosque on its summit. I never associated this building with the purpose for which it was used, but the minaret only seemed an instrument for raising the thoughts higher than earth. We pass on, recalling a company that passed along this way long, long ages ago. News has come to the king on Mount Zion of the rebellion of his son; he must leave his beloved city. Followed by a numerous train, he goes down to the Kidron and passes over at this very point. For all the roads over Olivet have met here from time immemorial; they are worn deep in the solid rock, and in this country never change. And then he followed the road, which we shall go, up Mount Olivet, for it was towards the way of the wilderness he journeyed. How touching the language of the sacred narrative—And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot; and all the people that were with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up. Yet he was but a type of him who on this Mount suffered an infinitely greater degree of anguish, as the great drops of blood testified. But another part of Olivet will recall these scenes to us.

And now we are at the highest point to which this road brings us, therefore we must turn to the right and make a path for ourselves to the summit. We pass on to the eastern brow by the edge of a precipice. Had we tarried many minutes longer, the sun would have been here before us. The golden gates of the morning are just opening for the glorious orb of day, to flood these valleys and cover these hills with her dazzling light.

Just at our feet to the northeast is the wilderness of Judea, through which David passed from before Absalom. Beyond it the valley of the Jordan, marked by its green verdure; and more to the east a part of the Dead Sea, that mystery of the earth's formation. And then our eyes rest upon the mountains of Moab on the other side, and we try to make out which one is Nebo, on which Moses stood and saw this goodly land. What must have been his disappointment at only a sight, but then he sooner reached the Canaan above—whose fields are greener, and where the river of life never ceases to flow.

As this is not the best point for viewing the city, we turn and ride for a few minutes farther north. We were told that here was the best view, and what could be finer?

Here the city lies before us, with all the surrounding country. Truly the mountains are round about Jerusalem. Here is the one on which we are standing; then Olivet on the east; Mount of Offence and Evil Counsel on the south; lofty hills on the west, rising one above the other; and Scopus on the north. 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even forever.' Now our eyes instinctively follow the graceful sweep of the valleys flowing around the city, and dividing the hills within from those without. Behold the rays of the morning sun reflected from Zion's Mount and flooding the whole city with a sea of glory. How beautiful that noble dome of the Mosque of Omar, rising so gracefully on the summit of Moriah. But what in the days gone by must have been the sight from this hill, when the temple in all its glory and grandeur, overlaid with silver and gold, was the gathering place of the tribes of Israel! And there stood on Mount Zion the palaces of David and Solomon; their houses of cedar and of fir, with all the other noble structures they erected. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, as Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King. Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces.

We descended from this high hill by a path to the north of the city, where there are so many ancient tombs. They are on every side, and greater is the city of the dead than the city of the living. These tombs are cut out of the rock on the side of the hills, and are entered by a door. The way in which they are closed will explain something connected with our Saviour's sepulchre. When it is said they rolled the stone to the mouth of the sepulchre, it was not done as I had always supposed, by rolling a stone from in front up against the opening. No; the shape of the stone was like that of a mill or grind stone, and standing up against the rock, was moved from right to left in a grove, thus covering the entrance; and so heavy are these stones as to require levers to move them. No wonder the women said among themselves, 'Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?'

We will now enter one of the largest that is open for inspection—The Tombs of the Kings. Much of the rubbish has lately been removed, and it has been thoroughly cleaned out. We light our candles, as the interior is dark, and pass first into an open court, through a low doorway. It is ninety-two feet long by eighty-seven wide. Then through a broad entrance into a vestibule, or outer room, thirty-nine feet wide, seventeen feet deep and fifteen high. We are reminded as we proceed, by one of our number, that all these places are cut out of the solid rock. On our left, at the end of this vestibule, is the entrance to the tomb itself, through a very narrow door. Here, in this tomb, was where the stone rolled back and forward at its mouth. And when we read in the Scriptures of certain demoniacs who dwelt in the tombs, we see that here is a place in these outer rooms where they could abide. Through this door we pass, and then let ourselves down into a chamber sunk deeper in the rock. Its size is about eighteen by nineteen feet. We move about with our candles; it is smoothly chiseled rock above us, smoothly chiseled rock under our feet, on our right hand and on our left hand. From this chamber three narrow halls lead in different directions into three rooms, each about thirteen feet square. Let me describe one of these rooms and it will do for all. On each side of the room are three narrow passages; each leads to an arched niche excavated in the rock, some three feet above the floor, where the sarcophagus containing the body would be deposited. There is also a little place cut out for a lamp, also small chambers where were probably placed the treasures buried with the body. But we still pass down from one of these apartments by steps still lower, into the depths of the earth. Here is a similar room as before. And from this place, I am told, has been taken a marble sarcophagus lid, almost perfect, and of beautiful workmanship. Indeed, M. de Saulcy found one in these tombs which, from things connected with it, he concluded must have been that of David, and he sent it to Paris. It was richly carved and ornamented. I believe that this is indeed the tomb of the Kings, but not of David, for he was buried on Mount Zion, as we shall see hereafter. The expense and labor of such a work as this shows that it was done by no ordinary person. It must have been a slow and tedious work, all these places cut out of the solid rock, and executed, as it can easily be seen, simply by the chisel. And then it is rich in carvings of vines and bunches of grapes, especially over the entrance. A noble resting place was it for the greatest of earth. But what availed all this care? Their bodies carefully deposited here, where are they? Crumbled into dust, and scattered by the hands of strangers.—*R. A. Conditt.*

HOW THE REVIVAL CAME.

Edenville was not a very large place, but it was a very busy one. Money was being made in the great factory roaring and smoking on the outskirts of the village, the green meadows of other days were being sliced into building lots—people from the city were moving in to escape the high rents—and people from the back country moved in to be nearer to the city. The church of the place shared in the progress around it. In former times there had been many spiritual blessings poured upon it. Now there was another sort of growth. The seats were nearly all rented. A good sum was added to the minister's salary. An organ was built, and a quartette choir made what was doubtless heavenly music—for it sounded unearthly to most of the unskilled listeners. But there the growth stopped. For over a year and a half there had been an utter want of spiritual activity. At the meetings of the rulers of the church there was no business of importance. Now and then a lone woman brought a letter of dismission from some distant neighborhood, and brought great rejoicing as she presented it at Edenville. But the children were coming in the Sunday school and going out of it, without expressing any desire for consecration to Christ and his service. In the winter young and old were found at balls and parties and concerts, but at the communion table there were no accessions to those who remembered a dying Saviour. The prayer meetings and lecture were seldom attended by even a majority of the communicants.

Such a state of affairs was not unmarked. Over it many groaned and talked, and a few prayed. The three or four old Christians who seemed like the bell wethers of the flock, as they always 'make remarks,' and 'expressed their opinion' o. the slightest opportunities, exhorted and entreated their fellow believers to do something, and, if the truth must be told, scolded their pastor, present and absent, because he did not do something. He, good man, was depressed enough without their aid, and was none the less tried for being driven round, like Sinbad the Sailor, by elderly gentlemen who wanted to ride on his shoulders. His work had been blessed in other days, and he could not fully understand why the blessing had not continued during the last years. He looked into his record of sermons; they certainly made the great truths of Christianity very prominent. He recalled his own manner; it had been as earnest as ever before—in fact he had pleaded with his hearers lately as he had not pleaded since the first days of his ministry. What was the reason of the present coldness and lack of success? Especially the indifference of the children to the call of the Saviour, for their hearts and lives troubled him. If they could not be reached, none could be gained. Yet the Sabbath school seemed as interesting as it could be, and teachers and scholars very much interested in their work. Nothing could be introduced there that had not been tried. Then what could be done?

It was a singular fact that Deacon John Truman should have been the man chosen by Providence to solve the problem. For Deacon John was known to be without much gift of speech, and accordingly was thought not much gifted for counsel. His prayers were not half as eloquent as those of Deacon Glibton, and not a quarter as long. As for exhortations, he only twice had tried to do something in that line, and on both occasions had hesitated and made such grammatical blunders that young lawyer Mortimer, to whom great reverence was due, had said confidentially, 'It wouldn't do to have such miserable speakers as Truman lead in a real, live church.' This had reached the deacon, and being a sensitive man, he had kept his tongue very quiet for some months, and taken refuge in the back seats. He had not vented his feelings on the church, but was still constant in attendance on all meetings, which was a point in his favor. Lately he had shown special interest in what was said about the coldness of the church. And at last, to the great astonishment of his wife, at least, he rose one evening and talked again. His speech was something like this: 'I feel, brethren, real bad about the people who don't love the Lord Jesus Christ, here in our neighborhood. We ain't as we ought to be, that's very certain. But it's hard work rowin' agin the stream. We find that out when we talk to men about religion on Sunday, who haven't any religion all the week. And jest so with the young folks. Their minds seem runnin' all one way. Now what's to do? Not much with the grown folks; for they ain't controlled by us, and we can only drop a word now and then, and pray God for our neighbors. But here's our own children. I have four boys, and only one comes to the communion with his mother and me. And I don't think I've done my duty to those younger boys. They love me, and God knows I love them, but I kind o' hate to talk about religion to them. But rather than see them go further without my Jesus for their Jesus, I'm going to pray with them, and if I can't tell them all they want to know, why, our minister can. Brethren, I'm going to try to turn the stream for my boys Home is the head of the river. I mean to begin to-night. Won't some father do like me with his boys and girls, and give me his hand on it.'

It did not take two minutes for plain John Truman to say what he did, but somehow it did make a great sensation. Everybody knew those words came from the heart, and felt that the advice was the best that had been heard for months. There went a thrill over the thirty or forty people in the room. The speaker had just seated himself, when up rose one of the old church members. He only said, 'Brother Truman, I'll do the same at my house.' Then another, and another, and another pledged themselves to work and pray at home.

The next Sunday, the pastor saw on the faces of many, a look he had never seen before, as he held up Jesus as the only hope and most gracious Saviour of the sinner. In his visits, fathers and mothers brought their children to him, and some sought him to ask, 'What must I do to be saved?' The prayer meeting doubled in numbers, and an extra service was held during the week. Far and wide spread the interest, and yet it was attended with no excitement in public life, for the home was the place where emotion spent its force. On the occasion of the communion service, from family after family, one and another stepped forth to be enrolled with believers in Jesus, and nearly every person was under the age of twenty five. The stream was wonderfully turned, and all recognized the simplicity, yet the force of the method which God had blessed. Not Sunday efforts, not pulpit warnings, but parental influence, honestly and prayerfully exerted, had begun the good work on its human side. The stream was turned by those by whom the lives of the children were directed in all temporal affairs, and who therefore exerted the highest human influence in spiritual matters. And we have often wondered if Deacon Truman had not better deliver his simple lecture to the churches outside of Edenville.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SO MUCH TO GIVE UP.

'Yes, I know I ought to be a Christian, and at times I wish very much to be one.'

'Well, why are you not?'

'Oh, there is so much to give up!'

'What must you give up?'

'What? Why everything. Doesn't the Bible say we must leave all?'

'Yes, all that is wrong, all that would hinder us in following Jesus. Let us see what this is in your case. I have often heard young people say, they cannot give up dancing.' Perhaps this is one of the things it would be hard for you to part with.'

'Oh, no; I do not care for dancing. I do not know how to dance, and if I did, I hope I should not let such a foolish reason keep me from being a Christian.'

'I trust so, my friend, and I am glad you have a better excuse. Perhaps then, (pardon me for naming it,) you may have acquired a love for the social glass or a game of cards, and feel that it would be hard to give them up for the Water of Life, and pleasures that never will fade away.'

'No, I love not either of these. I am thankful I have no such bad habits.'

'You have, probably, dear friends whom you would fear to give up, or who would sneer at you for being a Christian.'

'Yes, I own I think of that sometimes, although some of my friends are themselves Christians.'

'Are those whose rediculo you fear, the companions you value more than Christ? Are they friends in whose love you can always trust? Are they better, more loveable than your Christian friends? Would you chose their society always?'

'No, I own I should not, and since you press me so closely I must say I respect them less than other friends. In my heart I feel that they are not worth caring for, if they would sneer at me for choosing the right.'

'Probably they would not sneer. You say you have Christian friends. Did you esteem them less for choosing the narrow way? Did you ridicule them?'

'No; I honored their courage and longed to follow their footsteps.'

'So might it be in your case. Your friends would esteem you more. Perhaps they would follow your example.'

'Forgive me for suggesting another objection. Many men think they cannot do business in a Christian way, and have a hope of becoming rich. So, loving money better than their own souls, they sell themselves for a few hundred or thousand dollars.'

'Say no more. I grant that like most man I have a desire to be rich, but I want to be so honestly. My common sense, too teaches me that a christian is as likely to be wealthy as a wicked man. I do not think a desire for unlawful gain is one of the things I should have to give up.'

'What great thing then must you give up? You say it is not pleasure, bad habits, nor friends nor money. What then are the all things which are worth more than your immortal soul, more precious than Christ's love?'

'None, none. I am without excuse.'

'Then come to Jesus now. Give him all—your heart—yourself. You will find he will give you back all that is valuable and infinitely more he will freely give you. You will be joint-heir with Christ. Give your heart to him, and he will give you a new one. Give your friends, and he will give back all that are worth keeping. Is there anything else you would keep back?' 'Nothing.'

BORROWING TROUBLE.

One of the very common evils which prevails among us is the foolish habit of anticipating trouble in the future. "What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed?" How natural it is for many to imagine some failure, some loss, want, disappointment, sorrow, affliction, sickness, and thus they suffer all their lives through fear of an imaginary evil. As the anticipation of some joyous event often outweighs the reality, so the anticipation of some possible sorrow outweighs—we were about to say—the reality, but it often has no reality; the anticipation is all there is of it; the trouble is all borrowed. Thus men are accustomed to make themselves miserable when they might avoid it, and let the morrow take care of the things of itself. As Christ said, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and he gives us an antidote: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" and he will take care of these things about which we worry: "Take no thought (or anxiety) for the morrow." Be not over-anxious.

If we become absorbed in the evils before us, our imaginations picture to the mind horrible phantoms and distorted exaggerations which haunt us, and lead us to unreal and unnecessary illusions and cheat us out of the happiness which we might otherwise experience. We are in a state of health, surrounded with all those influences which are necessary to make us happy, if we were only contented. We are free from pain, from hunger, want and wretchedness, and yet we are uneasy, unsatisfied, discontented, fearful of some approaching calamity. We fret when really there is nothing to fret about, but there is a dim precursor which haunts the mind,—a ghost apprehended in the distance,—borrowed trouble which makes us miserable.

This ghost is the legitimate offspring of pride, vanity, avarice or some other form of selfishness. Pride fears the loss of position and influence. The man is soon to be cast down and disgraced. Vanity is jealous of his reputation. He is about to lose his good name, and what will he do? Trouble is coming—is already here, and how can he get rid of it? Avarice sees in the distance the loss of his houses and lands—everything put under the hammer. His bonds, his stocks, his money—all gone, nay, only in his imaginary fears.

The man is as full of trouble as he can be and yet it is all borrowed trouble. His passions have deceived him. He is in just as safe and quiet possession of his wealth, reputation, and emolument as he ever was. The passions have unnecessarily alarmed him and filled the landscape before him with false representations and fearful forebodings which never come to pass. "That child will certainly die! and Oh! what shall I do?" The fond mother almost had a funeral in anticipation, and yet the child does not die. Thus some are all their life-time subject to bondage through fear of death.

A dark and portentous cloud rises in the distance, it must bring destruction upon us, but it comes not nigh us, and we forget it. We anticipate great overwhelming calamity, but it is only borrowed, and yet we suffer the phantom to repeat itself, to our annoyance and misery.

The great question is how we are to get rid of these phantoms which so signally disturb our peace, and occasion the greater part of the unhappiness that we experience. Everything before us is uncertain; we know not what real troubles await us; some of those which we anticipate will come upon us sooner or later; trying scenes are to be met; we must grapple with the king of terrors and become his victim. True, but we are not to die a thousand times. It is not necessary to pass through its agony every day of our lives. There is something which is able to "deliver them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage." There is a power in the gospel of Christ to disarm this monster. He suffered death that "he might destroy him who hath the power of death," and thereby deliver us from its fear.

If we had nowhere else to look but to self, it would not be strange that we should be apprehensive of evil when we saw our perfect impotence to avert or triumph over the accumulative dangers before us. But now we have a refuge from the gathering storm in Christ. "All things work together for good to them that love God;" and will the lover of God who has this assurance before him borrow needless trouble about it? How can he, if he trusts in the promises given him through Christ? The Christian has no reason to suffer imaginary troubles to harass him, and he has the assurance of grace sufficient to bear the real ones which shall come upon him. God "will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Here is the sovereign remedy: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Now suppose we should experience all those sorrows we anticipate, what then? We shall be able to bear them; they will work for our good; they will soon be over. Where are those who have suffered the most in ages past? The Puritans, the martyrs, the victims of cruel persecutions who perished on the rack, in prison, and at the stake, where are they? Any worse off for what they suffered in the name of the Master? May we not infer that now it is a source of happiness and will be so forever?—So if we are faithful until death we shall soon enjoy "the crown of life." What matter then if we suffer here?

"Our troubles and our trials here
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home."

We will close with an extract from one of Beecher's sermons:

Christian brethren, scour up your Bibles, scour them until you can see your face in them. Take the whole armour of God to yourselves again Avail yourselves of these precious truths and assurances of God. Oh! how you have treated yourselves, to say nothing about men's treatment of you! How you fall below your privileges! I do, too. I am the best man in the world to preach to you; for I practice almost everything that I warn you against! I get angry, and then I laugh at myself. I get proud. That is the way I understand so well about you. I am worldly; and for that reason I understand how barren a thing it is to seek the things of the world. I am a man of like passions with yourselves, and I know you. I do not need to go into your house to find you out. I have a faithful monitor that tells me about everything that men are and that men do in this life. We are all of us, almost, living without our crowns. Let us put them on our head. If they are crowns of thorns, let us remember that the Master wore such a crown. Though for a moment they make blood-spots, let us remember that by blood the world has learned to live better. Lift up your hearts. Have you committed yourself to God? Have you given your heart to God? Do you think he will not be able to take care of you?

DIDN'T CARE TO GO.—Prayer meeting and lecture as usual, on Wednesday evening, in the lecture room. Dear brethren, I urge you all to attend these weekly meetings. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together.'

Some of the 'dear brethren' deported themselves in this way:

Brother A. *thought it looked like rain*, and concluded that his family, including himself, of course, had better remain at home. On Thursday evening it was raining very hard, and the same Brother A. hired a carriage, and took his whole family to the Academy of Music, to hear M. Agassiz lecture on the 'Intelligence of the Lobster.'

Brother B. *thought he was too tired to go*, so he stayed at home and *worked* at the sled he had promised to make for Billey.

Sister C. *thought the pavements were too slippery.* It would be very dangerous for her to venture out. I saw her next morning going down street to get her old bonnet 'done up.' She had an old pair of stockings drawn over her shoes.

Sister D. *thought there wouldn't be more than a dozen people at prayer meeting.* She doesn't like those little meetings, so she didn't go. If she had gone, there would have been *thirteen.* I met her next evening at a social gathering, where there were just ten folks. She said she had spent a 'delightful' evening.

Brother E. thought he might be called upon to lead in prayer, or make some remarks. He stayed at home. Next day he went around with a petition, *praying* Congress to repeal the tax on beeswax. His name headed the list of petitioners, and he *spoke eloquently*, and waxed warm, as he urged his reasons in favor of repeal.

Three-fourths of the members stayed at home. God was at the prayer-meeting. The Pastor was there. One-fourth of the members were there, and God blessed them. The persons who stayed at home were each represented by a vacant seat. *God don't bless empty seats.*—*United Presbyterian.*

DON'T FRET.—Don't fret; for a fretful Christian is like a prickly pear, bitter within and irritating without. God says, 'Cast all your care on me, for I care for you.' 'No, you don't,' says the fretting Christian, 'and so I'll fret over my cares.'

Don't fret; for you are a witness for Christ. What is your testimony worth, if your fretting contradicts his words—'My yoke is easy and my burden light?'

Don't fret; for fretting, instead of relieving from trouble, will lay on you heavier burdens. As fear slays more persons than cholera, so fretting kills more than care.

Don't fret; for God's providence governs all things. Consider the hairs of your head, the fowls of the air, the lilies of the field. Thus stay your heart on God, and thou shalt have perfect peace.

One of Cromwell's friends was a fretting Christian, to whom every thing went wrong, and portended disaster. One day when unusually fretful, his sensible servant said:

'Master, don't you think that God governed the world before you came into it?'

'Yes; but why do you ask?'

'Don't you think he will govern it very well when you are out of it?'

'Yes; but why do you ask?'

'Well, then, can't you trust him to govern it for the little time you are in it?'

That shot killed his fretfulness.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

MISSIONARY GARDENS.—One day, near the close of last year, a little boy said to his Sabbath school teacher: "I had a missionary garden; I raised one hundred cucumbers for pickles. Those are to be sold, and the money received given for missionary purposes." His classmates felt that little Alfred had done more than any of them; but I think, if God permits, next summer's sun will find them up and doing. Instead of just one, we will have many gardens, cultivated by boys and girls who want to work for the Lord. We will have corn and potatoes, cabbage and tomatoes, and other vegetables. We will have fruit, too, and flowers. And there are many other little folks who want to help to send the Bible to the heathen, and who are willing to engage in this enterprise.

THE PASTOR WORK.—Rev. E. C. Trumbull gives the *Congregationalist* those sensible views:

The Sunday school is not a preaching service. Its very strength as an agency for good lies in its organization, which brings together a few persons of like tastes and attainments for familiar Bible study, and enables the teachers to speak personally to each individual scholar. Here is its advantage over other religious gatherings. Henry Ward Beecher once remarked that the longer he lived the more he valued those sermons preached where one man was the minister, and one man the congregation, where the sermon was from eye to eye, from heart to heart, and there could be no question as to who was intended by the appeal. Such preaching the Sunday school secures. Or, as Dr. Duryea puts it, the sick man needs not a lecture not medicine, but a prescription. His pulse must be felt, his symptoms considered, and the remedy for his particular disorder directed. In the Sunday school the sin sick soul can be thus cared for. It is wrong, then, to set medical students, or even old professors, lecturing at the desk, when every minute is needed by the home physician for the examination and counsel of his cases in the domestic class circle.

The teacher ought to come from his closet to the class—fully prepared by study as well as prayer—with a heart full of love for those in whose behalf he has prayed earnestly by name, to plead with them, as for his life, for Jesus. From such a teacher it is a shame to take precious moments, (few enough in the Sunday school at the best, by the present, common arrangement) when heads are drawn lovingly together over the great question, and hearts beat warmly as one, to hear a strange speaker at the desk spin out an old, or a pointless story, or talk stupidity or pomposity for the sake of showing his interest in the Sunday school cause; for even the most earnest pleading for Jesus just then, from that end of the room, would be less valuable than the personal and direct entreaty of the dear teacher, who best knows and loves the scholars of his charge.