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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OCTOBER 1869.

NEW GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,

FREDERICTON,

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A WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF

NEW GOODS,

FOR THE

FALL AND WINTER

TRADE,

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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.

BURNING OF RIDLEY AND LATIMER.

Froude's History of England, gives the following account of the execution of two Protestant Bishops under Queen Mary. And let it be remembered, the Church of Rome claims to be always the same:

The place selected for the burning, was outside of the north wall of the town, a short stone's throw from the southward corner of Baliol College, and about the same distance from Bocardo prison, from which Cranmer was intended to witness his friend's sufferings.

Lord Williams, of Thane, was on the spot by the Queen's order; and the city guard were under arms to prevent disturbance. Ridley appeared first, walking between the mayor and one of the aldermen. He was dressed in a furred black gown, 'such as he was wont to wear being bishop,' a furred velvet tippet about his neck, and a velvet cap. He had trimmed his beard, and had washed himself from head to foot; a man evidently nice in his appearance, a gentleman, and likely to be known as such. The way led under the windows of Bocardo, and he looked up; but Soto, the friar, was with the archbishop, making use of the occasion, and Ridley did not see him. In turning round, however, he saw Latimer coming up behind him in the frieze coat, with the cap and handerchief—the workday costume unaltered, except that under his cloak, and reaching to his feet, the old man wore a long new shroud.

'Oh! be ye there?' Ridley exclaimed.

'Yea,' Latimer answered: 'Have after as fast as I can follow.'

Ridley ran to him and embraced him, 'Be of good heart, brother,' he said. 'God will either assuage the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it.' They then knelt and prayed together, and then exchanged a few words in a low voice, which were not overheard.

Lord Williams, the vice chancellor, and the doctors, were seated on a form close to the stake. A sermon was preached, 'a scant one, of scarce a quarter of an hour,' and then Ridley begged that for Christ's sake, he might say a few words.

Lord Williams looked to the doctors, one of whom started from his seat, and laid his hand on Ridley's lips.

'Recant,' he said, 'and you may both speak and live.'

'So long as the breath is in my body,' Ridley answered, 'I will never deny my Lord Christ and his known truth. God's will be done in me. I commit our cause,' he said, in a loud voice, turning to the people, 'to Almighty God who shall indifferently judge us all.'

The brief preparations were swiftly made. Ridley gave his gown and tippet to his brother in law, and distributed remembrances among those who were nearest to him. To Sir Henry Lee he gave a new groat, to others he gave handkerchiefs, nut megs, slices of ginger, his watch, and miscellaneous trinkets; some plucked off the points of his hose; 'happy,' it was said, 'was he that might get any rag of him.'

Latimer had nothing to give. He threw off his cloak, stood bolt upright in his shroud, and the friends took their places on either side of the stake.

'O Heavenly Father,' Ridley said, 'I give unto thee most humble thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee even unto death. Have mercy, O Lord, on this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies.'

A chain was passed round their bodies, and fastened with a staple.

A friend brought a bag of powder and hung it round Ridley's neck.

'I will take it to be sent of God,' Ridley said, 'Have you more for my brother?'

'Yes, sir,' the friend answered. 'Give it him betimes then,' Ridley replied, 'lest ye be too late.'

The fire was then brought. To the last moment Ridley was troubled about the leases, and, bound, as he was, he entreated Lord Williams to intercede with the Queen about them.

'I will remember your suit,' Lord Williams answered. The lighted torch was then applied to the fagots. 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley,' Latimer cried at the crackling of the flames; 'Play the man; we shall see this day light such a candle by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'

'*In manus tuas, Domine commendo spiritum meum*,' cried Ridley. '*Domine, recipe spiritum meum*.'

'O Father of Heaven,' said Latimer, on the other side, 'receive my soul.'

Latimer died first; as the flames blazed up about him, he bathed his hands in it, and stroked his face. The powder exploded and he became instantly insensible.

His companion was less fortunate. The sticks had been piled too thickly over the gorse that was under them; the fire smouldered round his legs, and the sensation of suffering was unusually protracted. 'I cannot burn,' he called; 'Lord have mercy on me; let the fire come to me; I cannot burn.' His brother in law with awkward kindness, threw on more wood, which only kept down the flame. At last some one lifted the pile with 'a bill,' and let in the air; the red tongues of fire shot up fiercely, Ridley wrestled himself into the middle of them, and the powder did its work.

Decline of Universalism.—One would suppose that the doctrine of universal salvation would be very pleasing to the unrenewed heart, and the delusion would be embraced by numbers. It is true, however, that in the wicked cities, New York and Brooklyn, churches established on this erroneous doctrine are dying out. The *Watchman and Reflector* says: 'There was a prospect some time since, that both of the Universalist societies in Brooklyn would be abandoned. The handsome stone edifice on the heights has been sold to the Swedenborgians. The pastor of the other society has left for want of a support, and that house is advertised for sale. An attempt has now been made to unite the two, so that the cause might be saved. Universalists have formed many societies in New York, the greater number of which have been short-lived. Dr. Chapin's church, and that on Bleeker street are all that amount to anything in the city. Chapin's congregation are held together by the magnetism of its own eloquence. Besides the two congregations in Brooklyn, which are near their end, it is not known that there is a single society on Long Island.

ROBBING GOD.

It is a most notorious fact that subscriptions to benevolent objects are the last to be paid. Whether men are apt to consider it so much of a favor on their part to contribute to benevolent and Christian enterprises, and so regard payment at any time praiseworthy, or whether, having been thoroughly indoctrinated in the Scriptural teaching that men are to live by faith, they deem it hardly necessary to provide for bread, we are at this time unable to determine.

One thing, however, is certain, a great many men do not hesitate to assume obligations for the support of the gospel in its various departments, and then with a most sublime indifference neglect to meet the obligations according to promise, or dodge the responsibility altogether. This train of thought has been suggested by a paragraph in an exchange, which says:—

Bishop Littlejohn, at the convention of the Long Island diocese last week, reported that of his salary nearly half remained unpaid. A considerable portion of the churches could not pay. This case is not singular by any means, and more is the pity that it is not. By the way, why should not engagements of this character be kept with as much fidelity as engagements in the business world; and why should not as much discredit attach to failure in one case as another? It is a sad fact that ministers in large numbers live at poverty's edge, because men will not keep promises, which, if violated in the ordinary affairs of life, would entail disgrace and perhaps punishment. Surely a pledge to the church and minister of the gospel ought to be as sacred as one made in the grain, oil or gold market, where gambling is the order of the day. Who can explain?

The explanation of such a phenomenon is the difficult thing, but the fact exists. How men who have, in addition to common business integrity, so indispensable in society, taken upon them the sacred vows of the Christian religion, can agree to pay a stipulated sum to the support of the minister, and then neglect their obligation month after month, as if the agreement were neither important nor binding, is certainly a mystery. There are scores of thorough going business men who are models of punctuality in meeting the obligations of trade, and who would be startled at the bare idea of a note going to protest, who let their pew rent or subscription run on for full half a year without giving it serious thought. When it comes to paying debts to the Lord, it seems to be regarded as a mere matter of conscience, whereas a debt to a fellow man in a mere business way cannot be neglected for a single day. If the sum pledged by Christians for building churches, the support of the ministry, Sabbath school work, etc., could be aggregated, and the percentage actually realized for the purposes named ascertained, some very curious facts would unquestionably be developed. It is nothing unusual for men who do not assume obligations lightly in business affairs to sign quite liberally for some Christian enterprise and then never pay more than a mere nominal sum, if at all. Ministers are engaged by 'unanimous' votes and pledged a certain salary by the church, and then in many cases left to anticipate their meagre salary, and practice the difficult and not altogether agreeable feat of living on faith and half pay. Why are these things so? Are men so destitute of real honesty as to neglect or refuse to pay a church subscription because they know they will not be compelled to? We think not. It is because men regard the interests of religion as of less importance than those of business, and so attach little importance to their maintenance?—Hardly that we think. With a few selfish, hypocritical hearts, these reasons may be applicable we suppose, but with the greater part of the delinquents we cannot admit this to be true.

With some, doubtless, when important enterprises are presented and money asked, vanity has its influence, and Deacon A. subscribes a hundred or a thousand dollars because it will sound well and because Squire B. has done so. The payment has not been so seriously contemplated, and is rather hard. But the true solution of the difficulty we believe, is found in the imperfect sense of *individual responsibility*. This we believe especially true, as it regards the payment of ministers' salaries, for, while the whole church have agreed to pay a stipulated sum, and this has been pledged by a hundred different individuals, there naturally arises a sense of divided responsibility, and each tacitly expects another to do what each and all ought to do promptly. An obligation entered into for the support of any benevolent cause, becomes at *once* an *individual* obligation, and is as binding as though no other individual in the universe had entered into a similar one. If a hundred men give their notes to the bank, payable in thirty days, each man expects to pay at maturity whether the other ninety nine pay or not. And shall Christians be less mindful of obligations far more sacred?

We trust this matter of cheating the Lord and pleasing the devil, will receive the attention it deserves, and men will try to be as mindful at least of their promises to pay in Christ's cause as they are in ordinary business transactions.—*Christian Freeman.*

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

A few Sundays ago, a clergyman, recently returned from England, arose at the Water Street Mission, of the Port Society, and stated that while abroad he visited a town where a revival was in progress in one of his churches, and was invited to the home of a prominent member. While enjoying the hospitality of this gentleman, he received from him the following account of his conversion:—

'A few years ago I was a sailor, and on my arrival in New York, I was invited to attend the New York Port Society's Mission for Seamen in Water Street. I had not been in a place of worship for years until that night. The services made a deep impression on my mind, and, when I was going out, a tract was put into my hand that brought me to see myself a sinner. While I was in port, I did everything I could to stifle the strivings of conscience; but, after we were three days out from New York, my convictions were of such a nature that I was obliged to kneel on deck and ask God to have mercy on me. I then looked over the ship to find a Bible. There was one, but it belonged to an ungodly man, and he refused to lend it to me. I told him I would buy it. He asked me $10 for it, and I cheerfully paid it and commenced to read my treasure. Before I reached home the Holy Spirit revealed to me God's plan of salvation. I came to Jesus just as I was and he saved me.'

This man's wife and two of his children, have, through his instrumentality, been brought to a knowledge of the truth. The foregoing narrative illustrates the truth that our unconscious, influence, is probably greater than our conscious, influence. The Christian who influenced this man to turn to Christ may never have been aware of the great result of his simple deed. The clergyman added: 'I shall probably never see your faces again in this world; but I pray the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ that we may be prepared to meet in a better than any earthly kingdom, even in the kingdom of our Father in heaven.'

He then addressed a few words to the Christian friends who are engaged in this important work of instructing the Chinese, saying how deeply he had been interested in beholding this work and in contemplating its vast results in the future. He regarded it as the beginning of a new era in missionary labor. No one can tell what shall come from this beginning. The seed which you are now sowing in these minds may spring up and yield in after years an abundant harvest. You may be, and probably are, training up in this school, missionaries, who will go back to China, bearing with them the blessed gospel to their own countrymen. You may never know in this world all that your labors will accomplish, but you will know it in the better land.—*Observer.*

QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

The following, by a correspondent of the *Religious Herald*, is worthy of being pondered by every ambassador of Christ:

1. *The preacher must be a Christian.*

Think it not a range that an element lying at the very foundation of Christianity should be given as necessary to ministerial success. None but saved sinners can tell others how to be saved.

The gifts and acquirements of a Newton, without a saving knowledge of Jesus, will leave the possessor powerless to win souls from death. Some of our own people are now trying to preach the gospel, and yet know not how a sinner is saved. Such must either, while preaching, find the way of life, as did Chalmers, or else they must prove a disgrace to the church. Miserable the school whose teachers are uninstructed. Woe unto the people when their religious leaders are blind!

2. *There must be a genuine love of souls.*

In this element of success, Paul is your example. Hear his words: 'Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved.'—Rom. x. 1. In the preceding chapter, he had said; 'I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh.' In another place he says; 'Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.' In the same chapter, he writes; 'The love of Christ constrains us, because we thus judge, if one died for all, then we were all dead.' Harmonizing his whole ministerial life with such sentiments, Paul went from country to country, from city to city, and from house to house, 'with tears,' beseeching men to be reconciled to God. Not one need be told that such a man succeeded. The true minister of Jesus in every age has been, to a large extent, like Paul in spirit and in labor. Such a one, however deficient in the ornaments of the elocutionist, must have success.

3. *The work of preaching must be enjoyed.*

In the nature of the case, little success can be expected in a distasteful business. To this rule, so far as known to the writer, there is no exception. Little care has the preacher what others think of his performances when *he* finds *happiness* in them. His reward is in his work. He may not be learned, but he will be eloquent, because speaking from the heart and with the heart is eloquence. In many things he may be deficient, but his Master will give him success.

4. *Preaching must be chosen as a lifetime work.*

Judson wrote back to America that he wanted no more six or twelve months' missionaries in Burmah. This was the substance of his communication: Paul had no use for John Mark, because this man had left his brother on a former tour, and gone back to a position of comparative ease. What Paul and Judson wanted in missionaries—what they were as such—is now wanted in our ministry at home, if they would have success. Entering on such a work as an experiment, or with a view of making it a stepping stone to something else, is a worldly expedient, and leads surely to something worse than failure. Brethren, if you would succeed in this calling, turn your ears away from everything else, and determine never to do anything but preach—never to be anything else but simply preachers of the gospel. Let failing health be your only reason for ever engaging in any other employment. Failing to follow the rule just laid down, many good brethren have failed to succeed in the ministry.

Trusting in Jesus.—She had been several years engaged in a telegraphic office. So I spoke thus to her: 'Suppose a man came to you, and wrote a message quickly, and paid for it, and only asked if it was all right, and he went away. Suppose there came afterward to your office a very timid old lady, who had never sent a telegram before, and was full of fears about everything. She wrote her message, and said, "Are you *sure* this will go?" "O, yes." "How long will it take?" "Not more than an hour." "What! go two hundred miles and get delivered in an hour! Are you *sure*?" "Quite sure." "But will it go just as I send it?" "Yes." "Are you sure they will understand it at the other end?" "Quite sure."—After many such questions, she went away; but came back again and again to repeat them, unable to feel satisfied that her message would be delivered. Now, said I, would her message be any slower in going, and would it be delivered with less accuracy than the message of the man who had no fear at all? The poor girl's face lighted up with a smile! She seemed to see at once what I meant. So I went on to say that Jesus himself is at the other ends of the wires. He receives all the messages himself. He watches the index. He reads of all the petitions that go up from sinners. He takes notice of every sigh. The fears and the doubts of those who seek his mercy never hinder their prayers reaching him. The more they need his help, the more ready is he to help them.'

"THE DARK MOUNTAINS IN THE BROAD ROAD."

I was once riding in a strange country with two little ones. We had lost our way. Before we knew it our horse had gotten up to the edge of a very deep pit. He was about to stumble right in and drag us after him, when we heard a voice crying *Stop!* STOP! STOP! Looking ahead of us we saw a man running toward us with uplifted hands and anxious face. When told of our danger, and how deep the pit was, oh, how we thanked him for being in our way—for stopping us. Stopping us in time.

A traveller going over a dark mountain was saved by a little fire fly. It flew just before his feet, and showed him a fearful precipice ahead.

God's word is a lamp unto our feet, and a light that, shining across our path, stops us by showing the danger ahead. It lets us see the dangerous mountains in the broad way. It says that sinners are apt to "*stumble on the dark mountains*," to tumble into many pit holes that open right into hell. I once heard a wild Indian say how he became a Christian. "I saw," said he, "my sins piled up—piled up with all the heads I helped to scalp, until they reached the clouds. This mountain of sin seemed to be rolled up on me. I knew not what to do or where to go. In my agony I called for help. A friend on the other side began to roll my sin rocks behind me. They kept rolling, rolling, rolling, until at length the mountain rolled away. Then my heart opened, and the Saviour went right in."

This was something like the Prophet Ezra's feelings. He says, "O my God! I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God. For our iniquities are increased over our heads, and our trespass is grown unto heaven." Oh, what a picture! Sins grown sky high in number!

I was once preaching in the Alleghany Mountains. A miller became so sin sick that he could not attend to his mill. So he stopped the wheels and began to cry for mercy. While on bended knees he sent his wife to church, saying, 'Tell them to pray for me for part of the Alleghany Mountains has rolled on me, and is crushing me." He knew what Christ meant by being "*heavy laden*," and how David felt when he cried out, "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up. They are more in number than the hairs of my head." Have *you*, my friend, ever seen this black mountain stare you in the face. If so, seek that faith which, though it be as small as a mustard seed, shall cast a mountain in the sea. Then you can truly sing:

I'll go to Jesus though my sin
Has like a mountain rose:
I know His courts, I'll enter in
Whatever may oppose."

Mountains are full of danger. Rev. T. Morrow, travelling among the glaciers on the Alps, leaned on a stick broke, and down, down he fell, seven hundred feet! It was twelve days before his dead and mangled body could be drawn up.

One night the cars were passing a mountain. They stood on one of the high bridges that spans the mountain ravine. "Where are we?" said the passengers. A man who did not care or wouldn't take time to think, stepped right down into the deep, dark, death chasm. Young sinner, where are you? Amid the darkness and dangers of Mount Sinai, or are you safe and saved on Mount Calvary?

WHAT YOUNG MEN MAY DO.

Robert Murray M'Cheyne had been the means of the conversion of hundreds of persons, and has given a lasting impulse to foreign missions in the hearts of the Scotch people by his visit to the Jews on the continent of Europe and in Palestine, before he died at thirty years of age, and his biographer (Rev. Andrew A. Bonar), says:

'Perhaps never was the death of one whose whole occupation had been preaching the everlasting Gospel more felt by all the saints of God in Scotland.'

David Brainerd kindled a flame of interest in the salvation of the poor savages of this continent, and set an example of burning zeal for Christ, which has, perhaps, beyond that of any other man, inspired and sustained others in labors for the most benighted and degraded of our race, before he finished his brief thirty years. Jonathan Edwards, in his memoirs, says of his love, meekness, &c., 'I scarcely know where to look for a parallel instance in the present age;' and that his memory should 'teach and excite to duty us who are called to the work of the ministry, and all who are candidates for the great work.'

John Summerfield who Dr. Bethune styled 'that most apostolical young man,' and whose labors created such an intensity of popular interest in Ireland, England, and America, did not reach twenty eight.

Felix Neff filled the Alps with the light of the Gospel, and ascended to the glory on high, before he was thirty one.

Henry Martyn died at the same early age, leaving a name precious in England, India, and Persia, and wherever Christ's cause is loved throughout the world.

Walter M. Lawrie, whose life and death have so powerfully drawn the heart of the Presbyterian Church to China, was but twenty eight, when pirates drowned him in the muddy waters of the Bay of Hangchau.

Isador Loewenthal, that prodigy of talent, fervent zeal and industry, had served the church but seven years in India before he was master of the Affghan, the Persian, the Arabic, the Cashmeri, and the Hindustani languages, had translated the New Testament into the former of them, and nearly completed a dictionary of it, besides contributing a large amount of valuable matter for publication in America and in England.

Melville B. Cox—need we call our people to the memory of this young man, whose dying utterance has not ceased to ring along the ranks of our Israel: 'Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up!'

How animating and how encouraging are such examples! With similar ardor of love for Christ, unceasing prayerfulness, and patient perseverance in labors for good, it may be within the reach of the reader of these words to be as blessed and honored as were they.

The largest button of silver bullion ever furnished was taken out by the Bi-we Silver Mining Company, at Georgetown, Colorado, last week; weight 580 pounds; value, over $12 000. It was exhibited in the fair at Denver, and was shipped to Philadelphia for coinage.

THE NOBLEST CALLING.

These inspiring words of Henry Ward Beecher were written on the recent occasion of the laying of the corner stone of Yale Theological Hall:—

That young men are to such an extent averting their faces from the Christian ministry gives an unfavorable impression of their manliness. An ambition of wealth, of political power, of literary eminence, may not be disreputable, but to go past the noblest profession of all, bearing its trials—to take up with secular pursuits at a time like this, when the continent from ocean to ocean, asks religious instruction, indicates a state of mind much to be deplored. Even if preaching to-day was accompanied with as many privations as it was of old, it would still be the noblest profession of all. No man that ever entered heart and soul upon the work of the Christian ministry but was thankful all his life long for the choice. After the vicissitudes of thirty years, the earliest tone to strains of health and of means, and all of them laborious; with a clear understanding of the honors, emoluments and pleasures of other liberal professions, I would to day, if I were to begin life again, choose eagerly, irresistibly, the Christian ministry. It has its burdens; all professions have; it has its limitations, but not more than other pursuits. It is the freest, the most engaging, the most satisfactory of all callings, to those who are of the right spirit for it. The commerce of the mind is with the noblest themes, the business of its life is the most benevolent. It keeps a man's heart related to his fellows in the most generous moods. Better than all, the crystal vault above one's head is not darkened by such passions as too often send their fungitous influence into other avocations, and one has a fruition of the coming joys, even while a pilgrim and a stranger. As the present day the work of the ministry demands the service of every good mental endowment. In preaching, in pastoral work, in ten thousand humble fields, men of good sense and deep devoutedness will find abundant acceptance, although they are not eminent of genius. But in dealing with the phases of philosophic thought—in bringing religion to its authority and beauty above the level of jurisprudence, of literature, and of civic affairs, that at it every knee may bow and every tongue confess, is a work in which men of the noblest parts, fired with the truest genius, may find the noblest opportunities for the beneficent exertions of their whole nature. That which approaches nearest to God is the most natural; the ministry of Jesus Christ is the most intensely natural of all pursuits.

Lazy Christians.—Most men wish for easy places and the largest pay. They are hungry for compliments and place. They complain of hard work. They are sullen when they deem themselves unpraised. They must be petted and flattered and humored, or they decline their part of the work of life. They ask how little heroic and taxing service will answer, not how much is permitted and possible. The task which is God's grant of honor they take as a human hardship which they ought not to endure. Labor is seldom sweet to them or made beautiful to others, because there is no sacred motive which transforms it into a privilege and invests it with dignity. They yield to the call, 'Go work,' when they must, but often wait like the slave, till scourged by an uneasy conscience or some outward pressure to the unwelcome task. And so the joy of the true servant is unknown, and half the efficiency is lost through lack of sympathy with that high type of life which Christ has exalted for ever in his gospel, and which he is perpetually inspiring in the souls of those who draw their daily life from him.

Speak More of Jesus.—Luke xxiv. 27.—How sad it is, that, when Christians congregate together, whether it be at the tea table or elsewhere, there is so little talk of the Lord, and so little inquiry about his truth. We are ever ready to talk of our sect, or church, our pastor, our success, our meetings, our enterprise, etc., but O how seldom we sit down quietly and talk of Jesus. It is also very humiliating to think how little we are alone with the Lord, and how little we relish quiet communion with Himself. There may be much zeal, much service, much noise, much applause and means, and yet very little of Jesus. It is joy to Him, when we come away from our pleasures and pursuits, our engagements and our services, to spend a few brief moments in His presence, to breath His love, and hear His word. If a fond father saw his children so much engaged in service for him as to have no time to sit on his knee and communion with him, would it not fill his heart with grief? And thus it is with our Heavenly Father when His children are more occupied with work than with Himself. The result of service engaged in, without communion, is loss of reward hereafter, and restlessness, barrenness, and agitation now. On the other hand, to be occupied with Christ Himself, will lead us to activity for Him in the right way, and give us joy in our work. —*Times of Refreshing.*

The Influence of the Dead.—In the deepening twilight of a summer evening, a pastor called at the residence of one of his parishioners, and found seated in the doorway a little boy with both hands extended upward, holding a line. 'What are you doing here, my little friend?' inquired the minister. 'Flying my kite, sir,' was the prompt reply. 'Flying your kite!' exclaimed the pastor; 'I can see no kite—you can see none.' 'I know it, sir,' responded the lad; 'I cannot see it, but I know it is there, for I *feel it pull*.'

A few years back, the angels came and bore far above us out of our sight, one that was very dear to us all. The attachment of our heart was not broken. The connecting ties were lengthened, not broken. We loved her while here, we love her still. She loved us while in the flesh. We are sure that she loves us none the less in her new condition. Rising higher and still higher in the heavens, we *feel her influence*. She is with Christ, and attracted by gentle influences we are tending toward her peaceful home, with the prospect of the same glorious companionship.

The space within the walls of the new Romish Cathedral on Fifth Avenue and 51st street comprises an area of 338,500 square feet, and will afford ample room for 14,000 persons, and when necessary it could accommodate 19,000—an immense edifice as compared with other churches in New York, the largest of which will not contain more than 3,000 persons.