

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD

IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

(Editor and Proprietor)

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1870.

Whole No. 834.

CLEARANCE SALE.

JANUARY 1, 1870,

CHEAP DRY GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN

Deals leave to inform his friends and the public generally that in order to effect a clearance he will sell the balance of his Stock of the following Goods at greatly

REDUCED PRICES:

DRESS GOODS,

REPPS, FRENCH MERINOES,

MINNIVER TWILLS,

DROUGETS, EPIGLETTS,

COBURGS, ALPACCAS, &c.,

BLACK, BROWN AND VIOLET

VELVETEENS,

WOOL AND PAISLEY SHAWLS,

MUFFS AND BOAS,

WOOL HOODS, CLOUDS AND BREAK-

FAST SHAWLS,

TWEED SKIRTS AND SKIRTINGS,

SCOTCH TWEEDS

AND MANTLE CLOTHS,

CANADIAN BLANKETS.

The above Goods are all this Season's importations.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, January 14, 1870

ALBION HOUSE.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.

NEW GOODS,

For Autumn and Winter,

PER STEAMSHIPS "ACADIA,"

FROM GLASGOW,

AND "CALEDONIA,"

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

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Sept. 24, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

THE HILL COUNTRY OF GALILEE.

JERUSALEM—VALLEY OF HINNOM—JOSHUA'S WELL—POOL OF SILOAM—KING'S POOL—DYING JEW'S WISH.

Accepting the kind invitation of Rev. F. A. Klon, we rode out with him to-day to make a complete circuit of the city. He has been here a long time and can give us much valuable information. In this ride we shall follow the valleys. Our starting point is from our tents near the Jaffa gate in the valley of Hinnom. This is the valley on the right hand of the city to one looking on it from the north. Our course is now in a southerly direction down the valley, riding along the side of Mount Zion, which rises high above us on our left. Opposite us on the other hill is an extensive building erected by a Jew as a hospital for his brethren. The first object of interest in the valley itself, the lower pool of Gihon; the upper pool is in the same valley above our tents. We read in 2 Chron. xxxi. 30, that Hezekiah stopped the upper outflow of the waters of Gihon and brought it down to the west side of the city of David. And Nehemiah speaks of the Dragon well in this same valley. The waters were here collected in a great reservoir with walls of great thickness and 591 feet in length. And here they remain to this day. No water, however, in this lower one, for it is out of repair. When full of water, however, and seen from above, from one looking down from the palace of David on Mount Zion, it must have added much to the beauty of the scene. It does not rise above the ground, but was excavated, part of it cut out of the solid rock. Just below this pool, Mr. K. pointed to the land marks that mark out the dividing line between Benjamin and Judah. Jerusalem is therefore in the tribe of Benjamin, the line coming up the valley from below and crossing at this point. The valley is now filled with olive orchards, their silvery leaves looking beautiful in the sunlight. The valley also deepens as we proceed—the sides of Mount Zion more rugged—the opposite side more rocky. Thus until we approach a part where it seems shut in by the lofty sides, and a fit place for dark deeds. Well selected was it by the idolatrous kings of Judah for the worship of Baal and Molech. This is Tophet. I hear the prophet lamenting; they have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire. I see the multitudes pouring forth from the gates in obedience to their king's command. I see the red glare of the fires in the darkness of the night and shadowy forms passing these times. The great brazen image of Molech, with the body of a man and the head of an ox, fires before me, rendered red hot and glowing like a furnace from the fires hidden in his hollow form. I behold one after another rushing frantically forward and casting their children into its red hot arms, and music and shouts of the multitude. What wonder that God sent them to captivity for seventy years after such heinous wickedness. The scene changes; good King Josiah is raised up, who breaks in pieces the images and cuts down the groves and of it makes a burial place. And the whole hill side is now full of tombs hewn out of the rock, while Mr. K. tells me that in a late excavation, they came upon a large mound of skulls. Thus the words of Jeremiah who lamented over their departure from God have been fulfilled. Wherefore, behold the days come when it shall no more be called Tophet, or the valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the valley of slaughter; for they shall bury in Tophet until there shall be no place.

The valley now sweeps around to the left, past the lower end of Mount Zion. Across the valley on the opposite hill is said to be Acladama, the land bought with Judas' thirty pieces of silver. It is the field of blood, set apart to bury strangers in. Lately many skulls have been collected from that place, and they are said to represent every nation, a confirmation this of the tradition which is very old. And now this valley of Hinnom joins the valley of the Kedron just south of the city and they flow on together.

Near their junction where the valleys spread out, is one of the ancient land marks, El Rogel or the Well of Jacob. It was at this well during the rebuilding of the wall, that the two friends of David, Jonathan and Abimelech, waited to carry him word of the intentions of Absalom. Here also before the death of David, Adonijah collected horses and chariots and a great multitude, that he might be anointed king. And Adonijah slew sheep and oxen and fat cattle by the well of El Rogel. But above the noise of their own rejoicing and revelry, they suddenly hear the sound of trumpets, and of pipes, and of many voices, 'so that the earth rent with the sound of them.' They come to them from up the valley of Hinnom, for Solomon had been sent forth to Gihon, riding on the King's mule, and there anointed King over Israel.

A little below we looked in upon the excavations of Lieut. Warren, of which I shall write another time. We have now passed Mount Zion, and on our left is the hill Ophel, which is a little lower than Mount Moriah, and simply an extension of it. Here dwelt the temple servants in ancient times and this they were very near the temple itself. We are standing at the foot of this hill to the south of it where it terminates in a perpendicular precipice of rock. Just here is Siloam's Pool. There is first a large reservoir, nineteen feet deep, and along which we walked; and then we descended the staircase to the pool itself.

We all drank of its waters, sweet and sparkling. Its source is uncertain, supposed by many to have been under the Sanctuary. And thus McChesney sang:—

Beneath Mornah's rocky side,
A gentle fountain springs;
Silent and soft its waters slide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

Mr. K. pointed out to us the remains of ancient pillars which evidently once supported porches. Also that the water flows for a time copiously; then almost ceases. He believes with others, and may it not be true, that this is the pool of Bethesda, into which the lame, and halt, and blind entered at the troubling of the water, and where Christ cured the man who could not enter himself? However this may be, yet to this pool we know came the blind man, when the Saviour said, 'Go, wash in the pool of Siloam.' He went his way, therefore, and came seeing. And how familiar is the language of Isaiah, 'the

waters of Siloah that flow softly.' And Nehemiah, when rebuilding the city, says Shalman built 'the wall of the pool of Siloah by the King's garden.'

We now pass around the end of Ophel, and turning to the north pass up the other side of the city. I say up, because, in making the circuit of the city, our road now leads us up the valley of the Kedron. After riding for a few minutes on the side of Ophel, we come to the King's Pool, now generally known as the fountain of the Virgin. It is one of the places mentioned in Nehemiah's midnight ride about the city: 'Then I went on,' he says, 'to the King's pool; but there was no place for the beast that was under me to pass.' We stop a moment to look upon the surroundings and to admire its picturesque position. And as of old, the daughters of Jerusalem are passing and repassing, filling their jars and bearing them away to their homes. We enter an opening like a cave, and descend by stone steps to a room, as it were hewn out of the rock; then by another flight of stairs, in all, thirty steps to the pool itself. Here the water was bubbling up, and the women standing in it filling their jars. As soon as they see us the covering is quickly drawn over their faces; yet when we appeared not to notice them, they would draw them aside a little and peek out. There can be but little change in such a place as this, where there is nothing but the hard rock; it must be now even as it was in the days of old.

We now leave this road, which would carry us past the site of the temple and by the city wall, and cross the Kedron to the other side. And thus for the first time, pass on to the Mount of Olives, almost every foot of which has been pressed by his sacred feet. We have only one step this evening to skirt its base by the brook Kedron, for the sun will soon sink beyond the Western hills. We will notice, however, what is along our path.

On our right our attention is directed to the many white tomb stones placed in a horizontal position. It is the Jews' burying place, so used we know not how long. And now the dying wish of every Jew, is to have his remains deposited here among his brethren the children of Abraham. The place is limited, and the stones are so close as already to form a marble floor. Oh, what a multitude will rise from here at the last day! For no new graves are opened, but the stones are removed, and they bury age after age in the same tomb. Still on our right a little beyond, are tombs of monolithic structure, said to be those of Lacharias and Absalom—the latter 57 feet high, ornamented with moldings, etc. Also the tomb of Jehoshaphat, which has been closed by the Jews, to prevent a search for old copies of the Scriptures, which are buried here. With Mount Moriah towering above us on the other side of the narrow valley and the Mount of Olives on this side, and the shadows of the evening gathering around us, our feelings are such as it is not easy to describe.

HOW IS SPIRITUAL LIFE TO BE PRESERVED IN THE CHURCHES?

A question which deeply concerns every church, and every member of the church. The church is the dwelling place of that life, and every member is by profession a partaker of it. And as your privileges and usefulness there depends on that life, it is to you an important question do I possess it? If you do, it is another important question how you are to preserve it, not only in your own soul, but in the church of which you are a member. Then do not pass by this question as if it did not belong to you.

Is there not some reason to fear that some professors think and feel as if the spiritual life of the church did not depend on them, but on the minister, or if not altogether on him, on some leading members in the church. That to a certain extent it does is at once admitted, but at the same time, we want you to feel that it is a matter of your own.

You feel that the life of the members of your body is a matter of your own, and is a matter of interest to all the members of your body, so is your spiritual life to yourself, and to all in the fellowship of the Gospel with you.

To preserve it, it must be kept in its own element. The truth of this is manifest if we bear in mind that life, in any form, must have its own element—deprive it of that and it is death. For instance, take the fish of the sea to the dry land, and to make his death certain you do not need to do another thing; so spiritual life in its own element, and its preservation as such depends on that element as the life of the fish on the water.

I need not tell you what that element is, but let us listen to the voice of inspiration. 'If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.' That it is the design of the Head of the Church that all her members should live in this element and there enjoy fellowship with Jesus and one another, is manifest to all who read the word of God with any degree of care. The church is an habitation of God through the Spirit. Therefore our spiritual dwelling place is the dwelling place of God. Then you must see that we are introduced to solemn, but highly favored ground—what dangers to grace we are! But while we stand amazed at his condescension we glory in the fact that he does not only dwell, but that he delights to dwell here. But to enjoy the privileges to which he has called us, it is not enough that we have been quickened—the imparted life must be preserved. The question then is, how is this to be done? The life of nature inclines to its own element—so does spiritual life; but as in many instances the former is taken out of its own element, so also in some instances is the latter. There is an enemy watching your heaven born life with that design.

He knows that there is still something in us which may be wrought upon by the world without; therefore, when the pleasures of sin or the profits of the world, or the honors of time are before you, he will try to work upon the remaining depravity of your heart; and his object is to lead your soul out of the element of spiritual life into that of carnality. Hence the necessity of watchfulness even in the enjoyment of the lawful comforts of a smiling world. To live in the element of spiritual life is indeed the best security against the snares which place it in danger; but some reader may ask, How am I to live in that element? I do not see it, nor do you see the air you breathe. God is that Spirit, and as near to you as the air on which the life of nature is dependent, but to enjoy the privilege of living in the Spirit, you must awake up to the belief of this truth as a reality on which your spiritual life depends, but to keep in the spiritual element your life must be spent near the throne of Grace, you

must 'continue in prayer,' and keep your eye on the throne of Glory.

If you do these things you will retain your spiritual life in spite of the world's cares, smiles, or frowns. The greater eclipses the lesser. If you do live near the throne of grace, if you take frequent walks through the gospel field with your eye fixed on the throne of glory, you will be blessed with such views of God in Christ and eternal glory, as will raise you to a position from which the littleness of this world will be seen and its glory eclipsed by the brighter beams of celestial light seen by faith streaming down from the throne upon you.

Looking at that glorious prospect—

"His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her side white."

Again to keep in the spiritual element make those who live and breathe that element, your most intimate companions. By so doing, your spiritual life will not only be kept out of the way of danger, but strengthened and made more happy.

"Christian fellowship if managed well,
Will all away in spite of hell."

But should you be the possessor of spiritual life, if you prefer the society of the worldly and the gay, you will place that life in imminent danger. The truth is, when there is a secret wish to shun the company of the truly good, spiritual life has already sadly declined, and it yet exists, unless that course is speedily altered, the consequence will soon be 'twice dead!' Possessor of spiritual life didst thou know the value of thy possession thou wouldst tremble at the very idea of being drawn off from the element on which it depends.

Do not the enjoyment of all the privileges, thy usefulness, thy safety amidst the dangers which lurk around thee, and thy earnest of future glory, all stand concerned here? Then do be careful not to grieve that loving Spirit which quickened thee into heaven born life, and is still the element on which that life depends.

But, you will say, life is to be preserved, must have something more than an element in which to breathe. It must have provision suited to its constitution. This the great Shepherd of the sheep has provided, and in such abundance, that whatever the longings of spiritual life may be, provision is made for them all. Hence a solemn charge is given to under shepherds not only to feed the sheep, but also to feed the lambs.—John xii. 15, 17.

Since He has given such a charge, we are given to understand, that spiritual life in the churches, at least to a certain extent, depends upon the pastors. It would be well if all who fill that office, were truly awake to the responsibility resting upon them.

To be the instruments of imparting or strengthening the life of others, we must ourselves be alive. It is important to know what is the word of God suited to that life, because without that we cannot minister to its cravings, but to be at home in our work, we must not only know what provision is made for its longings, but that life must be to us an experimental fact, or we shall feel poorly qualified to preserve and strengthen it in others.

To be instrumental in promoting spiritual life in the churches, we must live in daily communion with Jesus, and constrained by love to him and love to souls—Christ and him crucified must be the theme of our ministry. A ministry truly alive is an unpeakable blessing to spiritual life, and so is fellowship with saints while they are in fellowship with Jesus, but do not suffer your spiritual life to depend on others for its supplies. Take advantage of everything within your reach friendly to it, but let nothing be a substitute for your own communion with Jesus and his word.

Keep very near to him and you will not only live yourself, but yours will be the honor and happiness of preserving and strengthening the spiritual life of others in the fellowship of the gospel with you. Reader, make up your mind that you must be a living representative of your associated Saviour—a living epistle in which all may read that your religion is a blessed reality.—H. H. Marcus.

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your mind to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one—

Trouble never lasts forever.
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down look up to the stars—if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promise, a man or child may be cheerful.

Never despair when fire is in the air.
A sunny morning will come without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or froward that will end in smoke and darkness, but that which you can keep and is worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay,
When gold and silver pass away.

Fight hard against a nasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire, a fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revengeth knows no rest.
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try him again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little and little great things are completed.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully strips off clothes in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me—

A cheerful spirit gets on quick.
A grumbler in the end will fail.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than tigers and lions, for we can get out of the way of wild beasts—but bad thoughts will find their way everywhere.—Keep your hearts and hearts full of good thoughts that bad thoughts may not find room—Be on your guard, and strive and pray.
To drive all evil thoughts away.

ROME IN ITS DOTAGE.

The so called Oecumenical Council, of which we have heard so much for the last few months, has been opened, and good old Pius IX. has felt his heart 'suffused with inconceivable consolation' as he looked upon the crowd of ecclesiastics. Some 600 bishops have obeyed the call of the Pope and with the bishops have come the Emperors of Austria, the Queen of Wurtemberg, the ex King of Naples, the ex King of Parma, and other dignified personages of a rather visionary and phantom-like character. A large proportion of the ecclesiastics are observed to be very old. They meet in a city of ruins—miles of ruins stretching on this hand and on that. The Romans look on with indifference, glad only that the rush of strangers into Rome brings with it a good deal of money. Crowds of English and Americans—partly, we have no doubt, inspired with religious motives, but chiefly of the sight seeing, time killing class—swarm in the city of the Seven Hills. Pius is very glad, very hopeful; and as these patriarchs, bishops, abbots—whatever you like to call them, turn their eyes wistfully to their Holy Father, to whom, as to a fountain of light for this benighted world, they have come from the East and the West the North and the South, it is really interesting to know what comfort he can administer to them. The time, he tells us, is out of joint, and we care not to dispute the proposition. The truth is being attacked—such is his lament—by the old enemy of the race, under whose astute leadership a wicked conspiracy is being organized. 'Strong in union, powerful in wealth, protected by institutions, and wearing the liberal veil of malice,' it is levying war against 'the sacred Church of Christ.' The Pope is fully acquainted with the power, the arms, the progress, the councils, of the conspirators. He knows 'the trouble and confusion, the grievous perversion of all right, the various arts of bold lying and corruption, by which the whole some bands of justice, integrity, and authority are loosened, the worst passions are inflamed, the Christian faith rooted from souls, so that the end of God's Church might well be feared now, if it were possible for it to be destroyed by any machinery or endeavours of man.' But this is impossible, for has not a father said, 'Nothing is more powerful than the Church—the Church is stronger than Heaven itself.' Is it not written, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass?' 'What words?' asks the Pope; 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I shall build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'

The meaning of all this is, that the disease which is eating out the vitals of modern society is failure of reverence for the papacy. If only the rest of the human race could follow the example of the ecclesiastics now in Rome, and make obedience to the Pope in the duly appointed fashion, some being privileged to kiss his hand, some to kiss his knee, and a still larger number to kiss his foot, all would be well. In one word, if he could return to the idea, of which society has, for the last three hundred years, been more and more completely divesting itself,—that ecclesiastics ought to govern the world, that the principal of all government is theocracy, that an infallible Papa or Pontiff is the instructor and law giver, divinely appointed, of all peoples and principalities,—the ills of which modern society complains would be cured. Now, the seven wonders of the world, if you were to increase their wonderfulness seventy times seven fold, would seem to us a less wonder than that rational men can be found to believe this. 'But, says the honest Romanist, Scripture asserts it. The words of the Saviour to Peter confer infallibility upon Peter's successors.' Did our Lord, then highly as he honored Peter, and though Peter was, as his character and his faithfulness made him, a prince among the Apostles, build His Church upon one man, not upon Himself, not upon that recognition of Himself as Divine, which had just been made by Saint Peter? Did Saint Paul, when he withstood St. Peter to the face, in a case where, if Peter had supreme and infallible authority, it would have been competent to him to rebuke and put down Paul, make a mistake? Did Peter himself, when he wrote his first Epistle without hinting at his primacy, and styled himself simply a Presbyter among his brother Presbyters, forget utterly that Christ had made him Pope infallible, Holy Father, and all the rest of it, whose hands, knees, and feet all Presbyters were to kiss? This is not common sense. It is irrational. And we distinctly affirm that, if the sole and infallible primacy of St. Peter among the apostles was a doctrine of primitive Christianity, the New Testament sedulously conceals the fact, the writings of Peter himself become absurd and contradictory if Peter claimed to be in the early Church what the Pope is in the Church of Rome at this hour.

Most of these innocent faced, wistfully gazing patriarchs and bishops are very old, and they meet among ruins. Our imagination insists upon connecting these circumstances with the work upon which they have trooped to Rome. They are to try to raise the dead past from its tomb, and, in the name of the galvanised corpse, to rule the world. They will not succeed. In the infancy of civilisation it was, perhaps, well that the priests, the only class which had leisure, should claim a monopoly of knowledge and govern society both civil and ecclesiastical; but this theory and this practice of human affairs has been ob-

solete for more than a thousand years. Civil society now stands on its own basis, maintaining that it has a right to do so—a right as Divine as the Church has to stand on its Divine law,—a right which conflicts with no right of the Church,—a right the assertion of which is man's duty to himself, and even to his God. The affairs of the Church can never be adequately attended to until they are attended to by Church's officers, and until the Church's officers have, as such, no power to control civil society, but must confine themselves to their own duties. In aiming at universal dominion over human concerns,—in annihilating a civilisation which adds daily to its triumphs, piercing Alps, joining oceans, laying the iron road across continents,—the Pope merely makes himself laughable and pitiable.—C. World.

"TOWARD SODOM."

Not in it, but in the rich plain on which it stood, through which the river flowed, among the green pastures, and near enough for friendly intercourse and good neighborhood.

There Lot settled, after his break with his uncle; and by and by it became expedient to be in Sodom. Then the captivity and the rescue; and then the return to Sodom; and then the angel visit; the hurried flight; the fiery rain; the swift destruction; and the memorable tragedy on the plain.

Let close a bad location—"toward Sodom," and it is easy and common to follow the bad example. A bright young fellow from a Christian family is looking out for a position. It must be a good one; that is, it must yield large profits, and bid fair to give him a rapid fortune. Some thing offers—is examined and accepted. True, it brings him into contact with the unprincipled, the reckless, and the most devoted worshippers of Mammon. It associates him possibly, most closely with the openly godless. It throws him upon them for society and countenance. It renders him a minority of one in a company of practical idolaters. Surely, he is settling "toward Sodom."

Things go slowly in a small Eastern town, and the store on which a worthy man and his family depend does not bring in, in proportion to the growing wants of the young people. He will make a move. There is, indeed, no church. The Sabbath is not known. There is no Christian society; will not be for a long time. He will miss the church that loved him as a deacon. The minister will be sorry, too, that those young faces are to be withdrawn from the Sabbath school. And the good man has some misgivings about the loss of his privileges, but he cannot bear to think that the children should not get on. So he moves away,—not without expressed regrets,—and settles his young ones in the heathenism where Plutus is the deity, with an honest intention,—earnestly, to worship God. But ah! these boys and girls! It is dangerous for them to be "toward Sodom."

A mother has adjusted all the nice questions about her children's education, with a clear ideal of their future. She sees clearly enough the end—the present life end to be reached; namely, position, wealth and connection. The means thereto are not so clear, but among them is society. So her plans take shape. Those good, homely people who used to be so intimate in the house, are gradually cooled off, and the exceedingly nice family in the next street is assiduously cultivated. Anything they suggest, in dress, amusements, avocations, opera or church, is accepted. Old fashioned habits which they do not sanction are renounced, and the stylish graces in which they shine are eagerly imitated. Not, indeed, without occasional qualms of conscience and even revulsion of better original feeling. Sometimes the nature of the true, simple woman she once was, revolts against this garish, got up, constrained existence of decorative art and make believe devices; but then she aims at her children's good. She longs to have them get on. The light of a mother's love that is in her is turning to darkness. She means well, and she must be on good terms with society. Alas, for her! She is going "toward Sodom."

A congregation in a rising neighborhood in a thriving city means to take a lead, and become the fashionable church. The managers look out for a smart man, and nice wits. They want no extremes. An agreeable person is essential. And the standard of Christian living must not be pitched too high. 'Allowances must be made, you see, for people in certain positions.' And the music must be fixed up so as to give satisfaction, and altogether it must be made a very nice church. But, ah me! the poor worshippers, or rather the attendants who are to be entertained! It is dangerously "toward Sodom."

Mr.—is an average intelligent, prosperous man in early middle life—blameless, good tempered and social. He is liked at his club. He does not play—that is, seriously—but he likes a game of cards. He does not drink, but he is fond of a glass of good wine, he must say. He is not a betting man, but he sometimes stakes a trifle for amusement. Let us pray for his safety. Let us think, too, of his wife and his children. He is "toward Sodom."

We—for why should we not preach to ourselves?—in this commercial capital of the East, where fortunes rise and swell with impressive rapidity and to colossal size; where 'luck' as the stupid onlooker thinks it, foresight and ability as we know it to be, has made men conspicuously wealthy, we are in danger of glorifying pecuniary triumphs of separating of the money maker from all the moral adjuncts of a man, of gazing on the head of gold till we are dazzled and unable to see the feet, partly of iron and partly of clay. If we all into this temptation; if our young people grow up in this conviction; then farewell to simplicity, republicanism, strength, greatness, goodness! Farewell even to hopes of stability! The overworld will then be not far away. We shall be "toward Sodom."—Observer.

HUMILITY.—A farmer went with his son into a wheat field to see if it was ready for the harvest. 'See, father,' exclaimed the boy, 'how straight these stems hold up their heads. They must be the best ones. Those that hang their heads down, I am sure, cannot be good for much.' The farmer plucked a stem of each kind, and said, 'See here, foolish child! This stalk that stood so straight is light headed, and almost good for nothing, while this that hung its head so modestly, is full of the most beautiful grain.'