## Religious Sintellinencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

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"THAT COD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE CLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

Editor and Proprietor,

Vol. XVII.-No. 30.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1870.

Whole No. 862.

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All at our usual low prices.

Your patronage is solicited. JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, June 10, 1870.

The Jutelligencer.

ELOQUENCE.

BY REV. W. TAYLOR.

Much is said about eloquence, and we may know much about its effects, but it is not easy to give it a tangible description. It does not consist in strong logic, nor in beautiful lan-New and Fashionable guage, nor in sublime thoughts. Perhaps it will not be a great deviation from the truth to describe it as being a power that rouses, and captivates, and wins, and moves mankind. Words alone can not produce it, though they may be arranged in every conceivable form. It must exist in the speaker, in the subject upon which he discourses, in the circumstanof these combined. Eloquence is often found in connection with words, and not unfrequently without them, but it never exists without deep feeling. When the latter prevails, eloquence is likely to accompany it, if thought is broken, if language is lame, and even if no language, either vocal or written, is employed. There may be eloquence in gestures, eloquence in tears, eloquence in a look, and eloquence the first as the second; because, though hap- As Christians we are too thoughtless of even in silence. Often these noiseless appeals | pily we know nothing of it, it is difficult for a | others, and too proud. We are constantly produce effects that are overwhelmingly hungry man to be an honest man. The empty wondering what the world will think of us,

> who, on a public occasion, was accused of trea- appetite who used it to tempt our Lord him- perhaps, we alone can give them; it may be briefly, and a brother offered prayer that God we have? Is it that it may perish beautifulson against the commonwealth to which he self-saying to Jesus, when he was an hun-kindness, it may be counsel, it may be examowed allegiance. The only reply which he gered, "If thou be the Son of God, command ple. Let us strive to be more like our Leader, made to this charge, and the only proof of his loyalty that he offered, was simply to hold up in other ways, Satan tried with his fiery darts come with each day, lest some soul go down from Sabbath desecration in high places. to the public gaze the numerous scars which every joint in our Champion's armor; and which might have been saved if we had done he had received in his country's service. Was only failed because as Jesus himself said, "The our duty.-Advance.

there not eloquence in this mute appeal? Let us bring before our contemplation a woman pleading for the life of her husband, lurking within a beleagured city, our natural who has been condemned to die. She is addressing an officer whose word can set the her husband's life. Formality is thrown aside. A studied manner of address would be mockery under circumstances like these. She has are called, that are like the urchins who enter deep feelings, come welling up from the bot-

am !" has been his language day after day, come in like a flood, we have need to guard and, perhaps, week after week. Finally his every port, and write over every portal, burden is rolled away, and the full beams of "Here there entereth nothing to hurt or to the Sun of Righteousness shine into his heart. | defile.' What a fullness does he now find in Jesus! Had he a thousand souls, he could, without the heart. It is therefore the state of our affec-His powers of utterance are, in a great degree,

guished for effectiveness. But when anima- issues of life, -Sunday Magazine, ted by the subject or circumstance, or both, PRINTS & PRINTED CAMBRICS, they become irresistible, and carry their hearers with them as trees bend before a tempest. The eloquence of some persons is long buried before it is developed. This was true of Pat- Times when we have been certain that God learn by them, which he was engaged, and which awakened | reached?

though, in other respects, they may possess our heads above, and draw up our garments ! Health Reformer.

his faculties into active exercise.

glory and the welfare of our fellow-men.

THE STATE OF THE HEART. mainland by a dizzy chasm, over which a nar- shawl perhaps, and an unfashionable bonnet. says the wise man, praying as much against such are we losing? We read in the history of a military man, | right; and he tempts the poor through this | these beside us daily, who are waiting for what prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." We cannot say so. Like traitors corruptions are ready to open the gates and betray us to the enemy. Hence, he who would prisoner at liberty, or send him to the grave. keep his heart from evil, keep it pure and holy With an almost bursting heart she begs for must plant a sentinel at every avenue by which sin may find access there-guarding against none more than the little sins, as they too much at stake to think about the arrange- by the window and open the door for bigger defence, and where we pour out the unreservment of her words. These, prompted by her thieves. The man of God has his eyes to keep, and so Job said, "I have made a covenant tom of her heart without the least premedita- with mine eyes"-his tongue, and hence the tion. But under the influence of her intense | exhortation, "Keep thy tongue from evil, and grief and earnestness, she can scarcely fail of thy lips from speaking guile"—his ears, and a man travel where he will, home is the place being eloquent. Her pathetic entreaties will hence the warning, "Cease, my son, to hear to which "his heart, untrammelled, fondly move any heart that is not devoid of sensi- the instruction that causeth to err"-his feet, and hence David says, "I have refrained my See, again that person who has just been feet from every evil way, that I might keep converted. He has just passed through deep | thy word." And since there is no gate of the anguish of spirit. Impenetrable darkness has five senses by which the enemy may not, unenveloped him. "Oh, wretched man that I less the Spirit lifts up a standard against him,

The work of grace is carried on within the least wavering, commit them all into the hands | tions more than our outward conduct that of one who is so mighty to save. Not a single should occcupy our chief attention and encloud darkens his prospects beyond the river | gage our most earnest prayers. Let me illusof death. "His joy is unspeakable and full of trate and enforce this by an analogy. The glory." He wishes to tell to all around him burning thirst, the flushed cheek, the boundwhat a dear Saviour he has found; but lan- ing pulse, the restless nights of fever, are but guage is inadequate, he has to much to tell. the symptoms of disease. That thirst phy-So sweetly and powerfully does God's Spirit | sicians may allay by cooling draughts; and witness with his that he can say but little. opiates may dull the sense of pain, and shed sleep and sweep oblivion on the eyes of the overwhelmed by that weight of love which sufferer. The symptoms are alleviated, but the fills his soul. But how eloquent are his bro- disease is not arrested—the evil is but masked, ken accents of praise, his eyes beaming with not mastered. And that is all which is holy joy, and his countenance expressing hap- achieved in the reformation which sometimes acquainted, from books, with the speech of do nothing now but combat the symptoms." hair-oil. Mr. Sheridan, before the British Parliament, Ominous and fatal words! Divine grace, Now, not every one can have good features. in the case of Warren Hastings. The great | thanks be to God, does more. Let it reach | They are as God made them; but almost any natural and acquired powers of the orator | the heart, and those works of the flesh, which one can look well, especially with good health. were, in this instance, so aroused by the im- are the outward symptoms of indwelling sin, It is hard to give rules in a very short space, portance of the occasion, that the vast congre- | will ere long pass away, like a plant, which, | but in brief these will do: gation who listened to him were either en- cut at the root, droops and withers, and dies. Keep clean-wash freely and universally raptured or spell-bound by the power of his elo- It is in the heart the change is wrought for with cold water. All the skin wants is leave quence. A motion was immediately made for salvation; and there, as a building rises from to act freely, and will take care of itself. Its a postponement of the pending decision, until its foundation, the work of sanctification is car- thousands of air holes must not be plugged up. the excitement produced by the speech had in ried onward and upward to perfection. Cleanse | Eat regularly and simply. The stomach Its poetry is, and in human language ever will a measure passed away, and the members this fountain and purity will flow in all its can no more work all the time, night and day, be unwritten. Its elements of sublimity are Many have the idea that the only use of DRESS GOODS, a measure passed away, and the members this fountain and purity will now in all its can no more work and the time, night and day, streams. Let our hearts be turned heaven-than a horse; it must have regular work and ward, and our members and affections, our regular rest. tions which characterizes their best efforts, strive above all things, to keep their hearts up the mind and soul,

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

talents of an eminent character. We should from the defilements of the heathen about our make it a daily object of life to improve to the door. It is the mother whose child is sick in greatest possible degree our useful powers, of the dirty hut around the corner who needs whatever kind they may be, and employ the your help. Something tells you that you same in such a way as will promote God's might influence her to become a better and a happier woman. Now is the time, when her little one lies between heaven and earth, that her heart is broken up and that you can gain a hold upon her better nature. It will be I know an ancient fortress which one brave | delicate work, and perhaps not agreeable. You man could have held against a host. Perched know how Jesus dealt with the very worst, on the summit of a lofty rock, around which and the very poorest of earth. He knows how the sea goes foaming, and parted from the to help you. Here is a stranger, with a faded row arch, hanging like a thread in mid-air, is who comes to church and slips into the first thrown, that old castle stood in other days im- pew by the door, and by her face you can see pregnable. There was but one way of approach, and that such as one man could hold even in the lowest seat. Do show her that against a thousand. As might be inferred you are a Christian sister by shaking her by ces which surround him, and generally in all from these words of Scripture, "Keep thy the hand and asking her into your own pew. heart with all diligence, for out of it are the It will go farther than a score of sermons toissues of life," it is otherwise with us. With wards assuring her of the truth of religion. I appetites and passions, each of which may be lived once three years in a large city, and duran instrument of sin, our hearts lie open on ing that time not a single person ever asked many sides to attack. Take, for example, the | me how it was with my soul, and I was among most innocent of these appetites, that of hun- Christian people too, and there were opportuger-"Give me neither poverty nor riches," nities enough. Who lost them, and how many

sack, as the proverb says, cannot stand up- and not what the Master thinks. There are that these stones be made bread." In this, as and let us not miss the opportunities which

IS HEAVEN YOUR HOME?

The following beautiful sentiments are from one of Robertson's sermons :-Home is the one place in all this world where earts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in selfed communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness and without any dread of ridicule. Let He is to divide all pain. A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of his noblest

And now, my brethren, if that be the description of home, is God's place of rest your home? Walk abroad and alone by night. That awful other world in the stillness and the solemn deep of the eternities above, is it your home? Those graves that lie beneath you, holding in them the infinite secret, and stamping upon all earthly loveliness the mark of frailty, and change, and fleetingness--are those graves the prospect to which in bright days and dark days you can turn without dismay? God, in his splendors,—dare we feel with him affectionate and familiar, so that trial comes softened by this feeling? It is my Father, and enjoyment can be taken with frank feeling; my Father has given it me, without grudging to make me happy. All that is having a home in God. Are we at

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

piness in every lineament. These declare, in passes for regeneration; in that outward im- Most people like to be handsome. Nobody unmistakable language, that Jesus is very pre- provement of habits and decorum of life which denies the great power any person may have will never supply the place of sanctification in | who has a good face, and who attracts you by Natural powers of eloquence may become the judgment of a holy, heart-searching God. good looks, even before a word has been more effective, when joined by an ability, on | Man looketh on the outward appearance, but spoken. And we see all sorts of devices in the part of the possessor, to clothe his thoughts God looketh on the heart. I once heard phy- men and women to improve their gook looks in strong, beautiful and impressive language. sicians say, as they stood baffled by the bed- -paints and washes, and all kinds of cosmet-Some of my readers have doubtless become side of one fast posting on to death, "We can ics, including a plentiful anointing with dirty

A certain class of persons are rarely eloquent, powers, and time, and influence, will follow Good teeth are a help to good looks. Brush less bosom, can not be transferred to paper. though they may be distinguished for strength | and obey its movements-as from stem to | them with a soft brush, especially at night. of logic, for fluency of speech, and for the ex- stern, from her keel that plows the wave to Go to bed with the teeth clean. Of course. tent of their knowledge. As speakers, they the masts that rake the sky, a ship obeys the to have white teeth it is needful to let tobacco which I have endeavoured a thousand times may succeed very well in imparting instruct hand of the steersman and movements of the alone. Any powder or wash for the teeth to conceive; but until I was on its mighty tion and in convincing the judgment; but they helm. Who, therefore, would grow in grace should be very simple. Acids may whiten the bosom, looking out upon its moving mountain are deficient in that warmth of feeling which | would die daily to sin, would live daily to the enamel or injure it. waters, feeling that eternity was distant from is as necessary to eloquence as the sun is to righteousness; while they strive to keep their | Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one me the thickness of a single plank, I had tried daylight, Even the most eloquent do not at hands from doing, and their ears from hearing, can have a clean skin who breathes bad air. in vain to feel the glories and grandeur of the

well known to all who are acquainted with through indecision, or timidity, or pride, our thinks and works, and tells us the result. And small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean American history. His beginning was very work has been left undone, Only a moment, if we listen, and understand, the cemetery, the king and the clown, the prince unpromising. For several years he was a and the opportunity was gone forever. A mind and soul are worked. If the spiritual and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. lawyer of a very low grade, and his most in- kind word, and how little after all would it nature is aroused, so much the better. We The same wave rolls over all, the same requitimate friends had no anticipation that he, as have cost us, a smile, which perhaps the soul have seen a plain face really glorified by the em, by the same minstrelsy of the ocean, is a speaker, would ever become distinguished. was panting for, a tender rebuke-who of us love of God and man which shone through it. sung to their honor. Over their remains the But a suit came up, called the Parson case, in | can tell how far its influence might have | Let us grow handsome. Men say they can- storms beat, and the sun shines; and there unan interest in the public mind. Henry, rou- Every teacher knows how a single really even pay for their newspaper. In that case, ed and the unhonored will sleep on, until, sed by the occasion and its surroundings, broke good, or really bad boy will draw upon the it does them little good—they must feel so awakened by the same trump, the sea will the fetters that had long confined his powers, morals of a school. Decision, serving one mean while reading it. But men can afford give up its dead. I thought of sailing over and poured forth a torrent of eloquence that master, is what tells upon those about us, what they really choose. If all the money the slumbering but devoted Cookman, who, astonished all who heard him. From this and it is the opposite of this which kills spent in self-indulgence, in hurtful indulgence, after his brief but brilliant career, perished in time he never failed to electrify andiences when our spiritual life. We dally between the laughing Power, and six hundred injured on the railways of the subject was of sufficient importance to call | good and evil inclinations of our hearts. We | would grow hand- | who went down in the same ill-fated vessel, we Great Britain in 1868, three hundred and step past the work which Jesus gives us to do, somer, and women too. The soul would shine may have passed. In that cemetery sleeps the twenty-one were killed and one thousand two As has been noticed above, some are not and take other burdens which we find more out through the eyes. We were not meant to accomplished and pious Fisher; but where he, hundred and thirty-two injured in 1869. naturally eloquent, and it is evident that in grievous by far to be borne. We send money, be mere animals. Let us have books, and land thousands of others of the nobler spirits. During the six years ending 1867, one thousands. this field they can never become distinguished, it may be, to the far-off heathen, but we lift read them, and sermons, and heed them. - of earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No sand two hundred and sixty-eight persons

THE MODEL PRAYER MEETING.

Even a child of eight years old would have been interested in the enlivening service we are now etching. Not a moment was lost; not a syllable of persuasion was needed. One nan rose, and gave a touching account of the cene a few evenings before, when he had first et up a family altar in his once prayerless louse. That was his first speech. While he speaking, the tears stream down the cheek f his astonished and overjoyed wife. Then mes a fervid prayer of thanksgiving to God rom some one present, and a petition that the amily alter thus reared may never be desecrated, or thrown down. After this a youth arose, with a blue jacket, and an anchor embroidered on his broad collar. He had been | ing that our religion is merely to prepare us brought there by a tract visitor. The burden for death? As if death was the great aim of of his short, artless speech was-come to Jesus. our creation. As if God delighted more in "Whosoever will, let him come," said the sun- the manner of our dying than of our living. burnt youth; "that means everybody on And do we not too often present this idea as board may come, from the captain to the cab- an incentive to faith in Christ? Is it not too in-boy. We are bound for heaven. Christ is our | much held forth to young and old that Chrispilot. The anchor is sure and steadfast. Come tianity is a blessed thing to die with, to the aboard, friends before eight bells strike, and neglect of the more Scriptural idea that it is a your time is up." No one felt like criticising blessed thing, and the only blessed thing, to this earnest lad, or objecting to his simple verlive with. Many pages are required to tell nacular of the sea. He spake as the Spirit of the lives of God's eminent men; only a word gave him utterence. So did they all. One or so of their death, -indeed the death of many young man asked counsel in regard to the of them is not noticed at all. rightfulness of his discharging some prescribed It was a living fruitless fig-tree which produties in a Government office on Sabbath voked the Saviour's indignation, not a hopemornings. The leader answered his question less dead one. What do we desire of anything would guide aright his perplexed child, would

stammering voice was heard in the farther | idea is that it shall render us service. So God room for a moment, and then it stopped. There | wants men to serve Him in their lives. If our was a breathless pause. Every one wanted to religion does not animate our lives and prohelp him out. He began again-hesitated- | duce fruit while we are on the earth, we have stammered out a few words brokenly ;-at no reason to hope for its blessing in death .last he said, "O Lord, thou knowest I cannot Nat. Baptist. tell what I want to say; but thou hearest even what I do not say. Have mercy on my poor soul, for Christ's sake, Amen." An audible sob broke out through the whole apartment. Then out-spoke a gray-haired veteran, in tones like old Andrew Peden's among the Covenanters of the Highlands. The old man went into his prayer like Gideon into the battle with Midian. The sword of faith gleamed in his right hand; the light shot forth as from the shivered pitchers, and the whole host of doubts and sins and fears were seattered took us all on eagle's wings heavenward! How fold chorus of hallelujahs, and harping sym-

When the old man's prayer was ended, (it the very frame for that most celestial of strains -glorious Old Hundred—that magnificent principalities and powers and spiritual wicknot the silent lips that once sang that matchless tune. If any of earth's music shall be heard amid the "new songs" of Paradise, be assured that the one surviving piece that shall outlive the Judgment, will be that "king of sacred airs," Old Hundred.

With this ancient song upon our lips, we closed our service, spent a few moments in hand-shakings, in introducing strangers, in cordial heart-greetings, and so ended a model prayer-meeting. A model alike in what it was, and what it was not—in what it embraced, and what it avoided. From first to last, it was an artless, honest, affectionate reunion of a household of Jesus, baptised with the Spirit of

A GRAVE WITHOUT A MONUMENT. The noblest of the cemeteries is the ocean.

subjects of feeling, not description. Its re cords, like the reflection mirrored on its wave-Its vastness, its eternal heavings, its majestic music in a storm, and its perils, are things all times exersise that power over congrega- and their lips from speaking evil, let them But more than all, in order to look well wake ocean. I then first felt what John of Patmos meant when he said of heaven, "There shall Many of their speeches are in no way distin- with all diligence, since out of them are the When the mind is awake, the dull, sleepy be no more sea." But there is one element of look passes away from the eyes. I do not sublimity which impressed my mind, and know that the brain expands, but it seems to. | which I should be pleased if I could transfer Think, read—not trashy novels, but books in all its vividness to the minds of my readers. that have something in them. Talk with peo- The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all You have had many such, and so have I. ple who know something; hear lectures, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other grave-yards, in all lands, show some symrick Henry, whose celebrity, as an orator, is sent one across our path for us to help, and This is one good of preaching. A man bols of distinction between the great and the not afford books, and sometimes they do not | marked, the weak and the powerful, the plummarble rises to point out where their ashes are were killed on the railways.

gathered, or where the lover of the good and wise can go and shed the tear of sympathy. Who can tell where lie the tens of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in the "middle passage?" But that cemetery hath ornaments of which no other can boast. On no other are heavenly orbs reflected in such splendor. Over no other is heard such noble melody. In no other are so many inimitable traces of the power of Jehovah. Never can I forget my days and nights, as I passed over the noblest cemeteries without a single human monument-British Workman.

LIFE, NOT DEATH, FOR JESUS.

Are we not too much in the habit of think-

ly? Do we plant and train a tree, that we enable him to "do right, even if it cost him may see it die tranquilly? Do we buy a horse, his daily bread," and would deliver the land that after feeding, sheltering and training him for years, we may see him die composed-When his prayer was ended, a tremulous, ly? Certrinly not. Whatever we have, our

THE TURN OF LIFE.

Between the years of forty and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered as in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and appearance has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has formlike chaff at the breath of the gale. How he ed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. he enthroned the glorified Lamb? And the Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arclose of his rapturous outbreak was in a "seven- rives at a critical period in the road of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But athwart this river is a viaduct, called "The Turn of Life," was the seventh prayer offered during that one which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley busy, blessed hour,) the time had arrived for of "old age," round which the river winds, closing the service. The leader touched his and then flows beyond without a boat or causebell, and read the doxology. We were all in way to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it battle-hymn to which Luther marched against | bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters, are also in the vicinity to waylay edness in high places. Immortal is that strain, the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but like him who gave it birth. There is not a let him gird up his loins, and provide himself Christian's tomb in all our land, where repose with a fitting staff, and he may trudge on insafety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, the "Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigor until night has entirely set in. - The Science of Life by a Physican.

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.

There should be music in every house. A house without music is like springtime without the Master. There was nothing stiff, nothing | birds. The air may be balmy, the fields green, forced, nothing feigned; not a faultless meet- and the bowers beautiful and fragrant; but ing, but as near to it as a service of sinful mor- without birds welcoming the first rays of the tals can be. During one brief hour, at least, dawn with their joyful notes, and singing the we were delivered from that all-pervading curse | world sweetly to quietness and rest in the eveof life, cant. - Rev. T. L. Cuyler, in Indepen- ning, the spring would not be the happy season it is. The happiness of a family is not complete without music. Home has not all the delightful attractions which make it too pleasant for any son or daughter to forsake it for other places, until there is music.

> sic, is to sing in worship. That is the highest use of music, but not the only one. We need it to refine the mind. We need it to awaken all those finer sentiments and emotions which respond to musical harmonies. We need it to lighten the burden of care, and to drive away as David's harp did, the evil of discontent. We need it to bind the members of the family into closer unity.

> There is no kind of music that can excel the human voice, when well cultivated; but instrumental music has the same happy effects, and can often be enjoyed when the other cannot. With a paino, a daughter may gather around her the whole family, and make the evening at home their most pleasant and most wished hour enjoyed. We know some think it a useless extravagance; but the same persons will probably pay as much for a fine horse, or for some piece of ornamentation about the premises. For ourselves, there is no scene more delightful than the evening gathering of the family, and the brilliant music of the piano stealing or dancing its way into the hiding place of every joyful emotion. There are other instruments that excel for particular purposes, as the organ of sacred music; but for compass and power, for sweetness and softness, for adaption to ever-varying moods of mind and to all tastes, we think their is no instrument equal to a 'full, rich, mellow-toned piano. United Presbyterian.

> Two hundred and twelve persons were killed