

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, OCTOBER 21, 1870.

Whole No. 874.

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THOMAS LOGAN,

Frederickton, June 3, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

"THE LORD REIGNETH."

This thought came home to David very often amid his cares and distractions, his conflicts and perils, his anxieties and fears. He summoned it to his recollection because he needed it. He uttered it that it might be made more impressive to himself, and that it might be more freely upon others whose need of its influence was scarcely less than his own.

He used it to stir various emotions, and to aid him in many kinds of service. If he was in danger of becoming lifted up with a sense of his power and importance as a king, he recalled the fact that Jehovah was Ruler in heaven and on earth, pulling down one and setting up another. If his best plans were thwarted, and wicked men rose to power, and the godly were oppressed, and passions ragged unbridled, and the whole moral world seemed tumbling into chaos, he took refuge in the thought that the Lord was still sitting. King above the flood, calm as confidence and mighty with omnipotent strength. If his enemies plotted against his throne and his life, and defied the God in whom his people trusted, he remembered that He who sitteth in the heavens only laughed at mortal fury, and the Keeper of Israel never slumbered nor slept. If he himself fell into transgression, he found a reason for humbling himself in penitence when he thought of the fact that his chief sin was against Him who had raised him to his post of honor, that the eye of the great Judge struck through all darkness and disguise, and that his forgiveness alone could bring peace back to the heart. And when his anxieties were deepest, lest men should dishonor the sacred name and make evil practically supreme in society, he was comforted when he had grasped the great truth that the Lord will surely make the wrath of man to praise him. And so he often came bursting out of the gloom and the fear and the temporary distrust that assailed him, with a radiant face and a jubilant tone, as he cried, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice!"

David's necessities are no less ours. We live in the same world. The evil forces that he saw and felt in operation, we still feel and see. Our vision is dull and bounded in its range, even more than his. God often seems to us too distant to be approached, or too indifferent to care for justice, or too absorbed to take note of our common sorrows, or too feeble to deliver the imperilled from their helpless and hopeless condition. Our careful plans sometimes come to nothing, our friends disappoint our hope, our props break under pressure, our waiting in the darkness seems unheeded with a clear promise of the dawn. Wicked men still mount to the places of power and influence that saintship is forbidden to reach. The cry of the wronged seems answered only by mocking echoes. Fraud wrestles down integrity. The good cause fails for lack of helpers, while the wretched plot goes through by the aid of the conscience of the public. Virtue often staggers to its grave under a load of suspicion, while shameless crime walks abroad unheeded, winning the compliments of the crowd. Truth is often seen prostrate in the streets. The fervent prayer of piety brings no plain answer. A good conscience empties its keeper's pocket. The truest heroism often gets no human recognition. The hands of Patience grow thin with unfruitful toil and her eyes bloodshot with vain and weary watching. The promise carries little faith can see no wisdom in a longer waiting for it, and the last source of comfort seems running dry when the old taunting question is heard, "Where is now thy God?"

Aye, where is he? It is well if the answer may come in the psalmist's language—"The Lord reigneth." For he does reign. His throne is forever and ever. When clouds and darkness are round about him, justice and judgment are still his dwelling place. He has not abdicated. Hostile powers have not de-throned him, nor wrestled away his scepter, nor baffled his efforts, nor discouraged his heart. He keeps both his majesty and his faithfulness. The sins of the world have not destroyed his interest in it. Man's defiance, and heedlessness, and distrust, and complaint have not made the great Ruler's heart indifferent to his wants, nor deaf to his prayer, nor slow in his ministry of love. He rules so that the defiant and restless may not hope to escape his righteous discipline, and so that no unheeded but feeble and suffering spirit need fear that its trust will fail of vindication or its fidelity of reward.

Let the tried and tempted, the sad and suffering, the troubled and anxious, those who mourn over the prevalence of evil and long for the manifest and final victory, look up in confidence. The Lord reigneth, and will reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet, and given every loyal soul a place beside him in the glory of his eternal kingdom. Let that truth settle into the heart. It will yield a constant ministry of comfort when all other sources fail. It has been to many like a spring in the desert, or like a lighthouse to the seaman in the stormy night; like a rock too high and strong for the raging billows; like an arm reaching down from heaven to hold up human weakness; like the voice on Gennesaret saying, "It is I," like the flush of morning in the east to a bewildered traveller; like the vision of Bunyan's pilgrim which rolled the load from his shoulders, and set his heart running over with the speech of faith and the melody of praise. It still keeps its old power, and we need it not less than did the fathers of the faithful.

Receiving this thought in the fulness of its meaning, the true heart may be peaceful, patient, trustful, assured. There is no view of God more impressive than that which exhibits him,—while the world is seething with sin and passion, and good men get impatient over delays,—keeping his infinite calmness, never hurried, never fearful, but steadily pressing forward the great current of affairs to a glorious consummation—too wise to err, too mighty to be baffled, too sure of his end to be disturbed by the wrongs whose defilement makes us pale

with terror. He reigns! Let those who defy or forget him remember it and be chastened into submission. He reigns! Let those who have really put their souls into his care look up and be grateful, for they shall reign with him.

A PINCHED SOUL.

No one likes a tight place. Everybody calls out for "elbow room"—room to sit, room to walk, room to work. Space is essential to freedom. How can a plant increase with no room to expand its branches? How can a man come to effectiveness without sphere or action? What living thing will grow under a crushing weight? We have all seen sorry specimens of attempted vegetable growth in such circumstances; when some poor plant, hemmed in on every side by rocks or earth, has struggled through cracks and crannies toward air, light and space. Its hardly achieved success was after all a defeat, for the product was unsightly and without beauty.

How a family or an individual will suffer, otherwise than physically, though the pinched of poverty! Pinched is the exact word; for the sufferer feels as though pinched in every side, in body and mind, in respect to growth, culture and usefulness, as well as enjoyment. A child born and nurtured in such depressing circumstances is a far different being, in youth and maturity, from what he would have been with larger advantages. He has failed to grow. He lacks mental stature and breadth and weight. His manhood is dwarfed, his powers are feeble, his influence is nominal.

But the saddest sight is, when, on rising to the moral sphere, we see a man with a pinched soul! The largeness, which might have characterized his nature, has been squeezed out of him by the tremendous grip of man-mour; or his spirit has been cramped by narrow prejudices; or a habit of petty parsimony has held him as in a vice; or some crushing theological or ecclesiastical system, under which he lives, has limited his moral and intellectual development, till his soul resembles the compressed foot of a Chinese lady! God has created the soul with a host of grand qualities and noble aspirations, which, rightly cultivated, lead on to inflexible greatness. But, like so many plants, they must all have space, air, light. To neglect them, to make no provision for their culture, to offer them no opportunities, to deprive them of exercise, is to reduce them to nullities, and thus to shrivel up the soul in the larger part of its nature. The unused higher faculties lie out like the eyes of the fishes in the Mammoth Cave. We see of the fishes in the cave blind souls all about us, making their little stir in their small pools, and thinking possibly that they are agitating the ocean!

More selfish money-making does as much to anything to belittle men who might have attained to moral stature. They have fat purses, but pinched souls! With good abilities for varied work in this work-worshipping world, they have bent all their power in one direction, the acquisition of property. But that, of itself, aside from the use to which it is put, is no success. Money is a means to something nobly beyond. He who stops at the money, has reached no destination. More money carries him in that case no further. Substitute shoes for dollars, and test the principle. "Mr. A. has laid up one hundred thousand pairs of shoes!" Well, what of it? Does he hope to wear them all? "Oh, no; he cannot." Does he mean to give them to the poor? "By no means; he seldom parts with a pair in charity." Then what about his shoes? "Oh, he thinks he has been very successful to accumulate one hundred thousand pairs of shoes; it gives him a feeling of importance; other men look up to him, and say, 'There is the rich Mr. A., who can draw his order on the Shoe Depository for one hundred thousand pairs, and they say that, in a few years, he will have five hundred thousand, and before he dies will be a multimillionaire.'" And that is what it means, is it? A very small pattern of a man is Mr. A. A very pinched soul finds ample room in his portly form. Nor do we see that the case is at all altered by reading dollars instead of shoes. Of what benefit is it to the world that Mr. A. has one hundred thousand dollars instead of so many pairs of shoes? Or what real advantage is it to himself, if he stops with the possession, and confounds means with ends, thinking money to be a final result? It is right to say of a rich man, that he has "large means;" but that avails nothing if he does not use them. What correspondingly large results of good has he accomplished? Oh, it is impossible to see such pinched souls, and not to be grieved for the part of their nature, in the worthless ambition of accumulation—in the pride of having more dollars, or shoes or acres than their next neighbor! Money is good for just what it will accomplish when put to use, and for no more; and the man fails in life who gets the money but not the use. We could mention a city in which lived numerous rich and childless old men, who, in aggregating dollars, had pinched their moral natures till it was painful to look into their faces, and see the soulless expression. For the last thirty years of life each of them, in his childlessness, should have adopted some noble cause, or struggling institution, and cherished it with a paternal love and generosity; instead of which, each had hugged himself and his property! What will they answer, when the owner will say, "Give account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward?"—*Advance.*

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

Many a man is sorely perplexed how to safely invest his money. We can inform such anxious inquirers of the experience of one individual, a native of Massachusetts, and for many years a missionary in Western New York. The Rev. Mr. Hubbard, a Congregational minister, was remarkable for his piety, his communion with heaven, his faith, and his generous sympathy. According to his means he was exceedingly liberal, so that the more calculating regarded him as going beyond the bounds of reason. But he had what they deemed a strange answer to give, namely, that this was the way in which he wished to invest his money. "We differ," he would

say, "only in the way in which we seek to invest our money. You prefer to have yours in a farm or mortgage securities; I prefer to have mine, if I have any, invested in doing good. If any man has money to put at interest, let him do good with it. He will thus have the largest income and the safest capital." And we are told that he looked upon the treasury of the Lord as a bank of deposit, a bank that would never fail, where property and interest were both safe, and that he never thought himself the poorer, but rather the richer, for giving.

Evidently he took God at his word; which should not be accounted a very strange thing, though, alas, it is too rare. He believed God when he said: "He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack." "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again." When will the great body of Christians come to the same simplicity of faith? Must it not be so, ere the Millennium dawns?—*Examiner.*

PROTESTANT AND ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

It is the common usage of Roman Catholic writers, in speaking of Christian missions in non-Christian countries, to slight and ridicule the results of Protestant missions, and to magnify their own. There is hardly a controversy subject between Roman Catholics and Protestants where the uncharitable spirit that animates the Church of Rome with regard to everything outside of the pale of its communion is more apparent than in the accounts of foreign missions.

It must, therefore, be all the more humiliating to Roman Catholic writers that there is one point in connection with the mission cause with regard to which they not only cannot speak contemptuously of the operations of Protestant churches, but must even admit the great superiority of Protestants over Roman Catholics. This point is the liberality of the Protestant missionary societies in providing the means for preaching the gospel to pagans and other people outside of the Christian world. What Protestants do, in this respect, is so incomparably superior to what Roman Catholics are doing, that it is not uncommon to find Roman Catholic papers, while complaining of the small contributions of their people to the missionary cause, pointing indignantly to the large incomes of the Protestant societies as a model which Roman Catholics ought to emulate.

We are reminded of this curious fact in looking over some interesting figures with regard to Protestant and Roman Catholic missions. The Roman Catholics sustain only one great missionary society, the society for the propagation of the faith, which has its centre in France. For years, the bishops of the entire world have been urging the faithful to form auxiliary societies, and to contribute liberally for its purposes. Accordingly, the society receives its annual contributions from Germany, England, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, North and South America, and, in fact, from every country where there are Roman Catholics. The operations of this society are not without effect in pagan countries, and well deserve to be known and to be pondered by Protestants. But its receipts make a very poor show in comparison with those of Protestantism. The income of the society, which is the organ of a population of 195,000,000, was, during the last financial year, about 5,000,000 francs, or nearly \$1,000,000. It will be seen that this is at the rate of about half a cent for every soul in nominal connection with the church.

Protestantism has no one society which is the central organ of all the missionary efforts of Protestant countries. There are altogether some eighty different societies. Foremost in missionary zeal are Great Britain and the United States. The nominal Protestant population of Great Britain is estimated at less than 24,000,000. The missionary societies of that country are twelve, together reported, in 1868, an income of over £600,000 sterling, or nearly \$3,000,000, or more than eleven cents for every individual set down as a Protestant.

The comparison with the Roman Catholic world is startling. Twenty-four millions of English Protestants contributed more money for the work of propagating Christianity than the 195,000,000 of Roman Catholics. The Protestants of the United States are doing almost (not quite) as well as those of England. The number of the Protestant population does not differ much from that of Great Britain, and is roughly estimated at about 25,000,000. As some of the American missionary societies embrace both foreign and home missions, the amount of contributions for foreign missions is not so easily ascertained as in England. But it is safe to say that the aggregate contributions to foreign missions will not fall much short of \$2,000,000; while, if home mission, Bible, and tract societies are included, they exceed \$4,000,000.

England and the United States are the most liberal among the Protestant countries in the world in the support of foreign missions. But Germany has twelve missionary societies, the Netherlands ten, the Scandinavian countries six; and the aggregate income of these societies is steadily increasing, and swelling the total missionary revenue of the Protestant world, which, we believe, does at present not fall short of \$6,000,000 a year. Thus the Protestant population of the world, which numbers about 100,000,000, contributes annually about six times as much for missions as the 195,000,000 of Roman Catholics.

We are aware that there are a few small Roman Catholic societies receiving contributions for foreign missions besides the society for the propagation of the faith, but should regard our comparison as partial to Protestants, and invite a closer research, which would appear that the society for the propagation of the faith expends its money, not only in non-Christian countries, but also for Catholic missions in Protestant countries. Thus it embraces both the field of our home and foreign societies. If we should, accordingly, put all of the Protestant foreign missionary, home missionary, church extension, tract,

Bible, and similar societies, on the one side, and all that Roman Catholics do for similar purposes on the other side, we feel warranted in saying that the contributions of the Protestant world are more than ten times those of the Roman Catholic world.

These figures offer food for manifestation, and are a useful commentary on the ridiculous assertions that Protestantism is a failure.—*Exchange.*

A HINDOO'S HOME.

Do you desire to learn something of a Hindoo's home, his household furniture, his domestic habits, his food, his manner of eating? Come with me to yonder village, at the edge of that cocoa-nut grove. As we approach the village, just at the entrance is a large olive tree, with its beautiful dark green foliage; around its venerable trunk is a raised platform of large stones, filled with earth; here the men of the village congregate to lounge and to chat; here the headmen of the village decide disputes; here the missionary, after singing a hymn in Tamil, can obtain an audience, to whom, for twenty minutes, he can talk about Jesus. Passing that, without making a salutation to the huge stone idol close by, let us enter the best looking house in the village. Its walls are made of mud, now almost as hard as stone, eight feet high; its roof is tiled, burned clay, or more commonly the palm leaves, or thatched with grass; its length is about twenty feet, its width about ten feet, with one low door, and one small window; the roof projects in front, forming a narrow veranda, where a little elevated from the ground, they will sit by day, and sleep by night; but often, when the weather is dry and hot, they will sleep out in the street, in front of the house, wrapped in their white clothes, like corpses laid out for burial, as I have frequently seen them in passing through their villages on a bright moonlight night. There by the door, as you enter, are two round flat stones; that is the family mill, which two women grind after Scripture fashion; close by is another large flat stone, with a stone roller upon it, designed to grind the curries for a sauce to put upon their rice, such as black and red pepper, coriander seed, cummin, garlic, tamarind; these are put into the gravy of broiled chicken, mutton, or in boiled vegetables, with the meat scraped out from the cocoa-nut, together with butter, and poured on their rice. This composes a Hindoo's best dish. But stepping, let us enter the door; along one side is an elevated platform, a foot high, three feet in breadth, made of mud; on this platform, perhaps, is a grass mat or two, upon which they sit, or lie; to the right of the door is the cooking place, with the cooking utensils; it is made of mud with a round hole in the top, in which to set earthen pots over the fire; burning within an oven, with no chimney for the smoke, it must find its way out as best it can; there stand a half dozen of different sized pots, some on the fire, rice boiling in one, the fowl in another; there is also a large earthen pot with water, which the housewife has brought perhaps a half mile distance from the tank, on her head; and there she stands in her sarkie dress, preparing her husband's dinner, who is sitting on the veranda, chatting with a friend. Notice the room; it is destitute of furniture; in the wall there are a few little niches, in one is a lamp, an earthen vessel, or half a cocoa-nut shell, to give light at night; in another, a little brass idol, a household god; in the next room, there are different kinds of grain, to be ground into flour, also rice, and there hangs a bunch of bananas, and a roll of banana leaves—the plates from which they eat their rice and curries; this embraces all that is in a Hindoo's house. Dinner is ready; the husband and his sons are at the door; the wife and mother may be seen pouring water on their hands to wash them after which they sit down on the floor, in front of each is a banana leaf, upon which the wife, from a chatty off the fire, with a half cocoa-nut shell with a handle attached to it, is dipping the rice; then she brings the chatty containing the curries; the wife and daughters step back, while her husband and sons, with their fingers, roll the rice with the curries, into small balls, and with a quick motion of their right hand, throw them into their mouths; by them stands a small vessel containing water; when they desire to drink, taking the vessel in their hands, throwing back their head, opening their throat, they pour it straight down their throat, never spilling a drop; it is considered impolite to touch the vessel with the lips. Their dinner ended, they arise and step out when the obedient wife again pours water upon their hands; and then with her daughters she sits down, and they take their meal from whatever remains. They never eat together, they are strangers to the society and enjoyment of a family meal.—*Evangelical Quarterly Review.*

BE SOCIAL.

A young man comes to your church; he is a perfect stranger to the majority of those he meets; his home is far away and his church he has left behind. He listens attentively to the service, and is pleased and profited by what he hears. The service over, he goes out. Although many know him to be a stranger, yet no one extends the friendly hand or in any manner notices him. He is somewhat discouraged, a little homesickness steals over him, but he resolves to go there one Sabbath more. He goes, with the same result. Discouraged, he seeks another sanctuary, where the warm grasp of the hand, information about the evening meeting, invitation to the Sabbath-school, and the interest taken by the members of the second church in his welfare, at once decide his course. The result is, a zealous worker is gained by one church and lost by the other, and simply because the young men were social.

Young men and young women of our churches, never let a stranger go away without notice; never let that chilling feeling of loneliness come over any person in the house of God. It should be your pleasure to make every stranger at home. Try it, and your reward will be speedy!—*Christian at Work.*

"A LITTLE WHILE."

Christ was about to leave his disciples for a season, and to comfort them in the hours of sorrow which were soon to come he told them that in "a little while" they should see him again.

For the disciples of the present time there is encouragement and consolation in these words of the Master. They bring joy to the heart that is oppressed with care. They speak of a cessation of toil, and point the weary one a scene of peace and rest. Oh Christian, the day of the conflict and trial is almost done. Wait in patience a little longer, and the Master will call thee home. In "a little while" the eye now so often dimmed with tears will close in quiet sleep. The breast which now heaves with sorrow will soon be still.

The weary feet will long be at rest. Heaven with all its glories is very near thee. In his shining mansions thou soon shalt have a place. In "a little while" thou shalt see the light and glory that circles round the throne. Cheer up, then, desponding soul. When the day seems dreary, and the cross appears a heavy load, remember that in "a little while" the day of trial will be ended, and the cross exchanged for the crown. It may not be long before we shall stand in the presence of God where "there is fulness of joy," and at his right hand where "there are pleasures forevermore."—*Congregationalist.*

CROSSING THE LAKES.

I went to prayer-meeting one Sabbath night rather reluctantly. I preferred, it must be confessed, to stay at home and read and study my Sabbath-school lesson. The night was so dark and cold, and home was so warm and pleasant, and then I did not care, I thought, (but I fear my own heart was cold) to hear Mr. A.'s long exhortations, or Mr. B.'s cold prayers. What is the use of going? I said; why not stay at home just for to-night? I went, however, to prayer-meeting, and I was glad I went; for although I still think loss meetings on the Sabbath (if the minister and church could so agree) would be more profitable to all, yet I heard much that night which benighted and interested me. The subject was God's Providence, and his goodness in answering prayers. After considerable pleasant talk upon the subject, and some unusually warm prayers, Dr. C. illustrated the matter by a thrilling and appropriate story:

"A traveller," he said, "came to the shore of a northern lake late one March evening, expecting to cross on the ice and then go on to his distant home. Asking for a conveyance, he found that no one was willing to carry him over. The ice was unsafe. His business was urgent, and he was willing to attempt the passage, but not for a thousand dollars would any driver run the risk. At last a fellow-traveller was persuaded by him to attempt the perilous journey on foot. Together they went along for a while cheerfully and safely, but when about half way over, they suddenly became aware that the ice was growing thin and porous, so that in some places they could easily thrust their canes down through the ice to the water. Then did the traveller realize his danger, and offer constant fervent prayer to God that he would save his own life, and that of the impenitent friend he had urged to accompany him. Silently they picked their way around the dangerous places, hardly knowing how they went, but guided on in some mysterious manner. The shore was in sight, and breathing more freely, they thought the danger passed. Soon they saw stretched between them and the land a belt of open water shining in the clear moonlight. They were too weak and weary to call for assistance with any hope of an answer, and at that late hour it seemed unlikely that any one would see them. Again a silent prayer was offered, and instantly from a house not far distant, a person came forth with a plank in his hand, which he placed over the water, and called out:

"Come over quickly!"

"They went and were saved. Then the Christian asked his friend:

"How did you feel when on the ice?"

"I felt that I was going to perdition," he replied, "and resolved if my life was spared to serve God."

"Reaching his home, the pious traveller found that his wife, not knowing his danger, or that he was on the lake, spent the whole night in praying for his safe return. Is not this," said Dr. C., "a wonderful instance of God's overruling Providence, and his willingness to answer prayer?"

It is wonderful, I thought, and as I returned to my home, the night seemed no longer so cold or dark, for I thought of the starlight beyond the clouds, and the warm sunlight the morrow would bring, and of the good Lord who ruleth over all, who sent his Spirit to shine into my heart.—*S. & Times.*

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

The mass of masonry in the Great Pyramid, according to Herodotus, measured 25,111,000 feet, and would weigh 2,310,000 tons. The dimensions of the separate stones are not very great, but the quantity raised shows with what readiness these old workmen did their quarrying. And they not only got this stone out, but toiled and laid it with some skill. Mr. Kenrick, speaking of the casing of the Great Pyramid, says: "The joints are scarcely perceptible, and not wider than the thickness of silver-paper; and the cement so tenacious that fragments of the casing-stones still remain in their original position, notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries, and the violence by which they were detached. All the fine work of the interior passages, where granite is not expressly mentioned, is of the same stone, and finished with the same beautiful exactness. But the skill in quarrying was displayed more in the extracting of the huge blocks out of which obelisks and colossal statues were hewn. Obelisks ninety and statues forty feet high, each fashioned out of one stone, were not uncommon things; and the blocks selected for these monuments were not chance splinters from barbarous efforts of splitting and mashing, but clean slices separated according to art from the native rock,