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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CLEARANCE SALE.

JANUARY 1, 1870,

CHEAP DRY GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN

Begs 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:

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COBURGS, ALPACCAS, &c.,

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The above Goods are all this Season's importations.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, January 14, 1870

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1870.

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5,000 yards White Cottons in different makes.

CARLISLE, MEDIUMS,

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The above are the BEST VALUE ever offered in this City.

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STUFF REMNANTS,

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will be cleared out at nearly

Half Price.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Mar. 25, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

THE POPE ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT.

ROME, January 25.

I am not yet able to announce to your readers that the 'Holy Father' has reached the end of his troubles. He has foes within and foes without to contend with. The Council chamber is the scene of a vast deal of disturbance. The attempts made to keep down the opponents of the Ultramontane party, by dint of exercise of authority, are increasing, and the resistance to such means is equally unremitting. The meetings have been decidedly stormy of later The Ultramontanes do not hesitate to use the language of violence and sarcasm on all occasions. The President tingles his bell and talks Latin. Occasionally he quells a foe by ordering him to be silent on his vow of holy obedience. Orders have now, it is said, been given that the fathers shall present their views to their respective committees in writing. One thing only is wanting to the 'liberty of the Council' at the present moment, as it is understood by the Italian party. They should gag and imprison their adversaries. As yet, this they have omitted. Still, they cannot succeed in having their own way. Moreover, the stubborn resistants are aided and comforted in every possible way. Resisting bishops receive letters from their clergy, their laity, their country people, their sympathizers from other lands, all written in the same spirit, all encouraging them in the stand they are taking against the society of Jesus. Nor is the diplomatic corps in the least passive. They are constantly giving words of counsel, which do not at all agree with the views of the 'Holy Father' and his counsellors. It is said that a recommendation has been received from his most faithful defender, in which a return to the liberal policy of 1847 was broadly hinted at. Austria and Hungary coolly propose to do away with the concordat altogether. This idea has not been acted upon, but no one knows how soon it may be. Even from the last, when the Pope has met with such utter subserviency, or has been able to bring it about in his own holy fashion of frightening the poor half dead old men out of their lives, very serious trouble is arising. Those whom they represent cannot be thus easily managed, and are so rebellious that a second schism of the Eastern churches is feared. But there is a philosophical view taken of the whole matter by the Ultramontanes. The want of union in the midst of their own councils is merely one phase through which the Council is to pass—the period before the illumination of the Holy Spirit. His influences will be suddenly felt, and then all differences will at once and forever cease. As to the opposition made by governments to the course of action of the Papal party, that too will at last yield to the unbending determination of Rome. A great deal Rome has certainly gained by her obstinacy. But if she had an ordinarily good memory, and the smallest powers of observation, she would have remarked that her obstinacy has not always served her. After the loss of the Umbria and the Marches, she persisted for years in behaving as if they still belonged to her. She was most consistent in the matter. A letter to Ancona from Rome cost no more than one from Albano. Goods were brought free, thence into Rome. This sort of thing went on for some years, but finally the Government has discovered that by such proceedings it hurts nobody but itself, and so is content to receive its due in postage and custom house charges alike from all parts of the kingdom of Italy. And so it reaps the greatest consolation in mentioning 'the king of Sardinia' when it has occasion to speak of Victor Immanuel, and in giving their old titles to Francis II. and the exdukes of old. Such little bits of spite hurt nobody—scarcely even hurt Rome itself—only causing it to be well laughed at. But what it now attempts is a much more serious business, and it will be obliged to yield or submit to the most unpleasant consequences.

Although not in the least apropos to the folly of Rome, I must beg to mention to your readers 'a gravamen' read a few days ago in London at the 'Convocation of the province of Canterbury.' The 'gravamen' mentions the fact of the session of the Council, and of the Bishop of Rome having, as it is believed, 're-affirmed and approved of the method of dealing with heretics by fine, imprisonment, confiscation of goods, and death by burning.' The 'gravamen' gravely—as a 'gravamen' should—proceeds to assert that these pains and penalties were not common in the Church until late in the history of the world, and to tacitly disapprove of them as an innovation. This fact of the novelty of the proceeding is so particularly dwelt upon, that one is inclined to feel that no other very reasonable objection can be made to it until the 'gravamen,' in conclusion, prays that some means be taken by which the Church of England, as a branch of the Church Catholic, shall protest against the infliction of the 'punishments of the character indicated,' and, in this connection, gives other reasons against the innovation. This does seem about as sensible as would be the solemn protest of a Presbyterian General Assembly against the dancing of Eastern dervishes. But it is quite consistent with the belief of many members of our Episcopal Church at home, who recognize the vilest Roman priest as a clergyman, and the most idolatrous adorer of graven images as a member of the Church of Christ, from which Church they exclude all Protestant clergymen and godly men and women who are non subscribers to the prayer book.

MORE AND MORE TROUBLE.

Feb. 24th.—Your correspondent has been absent for a few days from Rome, and returns to find things still graver than when he left. The Papal party are more obstinate than ever. The Liberals refuse to yield. The infallibility question is in the hands of committees who do nothing in the world, save to endeavor to propagandize. The pressure from outside increases. The Catholic journals rage, declare that Rome is above all law, and will not see that they are thus sharpening the weapons in the hands of their foes. The tyranny of Rome is imitated elsewhere. 'Monsignore Drementz, Bishop of Emerland,' says the *Univers*, 'has forbidden M. Micholes, Professor at Braunesberg, to write anything on pain of excommunication. M. Micholes has distinguished himself by his stubborn zeal against the question of infallibility.'

The next general public Council, which was to have taken place on the second of February, and again on the 10th, is now appointed for the 25th of March—'the feast of the Annunciation of the Virgin." This long delay is doubtless owing to the difficulties which environ the Vatican. M. Daru and Cardinal Clarelli, who are at the opposite poles of political and religious faith, have given the same advice to the Pope—namely, that he shall suspend the sessions of the Council. M. Daru thinks that this suspension will calm the agitation which reigns among the Ultramontanes. Cardinal Clarelli trusts that, in the event of such prorogation, the Vatican will be able to deal with rebellious prelates. The *Monde* gives its account of the Pope's dealing with the Bishop of Babylon, one of his late acts of tyranny. Removing the pretty words in which it covers up its narrative, it is as follows: The Pope chose two bishops, and desired the patriarch to consecrate them. The patriarch objected to their consecration, and declared that one of them was not a man of good character. The Pope annulled the bulls of consecration, but the two would-be bishops started for Rome. The Pope desired them not to do so, so the patriarch was unwilling to meet them in council. By and by the Pope changed his mind with regard to the propriety of making bishops of them, he therefore ordered the patriarch to consecrate them. He refused, declaring that no one had a right to oblige him to receive them, as no one had a right to make a man marry against his will. He also plead his sense of duty in the matter. But the Pope ordered him to either consecrate the bishops of his appointment or give up his own charge, and obliged him during the interview to sign a paper, promising to do either the one or the other. Next day the poor patriarch, who had but twenty four hours of grace, was obliged to promise to consecrate, against his will and against his conscience, the two bishops, who will vote according to the desire of the Pope and the Jesuits.

INQUISITORIAL.

Certain American ecclesiastics have been allowed to leave Rome. They have also been invited to leave Rome. Also, they have been ordered to leave Rome. They showed some signs of resistance. Whereupon, good advice was given to them. The advice was in perfect harmony with the permission, invitation and order. It was given by a friend in communication with the Government, and he enforced his advice by *bidding them not to enter, as guests, the Holy Inquisition.* I may be at liberty in my next letter, to enter more in detail with regard to this matter. At present, I can say no more. But the facts are, as I state them, on undoubted authority. I am happy to say that our free institutions have produced their effect even upon Roman Catholic bishops, and that a large number of them—over thirty—refuse to give in their adhesion to the Postulatum. They do believe, in a certain sense, in the Papal infallibility, but their visit to Rome has somewhat removed their delusions, with regard to Pius IXth, and caused them to doubt the propriety of imposing upon the world, as a dogma necessary to salvation, a doctrine which they themselves begin to doubt.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE HIGH MOUNTAIN.

"Get thee up into the high mountain."—Is. 40: 9.

Our knowledge of Christ is somewhat like climbing one of the Welsh mountains. When you are at the base you see but little; the mountain itself appears to be but one half as high as it really is. Confined in a little valley, you discover scarcely anything but the rippling brooks as they descend into the stream at the foot of the mountain. Climb the first rising knoll, and the valley lengthens and widens beneath your feet.

Go higher, and you see the country for four or five miles around, and are delighted with the widening prospect. Mount still higher and the scene enlarges; until at last, when you are on the summit, and look east, west, north and south, you see almost all England lying before you. Yonder is a forest in some distant county, perhaps two hundred miles away, and here the sea, and there a shining river and the smoking chimneys of a manufacturing town, or the masts of the ships in a busy port. All these things please and delight you, and you say, 'I could not have imagined that so much could be seen at this elevation.' Now, the Christian life is of the same order. When we first believe in Christ we see but very little of him. The higher we climb the more we discover of his beauties. But who has ever gained the summit? Who has known all the heights and depths of the love of Christ which passes knowledge? Paul, when grown old, sitting grey-haired, shivering in a dungeon in Rome, could say with greater emphasis than we can, 'I know in whom I have believed,' for each experience had been like the climbing of a hill, each trial had been like ascending another summit, and his death seemed like gaining the top of the mountain, from which he could see the whole of the faithfulness and the love of Him to whom he had committed his soul. Get thee up, dear friend, into the high mountain.—*Spurgeon.*

PETER'S REPENTANCE.

Follow that excited man as he rushes from Pilate's hall to be alone—to be where he can wring his hands and beat his breast, with none to be the wiser, and none to hinder or to help. 'And have I thus denied him and blasphemed? Am I thus degraded and debased to hell? Did I ever think my friendship with him was to come to this? Could I thus forget, could I thus requite, the love that welcomed me, a stranger, and placed me near his person, and in his intimacy, and in his service, and beneath the smile of his favor? Is this my appreciation of that glory of his upon the mountain, when his face did shine as the sun, and when, God knoweth, I would have stayed there forever with him? Is this all that cometh of my gratitude, my admiration, kindled again on that dark and stormy sea, when, being ready to perish, I called upon his name, and his right hand held me up, and trod safely on the waves along with him? Could neither his glory nor his graciousness keep me from denying him? Oh! is it come to this? And now in my dread, dark hour, when I cannot bear my own existence, when every word he ever spoke comes over my heart with sickening aggravation of my sin and shame, where, oh! where shall I turn to find relief? Oh! this deadly crime. Oh! this burning, guilty conscience. And he warned me that I would do it. But I scorned his exhortation. I was mad upon my own good powers. And now there rings in my ears forever, as the death knell of my hopes, the slighted warning, 'Simon, Simon, before the cock crow twice thou shalt deny me thrice.' And now in my anguish I have lost my Friend forever, and all the recollections of our love but shut me up in a darker despair. But,—I do remember still his words. Yes; I cannot be mistaken. He said I would be 'converted.' He gave directions for my duty then. He told me 'strengthen thy brethren.' Ah! then I am not disowned by *him*, not cut off from *them*. They are still my brethren. I am still to be among them,—still to hold up my head among,—yea, to serve, and to be owned as serving them. I am not cast off. He told me I would be restored. The Lord, then, is my Shepherd still; he restoreth my soul. Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! When I fall, I shall rise again; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. O my guilty heart, what thinkest thou of love like this?—love that laid in the reviving hope and resolution even before the guilt and scandal were contracted,—love that foretold that thou shouldst arise again to gratitude and peace, and faithfulness and duty? It is this love that thou hast denied, cast off, dishonored, and disdained. Flow, flow faster, ye bitter, scalding tears! break, break deeper open, thou false and faithless heart! and burn into tenfold heat this hot and guilty, yet believing and confessing blush of shame! Let me hide my face in the dust from thee, and hide thou thy face from my terrible transgression. Oh, turn thou me, and I shall be turned; convert thou me, and I shall be converted!"—*Rev. Hugh Martin, in Family Treasury.*

YOUNG WOMEN.

BY H. J. EDDY, D. D.

Men are generally what women make them. This position is sustained by the history of Ruth, the Gentile wife of Boaz. Her presence in the harvest field made Boaz kind and benevolent to the poor. His character underwent a great change from the time of his acquaintance with Ruth. He was struck with her beauty, her modest manners, her frankness and her excellence in every respect. He loved her, and she became his wife. Paul mentions the influence of Timothy's mother and grandmother as forming his character for unfeigned faith. Moses was what his mother and sister, Miriam, made him. He, being adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, was heir to the throne. He was carefully instructed in all the learning of Egypt. He sat at the feet of the grave Egyptian magi. Why was he not corrupted? Why did he not become an idolator? Why did he not become an Egyptian? Why did he not accept the riches, power and royalty which were offered him? He was but three months old when Pharaoh's daughter adopted him. How should he ever know that he was not an Egyptian? Why was he not fascinated with the glories of the royal palace? It was because one women, and she a slave in Egypt—his nurse—had more power over him than all else. That nurse was his mother. With what tender care she counteracted all the teachings of the magi, and the influences of the court. She was a remarkable woman. See what knowledge of human nature in the plan she devised to save her child's life. She exposed him in an ark of rushes at the river bank, where the young princess was accustomed to bathe. She trusted to the maternal instincts of Pharaoh's daughter, knowing that when her beautiful babe should lift its little helpless hands to her out of the jaws of death, the true woman's heart would go out to it. Her trust was not in vain.

When she revealed to him the story of his birth and preservation, who his people were, that the princess was not his mother, and that she, the nurse, was, you can imagine the feelings that swayed him. So great was her influence, that Paul says, he chose to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin with their enemies. His sister Miriam had also much to do in moulding his character. She was a noble woman, was honored by the people, was beautiful, skilled in music and wrote poetry, some of which is extant. So under God, the beautiful character of Moses was due to his mother and sister.

Look at the power of Jezebel over Ahab. He was fascinated by that wicked woman. She was false—she did not love him; but he believed in her, and she led him astray. He was the king of Israel, but she led him to renounce the religion of his people. She induced him to murder Naboth, that he might possess his vineyard. The history of Ahab is thus summed up: 'And there was none like unto Ahab, who did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel, his wife, stirred up.' He was what his wife made him.

The character of Solomon is mixed. His mother had many good traits. The influence of Ruth, descending to Obed, and Jesse, and David, was not lost on him. Nevertheless, God says, 'Even him did outlandish women cause to sin.'

Dr. Adolphe Monod, that most eloquent of all the evangelical ministers of France, says; 'The mightiest influence which exists on the earth, both for good and for evil, is concealed in the hand of a woman.' She may not sit as a judge or a senator, or fill the pulpit, or plead at the bar, or be diplomaed in medical colleges, or command armies, or vote at elections, yet her power is greater over men who do those things than all else, and the greater over those who deny it. What made the Greek soldiers braver than all others. If there be truth in history, it was due to their mothers, sisters and wives. They conjured them to conquer, or return, borne dead or wounded upon their shields.

Our soldiers were patriotic in the late war, but who does not know that their patriotism was reinforced by the women who presented banners and flew to the fields of blood with kind words and sanitary supplies?

Dr. Judson was a brave man, but the charming and beautiful Ann Hazeltine, whom he loved, reinforced his bravery. The influences under which John Bunyan grew up to manhood were not good. He was wild, reckless and profane. But he overheard four poor women talking, not of their neighbors' faults, but of Christ and their own Christian experience. They arrested his attention. It resulted in his conversion. These four poor women made John Bunyan what he was.

The power of men over women is great, but not so great as that of women over men. It is hard for a man who plunges into vice or error to drag his wife with him; but easy for a woman to lead her husband astray. It is a power that grows out of her nature. The morals of the people are in the keeping of women. What they frown upon, men will not do. Men can be saved from drunkenness, if women set their faces against it. Young men will not drink, if the young women, they love and respect frown upon it; but if they are indifferent as to that matter, or in any way encourage the practice, they will.

If we could read the secret history of vicious men, who have had good mothers, wives and sisters, we should find in nine cases out of ten, that some bad women—some wicked Jezebel—had obtained control over them. It took a devil of great power and subtlety to lead Eve into sin, but Eve easily led Adam into transgression. I don't believe that Adam could have led her astray. If Ahab had married a good woman like Ruth or Rebecca he would not have become a murderer, or an idolator.

Young women of America you have a great mission. It is by the help of God to build up and maintain a standard of morals which shall save our country from ruin, and our people from vice. The moral character of the race is in your hands.—*Standard.*

MAKING IRON SWIM.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

'Alas! master, for it was borrowed!" exclaimed one of the sons of the prophets, beside the River Jordan, when his ax-head flew off, and sank in the turbid stream. And Elisha said to Him, 'Where fell it? The young student showed him the spot. Whereupon the man of God broke off a stick and cast it into the stream; and, lo! '*the iron did swim!*' The student put forth his hand and took it up, and went on with his work to hew down timber for a log college to be occupied by the sons of the prophets.

Here was a direct interposition of the Divine power. The honor of a company of good men was at stake; a loss had been met with; God repaired the loss in a miraculous manner. God, who is the author of all law in Nature, *acted directly* on that bit of iron, and made it rise up from the bottom of the stream. It was just such a special display of the Divine power as that which sent the ravens to feed the famished prophet Elijah, and at another time made a poor widow's barrel of meal and cruse of oil hold out.

These were very unlikely things to happen; but God constantly does unlikely things to reward the faith of his children. Elisha's Heavenly Father is our Father. He is the Father of every faithful minister of the Word, of every toiling missionary, of every true philanthropist who is struggling to turn the darkness into day, of every working Christian, and of every poor widow or orphan in his huge earthly household. He still fills poverty's empty cruse. He still makes the iron swim!

Over yonder, at Ashley Down, in England, lives George Muller, the noble, godly minded superintendent of the famous 'Orphan House,' which shelters and educates hundreds of poor children every year. George Muller began that vast work of love in simple faith. He has never begged a single dollar. He just goes on with his love labor and *prays*. God puts it into the hearts of liberal men to send him money; and Muller has already received and expended over one million of dollars. Faith does its duty, and God *makes the iron swim.*

Sometimes the Lord transmutes the hardest outbreaks of human wrath into instruments of mercy. That royal scoffer and scoundrel, Charles the Second, locked up John Bunyan in Bedford jail for twelve years. That padlock kept Bunyan there, shut up with his Bible, until he wrote the 'Pilgrim's Progress;' and that iron is swimming yet!

There is a prodigious leverage for our faith in the glorious doctrine of God's providential love. It enables us to remove mountains out of our way. It stimulates us to persevering efforts in the face of every obstacle. A godly mother, for example, dedicates her only son to the gospel ministry. But how to educate him with a widow's scanty purse is a puzzling question. It seems a hard dilemma. But at the critical time the will of a deceased relative is opened, and a *legacy* for the widow's son is found in the will. The lad is sent to college, and he lives to day to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to a vast audience. So the widow's God made the iron swim! * * *

These are not miracles exactly; but the God who floated the prophet's ax at the Jordan yet lives, and he loves to reward faith and to answer prayer. There is a rich encouragement in this truth for all who are earnestly laboring for the conversion of souls. An unconverted heart is often like to the young prophet's axhead—it is heavy and hard, and tending downward. But the Spirit of God can make the iron move. Know this, ye disheartened parents, who almost despair of ever seeing your ungodly children come to Jesus. Be not weary in your efforts to win them to the Saviour. Make your religion attractive to them. Pray for them without ceasing.

Ye praying wives, whom every sacramental Sabbath separates from your impenitent husbands—do not give up! God can make the iron swim. A lovely wife who spent a whole Sabbath lately in most pleading petitions for her husband's soul, was joyfully surprised on Monday morning to see the man upon his knees! A long suffering wife of a sad inebriate has just been into my study to tell me that her husband came home lately sober and penitent. For dark, weary months she has been praying for his reform, hoping against hope. It actually looks now as if the poor slave of the bottle would be saved; but I confess that I never expected to see that stubborn piece of metal float. With God all things are possible.

During a period of revival in a certain town, a woman of devoted piety persuaded her skeptical husband to go with her once to church. He came home enraged. 'I will never go again,' said he. That sermon against infidelity was aimed at me.' She saw that the shots were striking him in a sore spot. So she prayed more fervently.

One evening the wife said kindly to him: 'I want you, my dear, to grant me one little request. Will you go with me to night to the meeting?' He answered gruffly: 'I will go with you to the door.' 'Very well she replied, cheerfully, 'that will do.' He accompanies her to to the door; he says outside while she goes in to pour out her soul to God in importunate, believing prayer for that iron heart. Presently the door opens. A man walks in, and going to her seat sits down beside her. He listens quietly. The wife walks home with him, all the time talking secretly to God.

The next evening, right after tea, the rises and says: "Wife, isn't it about time for us to go to church?' It is too early; but she snatches her bonnet and shawl, and hastens off with him to the house of God. A happy evening is it to her long-tried spirit; for the stubborn skeptic bows at the feet of Jesus! He comes home to set up a family altar. Faith wins its precious victory, and the love of *Jesus makes the iron swim!*—*Independent.*

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

Mr. Moffatt, the missionary, went to pay a visit to the African chief, several hundred miles inland from the missionary station at Talakoo, in South Africa. The name of the chief was Macaba. He was a great warrior, and was the terror of his enemies. In one of his conversations with this man of war and blood, while seated with fifty or sixty of his head men and rain makers around him, the missionary spoke of the resurrection. 'What,' cried the chief, starting with surprise, 'what are these words, about the dead? The dead—dead rise?'

'Yes,' said the missionary, 'all the dead shall rise.' 'Will my father rise?' 'Yes,' answered the missionary. 'Will all that have been killed and eaten by lions, tigers, and crocodiles, rise?' 'Yes, and come to judgment. 'Hark,' shouted the chief, turning to his warriors. 'Ye wise men, did your ears ever hear such strange and unheard of news as this? Did you ever hear of such news as this?' turning to an old man, the wise man of of his tribe. 'Never,' was his reply. 'I thought I had all the knowledge of the ancients, but I am confounded by these words. He must have lived long before we were born.'

The chief then turned and said to the missionary, laying his hand upon his breast, 'Father, I love you much. Your visit has made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet like honey, but the words of the resurrection are too great for me. I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again; the dead cannot rise, the dead shall not rise.' 'Tell me my friend,' said the missionary, 'why must I not speak of the resurrection?' Lifting his arm, which had been so strong in battle, and quivering his hand as if grasping a spear, the chief said, 'I have slain my thousands, and shall they rise?' As the truth of the Bible flashed upon his savage mind, the thought of meeting his slain was too much for him; it frightened him. And oh, it is a great and terrible thought, that we shall have to meet again all whom we have injured, neglected or destroyed.

PESTILENCE AND FAMINE IN INDIA.

All along the road from Benares to this city the cholera mortality during the past two months has been very severe. Scarcely a place has entirely escaped, however small; and all the large cities, such as Benares, Allahabad, Lucknow, Agra, and Delhi, have suffered more or less heavily. At present the pestilence is not raging with anything approaching virulence at any place except Lucknow, where the European deaths are averaging eight and ten a day, and at the Umritsar the death rate has fallen to twenty-five (natives) per diem. There is, indeed, great reason to hope that the epidemic has, for the present year, pretty well run itself out. No exact estimate can, of course yet be formed of the total mortality it has entailed during the past two or three months, but the official returns already to hand show that it has been much larger than hitherto expected. During the month of June alone there were 20,000 deaths from cholera in the central provinces, and for the following two months the rate was not much less. In Eastern Bengal there have certainly been 20,000 deaths during the season, and in the Punjaub, Upper Bengal and Rajpootana the deaths have at the very least been sufficient to swell up the grand total to 100,000 for the whole Eastern and Central India. That a 'lac' of people have died during the present epidemic is certain; probably this very greatly underrates the actual figures. Six hundred Europeans have perished out of a scanty population of some 150,000.

The famine which has set in at Ajmere is rapidly growing in intensity, and has already spread all over the States of Rajpootana. At Ajmere the people are dying by hundreds, of famine, fever and guinea worm; the relief stations are daily besieged by hundreds of emaciated skeletons who greedily snatch at the scanty allowance given them by the authorities. From Marwar the people are flying by hundreds to the adjacent British Territories, in the hope of obtaining a supply of food. They are too weak to work on the public enterprises which the government is carrying on to afford relief, and must starve unless charity, pure and unmixed, is extended to them. And from Delhi, Agra, and Batna, and all the principal cities of the Punjaub, the most startling reports have came to hand.

LET IN THE LIGHT.—Sometimes awakened sinners say to us, 'We are all in the dark.' True enough. Unbelief and disobedience are dark regions. The man who bars up his shutters must expect to be 'in the dark.' Open your soul to Jesus; and *let the light break in!* It is a mockery to pray for light while you keep your eyes shut. And it is a mockery for a man to ask God to deliver him from skepticism while he is stubbornly refusing to obey God's commandments. If you honestly seek to 'know Christ's doctrine,' then honestly begin to do *Christ's will.* Christianity is simply *an experience.* It is not to be learned or got by another's teaching. It is only to be got by doing yourself what Jesus bids you. A thirsty man is not relieved of his thirst by a lecture on fluids; he must swallow the water. You will never be saved by sermons, or prayer-meetings, or talks, or treatises. *Doing Christ's will*, and doing it at once, is your only hope. Sitting still is not doing it. Delay is not doing it. Without help you can do nothing: but *with* divine help you can do everything. Waiting on God is all right; waiting *for* God is a sin may cost you your soul. He demands instant, immediate obedience.

'Go show thyself to the priest,' said Jesus to the poor leper. The man went in a minute, and '*as he went he was healed.*' Prompt obedience brought a prompt recovery. Then let me exhort every sincere seeker for salvation to take prompt steps. Your peril, while out of Christ, is terrific; for your guilt increases with every moment of delay. God makes no promises to those who hold back. But he gives strength to the obedient, and light to those who determine to trust him. Before you is the cross! Beyond it lies heaven! And the deepest sea of difficulties will divide its waters for your footsteps just as soon as you *look to Jesus and go forward.*—*Theodore Cuyler.*