

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, MAY 6, 1870.

Whole No. 840.

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:

DRESS GOODS,

REPPS, FRENCH MERINOES,

MINNIVER TWILLS,

DROUGETS, EPINGLETTES,

COBURGS, ALPACCAS, &c.,

BLACK, BROWN AND VIOLET

VELVETEENS,

WOOL AND PAISLEY SHAWLS,

MUFFS AND BOAS,

WOOL HOODS, CLODS AND BREAK-FAST SHAWLS,

TWEED SKIRTS AND SKIRTINGS,

SCOTCH TWEEDS

AND MANTLE CLOTHS,

CANADIAN BLANKETS.

The above Goods are all this Season's importations.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, January 14, 1870.

ALBION HOUSE.

—

SPECIAL NOTICE.

—

MARCH AND APRIL, 1870.

WHITE COTTONS,

5,000 yards White Cottons in different makes.

CARLISLE, MEDIUMS,

SUPERS & HORROCKESSES

LONG CLOTHS,

Direct from the Manufacturers.

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

—

JUST OPENED:

TUCKED COLLARS AND CUFFS,

for Spring wear;

ONE BALE WARPS,

—

ONE BALE PATCH COTTON.

—

A LOT OF

STUFF REMNANTS,

with a few light

DRESS GOODS,

will be cleared out at nearly

Half Price.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Mar. 25, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

WHAT SORT OF A MONUMENT?

Years ago we were told of a man who built his tomb, and was accustomed to go into it very often, to meditate on "Death." He wished not only to be remembered, but also to familiarize his thoughts with that stern, inevitable result to which he was tending. By his neighbors and the curious he was regarded as crazy. His conduct certainly was unusual and forbidding, and yet may not be without a lesson. It is well for men to rear their monuments while they live; and much more so their monuments connect their associations with death and its issues.

But of what sort shall the monument be? Shall it be of stone or of brass; and if so, shall it be the embodiment of a conception which simply pleases the taste or serves the more pressing wants of mankind? It will readily be seen that our thoughts are not running upon tombstones, big or little, above or under ground; but upon such work or works as perpetuate a name. While all the forms of beauty minister to the culture of a people, and public places should be adorned with the creations of art, still, if beauty and usefulness be combined, the double end of the education of taste and the supply of practical wants is secured. Among a young, undeveloped, and rapidly growing community, this is greatly to be desired. In our expanding empire, where all souls are politically free, where the roads of enterprise are legally open to all alike, and where the pecuniary resources of the many are so limited, it is all important that but little money be expended in the mere gratification of taste; it should be incorporated in some institution or building which can practically assist the searcher for knowledge. What comparison can there be between the wisdom which erects a statue of some mythological character, which the passer-by will simply gaze upon with admiration and then recollect only as a casual pleasure—not to be despised to be sure—and that which, while it presents the highest attainments of genius, also reaches forth to others the instruments and methods of acquiring them? Looking at the triumphs of the fine arts cannot of itself elevate the people. Greece and Italy show us the most splendid ignorance, immorality, and wretchedness and the fairest and most exquisite delineations of art. Under the very shadow of an Apollo Belvidere, humanity may degenerate into the grossest bestiality. What people need are the appliances of education—not partial, but total, not in art or science only, but in morals and religion. These appliances may adorn as you please, but the stimulus and means of exertion are absolutely indispensable. Unless the monument which a man leaves behind him is of this sort, it is not important that he build it before he dies. If he desires to be remembered not so much for what he has done for himself, but for what he has done for others, then the sooner he gets about erecting his monument the better. He can say that his benevolent purpose is known while he lives, and there is no reason why he may not only see the execution of his design, but also enjoy the sight of its benefits when complete and operative.

Of all the sunny, happy faces to be desired edging their way through the jostling crowds at the annual exhibitions of Cooper Union, the face of Mr. Cooper himself is the sunniest and happiest. Think of the happiness in this world the generous man would have lost had he left this noble monument to be reared after his decease! He knew what it was to come a poor boy into a great city, and to struggle without adequate means of knowledge, and it was the recollection of his own disadvantages which prompted him to do in his lifetime the noble work which now blesses so many lives, aspiring youths, and crowns his venerable years with richer glory than if he had carved his own image in brass or stone over his factory door.

It is the work which men do that at last constitutes their best memorial. The world thinks but little of paltry busts of marble or metal which reigning kings, whether kings of nations or of finances, may rear to gratify their vanity and to make posterity remember them. It is not sufficient that a succeeding monarch throws down and grinds into dust what cost the treasures of his predecessors. The world honors the man who have served it the best. And the world is shrewd enough to discern what is the character of the service which has been rendered it. Human nature is not so unjust as to say that the man whose work has been the achievement of a purely individual policy, if that policy has incidentally benefited society, deserves no monument; rather it is willing to accord him all proper praise. As the tree which instinctively puts forth its leaves to inhale the atmospheric air, thus unconsciously spreads its shadow for the refreshment of the weary traveller, so does this man benefit society, while he may only desire to benefit himself. He has his monument, and nobody mistakes its character. But there is a nobler living for mankind, a nobler working for one's race, in which not the accidental, but the principal aim of effort is to do good to the souls and bodies of men. He builds the trust memorial who lives most deeply in the affections of his fellow creatures. This man can afford to let his actions perpetuate his fame. Paraphrases, marbles, bronzes shall crumble into dust, but good deeds are of the nature of God and cannot perish.—*Methodist.*

KNOWN BY HIS BIBLE.

On Sunday the 5th September last, a little presentation took place at a Liverpool Sunday school; a boy belonging to the school, named Samuel J. Austen, was going to sea, and he was presented with a Bible, no uncommon incident in Sunday schools in Liverpool. Here in ordinary course the incident would end—the boy had chosen his profession, had been apprenticed to a Liverpool firm of ship owners, and had gone to sea in the ship *Mary E. Campbell*, bound to Aden. But the *Mary E. Campbell* encountered very heavy gales in the Channel, she became disabled, she began to sink. Her captain, who seems to have been a man of great courage and energy, did everything possible to save the ship, but to no purpose; and on the afternoon of the 13th September, when they had been driven by the gales to about forty miles west of Landy Island, he found it necessary to at once abandon her—she was sinking under their feet.

They had but two boats left in which to abandon her, the pinnace and the longboat, and as all

on board could not possibly get into them, a raft was constructed and passed over the stern, on which, the captain hoped, the crew who could not get into the boats could save themselves. At six o'clock that night, all who could get into the boats did so. The gale of the 13th was the severest of the whole week. The *Antiope* for Melbourne, which put back to Cardiff, was in their immediate vicinity that day (though he captain did not know it), and reports the gale as "terrible," and the sea as "mountains high." Just imagine the feelings of the poor fellows on board the sinking ship, as the raft, drifted out of sight, and they left to face certain death on board, or as certain death on a raft! Among those poor fellows was young Austen, the recipient of the Sabbath school Bible of but two short weeks before. As the boats left the ship, he was seen with his bible in his hand, and heard to say, as they drifted away from him, and while he buttoned his little jacket over it, "They will know who I am by my Bible." Poor boy! he was but thirteen years of age, and leaves a mother to mourn his loss; but not alone; her regrets are those of all associated with him at his Sunday school, where the happy recollections of him will now strengthen the hands of teachers in their good work that they may not weary in well doing.—*Kind Words.*

MODERN REVELATIONS FROM HEAVEN.

According to Mormonism, the day of divine revelation is not past; the faithful may still expect direct knowledge of the mind of God. Following this principle of their faith, the new or reform movement in Mormonism justifies itself by an appeal to the authority of the higher powers.—The leaders, Godbe, Harrison, Tullidge, and Shearn, are sincere Mormons, and persons of good repute in Salt Lake City. Their organ, the *Mormon Tribune*, bears upon every page the impress of apparent sincerity. In a preface to some of the revelations which Godbe furnishes for publication, he says: "These revelations are a few of the simple utterances of celestial beings who came to bear witness to the correctness of the teachings which were being imparted by Joseph Smith, Heber C. Kimball, and others; as such they are they presented." As we have said, the reformers still hold to the old faith; but claim that all personal independence is crushed by the despotism of Young. Hence the rebellion against him.

The text of the divine revelations is a strange medley, and exerts, on the one hand, disgust that heavenly names can be thus used, and again pity for the deluded creatures who can so use them. The first communication is from the Apostle James, who says that he has never before spoken to mortals since he left this earth. John is on one side of him, and Peter on the other. He gives Brother Harrison some excellent advice, such as: "Do your duty. Think twice before you speak once. Be patient, be merciful, be prayerful; and all your obstacles will be removed, and the light will come with full fulfillment."

But the most extraordinary of these imagined revelations is one from Jesus; for in it he certifies to the correctness of the teachings of his disciples for the deluded creatures who can so use them. The first communication is from the Apostle James, who says that he has never before spoken to mortals since he left this earth. John is on one side of him, and Peter on the other. He gives Brother Harrison some excellent advice, such as: "Do your duty. Think twice before you speak once. Be patient, be merciful, be prayerful; and all your obstacles will be removed, and the light will come with full fulfillment."

REVELATION FROM JESUS.

"I am the light, the truth, and the way."

These words, uttered by me nearly two thousand years ago, live to day in the hearts of the people.

"I am the light, and the truth, and the way."

"The man who followeth in my footsteps need not stumble." "I and my Father are one." "My Father sent me."

"So strange were these truths that I uttered in my earthly existence that they have become distorted and perverted by man."

"I come to night with the light and the love. Last night you saw the light of my countenance; to-night you hear my voice saying to you: You are the light, you are the truth, and you are the way; and the men who walk in your footsteps shall not stumble; but they shall be led to where the waters are flowing peacefully—to a land of milk and honey."

"Think well of my sufferings, troubles, trials, and perplexities, if it should be your lot to be placed in similar circumstances. All I passed through was for my Father who sent me—my Father that I worshipped, the God of truth."

"As I behold the likeness you have brought here to-night, it recalls to my mind the days of Tiberius Caesar, and Pope Innocent, and the man who cut that face in emerald, who was then under inspiration."

"This likeness is a correct and perfect representation of me as I was in those days."

"I am sent to you as a comforter. Your thoughts have gone forth to the angelic world and have been made known to the Controlling Powers; and thus you hear the thoughts that I give expression to, telling you that you are treading in the right path, that your mission is important, and that you will live to see the results of this great work."

"You will not suffer as I suffered, for you have too many influences assisting you. You are not working alone; you are working with a great force behind you, impelling you to free the children of Zion."

"As you go forth, think of me. Think of me as a man born to bring light and truth to the world—but think of me only as man performing his mission with singleness of heart and purpose to benefit humanity. And my love shall go with you, and my spirit will be in you; and the day star of gladness shall illumine the souls of the children of Zion."

"I am called back to my Father's mansion, but I shall send forth forces to assist you in this work—the work of Him who died to save humanity."

"Such is the faith which has drawn its recruits from all Christian lands, and nearly all Christian sects of America and Europe. That the rank and file of its disciples are sincere, there can be no question. The facts of Mormonism are an impressive warning to us, that if we neglect popular education, we may expect popular delusions—poverty to work upon, and any system of imposture is conceivable. These Mormons need missionaries as much as the Hindoos; and perhaps the 'new movement' may open the way for the Christian preacher, and the Christian school."

—*Ec.*

CHEERLESS PRAYING.

One of the chief aspects of many prayer meetings is cheerlessness. And the reason is because much of prayer is cheerless, and so much of prayer is such just because what is called prayer is lacking that which is really and radically its very life—the cheerful element.

There are two looks which belong to the praying act. The one is the look downward and around at one's condition and surroundings, one's wants and woes, the shadows that darken and the sorrows that depress—but that look is not prayer. Confession is not really prayer—bemoaning one's sins is not, and telling the rough, doleful, threadbare story of one's grief to God is not. The other look is the upward look, with the expectation of help. Away from the want to the fullness—away from the sunset to sunrise. Prayer is a means of grace by which God intends to bring us away from the gloomy surroundings of the soul, and gives us that which is bright as the morning.

Yet some, and not a few, always turn that which ought to be a bright and joyous privilege into an almost melancholy duty. They are like a man, who deep down in a mine, wants to get out, but persists constantly in looking and feeling his way into the dark, horizontal shafts, instead of looking up through the main shaft of grace, with light at the top to cheer, and a car at the bottom to carry him up if he will step in it and give the signal. Poor fellows, some of our dear brethren are, that persist in using the low key of complaint. They don't seem to know that a prayer meeting is not a *Bochim* for tears only, but a *Bethel* of hopeful wrestlings and joyous victories.

No wonder that people go away from our prayer meetings and never return, because they are so dull. It is sad enough to be called to go to funerals, without turning the "sweet hour of prayer" into what is a good imitation of them—especially where persons mourn as those who have no hope.

What was the publican's prayer—a long confession? No, indeed. It was a prayer—a very petition, as well as a confession; and even though the prayer comes out in words before the confession. The prodigal did not go home and starve, simply bemoaning his rags and wretchedness, and there end his mission to his father. No, verily, for his whole return was a prayer of his heart, going out to his father, and when he came to him, with a hopeful voice, pleads for the father's favour. Though he asked the lowest place in his house, yet he asked hopefully.

Why, prayer is a cheerful act in its very nature. As duty, it corresponds with the act of God, by which he presents himself in the cheerful and radiant light of a giver of the very things which the soul needs. When a man prays, he turns his face from the midnight to the morning—morning flashing with beauty, with hope, with warmth, with all that goes to wake up the better, livelier feelings in the soul; and prayer is reaching out for that fullness of which God invites us to come and partake. Prayer is a look at the light, it is a look of faith and hope, and neither of them have the cheerless in them. God calls us by prayer away from our darkness and distress, that we may receive and enjoy that which tends to happiness; so that the excess of confession and lamentations, of moanings and groanings, is a perversion of the great and radiant act of prayer. It is an insult to God—nothing less. No wonder that there are so many so-called prayers which have no answer. It is because they have no meaning; they are not asking; they are dead seeds cast into the ground, and they rot when they get there—it is all they are good for. Let Christians pray as if their minds and hearts were turned toward a full heaven, loving, heavenly Father; as if they believed that for their wants they would get fullness, and they will pray with a consistency that will bring more answers than they do get.

If God has made prayer a cheerful act, then as such let it be used; or expect not to have God recognize it as prayer, and as prayer answer it. Do not birds fly because it belongs to their nature to fly and not crawl? If prayer has its nature of cheerfulness, let these wings be used. The trouble is, that if the elements of faith and hope be in prayer, if God be prayed to, then there must be cheerfulness.

There ought to be no more radiant places on earth than prayer meetings. They ought to be what the delectable mountains were to Bunyan's pilgrims—a spot from whence they gazed to scenes far more attractive than anything they had witnessed before.

Give us more cheerful prayer meetings and more cheerful prayers, and then they will learn the attractiveness that belongs to them; then the burdened soul will repair to them for comfort; then the anxious inquirer will go thither for light; then the disconsolate Christian will find a place where he can get relief and with him an air of cheerfulness; then will the proverb, "Dallas a prayer-meeting; have no point left to it; then will work by prayer meetings be festive seasons instead of funeral initiations.

There may be occasions when prayer takes on more largely the aspect of an aloof—in times of very deep distress, of darkness, of conscious guilt—when they key note is low, but if faith rises the notes, and the rise is cheerful. My brother, go to your prayer meeting with a smile, because a smiling God waits your coming. Do not go as if before a frowning Master, who, though inviting you to pray, you expected would make your approach to his heavenly presence a ground for arrest and punishment. Oh, when will Christians cease to practice the accursed art of perverting the good things of God into evils?—*Evangelist.*

NO, NOT FOR ONCE.

"Go with us, to-morrow, Hal," said Fred Bean to Harry Lane, as they passed the street and a group of school-boys.

"Can't afford it, Fred," replied Harry, a fine looking lad as you will often see.

"Poor boy! out of cash?" sneered another boy, whose name I don't know, and don't wish to know, I am sure.

"No," answered Harry good humoredly, "I have got ten dollars, all my own earnings."

"Stingy, then I would still," said Fred.

"No, sir," answered Fred, "You don't know Harry Lane. There isn't a stingy bone in his skin. Come, Hal, why not go?"

"I told you, Fred, I could not afford it, and I cannot," said Harry with an air that said plainly,

"I've told you all I want to about it? now leave me alone." But they were not satisfied, and Fred continued.

"Come, Hal, there won't be any fun without you. Go just for once. The whole thing, dinner, wine and all, won't cost more than two dollars. I'd rather pay myself than not have you go."

"I can't Fred; it would cost me a guilty conscience, said Hal in a low voice.

"Why, he's pious!" said the sneering voice again, in a most aggravating tone. "Let the saint alone, boys."

"Hold your tongue!" said Fred, sharply, "pity you hadn't pious enough in your composition to give you a little manners!" then turning coaxingly to Hal he said again, "Come, Hal, just for once."

"No," said Hal, firmly, "Not for once. I don't go to any place where liquor is sold, if I can help it, no, not for once."

The victory was won. Harry's firmness won it; and though some of the boys called him "a saint" he was never urged again to go to any of the foolish and wicked follies. Boys, when sinners entice you, set your feet down firmly against the very first temptation. Say with brave little Harry Lane, "No, not for once."—*Temperance Visitor.*

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Frederick, as crown prince, had been quite methodical in the distribution of his time, and had cultivated rigid habits of industry. Now, fully conscious of the immense duties and cares which would devolve upon him as king, he entered into a very systematic arrangement of the employment of each hour, to which he rigidly adhered during the whole of his reign of forty six years. He ordered his servants to wake him at four o'clock every morning. Being naturally inclined to sleep, he found it hard to shake off his lethargy. The attendants were therefore directed, every morning, to place upon his forehead a towel dipped in cold water. He thus continued to rise at four o'clock, summer and winter, until an advanced age. As soon as dressed, one of his pages brought him a single servant lit his fire, shaved him, and dressed his hair. He always wore the uniform of his guards, and allowed only fifteen minutes for his morning toilet. He did not indulge in the luxury of slippers or dressing gown, though occasionally, when ill, he put on a sort of linen wrapper, but even then he wore his military boots. Only on one day in the year did he appear in silk stockings, and that was on the birthday of his neglected wife, when he formally called upon her with his congratulations.

The ordinary routine of the day, when not absent on travels or campaigns, was as follows:—As soon as dressed, one of his pages brought the packet of letters. The number was usually very large. He employed himself in reading these letters, till eight o'clock. By a particular style of folding, he designated those to which no reply was to be returned, those to which there was to be an immediate reply, and those which required further consideration. At eight o'clock, one of the four secretaries of the cabinet entered, took the three parcels, and while the king was breakfasting, received from him very briefly the character of the response to be made. At nine o'clock Frederick received one of the general officers, and arranged with him all the military affairs of the day, usually dismissing him loaded with business. At ten o'clock he reviewed some one of the regiments; and, then, after attending parade, devoted himself to literary pursuits or private correspondence until dinner time. This was the portion of the day he usually appropriated to authorship. He was accustomed to compose, both in prose and verse, while slowly traversing the gravelled walks of his garden. He was particularly fond of dogs of the graceful greyhound breed, and might often be seen with book and pencil in his hand, in the shady walks, with three or four Italian greyhounds gambolling around him, apparently absorbed in deep meditation. A page usually followed a short distance behind, to attend his call. At twelve o'clock he dined with invited guests. As quite a number of distinguished men always met at his table, and the king was very fond of good living, as well of the least of reason and the flow of soul, the repast was frequently prolonged until nearly three o'clock. At dinner he was very social, priding himself not a little upon his conversational powers.

In pleasant weather he took a long walk after dinner, and generally at so rapid a pace that it was difficult for most persons to keep up with him. At four o'clock the secretaries brought to him the answers to the letters which they had received from him in the morning. He glanced them over, examining some with care. Then, until six o'clock he devoted himself to reading, to literary compositions and to the affairs of the Academy, in which he took a very deep interest. At six o'clock he had a private musical concert, at which he himself performed upon the flute. He was passionately fond of this instrument, and continued to play upon it until, in old age, his teeth decaying, he was unable to produce the sounds he wished.

After the concert, which usually continued an hour, he engaged in conversation until ten o'clock. He then took supper with a few friends, and at eleven retired to his bed.—*Harper's Magazine.*

WASHING.

Come, children, now, and have a wash, And then rub nose and dry;

For washing's very good for health, And I will tell you why.

The skin is full of tiny holes— Pores, as the learned call: Such thousands! it would take a life To try and count them all.

And through these holes a moisture flows— Too fine by far to see— Escapes from off the blood and leaves The vessels cool and free.

Now, if these holes are choked with dirt, The moisture can't get through, But turns again into the blood, Which it ought not to do.

For thence will many evils spring, E'en fever, heat and sores; And all because the dirt has filled These wondrous little pores.

Here's a baby smiling in her tub, Fresh as a water lily, I wish you all would keep yourself As clean as little Milly.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

Don't fidget with the hands or feet. Let alone the watch-chain and necktie. Quiet ease, without stiffness, indicate gentle breeding.

Don't speak of persons, with whom you are only slightly acquainted, by their first name.

Politeness is a branch of good morals as well as of good manners. Gentle courtesy we owe to all.

Be punctual. It is always annoying to be kept waiting, and often a serious detriment to one's business.

Answer a civil question pleasantly and kind y, even if you are in a hurry.

Jokes are dangerous things, to be used, like gunpowder, with extreme caution.

If possible, always be at the station a few minutes before the cars start. Getting aboard after the train is in motion, is not favorable to bodily safety, nor to that calmness of mind which leads us to act wisely.

Don't be disturbed if you find the best seats taken. As no one knew you were coming, of course they did not reserve one.

Should you purchase your ticket at the office, a small saving is the result, besides avoiding the hindrances of making change, which many conductors dislike to do.

Have your ticket in your hand. Conductors haven't always the time to wait till the portmanteau, pocket and travelling bag are searched, before receiving it. We once saw a lady, when the conductor demanded her ticket, dive to the lowermost depth of her pocket, then the same depth of her travelling bag, where she clutched something frantically, and, in blind haste, handed the waiting official a fine tooth comb, supposing it to be her ticket, which she afterwards found in the folds of her garment.

When a car is crowded, don't fill a seat with your bundles. True politeness is not amiss, even amid the confusion and bustle of a public conveyance. If an open window proves uncomfortable to another, you will close it.

Whispering in church is impolite. Besides showing disrespect to the speaker, it is extremely annoying to those who wish to hear. Coughing should be avoided as much as possible. Sleeping, with its frequent accompaniment, snoring, had better be done at home.

Violent perfumes, especially those containing musk, are offensive to many people, and to some positively distressing. Don't scent yourself when going to any crowded assembly.

When the postmaster hands your mail to you, don't ask him if "that is all."

When he says there is no mail for you, don't reply tartly "there ought to be," nor ask him to look again.

If you have a box, don't stand drumming on it till the postmaster hands you the contents. Such manifestations of impatience are unpleasant, especially if he is waiting upon somebody else.

Finally, at all times and in all places, "Whatever ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them," for these simple words are the basis of all true courtesy.

THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

1. A good religious paper makes Christians more intelligent.

2. It makes them more useful.

3. It secures better prep for the pastor.

4. It secures better teachers for the Sunday School.

5. It secures better attendance at the prayer meeting.

6. It leads to a better understanding of the Scriptures.

7. It increases interest in the spread of the Gospel.

8. It helps to settle many difficulties.

9. It gives unity of faith and practice in the denomination.

10. It exposes error.

11. It places weapons in the hands of all to defend the truth.

12. It affords a channel of communication between brethren.

13. It gives the news from the Churches.

14. It brings out the talent of the denomination and makes it useful on a wider scale.

15. It throws light upon obscure questions of practical interest.

16. It gives light on obscure passages of the Bible.

17. It cultivates a taste for reading.

18. It makes the children more intelligent.

19. It makes better parents.

20. It makes better children.

21. It awakens interest for the salvation of souls.

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