

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, MARCH 5, 1870.

Whole No. 841.

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, EPINGLETTS,
COBURGS, ALPACCAS, &c.,

BLACK, BROWN AND VIOLET
VELVETEENS,

WOOL AND PAISLEY SHAWLS,
MUFFS AND BOAS,

WOOL HOODS, CLOUDS AND BREAK-
FAST SHAWLS,

TWEED SKIRTS AND SKIRTINGS,
SCOTCH TWEEDS

AND MANTLE CLOTHS,
CANADIAN BLANKETS.

The above Goods are all this Season's importations.
An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,
Fredericton, January 14, 1870.

ALBION HOUSE.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.

NEW GOODS,

For Autumn and Winter,

PER STEAMSHIPS "ACADIA,"

FROM GLASGOW,

AND "CALEDONIA,"

FROM LIVERPOOL.

One hundred cases and bales of DRY
GOODS, being received, which com-
pletes the Stock for this season, com-
prising,—

A LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED

STOCK OF

NEW AND FASHIONABLE

GOODS.

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

FANCY

AND

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

TO WHICH

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE

THE

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS.

JOHN THOMAS.
Fredericton, Sept. 24, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

DEALING WITH A SKEPTIC.

A correspondent of the *Christian Union* thus details what purports to be a bit of experience in dealing with a skeptic, to whom he was urged to make an appeal by a good deacon. Though the treatment that proved so timely in this case would not probably be found uniformly applicable and effective, yet the incident teaches a valuable lesson:

I acknowledged the deacon's compliment externally, and internally his courteous reproof, and the very next evening I called to see Mr. Leacock. He was at tea when I went in. I have a habit, when waiting for a friend, of studying his books or his pictures, for I think they always tell something of him. I was surprised to find in Mr. Leacock's little library so large a religious element, though all of it heterodox. There was a complete edition of Theodore Parker's works, Channing's works, a volume or two of Robertson, one of Furness, the English translation of Strauss's *Life of Christ*, Renan's *Jesus*, and half a dozen more similar books, intermingled with volumes of history, biography, science, travels, and the *New American Cyclopaedia*. The *Radical and Atlantic Monthly* were on the table. The only orthodox book was Beecher's *Sermons*; the only approach to fiction was one of Oliver Wendell Holmes' books. I do not remember which one. "Well," said I to myself, "whatever this man is, he is not irreligious."

Our conversation, when he came up, was rather desultory. Mrs. Leacock went off early to put the children to bed. If she did so to give me a chance for private conversation, it was quite unnecessary. Mr. L. evidently was ready for a theological debate; but it takes two to discuss, and I refused to accept his challenge. I aimed only to draw him out, and began by asking him what he thought of Theodore Parker, what of Robertson, what of Frothingham, who had an article in the current number of the *Radical*. I heard every thing, answered nothing, listened as to a new revelation, put in a hesitating objection now and then, just to prevent the conversation from flagging, and came away at half-past nine, with a volume of Theodore Parker's *Sermons*, which I borrowed. I aimed at nothing but to understand the man; I believe I succeeded.

In the volume I borrowed, I found a remarkably powerful sermon on prayer. I read some extracts from it to my wife the next Sunday, and she pronounced them excellent until I told her the author's name. It is true he inveighed against the orthodox philosophy of prayers; he denied that God could really be influenced or his plans changed. But on the duty of prayer he vehemently insisted. "More philanthropy and humanity," he said, "are not religion. There must also be piety. The soul must live in the divine presence; must inhale the Spirit of God; must utter its contrition, its weaknesses and wants, its thanksgivings to its Heavenly Father."

Two weeks later I returned the book. I asked Mr. Leacock to read that sermon and tell me what he thought of it.

"Read it?" said he. "Why I could almost speak it. It's one of my favorite sermons. It's grand, sir, grand."

"You believe in it?" said I.

"With all my heart," said he. "Who can believe that the Great Infinite First Cause can be influenced and his plans changed by the teasing of every one of his insignificant little creatures?"

"But the rest of the sermon," said I. "Do you believe that? It's only last Sunday that your pastor preached against what he called humanitarianism. He said that living without God; that there was very little difference between ignoring God and denying his existence, and that the humanitarians practically ignored him; that they believed only in men."

"It is not true," said Mr. Leacock, somewhat bitterly. "You can see for yourself that it is not true. Theodore Parker believes in prayer as much as any person. I don't believe but that he prayed as much."

"And do you agree with him?" said I, with a little affectation of surprise.

"Agree with him, Mr. Leacock?" said he. "Of course I do. There can be no true religion without prayer, without piety, without gratitude to God, without faith in him. Your church has not the monopoly of faith in God, by any means, that it assumes to have."

"And you really believe in prayer?" said I.

"Believe in prayer? Why, of course I do. Do you take me for a heathen?" replied he, with some irritation.

"And every night," said I, "you kneel down and commend yourself to our Heavenly Father's protection, and every morning you thank him for his watchfulness, and beseech divine strength from Him to meet the temptations of the day; and every day you gather your family about his throne, that you may teach your children to love and reverence the Father you delight to worship?"

"There was a pause. Mr. Leacock was evidently taken by surprise. He made no answer; I pressed my advantage.

"How is it, my friend?" said I.

"Well, it's—oh," said he. "I can't honestly say that I do."

"It is so much a matter of mere habit, Mr. Leacock," said he, exclaiming; "and I never was trained to pray."

"All your life long," said I, taking no heed of the excuse, "you have been receiving the goodness of God, and you never have had the courtesy to say so much as 'thank you.' All your life long you have been trespassing against him, and never have begged his pardon, never asked his forgiveness. Is it so?"

"I am afraid so," said he; but he spoke rather to himself than to me.

"You believe in prayer. You are indignant that I suspected you of disbelief; and yet you never pray. Are you not living without God; is it not true of you that 'God is not in all your thoughts'?"

He was silent.

"Will you turn over a new leaf in your life-book?" said I. "Will you commence this night a life of prayer?"

He shook his head very slightly, almost imperceptibly. "I will make no promises," said he. But still he spoke more to himself than to me.

"Mr. Leacock," said I, "it is not evident that it is so easy for you and me to discuss theology; it is not a difference of doctrine that separates us. Here is a fundamental duty; you acknowledge it, you assert its importance, but you have never performed it; and now that your attention is called to it you will not even promise to fulfill it in future?"

"Yes, I will," said he, suddenly starting up, as one awakened from a dream. "I have always meant to do my duty. You are right; I will begin, Mr. Leacock."

"There is no better time than now," said I. "Let us pray." And almost before he knew it, we were both upon our knees, and I, speaking for us both, poured out my soul to the Great Father to take this child to his arms and lead him to the light.

Of the tears and anguish through which the Infinite Love led him, of the hour when I stood by the father's side, bending over the corpse of Willie, and heard the prayer wrung from his compressed lips, of the new faith in immortality, which that death-hour brought, and the new meaning to the word of Jesus which it gave, what need that I write? No one can read the interior history of the heart, no one but him who writes all heart history in the great book above. I hardly need, for himself, to be told, as Mr. Leacock told me last Sunday, while, arm in arm, we walked home after communion, the turning-point in his life was that evening's conversation and that moment of brief but solemn prayer.

"And your old doubts," said I, "how do you solve them?"

"Solve them?" said he. "I don't; they are gone. I know not how nor where, any more than I know what has become of the fog which overhung the river this morning before the sun was high enough to smite and break it."

The way to meet skepticism is not by argument. In twenty years of legal disputation I never knew a man to be convinced against his will. Skepticism of the head is harmless. It is the skepticism of the heart that hurts. Find out what duty, plain, simple, evident duty, is neglected. Press that home upon the conscience. A right life is the best cure for skepticism. Duty is the medicine for doubt.

GO WORK.

REV. M. A. S. MASSMAN.

"Ah, how skillful grows the hand That obeys Love's command! It is the heart and not the brain, That to the highest doth attain; And he who follows Love's behest, Far excels all the rest."

The American churches are awaking to a more just appreciation of the grand privilege that is their by virtue of Christ's commission—"Go work." The writer says "there is much Christian work, so called, which, though bustling and noisy, and characterized by imposing plans and promising movements, is little better than pious vaporing and idle beating of the air. It is the old dismal process of dropping empty buckets into empty wells and bringing up nothing." I do not, however, understand that this is said to disparage the popular idea of organizing labor, and the adoption of plans and promising movements.

There is everything to be said in favor of this and nothing against it; but that it may be most fruitful, the heart must be in it. John Foster, speaking of Howard the philanthropist, said that "he gave himself to his enterprises of benevolence with an ardor which the nature of the human mind forbade to be more, and the character of the individual did not permit to be less."

The great art of Christian living and working is to have love for the mastering of every action. "Love makes labor light." The element of duty should interwine itself with every experience of life; but the man who labors for Jesus, impelled by a sense of duty alone, loses more than half his reward. No joy can flow into the soul that acts under such an inspiration. He may have the satisfaction of having done his duty, but he is galled and chafed where the harness did not fit nicely. When there is love for Jesus—love for the church—love for the lost, and "a mind to work," there is no estimating the amount which a single church may accomplish in any community by wisely organizing its forces and laboring with definite ends in view.

That the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, is a fact too clearly attested. Every department of labor in wealth-producing industry is most thoroughly organized, and every man knows his place and his work; and, as a result, every man becomes an adept at his trade, and the otherwise inevitable waste is avoided.

The church has seemed to feel that we must avoid machinery. "It is the duty of every Christian to work, but we must let every one follow the leadings of the Spirit." This moon-shine talk is simply another name for idleness. I believe in the "leading of the Spirit" just as firmly as any one of my brethren, but I do not believe in laziness. There are thousands of people in the church for the sake of a "home." They seem to have nothing to do save to be congregated from Sabbath to Sabbath and sing:

"Safely through another week."

The advantage of organized labor in the church arises from the fact that it distributes responsibility and makes the members feel that responsibility more than otherwise. Our great want is to throw the responsibility of the work upon the hearts of our members, and compel them to feel it and act as in view of it. "I ought to do this duty alone," says Bro. A., "but it is not my duty alone."

It is not unfrequently the case that the members feel willing to work, but they have not well defined ideas as to the vast field, or the most appropriate sphere. There is vagueness in their minds as to the whole matter. They need to be directed. They need to be set at work on a field for which they are qualified, and then they become producers as well as consumers.

It is said that Bro. "So-and-so" is a grand pastor. He is very successful. What is the secret of his success? Well, it is difficult to say. He is not a great preacher, but they tell me he is a very successful "organizer." Ah! very well, that is sufficient. Cannot any man organize his work and his workers? Doubtless almost any man can do this if his people will let him. One of the greatest barriers in the way of the members of the churches who feel that there is danger of becoming "too modern" in our notions. They cling like leeches to the "old paths." Any new plan is set aside at once as an innovation, and is thrown among the trash.

per of worthless vagaries without a trial. This is not rhetoric, it is fact. Many a heart sick pastor has left the field that promised well, for the simple reason that his people would not adopt any system of labor of his proposing, nor propose one of their own for him to adopt; but preferred to let every member follow "the leadings of the Spirit," and find work if they could. Appropriate organization brings the young into fields of usefulness at once. I think it was Dr. Tyng who said that "every young convert who is allowed to remain in the six months without being employed, will become a drone." It is as true as preaching. The young must be set at work, or they will lose their relish for work. Let committees be appointed to visit, to secure Sabbath school scholars, to raise funds for missions, to distribute religious reading matter, and various other things which are needed in every town and village. God grant that we may all have a "mind to work."

"RUN, SPEAK TO THIS YOUNG MAN."

There he is, just within the circle of your influence. You may reach him with your voice if you will. He is in the way of his heart—the way of sensual gratification—the way that leadeth to destruction. Go then out of your way, or rather in the way of duty, to save him. Are you a mother? Perhaps he has none to plead with him when in the wrong, and to bless him in the right. Let the love you bear your own hasten you with rapid feet on your way to save this child of another. Are you a father? Then let your father's heart be full of sympathy for, and your father's love make you swift to save the erring.

Are you a Christian? Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. His followers must have His Spirit. How can you be Christ-like unless you are filled with an unquenchable desire for the salvation of the souls for whom He died? "Run, speak to this young man." Chance—nay—the good providence of God has put him in your way. To-morrow your voice may be powerless! To-day he may hear! "Run!" Don't loiter; don't wait! You may be too late! "Run," and a soul redeemed may shine in your crown forever! Speak to him! He must hear the gospel from somebody's lips if he is saved by it, and why not from yours?

"Run, speak to this young man quick! The Church needs him to-day. To-morrow his harrowing may refuse to yield, his follies become fixed habits, and he be lost to the Church and to himself. Run, then! outstrip the emissaries of the Evil One. No temptation will be left untried for his ruin. Is the Church to be beaten in zeal by devils and bad men?"

Ah! how many young men you have let go by you without a faithful, loving warning sounded in their ears. Don't let this opportunity slip. "Run, speak to this young man." Speak in the name of God. Speak with your heart brimming over with a Saviour's love. Speak with your soul in your eyes. Speak now, and with God's blessing on your loving endeavor, a man shall be born anew of the Spirit of God. A man shall be saved from the sins of life to the joys of heaven, and to the throne of God.—*Herald*.

CUTTING THE HAWSER.

I have seen a steam-tug start its propeller which churned the water for a few moments; but the tug did not move from the wharf. A stout hawser still held it to the pier. As soon as that strong line was cast off, the nimble vessel shot off into the stream.

So it is that some awakened sinners "make a start" toward a better life. But presently they stop—fall back—and sink again into hardened impenitence. The reason is that they never cut loose from the sins they loved best.

A Sabbath-breaker never can make one inch of progress towards Christ while he continues the desecration of God's day. If list for gain keeps a man immersed in dishonest business practices, he must either quit his unchristian business, or abandon all hope of being saved. He must cut the hawser which holds him to sin.

That sagacious physician of souls, Dr. Nettleton, always suspected that when a sinner lingered a long time under conviction, and yet did not yield to Christ, there must be some special besetting sin that held him back. He was once invited to converse with a man of wealth and culture who was under the powerful strivings of God's Spirit. He wondered what kept the man from finding peace. But one day while praying with him, he detected a peculiar odor in the man's breath, which revealed the secret enemy. He kindly pleaded with his friend, and told him frankly that he was drinking to drown reflection. (This is the reason which sends thousands to the bottle.) The sin-bound man did not deny the charge. No did he abandon the fatal practice. He drank himself into bankruptcy—into the loss of his beautiful home—and finally into the gutter, and the drunkard's dismal grave. He was one of "them who draw back unto perdition."

The first step in coming to Jesus is usually the quitting of a favorite error or a favorite sin. Friend, if you are yet unconverted, there is probably the secret. Jesus asks a sacrifice of what you love, and what He abhorreth. Will you give up your sin, or give up your soul? Will you cut the hawser? If not, you will be lost. Behold I set before you, this day, life and death; choose life!—*Cuyler*.

THE SCOTCH WOMAN'S FAITH.

By the side of a rippling brook in one of the secluded glens of Scotland, there stands a low, mud-faceted cottage, with its neat honeycombed porch facing the south. Beneath this humble roof, on a snow-white bed, laid not long ago old Nancy, the Scotch woman, patiently and cheerfully waiting the moment when her happy spirit would take flight to "mansions in the skies;" experiencing, with holy Paul, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." By her bedside, on a small table, lay her spectacles, and her well-thumbed Bible—her "bairn and her cruse," as she used to call it—from which she daily, yea hourly, spiritually fed on the "Bread of Life." A young minister frequently called to see her. He loved to listen to her simple expressions of Bible truths; for when she spoke of her "inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeeth not away," it seemed but a little way off, and the listener almost fancied he heard the redeemed in heaven saying: "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

One day the young minister put to the happy saint the following question: "Now, Nannie, said he, 'what if, after all your prayers, and watching and waiting, God should suffer your soul to be eternally lost?' Pious Nannie raised herself on her elbow, and turning to him a wistful look, laid her right hand on the 'precious Bible,' which lay open before her, and quietly replied: 'Ae, derie me, is that a' the length ye hae got yet, mon?—and then continued, her eyes sparkling with almost heavenly brightness: 'God would hae the greatest loss. Poor Nannie would but lose her soul, and that would be a great loss, indeed, but God would lose his honor and his character. Haven't I hung my soul upon his 'exceeding great and precious promises?' and if he brak' his word, he would make himself a liar, and a' the universe would rush into confusion.'"

By faith the old Scotch woman had cast her soul's salvation upon God's promise in Christ by the gospel. In every sorrow she had found him a 'very present help in trouble'; and now, about to leave this weary wilderness for her everlasting home, could she think that he would prove unfaithful to his word? No. Sooner than poor Nannie's soul be lost, God's honor, God's character, God himself must be overturned, and 'a' the universe rush into confusion.' Dear old pilgrim!

A DIRGE.

BY MISS M. A. S. MASSMAN.

The following lines were suggested by the Queen's beautiful Book, entitled 'Leaves from our Life in the Highlands.'

Hark! o'er the wild Atlantic's thundering swell Float mournful echoes, 'mid the waters bound, Whose dashing waves a Requiem seem to knell For princely Albert, sleeping in the tomb.

The land of his adoption, all too soon, Gave him a grave. Too late, Britannia knew His royal worth—his sun set while 'twas noon. Swell high the Chant, the old world and the new, In lamentation joins across the ocean blue.

From Buckingham's proud towers shut out the day, A Queen sits desolate in deepest woe. Let Windsor's royal-halls no more essay The festive scenes that charmed in long ago, Germany's darling Son, in Death is lost—No more his step, in kingly Loch-nagar, Where mountain tempests hurl the eternal snow, Shall rouse the antlered stag to sylvan war, Or bounding roebuck tempt to wilds afar.

No more through Killiecrankie's glorious pass— When lifting mists disclose the birch's gold, His eyes shall rove enraptured o'er the Alps! Those eager eyes beneath the turf are cold. The eagles still scream on Inchry bold, Dark, wild Loch-Canter, buries to the sea, But he no more their grandeur will behold. He walks the heights we trust where high arch-angels be, And sees the face from which the heaven and earth shall flow.

With her he loved, Britannia's mourning Queen, No more he roves on Morven's lonely brow. While float the echoes wild o'er Muich and Keen, Highland pipes, mixed with the sad winds sigh. In beautiful Glen Fiddle, ever now, Linger fond memories of the blissful past. Loch Vach—the Tilt—majestic Ben-y-glo, Balmoral—the sweet Dee—and all the vast Dear Highlands, echo one sad word—the Last.

The sorrowful, dark Muich, still murmurs on, 'Mong the lone hills, where solemn fir-trees wave, The night-hawk shrieks, like troubled ghosts upon Dark Tullyglies, where the Druids gave Humanity in sacrifice to Bell. Wild cave, Deep glen, and Corrie still, are lovely as of yore, But he who loved them slumbers in the grave; While the pure spirit futterless, clogged by the flesh no more, Has winged its flight—past circling suns—the Godhead to adore.

Oh widowed Queen—lone Sov'reign of the sea— What now are all the pomp of royal power? One hour with living Albert by the Dee, Would straight outweigh them all,—as worlds a tower.

But he is gone—and Memory is thy Dower, To cherish close, as time's swift pinions sweep Each happy by gone scene, each holy hour Of wedded love; nor let oblivion heap Dust o'er remembrances that bid thy spirit weep.

Lonely lovely daughters deemed each tree, Each grove, or mount, sacred to Faith or Dread, But far more beautiful thy Faith may be. Memory, fond minister, will assist thy creed, Shall stretch her white wings o'er Loch and mead, To the wild-Sutherland and Ben-Voirlock's head, Through wreathing mists again the deer shall bleed, Again thy Huntsman shall the heather tread. Away! 'tis fancy all—he slumbers with the dead.

No more, the Morne shall fly round crag and isle, No more, a placid form, with dogs and gun, Shall claim at Derry-Shiel a Royal smile, And show his trophies when the day is done. Far in another world, the Isles among— Bright Islands of the immeasurable band, Parted from Earth, with harps forever strung To Hallelujah's high—Death's cold and awful strand Forever past,—there—there—he wanders, o'er the golden-sand.

Then bind the Crown upon thy royal brow, Queen of the Isles, and mourn not that no tongue Calls thee, with tender grace, a 'Victoria' now. 'Mother' is still thy name,—ever among All names the dearest; and thy children young, Look to Thee now, their only head and stay. Resume thy Queenly state, thy People's heart is wrung.

With grief for thee. Then bind the Crown—gird on the robe, exert thy Sovereign sway, Thine Albert lost,—thy youthful choice, thou'lt meet again, in heaven's eternal day.

"The Mort" is a call sounded at the death of the stag.

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The man that never failed is a myth. Such an one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overshadow the hill, but the hill is a reality nevertheless. If you fail now and then, don't be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man, and the most successful men often have the most failures.

DOES HER OWN WORK.

Does she? What of it? Is it a disgrace to her? Is she less a true woman, less worthy of respect, than she who sits in silk and satin and is vain of fingers which never knew labor? We heard this sneer a few days ago, and the tone in which it was uttered has been a nuisance in our memory ever since. It betokened a narrow, selfish, ignoble mind, better fitted for any place than a democratic country, whose institutions rest on honorable labor as one of the chief corner-stones. It evinced a false idea of the true basis of society, of true womanhood, of genuine nobility. It showed the det