

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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LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

BY REV. J. B. VANDEVER.

The Christian system is not a mere formula to be prescribed and established; not a mere creed to be subscribed to and professed. It has a deeper and broader significance than either; namely, its ministration of comfort. It takes its value, not so much from what it seems to be, as from what it really is. Its inward sympathies are of greater significance than its outward forms. It is to be estimated by the benefits it confers—to be prized for the blessings it pours upon the heads of the suffering through human instruments. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." The greatest of Teachers instructs us that on supreme love to God and universal good-will to man hang all the principles of religion and precepts of morality. Whatever the prophets teach or the law requires, are embraced in these two precepts. They constitute the pedestal of the structure. They are the prime orb of the system; others are mere satellites. The crowning excellence of Christianity is, that when allowed free course it annihilates selfishness. The chief end of man's creation is love. He was made to accomplish the supreme good of others. If we trace his history back to his creation, and ask, Why such an organism, with such faculties, emotions, and capabilities? we learn it was that man might lessen the woes of man by ministrations of mercy—might do something to enhance the happiness of human existence. His whole duty is accomplished in recognizing this end of his being, and in patiently and faithfully fulfilling it. To choose love as the supreme object of life, and to make all else subservient to this choice, is true religion; and this fulfills the law. Such a choice harmonizes man with himself, with others, and with God, and brings him into conformity with the fitness of things. It secures the moral approbation of his own conscience, results in the greatest happiness to himself and to others, and conforms to the specific commands and to the eternal nature of God himself. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "The greatest heresy," says Cecil, "is the lack of love."

The love which the law requires does not exhaust itself in feeble wishes for the welfare of others, does not attain its climax in resolutions unaccomplished. It is a positive affection, with active expression, yielding fruit rich and varied. It was strikingly and beautifully illustrated in the life of Job. "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing with joy."

This love is Paul being "debtor both to the

Greeks and barbarians; to the wise and the unwise." It is the poor widow casting her two mites, which was all she had, into the treasury. It is Mary doing all she can.

Reader, are there not those around you wretched and desolate, whose days are cloudy and cheerless, whose nights are cold and comfortless, whose past is a barren desert, whose future is naught but darkness and distress—all, all for the want of love? It is your mission, possessed of God's love, to wipe the bitter tears from their eyes, and pour balm upon their wounded spirits. A word of compassion, an act of love, may lift the dark clouds which envelope them, and let down upon them the beams of heavenly grace. It will cost you naught but love; and this returning will enrich your own heart. Has love no labor? and is zeal without opportunity? Are not the naked to be clothed, the hungry to be fed, the sick to be visited, and those in prison to be strengthened, the faltering to be confirmed, the fearful and doubting encouraged, and the wayward led to the Saviour's loving bosom? Are we not all God's ministers, attending continually on these very things? "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Mosaic, Iowa, July 19, 1869.

"BE OUR CAPTAIN."

That is a useful lesson that we may learn from the conduct of Jephthah towards the Gileadites. His own brethren thrust him out from his father's house. Envious of his valor and humiliated by the circumstances of his birth, they refused him even the position of a servant. With buffetings and insults he was driven to a strange land, and obliged to dwell in exile. While there he imagined security at home, they gave no thought to him whom they had banished. As long as no enemy interrupted their revels or disturbed their repose, they indulged in both, and hardly remembered their ingratitude.

At length an enemy appeared. Their imagined security was without foundation. Seeking only their own pleasure, they had made no provisions for an emergency. They now saw their doom in the advancing hosts of Ammon, and with trembling they sought means of safety. Terrified and bewildered, they looked about for a leader. In their extremity they sought their banished and insulted brother, with the petition, "Be our Captain, that we may fight with the children of Ammon."

And here it is worth while to notice the forgiving spirit of him who had received such injustice at their hands. Driven from his father's house, denied the privileges that he could rightfully claim, refused the affection that was his due, visited with insults that could only have exceeded in keenness the sense of ingratitude that prompted them;—remembering all these, he listened to their request, and without expressing a single thought of revenge he hastened to their aid. Simply reminding them of their past ingratitude, and asking for the future only their affection and allegiance, he placed himself at their head and led them to a complete triumph.

How often do we banish Christ from our hearts just as the Gileadites drove Jephthah from his home. We admit wrong thoughts, wicked intentions, evil desires, unholy purposes,—in fact we take in a whole company of hateful passions, cherish them, and yield to their promptings, but find no room for our excluded elder brother. If conscience reproves, we refuse to listen. If duty calls, we refuse to obey. If there comes up a thought of the future, we instantly banish it. Intent upon present gratification, we imagine ourselves secure only because we will not see our danger. Like the rich man whose ground yielded plentifully, we rejoice in an abundance that may last only for a night; and when our Lord is assailed, like Peter in the ruler's house, we deny that we ever knew him.

But let any danger appear, let affliction visit us, let misfortune enter, let death look in upon our revels or even appear on the borders of our imagined possessions, then how quickly we hasten to call in the excluded Saviour. We see how insecure was our trust, how vain our hopes of continued ease. Even while we are intoxicated with the wine of pleasure, and the future is all glowing with rosy tints, the simple sentence,—"This night shall thy soul be required of thee," fills the heart with terror. Dark shadows envelop the present, and black darkness hides the future. It is as though a tempest was upon us, and we were without shelter; as though the waves were opening to engulf us and we had no means of safety. We think of the storm on Galilee, and the voice that came over the threatening waters. Oh, will he be moved by our peril, and to this tossing sea say, "Peace, be still?" We remember our past sins;—how we have driven out the master, and to his most tender pleadings have returned the cold answer "When it is convenient, I will call for thee." Will he regard this, which is our extremity, as a fit occasion to return again? We venture the plea, "Lord, help, or we perish." Listen to the reply,—"I am come to save that which was lost."

Unmatchless love of Christ, condescension unparalleled, that forgives until seventy times seven, and then declares, "If ye will return unto me, I will return unto you." But does the world sneer, and say that after every pleasure is exhausted, it is the last resource to turn to? And does the feeling sometimes come to our own heart that it is an insult to offer to God the residue of a wasted life? Let the world sneer and be welcome to it, and let us be sadly conscious of our late return, but rejoice in that consciousness; for the latter will only give us an exalted view of Christ's mission, and the former must convince the world that, with all its gifts, it offers nothing that equals the love of Christ. Is our past a remorseful one,—a foolish, frivolous, squandered, disgraceful past? But Christ takes the wretched remnants of life, the feeble beatings of a heart that has spent its best hours, not for him, but for selfish enjoyment, and in his strange love he hastens to accept them. Can we hesitate to yield all to him?—Stor.

SPIRITUAL LIBERTY.

"Be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

That all who had named the name of Christ might come unto the fullness of the liberty of the gospel, was the earnest solicitude of the apostle. Many served Christ as they had served the law. Grasping but imperfectly the idea of the true service of Jesus, they were bondsmen rather than freemen in Christ.

The church of the present day still abides largely in the same shadows. Thousands of Christians never so comprehend the completeness of the salvation which is in Jesus as to render him a pleasant service. They are strangers to the higher walks of faith, to the deeper experiences of religious life. Jesus is to them a deliverer from woes of the future, rather than from the besetting bondage and infirmities of the present. Hence their strife for success and real, deep enjoyment in the Christian life, is always an unequal one. Ever learning, yet never attaining, the end of the year finds them where they were at the beginning.

It is among the really painful facts to contemplate that such vast multitudes of Christians are living in such an imperfect religious experience. The friends of Christ, as they are striving to be, they yet do not know him by whose side they walk. Could they hear the voice of Jesus as Philip heard, it would be, "Have I been so long a time with you and yet thou hast not known me?"

Herein lies one of the sources of weakness of the church. Having but an imperfect experimental appreciation of the spiritual truths of the gospel, Christians fail to communicate with distinct impression and force their knowledge to others. They declare the truth to others, but not as if it were burned into their own hearts. On other subjects they speak with clearness and energy, but when they come to speak of this it is as though a cloud hung over their minds. They have some apprehension of the truth; they have felt something of its transforming power; but their impressions are not as though the sun shone directly into their hearts. If the church would go forth in her strength, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners, she must abide under the full glory of the sun until the image reflected shall be in brightness as the original. And each individual, like the faces of a many-sided precious stone, must give forth his due share of the spiritual radiance.

Retaining this figure, thousands of Christians are still in the wilderness from which the prophet discerns the columns of the church advancing. Freed, indeed, from the yoke of their first bondage, they yet have not gained possession of the promised inheritance. Midlands between the Egypt and the full freedom of the spiritual Canaan, they linger between hope and fear, between confidence and doubt, carrying with them still the yoke of an oppressive and disabling bondage.

From this bondage every one who would attain a true manhood in Christ, must seek emancipation; such must draw nearer to Christ, in earnest, fervent seeking, until, in blessed experience, the meaning of the *liberty of the gospel* is understood. Thus, for ever-present weakness and fear, will be attained a vigorous spiritual growth, such as will bring real service to Christ. A Christian, or a church living in the experience of this full liberty, and walking in its strength, will have power in leading men to Christ. Such will God employ as agencies in his hand to reclaim men from sin and bring them into his fold.

Shall we, kind reader, join together in seeking to enter more deeply into the mysteries of the fellowship of Christ?—Ez.

LORD LAWRENCE ON MISSIONARY AND MISSION SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

Lord Lawrence's noble testimony to the value of missionaries in India, at the anniversary meeting of the Highbury Auxiliary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, was of the deepest interest. Few Englishmen are better qualified to speak of the work done in India by the devoted servants of Christ than he is, and his words will come with a welcome ring to lovers of missions at home, as well as to our missionary brethren toiling in India. Especially valuable, considering the probability of his election as Chairman of the London School Board, are his remarks on education in India. Speaking of success of the American missionary school at Lahore, he stated that, notwithstanding the prejudices of the natives in favor of their own form of worship, these schools numbered three years ago a thousand native scholars. While these schools were being established, the Government had their own schools, for political purposes, "and after much discussion it was decided that the Bible for religious instruction should not be allowed, and therefore the people who opposed the inculcation of Christian knowledge among their children, one would suppose, would have preferred their own schools to those of the missionaries. But such was not the case." Lord Lawrence went on to say that although Government schools were to a certain extent popular, the American missionary schools were much more so, and he had no hesitation in saying "the people preferred sending their children to those schools." The natives took alarm when several of the pupils sought to be baptized, and for a time the number of scholars decreased, but a reaction had now taken place, the schools were rapidly regaining their old numbers, and the missionaries were more popular than ever. That seemed to the speaker a most remarkable indication of the value in the minds of the people of missionary education, and of their sense of the honesty, purity, and excellence of the lives and character of those missionaries. Lord Lawrence said the missionaries all vied in doing good to the people, and in trying to instruct them in the essentials of the Christian religion; and they had shown, by their lives, by their precept and example, what a noble thing was this sincere belief in Christianity. "It seemed to him that year by year and cycle by cycle the influence of these missionaries must increase, and that in God's good will the time might be expected to come when large masses of the people, having lost all faith in their own, and feeling the want of a religion which was pure

and true and holy, would be converted and profess the Christian religion, and, having professed it, lived in accordance with its precepts." These are hopeful words, and how gladly will they be read! Lord Lawrence's full recognition and testimony as to the good work done by the missionaries will make him popular among Protestants of every shade of political feeling; and, therefore, we earnestly trust that he may be elected to preside over the weighty deliberations of London's Educational Parliament.—*London Watchman.*

ARE YOU CHRIST'S?

It is a simple question. Why should it be difficult to answer? "How may I know I am his?" you say. How do you know you are your father's or mother's, your husband's, your child's, your friend's? No reason answers to that knowledge. It is deeper than all reason, deeper than all thought. "My beloved is mine and I am his." How do you know it? How foolish that question? That eye to eye, that soul to soul answers; how, you know not, but that it is you know perfectly. So you know you are Christ's. Your heart leaps up at the thought of him. You fly to him; you pour out your soul before him; you dwell on his charms. You count them but the vilest of oil, so that you may win him. Oh, how sweet he is to you! How you meditate all the day long on his divine beauties! His love, mercy, wisdom, power, tenderness, majesty. Even the night is made bright about you, in the charms of his countenance. Keep in that love. Be his now, entirely, always.

"Henceforth let no profane delight Divide your consecrated soul."

The reason so many Christians doubt whether or no they are Christ's, is because of this division of the soul. Let your eye go coveting, and its singleness of vision and your fullness of light are gone. Divide your affections unlawfully, and you lose all true affection of any sort. If you seek other christians, whether of doctrine or practice, you lose the Christ. If you get fond of business or pleasure to the exclusion of this love as the absorbing whole, it soon vanishes away. It does not take the second seat. If it cannot have the first, it will have none. Come, then, to Christ. Give up all your heart to him. Sink at his feet, into his arms. Take him, poor sinner. He is infinitely near, precious and divine. How calm, happy, holy you are in his presence! How blessed the repose! Accept him now and entirely. Sing, and pray as you sing,—

"Fold me, O Jesus, in Thy arms,
And feed me with immortal charms,
Till I awake in realms above,
Forever to enjoy Thy love."

May every soul enter into all this abundant experience, and never doubt that you are his and he is yours, all in all, forever and ever.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE SAFE PILOT.

A ship was coming into port with a valuable cargo of precious merchandise on board, and a still more valuable freight of precious lives. When nearing their destined port, a heavy storm arose. There was no hope for her, except she could reach the harbor before the heaviest fury of it fell upon her. But, alas! her pilot was an incompetent one. He did not know the waters through which he proposed to lead them. Their peril was seen from the shore, and soon a pilot-boat, with a few resolute men on board, set out through the stormy sea to come to their rescue. Soon a new pilot was on the deck, the old one displaced, and the men assigned to their various posts. The captain took the wheel, and followed implicitly the directions of the new leader.

The ship was headed directly towards the foaming breakers. "Shall I put her about?" cried the captain. "Steady," was the calm reply; and in a moment more came the order, "About ship!" The ship sailed steadily through a narrow pass, between two sunken rocks, and soon all danger was over, and the vessel safely anchored in the harbor.

Oh, what a crowding about that noble pilot who had risked his life to come to them—who had guided them so steadily, safely through the storm and the breakers! The captain left the wheel, and threw his arms about him in a transport of gratitude. The passengers and crew were all eager to grasp his hand, and testify by words and gifts their gratitude to one who had saved them from death.

Do you not think in the last day there will be such a gathering about the Great Pilot of souls, who has brought his chosen ones safe into the heavenly harbor? Do you think they can ever forget that he not only risked, but gave his life to rescue them? We must begin this song of loving gratitude on earth, if we would share in the joy of Christ's ransomed ones in heaven.—*Presbyterian.*

A GOOD GUN WAD.

A dry goods merchant in Philadelphia has been in the habit, for a number of years past, of putting tracts and religious books in his bales and packages of goods, when he sends them to his customers. While travelling in Ohio lately, he stopped at a village over the Sabbath, and visited the Sabbath-school in the place. The superintendent asked him to address the children, which he did. In the course of his remarks he spoke of his habit of placing tracts and religious books in cases of dry goods, before sending them away. After the school was dismissed, the superintendent asked him if he remembered sending a pack of goods to him nine years before, in which he put a religious book addressed to his wife. She read the book, and God blessed it to her conversion. That wife, said he, has gone to join the countless throng around the throne of God in heaven. In the same box, said the superintendent, was a tract. It lay about the store for some time, and finally was brushed down among some waste paper. His clerk was going out on a gunning excursion one day, and picked up some of the waste paper for wadding for his gun, among which was

the tract. When out in the woods, he took out his wadding, and his attention was arrested by the tract. He read it; religious anxiety was awakened, and he never found peace till he found it in believing in Jesus. And in this great revival that young man has been a burning and a shining light, laboring continually to win souls to Christ. The book, said the superintendent, has been lent, going from hand to hand, and only the Judgment Day will reveal the good which it has done.—*Messenger.*

THE GERMAN TRIUMPH.

BY WILLIAM R. ELISH.

At last the German army enters Paris. On Wednesday last, as the clouds of war had rolled away from unhappy France, so the clouds of nature disappeared and gave to Paris a blue sky and a sunny day for this final scene. In imagination, we can hear the cheering call of the German bugles, on that bright morning; then the stirring roll of the drums, and the exultant tread of a multitude of military bands, as the straight dark lines of helmeted men enter the gates of the city, and follow each other, in continuous columns, through the avenues that centre on the Arc de Triomphe. The sunlight flashes from helmets, bayonets and sabres, as these conquering hosts encircle that triumphant monument of France, and then march, in steady tramp, down the broad and gentle slope of the Champs Elysees. In the grand vista before them there is no flag flying from the staff over the Tuilleries; no crowd in the gardens, waiting their coming; and those gay fountains in the Place de la Concorde are dry. But Paris, the capital of the first and the last Napoleon, is in their possession. The retribution is complete!

In all this, France is suffering what she intended Germany should suffer. These humiliations are the natural result of her failure in a war, into which she rushed without provocation. Last July, the French were going to encamp in the Linden-Strasse of Berlin; they were going to annex German provinces; they were going to levy tribute on the German people; in short, they were going to subject that country to all the violence, pillage and despotism which their ancestors had imposed upon it, after the battle of Jena.

But the tables are turned. Germany, victorious, enters Paris; she demands from France the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine—which, before a French king stole them, were the German provinces of Elsass and Lothringen. Is there any special sanctity about Paris, or about French soil, which should protect it from the chance of war? Has it been ordained, in the eternal fitness of things (as the French seem to think), that the boundaries of France should always advance and never recede? That, although France may, as she has done, carve up other countries and occupy their capitals, it is an outrage on "civilization," when Germany proposes, for good reasons, to keep a portion of the territory she has conquered, and encamp her victorious troops in Paris until the settlement is made!

Let us look back at some historical facts. From 1796 to 1811, the French nation, led by Napoleon Bonaparte, was constantly occupied in thieving upon other nations, cribbing other people's territory, appropriating and carrying off their money, pictures, statues, rare manuscripts and works of art—for the "glory and honor" of Paris. In 1811, the French Empire, nursed under this system of pillage, had reached its greatest extent; and what did it claim? In addition to its eighty-six departments, extending from the Bay of Biscay to the Rhine, it claimed three departments along the Alps, fifteen beyond the Rhine in Central Europe, fifteen beyond the Alps in Italy, and seven provinces in Illyria. It had annexed the kingdom of Holland; and forcibly presented Sweden with a king in the person of General Bernadotte; and with the point of its bayoneted, destroyed constitutions, and deprived more than one State of its independence and even of its very name. He has threatened a similar fate to Prussia, and proposes to reduce us to the dominion of a strange people, who would suppress the very name of Germans. The fate of armies and of nations is in the hands of the Almighty, but constant victory and durable prosperity are never granted save to the cause of justice.

The Prussians were utterly defeated at Jena, and the king was obliged to fly for refuge to the city of Königsberg, in Eastern Prussia, where he was protected by a remnant of his army under L'Estocq. On the 25th of October, Napoleon, with the French army, marched into Berlin and took complete possession of the city. Here he showed himself the implacable enemy, rather than the magnanimous conqueror. He seized and held the Prussian fortified towns of Spandau, Stettin, Custrin, Hameln, and Magdeburg. He annexed to France, Brunswick, Hanover, Hamburg and Hesse Cassel; declaring the detronement of the Landgrave of Hesse, giving possession of it to his brother Louis, and creating the kingdom of Westphalia for his brother Jerome. Indeed, nothing was left to Prussia but such territories as lay beyond the Oder.

From the palace in Berlin, Napoleon issued his barbarous decrees against England. He plundered the city—as he plundered Antwerp, Milan, Venice, Parma, Modena, Rome, Florence and Madrid—of rare paintings and works of art, which he sent to the National Museum of the Louvre in Paris. The celebrated statue of Victory, which then stood, as it now stands, on the Vrandenberg gate, he sent to Paris. But old Blucher sent it back to Berlin in 1815. He treated the Prussian king and queen with

marked indignities, keeping them cooped up in Königsberg, while he administered the kingdom until February, 1807; when, having unsuccessfully fought the battle of Eylau, against the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who was aided by a remnant of Prussians, he proposed an armistice, which resulted, on the 7th of July, in the treaty of Tilsit.

This is the time to recall the history and character of that treaty, for it will show how much magnanimity there has been in the French dealings with Prussia. When the unfortunate king arrived at Tilsit, and was presented to his victor, Bonaparte did not admit him to the equality on which he treated the Russian Emperor. He gave the king to understand that he was willing to relax the French grasp on Prussian territories, only to oblige his "brother of the North." The noble and patriotic Queen Louise, now interceded with Napoleon to diminish the severities of the treaty. She arrived at Tilsit some days after her husband, and, through the Emperor of Russia, arranged a meeting of the three monarchs, at which she could be present. It was at dinner; the queen was seated between the two emperors, while the king, her husband, sat on Napoleon's left hand. In the dinner-talk she allowed no opportunity to slip, by which she could put in a word for her poor country. Her husband, feeling the sacrifice she was making, was unusually dejected. He spoke of the pain and mortification he felt in losing hereditary provinces.

"Such losses are common in the chances of war," said Napoleon.

"Your majesty can afford to make light of it," replied the king; "you do not know what it is to lose provinces which have descended to you, and which you can forget as little as your cradle."

"The camp should be the cradle; a man has no time to think about such things," Napoleon retorted.

He rose from the dinner-table, and plucking a rose from a tree in the window, presented it to the Queen Louise.

"I accept it," said she, "But not without, Magdeburg."

Napoleon answered, in a haughty tone,—"I must observe to your majesty, that it is I who give, and you who receive the gift!"

"There is no rose without thorns," said the queen, sadly; "but none with such thorns as this."

The poor queen, insulted and heart broken, did not long survive this interview.

"I wept," she said; "I entreated, in the name of pity, in the name of humanity, in the name of our misfortunes, in the name of the laws which govern the world; and I was only a woman,—and yet how high exalted above this enemy,—so poor, so faint of heart!"

She did not live to see the resurrection of her country. But her country did not forget her. The Order of the Iron Cross, founded afterwards on her birthday, represents to her people the memory of the queen who sacrificed herself for the Fatherland.

By the treaty of Tilsit, which the King of Prussia was then compelled to sign, the king's own possessions were reduced to the petty territory of Mecklenburg, with the fortresses of Colberg and Grampitz. He was forced to give up the whole of Poland, which Napoleon erected into the Duchy of Warsaw, and gave to the King of Saxony. Thus Prussia, deprived of all her vast accessions, made since 1773, under the system of Frederic the Great, was humiliated to the position of a second-class power, by her French conquerors.

In the Place du Carrousel, behind the Tuilleries, in Paris, stands a triumphal arch, erected by Napoleon, after his German campaigns. On its summit once stood that brave figure of Victory, in a triumphal char drawn by four horses, which the "Conqueror of Italy" stole from the Piazza of Saint Mark in Venice; but which the Allies, in 1815, sent back to its owners, with other stolen property, including 20 pictures and 500 manuscripts; and which was afterwards replaced by the French epoch now to be seen there. The faces of this Arch are carved with four bombastic inscriptions, insulting to Europe, and especially insulting to Germany. There, for sixty-five years, it has cried aloud,—

"A LA VOIX DU VAINQUEUR
D'AUSTERLITZ, L'EMPERE
D'ALLEMAGNE TOMBS!"

[At the voice of the victor of Austerlitz, the German Empire comes to an end.]

But where is this German Empire now? Let the Germans march through Paris! Let her people look upon the Iron Cross of Louise, and the tri-colored banner of the German Empire, until they realize the falsehood inscribed on that triumphal Arch, and the truth of those words of the Prussian King at Jena,—

"THE FATE OF ARMIES AND OF NATIONS IS IN THE HANDS OF THE ALMIGHTY, BUT CONSTANT VICTORY AND DURABLE PROSPERITY ARE NEVER GRANTED, SAVE TO THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE."—*N. Y. Observer.*

A ROYAL MARRIAGE IN LENT.

The announcement that the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne would take place sometime in March produced quite a sensation in certain quarters of the ecclesiastical world. That the head of the church of England should thus sanction the desecration of "the holy season of Lent" appeared to be almost incredible, and, if true, the sure precursor of national disaster. With characteristic disloyalty, ritualistic newspapers rang the alarm bell and preached disaffection. One journal expressed the hope that no bishop would be found so recreant to "the traditions of the elders" as to perform the ceremony. Mr. Gladstone was taken to task because he had not interposed to prevent so foul an outrage on the customs of the Catholic church. Of course, the Duke of Argyll, always an object of abhorrence to High Church clergymen, was supposed to have planned this insult to Anglicanism, and to take a Presbyterian pleasure in piping at the time of the mourning of the faithful.—*Freeman.*

Tattling is a mean and wicked practice, and he who indulges in it grows more fond of it in proportion as he is successful.