

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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THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, Oct. 28, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

THE WITHERED FIG-TREE.

A LECTURE-ROOM TALK.

I will read a condensed account of the withering of the fig-tree. The narrative is given by Mark and by Matthew, in some respects varying, although substantially alike. I will give the narrative as both of them have it:

"On the morrow, in the morning, when they were come from Bethany (which was two or three miles east of Jerusalem, just over the top of the hill—the Mount of Olives), as He returned into the city, He was hungry; and seeing a fig-tree afar off in the way, having leaves, He came if haply He might find anything thereon; and when He came to it, He found nothing thereon but leaves only; for the time of figs was not yet. And Jesus answered and said unto it, Let no man eat fruit of thee, and let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever. And His disciples heard it. And presently the fig-tree withered away."

And then He goes into Jerusalem, and spends a day in the temple, teaching; then returns to Bethany; and on the day following He goes back to Jerusalem again.

"And in the morning, as they passed by, they saw the fig-tree dried up from the roots. And when the disciples saw it they marvelled, and Peter, calling to remembrance, said unto Him, Master, behold the fig-tree which thou cursedst is withered away; and how soon is it withered away!"

This was an event which took place during the very last part, in the last days, of the life of our Saviour. A great many have been stumbled at this narrative, because it seemed so unreasonable that the Saviour should be angry at a tree for not bearing figs, when, as it is explicitly stated, the time was not yet for figs. It was out of season. And it has been alleged by skeptical writers as an instance of the fallibility of Christ. It has been said that He was subject to human infirmities, and that He lost His temper, as other men lose theirs, and therefore cursed the fig-tree.

Now, the term to curse in our use almost always conveys the sense of passion; but in the old and official sense, to curse was to condemn, simply. In this narrative the word is not used except by Peter; and he unquestionably speaks, not of Christ's cursing in any such sense as to show passion, or irritation, or vindictiveness, but simply in the sense of His condemning the tree. Whatever was condemned was cursed, according to Peter's use of the word translated curse.

Then, as to His condemning the tree, it was not a judicial sentence. We are not to suppose that our Saviour summoned the tree into judgment, and argued upon it as if it were a moral being under condemnation, or under penalty. No, the whole plot and plan of the ancient mode of teaching forbids that interpretation of it. It is but an acted parable.

And this is an important thought, because in many instances in Christ's life the same mode of teaching was resorted to.

For example, when He cleansed the temple, undoubtedly the whole act was a parabolic act. He drove out the cattle; He overturned the money-changers' tables; He commanded those that had doves to take them thence. And the whole was not a mere formal attempt at the reformation of the administration of the temple, but a series of acts which indicated the purification of religion—the change that was going on. And as usual, it was a kind of parabolic action, as a parable is a picture in words, conveying a moral lesson—not a truth narrated, but simply an artificial picture drawn for the sake of certain moral results which were to flow from it.

So, certain of Christ's actions were dramatic. They were, as it were, a momentary drama, enacted for the sake of the truth that they would convey. The most impressive one of all these is the Transfiguration, in which, with Peter, James and John, He went to the mountain, where, while He was praying, they fell asleep. When they awoke, they saw two angels, two celestial personages, standing and talking with Him. And His countenance was changed. Then they communed with Him concerning His coming death. The whole was to those disciples a picture of the event. It was not so much a prophetic representation, to interpret it to them, as a pictorial representation to fortify their minds, so that when their earthly hopes which were centered in him should be dashed, they would be bold, and maintain faith in Him. It was a kind of enacted celestial parable, or picture, or tableau.

So here, when going in the morning to Jerusalem, Jesus saw the fig-tree and observed that it was in full leaf. Evidently it was a prematurely early one. And why should He go to see if there were figs upon it? Because sometimes a tree bore winter-fruits, which became ripe in early spring; and perhaps He might have expected that there would be some on that one which He might glean. But when He came to it, and found that there were no figs, but leaves only, He said, "Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward forever, and let no man eat fruit of thee."

That this was said in a very impressive manner, is evident by the fact that when, the day after, the disciples returned that way, they remembered the occurrence, and called His attention to the tree. Doubtless He designed that this should be a very solemn instruction to them.

But what was the instruction? They were every day going backward and forward, and from Jerusalem. There He went into the sacred precinct, or into that part—the *Basilica*—as it was called. There He used to teach the people. All around about Him were the insignia of Jewish worship. And His very business was to expose the superficialities of life in these things. He was, from day to day, attempting to carry men back to the reality of a religious life; to a deeper moral tone; to a more earnest conscientiousness. It was His business to reprehend the self-conceit and moral complacency which passed itself off upon mere superficial observers. And here was an opportunity. Here happened to be, of all the trees that stood in the road on that early spring day, one that had come into full leaf. But when He went up to it, He found no fruit on it, but leaves only—nothing but leaves. It was just exactly like those over the other side. All of them were full of leaves, but not one of them—neither Priest, nor Scribe, nor Pharisee, nor Sadducee—bore any fruit. All of them were clothed with leaves, but none of them were fruitful. Here was a symbol. Here was an opportunity of illustrating a fact by a parabolic action. By destroying that tree with a word, He could impress upon His disciples that which would be a benefit to them in their teaching of men forever after. And He did it.

This, then, is the explanation; and the application. Here, and could make the application, going from one of us to another, how many He would find that had a sound trunk and branches (which may be considered as the secular establishment of a man's life); how many He would find that had morality—ordinary, society morality (which may be considered as the leaves); but how few would He find that had fruit (which may be considered as the special spiritual development of a man's life)! How many there are who stand on good ground; who are grown to large stature, and who bring forth decenties, and proprieties, and regularities, and moralities, according to the ordinary acceptance of that term; who are faithful in their industry, faithful in their ordinary social callings, faithful in their neighborhood duties; but who lack the higher Christian graces! All these lower elements are estimable; but they are only leaves—nothing more. And yet many persons of this stamp profess to be Christians. Many of them are the heads of families, and are attempting to lead their children in Christian ways. And yet, though there are abundant leaves upon their branches, on how many of them would Christ, if He were here, be able to see fruit? real prayer, which is the communion of a man's spirit with God's spirit; real fervor of love to God; real sympathy, disinterested and continuous, with men; real kindness and benevolence shown to those around about them; real self-denial, for their own sake, and for the sake of other people; real patience and gentleness under provocation; real meekness and humility? On how many of us would Christ find these genuine fruits of love? And yet, if He did not, would He not have occasion to say of us, "I found leaves only." He would find very much that was valuable; but He would find that it stopped short of that very thing which is the test and the peculiar value of every truth—its quantity and quality of fruit. Of a great many it may be said, just as Christ said of this fig-tree, "afar off in the way," (that is, in the thoroughfare, standing out from the garden, unprotected), on which, when He came to it, He found nothing but leaves only.

Christian brethren, a leaf-bearing Christian, who bears nothing but leaves, is in a very dangerous situation. This acted parable, this solemn symbolic warning of Christ, should go to the heart of every one who outwardly is alive, but inwardly is dead; who is maintaining respectability, who is maintaining an ordinary good report, but whose conscience bears witness that there is nothing of him beyond the leaves—no real distinguishing, special Christian life.

DELAY NOT.

BY WALLACE NORRIS.

Not many days since, a young man, whose heart is ruled by love for his Master, accompanied a friend to the Boston and Maine depot. On their arrival there they found that but a few minutes would intervene before the starting of the train. He wisely improved these few minutes in urging upon his friend the necessity of a change of heart and the dedication of his life, his all, to the Lord Jesus. At first the young man was quite undesirous of listening to such seemingly uncalled for converse, and endeavored to turn it to another theme. But he could not; the disciple of Christ was persistent in his efforts. There was a priceless, immortal soul at stake, and he could not rest satisfied with duty half performed. Holding him by the hand and looking him in his eyes, with face all aglow with the love of his divine Master, most earnestly did he plead with him then—at that moment, just then—to give his heart to the Saviour.

"Oh," said he, "I did not once think of myself; but at that moment, I have not thought of it enough yet." The train was moving out; he ran to get on; his foot slipped, and in a moment more the ponderous wheels passed over his body, and he was in eternity.

A few days after the late terrible disaster on the Hudson River Railroad, our pastor, Rev. James B. Drenn, viewed the fated place. While watching the removal of the debris and the search for the dead, he said to one of the survivors: "Sir, what were your feelings when you saw the dead, heard the shrieks of the dying, and realized that you were safe?" "Oh," said he, "I did not once think of myself, and even during the time which has intervened I have been in such a state of excitement night and day that I have not thought of what my condition might have been." After questioning one and another of them, strange to say, he found scarcely one whose heart went out with gratitude to God as his preserver and great deliverer. How carefully men guard their interests in this life, and how devoted is the worldling as he seeks its so-called delusive pleasures, ever neglecting his higher interests—the salvation of his immortal soul, the one thing needful!—and of infinitely greater importance than all that mammon can ever bestow. The devotee of lust and carnality seizes with iron grasp the penny, the glittering gold, but not until the words, "Too Late, Too Late!" fall upon his ear or sound the death-knell of his hopeless soul, does he become conscious that he has taken no stock in the bank of heaven. Stranger to Christ, backslider, think you it is wise to delay for one moment your return to God? Was it wisdom in the young man, whose case we have cited, to postpone that which demanded his immediate attention? Not one has a lease upon his life, and God gives to each but the present moment. What destiny hangs upon these points of time Omniscience alone can know. Is it our duty, then, to improve them wisely and well. Often have we seen that "procrastination is the thief of time," but it is the thief of soul as well. Then, "be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer."

A MAN ON FIRE.

There was such a man. We have read of him. We have heard much of him. He was a very singular man, and he caught fire in a very strange way. He was wishing always to tell how it came about, before all sorts of people. Sometimes he would speak of it in such impassioned, eloquent language, that men of high authority told him flat to his face, that he was mad. But he said he was not mad. His story was, that it was when he was on a journey with a retinue of officers with him, going by high authority, to execute an important commission from the chief men of the city where he dwelt. He was met with a light brighter than the sun—and a voice such as he had never heard before—and, all at once, all his plans of life were changed. He was set on fire that day, and the fire never went out while he had a heart on his shoulders.

He was a strange man, and had strange notions. He was a man of no mean parts; though he said of himself that his personal appearance was contemptible. He was chiefly anxious to upset everybody's notions, who had a good opinion of themselves. He went from city to city, and from place to place, proclaiming very new and strange doctrines. He feared nobody nor any created thing, and was as bold as a lion. He made men very uncomfortable wherever he went. He pitched into the philosophies and learning of the day, and called it all foolishness. He made a great hub-bub wherever he went, and some said, when they heard he had come into a place, that he had come to turn the world upside down. Many said he acted like a crazy man. Nothing suited him better than to be in the midst of an uproar. He was regarded as a pestilent fellow. Many said, Away with him—away with him. He is not fit to live. But he did live—and he was ten times more alive than most other men. He often got into prison. But locks and bars would not hold him. He would get out again. The same power that set him on fire would shake a prison down, but that it would have him out. When he got into jail and the authorities got afraid and wanted him to go—he would not go. They had to take him out.

He was a very active man as well as all on fire, and we think the fire had something to do with making him active. He went from city to city, and he was as if he was in the greatest possible hurry to do up his work. He declared that he gloried in only just one thing. The world said it was the most contemptible thing in the world when they came to know what it was.

He was a very tender hearted man. He set

himself to be a preacher, and he preached to some purpose. He would make rulers and kings tremble at the awful things he would say. Many believed him, and many did not. He gathered vast assemblies—he had no measure for the length of his sermons; not thirty minutes would he preach, not he. He would hang on till midnight in his night discourses. He drew great crowds after him. Though all on fire he had tears to shed when his persuasions were unheeded.

He was very fond of telling his experience—how he got on fire—and how the fire burnt up his old notions about himself, and how anxious he was not much left of them, and how anxious he was to get rid of them altogether. He said it did a man good to be well burnt out, and have nothing left of him that belonged to him before.

Few would hear his experience without being moved one way or the other, for or against him and his doctrines. He was a great organizer. He made his followers work together for the establishment of our invisible kingdom which he said was set up in men's hearts—but it was a kingdom of righteousness and power and joy. He said that it was to pervade the world, and endure forever. It is wonderful how his opinions gained ground. A great many got on fire just as he did, and the fire had been spread into many, in many countries. And though the man on fire is gone—the fire is not gone.

This man on fire had his head taken off at last because he was so troublesome. But he lived long enough to upset governments—to change opinions—to revolutionize society—to abate evils—to establish rights—to promote peace and love, and to fit men for more worlds than one. The man on fire though dead yet lives.—Ez.

THE LAST TIME.

There will be, dear reader, a last time to us with all things earthly—a last time to speak of the goodness of God, and urge sinners to come to this fountain.

A last time we shall have of speaking to a beloved brother, sister, or kind father or mother, or it may be, to those who know not as yet the blessedness of religion.

A last time the Sabbath-school teacher will have of appearing before his class.

A last prayer the Christian will offer; a last hymn of praise he will sing.

There will be, too, to the sinner, a last time—a last time of attending the prayer-meeting, a last prayer he will hear offered for his salvation. A last sermon—a last Sabbath that will ever dawn upon him.

There is to be, there must be, a last time to all these privileges which we now enjoy. Do we rightly consider these blessings? The present is ours; it may be our last. Let us wisely improve each day and moment, as though indeed it were our last; then we shall be prepared for the unknown future.

DRIFTING.

It was not a very hopeful church, as one described it. They wanted a minister, and in the description given of this body of believers, strong as far as members and wealth went, but weak in faith and in good works. This was the language used: "Most of the people just want to drift, and if the minister is able to make a strong current, they drift fast; they like that. But then they are entirely willing to drift slowly, and so the whole care and work come on the minister."

"In a church of five or six hundred members, there are not a dozen men who will take part in a prayer meeting, and not all these to edification."

Now all this is an exceptional case, in so far as the members are concerned, and there may be many other churches in which there are not many who can take part in a meeting to the profit of all present.

It needs the spirit with the understanding to make a true and proper impression upon the hearers, or rather to carry others on with one in earnest and real prayer and exhortation. But I was struck with the word "drifting," for it just expresses the state of so many individuals, as of so many churches. There is a great deal of drifting in the world with men and women in daily life who have no vigor and no principle, and who go just as they are carried. And in politics, where only a few act, whether on the right or the wrong side, the remainder go as they are carried, and forget that self-government means something more than being passive.

But in no place is drifting more out of place than in the church. Every direction, every precept, every charge to those who choose to be the servants of God, implies action. "Go, work to-day." "Strive." "Run." "Fight." "Give." "Labor."

We are servants, soldiers, laborers, workers, and the day of rest has not yet come. Entering the church is the beginning, not the end of the life; it is entering as a soldier, with all the drill and fighting before us; not the discharge as veterans.

And yet how many enter the church, and there are content to be mere driftwood!

But these are mere general observations anybody will say. Yes, and that may be all he thinks of it. But what is the end? I see a man in a boat in the broad stream that comes out of Lake Erie, toward the north. What are you doing? "Oh, drifting." "Do you know the end?"

A man is out on the open ocean—"drifting." To what purpose, and to what end? A company of men and women are in a vessel without machinery, sails or helm—drifting.

Or suppose, which is more to the purpose, they are trying to work their way into port, disabled, and leave to one man the whole labor of managing and guiding. They will get on but slowly, and he will be overworked, and the progress they make will be slow, if they move at all.

Let us drop figures, and come to the point. Are you drifting? There is work done in the church; there is an immense amount of the machinery of religion. And yet, as a whole,

the church is not revived, and that, too, at the season when men are supposed to have most time to attend to the things that accompany salvation. "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many faint."

There is some complaint that ministers are not what they used to be among us. Perhaps the people are not what they used to be. Minister may mean servant, but it does not mean slave; and he is to serve his God, and not his church.

It is individual work and interest and responsibility that we want. "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" And that church, or any other, would soon have a minister, and soon have prosperity, if they would cease drifting and go to work, each one in his place, beginning anew the Christian life.

A man's salvation is not necessarily secured because he is in the church. Many a deserter is shot. Let us look to it. Are we merely drifting?—and whither?

WHAT THE PROTESTANTS ARE DOING IN ROME.

Correspondence of the New York Observer.

Rome, Feb. 8, 1871.

I think that it can now be truly affirmed that Rome is open for the free promulgation of the Protestant religion. The thunders of the Vatican are no longer potent to intimidate the evangelist of a Catholic Christianity. Already the good work has commenced with the promise of happy results. I have myself enjoyed a privilege which I little expected ever to be able to enjoy in my day; and that is, the meeting with the Waldensian disciples for the purpose of public Christian worship within the walls of the city of Rome. These patient and devoted followers of Christ have, at present, several preaching stations in the city, and I have attended two of their meetings, which I found interesting and reasonably well attended. The noted Father Gavazzi is now here, preaching in Italian on the Sabbath and two evenings of each week, and large numbers are flocking to hear him.

There are not, as yet, any organized Protestant churches here, but there are several well-established preaching stations, some of which are well sustained. I can only speak of those where the services are conducted in English. These are the two under the auspices of the Church of England, one of the American Episcopalians, one of the Free Church of Scotland, and one of the Established Church of Scotland. I have had the privilege of attending service at all of these stations and listening to discourses by the chaplains in charge. The largest congregation of either is the one in connection with what is known as the "Old English Church," which is under the supervision of the Rev. Mr. Sheddell, who is very acceptable to his hearers, but is regarded as "High Church," as is also his usual congregation, by reason of which the "New English" station was established, with "Low Church" tendencies. The Rev. Mr. Hamilton is the present chaplain of this congregation, whom I have heard but once; but, judging from the discourse on that occasion, I should think him to be sound, orthodox and evangelical.

The American Episcopal congregation is under the charge of the Rev. Robert J. Nevill, who seems to be a man of ability, but quite "High" in his inclinations, and intensely wedded to the Church forms and rituals.

The congregation in connection with the Free Church of Scotland is in charge of the Rev. James Lewis, who has been here for the last seven years, and is doing a good work for evangelical religion in this the highest seat and centre of the Papacy. He has just succeeded in the completion of a nice new church for his congregation, which was opened on the second Sabbath of the present year. It had been arranged to open it on the first Sabbath of the year, but the unprecedented and disastrous inundation of the Tiber, which laid one-third of the city and all the Protestant churches under water, prevented the meeting on that day. On the Sabbath the church was opened, the Rev. Mr. McDougal, of the Free Church of Scotland at Florence, preached an excellent discourse in the morning; and the Rev. Mr. Lewis, the pastor, preached in the afternoon; and, at the close of his sermon, he presented a brief sketch of the Church's mission here, and the erection of this first house ever erected in Rome expressly for Protestant worship.

The evangelists and ministers representing the several churches now engaged in the work of Italian evangelization were present, among whom was Rev. Mr. Clark, American Consul Agent at Milan. The account given by Mr. Lewis of the two years of anxiety and of alternate fears and hopes spent in the erection of the church was interesting and thrilling. It may be properly said, I think, that this church now stands prominently out in the Roman community as a well-known centre of evangelistic worship for English-speaking people.

The congregation in connection with the "Established Church of Scotland" is at present under the supervision of the Rev. Mr. Inrie, whose audience, on the pleasant morning I attended, numbered just fourteen, including the four who constituted my own company. It is to be regretted, I think, that the "Established Church of Scotland" should send out a minister here, now that the "Free Church" have a church of their own amply sufficient to accommodate all the Presbyterians likely to need a place of worship for some time to come.

All of the Protestant places of worship are at present within the walls of the city, just through the Porta del Popolo, and although there is now no opposition to their being within the city walls, it is not probable that any of them will soon be removed inside, for the reason that every kind of accommodation, even now, in the prospect of the removal of the Italian capital here, has risen to an exorbitant price.

What is now greatly needed in Rome is an able paper, that shall offer the attractions common to other similar publications, and, in addition, that may bring the light of the Gospel upon the general darkness still prevailing not only here, but throughout all Italy. It is thought, by competent judges here, that such a newspaper would be more popular in Rome,

for the present, than either preacher or tracts, and would greatly help other means of grace which may be enjoyed. It is true that they have a few small weekly papers published at Florence, Padua, and elsewhere, like the *Eco della Verità* and *Giornale dei Medici*; but they are all dwarfish and sectarian, and have not proved successful. What they need here is an able, discreet, orthodox and catholic newspaper, such as the *New York Observer*, if I may take an example, and I am certain that such a journal would receive the support of all evangelizing parties here and in other parts of Italy. I trust that such a paper may soon be established in this city.

I will now only add that I have been honored by an audience with the Pope, and I found his Holiness a pleasant and intelligent old gentleman. Some of the company dropped down upon their knees in his presence and kissed his hand or his foot, but I did not find it necessary to do anything of the kind. After offering his hand to each person in the room, his Holiness addressed a few words to the whole company in poor French—the substance of which was that he blessed all that was holy in everybody, both Catholic and Protestant, and that he hoped we should all meet in heaven, where we should all be of one religion. The interview passed off very well.

R. H. T.

100 YEARS AGO.

Mr. Parton gives an interesting lecture on the ignorance of olden time. Here are some of his points.

Country clergyman 75 years ago, when they built a chaise, took their families a carriage maker, under whose direction trees were felled in the forest, and the best timber selected. It was all that this artist, assisted by the village blacksmith, could do, to get the carriage done in five months; and when it was driven out, the population of the village came out into the streets to see it go by, and remained gazing at it as long as it could be seen.

In 1770, Louis XVI., of France, touched 2,400 persons for the king's evil, and in 1787 a poor old woman was stoned in Philadelphia as a witch. John Wesley and Dr. Johnson both believed in witchcraft, apparitions, and haunted houses; and Dr. Johnson himself was touched for the king's evil by Queen Anne. The German Goethe, the most gifted young man then living, was seeking the "virgin earth"; and many men in German Goethe universities were passing sleepless nights in trying to make gold.

When Prof. Silliman was appointed Professor of Chemistry in Yale College, neither he nor any other man in New England knew anything about chemistry, and was obliged to go to Philadelphia to learn the merest rudiments of the science. When at last he began to lecture, in that famous old vault sixteen feet under ground, he wanted some glass retorts, and sent to the glassworks, as a pattern, the only retort the college could boast, the bulb of which was broken off from the neck. The glass maker copied the model with Chinese fidelity, and sent all the new retorts home with the bulbs and necks nicely separated.

In the olden time, doctors bled for almost every disease, drawing blood sometimes from the arm, sometimes from the foot, according to their fancy. Mr. Crawford, a candidate for the Presidency in 1824, was stricken with paralysis in the midst of the campaign, and was bled twenty-three times in three weeks, very profusely each time, and then people wondered that it took him three years to get well.

In point of humanity and benevolence, the progress of man has been so signal that, even the cynical and despairing Carlyle could scarcely deny it. It is only ninety-eight years since Howard found the jails of Europe to be filthy dungeons, the keepers of which had the privilege of selling liquor and tobacco to the inmates, so that the jail was only an infernal tap-room, wherein men and women, old and young, festered and rotted together. The very year in which Howard began his work, a woman was burned at the stake in Spain on a charge of having made a compact with the devil.

The criminal system of England at that time was horrible. After assize, whole cartloads of malefactors, men and boys, were taken to Tyburn, and executed—sometimes five or six carts full of criminals, themselves laughing and singing.

Schools were once renowned for hard whippings. Washington Irving, who went to school in New York soon after the Revolutionary war, was so affected by the sight of the punishments inflicted, that the teacher had to let him go home with the girls before whipping time came. Gibbon also records that his knowledge of the Latin syntax cost him a good many tears and some blood. The first President of Harvard College was a great whipper of the students, and at last he punned one of them so severely with a cudgel, that even the old Boston Puritans could not stand it, and turned him out.

Corrupt policies were not new. When Palmerston entered Parliament, he bought his seat for £5,000, which he tells us was the market price in 1804. Lord North's majority in the house of Commons, by which he fought the American Revolution from beginning to end, was a majority bought and paid for; and it was that corrupt House of Commons which dismembered the English Empire, and lost England her chance of ruling the world from the banks of the Hudson, Ireland, Poland, France, and all their disasters to corrupt politics, and the baneful consequences were the penalty which France has paid, and is paying for the harlot governments of the Bourbons.

FAMILY PEACE.—It is recorded that an emperor of China, once making a progress through his dominions, was, by chance, entertained in a house in which the master, with his wife, children, daughter-in-law, grandchildren, and servants, all lived together in perfect peace and harmony. The emperor, struck with admiration at the spectacle, requested the head of the family to inform him what means he used to preserve quiet among such a number and variety of persons. The old man, taking out his pencil, wrote these three words: *Patience—Patience—Patience.*