

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, NOVEMBER 22, 1872

Whole No. 983.

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The Intelligencer.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN!

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FRIENDS OF THE "INTELLIGENCER" TO
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All amounts now due to be paid up, and all present
subscriptions to renew for 1873!!!

ONE THOUSAND (and as many more as possible)
NEW SUBSCRIBERS WANTED BY JANUARY 1ST!!!!

Every one may work to the profit of himself and the
INTELLIGENCER too!!

The INTELLIGENCER has nearly completed its
nineteenth year. For almost six years the present
Editor and Proprietor has borne the burden of both
its editorial and business management alone. De-
spite difficulties, that at times seemed almost in-
surmountable, the work in his hands has (by the
blessing of God) measurably prospered. To the
many friends who have so faithfully stood by him
and the paper he returns his hearty thanks. For
their efforts (so largely successful) to increase the
paper's circulation, he does, and always will, feel
under obligation to them. In taking charge of the
INTELLIGENCER he found it considerably burdened
with debt, though it was through no fault of his
predecessor. That debt is almost removed. To
wipe off the last vestige of it is his ambition. To
this end he will continue (as in the past) to give his
strength. To aid him he appeals to the tried
friends of the paper. A prompt payment of what
is now due by subscribers, together with renewals
for 1873, and a good increase of new subscribers,
will place the enterprise upon a firm financial basis.

As an inducement to present subscribers, as well
as a recognition of their long attachment to the
INTELLIGENCER, we have made arrangements by
which we are able to make the following offers,
unprecedented in the history of Provincial Journal-
ism:—

FIRST.—To each present subscriber who will pay for
his paper up to December 31st, 1873 (of course covering
arrears where there are any), we will send a fine
steel engraving, 18x23 inches in size. The subscriber
can have his choice of the following: "The Farm
Yard," "The Homestead," "The Child's First
Prayer," "Off to the Rescue," "Saved," or "The
Heavenly declare thy Glory."

SECOND.—To any present subscriber who will send
(in addition to his own payment) the name and
money (\$2.00) of one new subscriber, we will send the
pair of Engravings (each 18x23) entitled, "Off to
the Rescue," and "Saved," or if it is preferred, we
will send, instead of the pair, a large sized Photograph
of the late Rev. E. McLeod, originator and for four-
teen years Editor of this paper.

THIRD.—To each new subscriber forwarding (either
by himself or another) \$2.00, we will send the paper
one year and either of the pictures named in section
first.

FOURTH.—Any new subscriber, sending \$2.00 for
himself, who will also send another new name and the
money, will receive the pair or photograph, as in section
second.

SUMMARY.—Each old subscriber, paying his whole
bill and advance to Dec. 31st, 1873, will receive one
picture. Paying his own and sending a new name, he
will get a pair or the photograph named.

Each new subscriber, in every case, will receive one
picture. If he sends another with his own, he will get
a pair or the photograph as he may choose.

One great object had in view in making the
above liberal offer is to collect the large amount of
arrears now standing against subscribers on our
books. For want of the sums due we have been much
pinched, financially, and unless they are promptly
paid we may be seriously embarrassed. The pictures
we offer are very fine steel engravings; and we have
been at considerable search and trouble for some
time in order to find them and make the arrange-
ments by which we are able to offer them to our
subscribers. Now that we have launched the offer
we shall anxiously, yet confidently, await the re-
sponse. Let it be general and prompt.

"FIRST COME FIRST SERVED" shall be our
rule in the distribution of the premiums.

ST. PAUL AT ROME.

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

To many tourists this wonderful city owes
its chief attractions to its rich stores of art. I
have been gazing for the first time at the
"Transfiguration" of Raphael, and have stood
by his grave in the old Pantheon. I confess that
the "Last Communion of St. Jerome," by
Domenicchino, impressed me as powerfully
as Raphael's world-honored masterpiece. To
other tourists Rome is chiefly attractive from
its ancient classic associations. These have
had an intense charm for me. In company
with an eminent antiquary, I have spent hours
in exploring the latest excavations and those
now being made. For Rome is being raised
from the dead. Those who saw it a few years
ago—when the Pope discouraged all excava-
tions—would not recognise the Forum, or the
Palatine Mount, or several other spots, as
they look to-day. Scores of workmen with
shovels and carts, are now uncovering the old
buried Rome. Only yesterday I stood on the
beautiful pavement of the newly-opened Forum,
and saw the very stones on which Julius
Cæsar's mangled body was burned by the
people, after his assassination. I saw the newly-
found spring of water in the middle of the
Forum, which probably gave rise to the fabled
story of the "gulf" into which Curtius leaped.
I walked through the frescoed rooms of the
very house (on the "Palatine") in which the
father of the Emperor Tiberius once lived.

We saw the paintings of the fruits and flowers
on the walls of the dining-room, and the
actual lead water-pipes that ran through the
house! We sat down in one of the reception-
rooms, and looked at the pictures of "Gaius"
as laid on a year ago! Nothing in Pompeii
is more wonderful.

But the deepest interest of Rome, to my
mind, clings around the few spots that are
connected with the last days of glorious old
Paul. To the Papists this is the city of St. Peter.
To me it is the city of St. Paul. His mighty
presence seems to haunt the streets to-day. I
sat down and read the Epistles to Philippi,
and to the Colossians, and to his beloved
"son" Timothy; and it thrills me to think
that right here these wondrous words were
penning, the Holy Spirit moved the writer's
hand! Last Sabbath morning, as I was
preaching (in the new "American Union
Chapel") on one of Paul's messages to the
Colossians, it seemed as if the old man elo-
quent must yet be sitting in his "own hired
house," a few rods off; or, perhaps, up in
Cæsar's old guard-house, on the Palatine Hill.

Yesterday I stood on the ruins of Septimius
Sévère's palace, and got my first view of the
"Appian Way," over which Paul came up
from the sea coast to the imperial city. There
it was, right before us, as straight as a rule,
and shining white in the sunlight. Over on
the distant Alban Hill he must have caught
his first view of majestic Rome, with its two
millions of inhabitants, and its gorgeous mar-
ble palaces flashing on the Palatine. The
road is still lined with the very tombs that
the apostle looked upon. He probably en-
tered the city near an old ruined house at the
spot now known as the "Porta Capena." We
may, then, imagine him as passing through
the old "Viva Scæra," which now leads under
the Arch of Flavia, and whose ancient founda-
ment is visible to-day. He would then pass
by the Temple of Castor and Pollux, which
stands at the entrance of the newly-excavated
Forum, and which in ancient Rome was as
central a thoroughfare as Union Square is in
New York.

But where did he dwell in Rome? We
read that he dwelt "for two years in his own
hired house." If that house could be assuredly
identified, it would be the focus of pilgrim-
age to all tourists from every land. The Popish
authorities here claim that they have actu-
ally discovered this "hired house." Down
under the Church of St. Maria, on the corner
of the Via Lata and the Corso. It is many
feet under ground, contains two or three cel-
lar-like rooms, and has a spring of water in it
which is claimed to have burst forth miracu-
lously. Thousands visit this subterranean
dwelling, and there is a clear tradition that
this is the veritable spot. But the best Pro-
testant archaeologists in Rome do not consider
it certain that Paul ever resided there. It is
possible; it may be probable; it is not cer-
tain.

But there is one most remarkable spot in
Rome, which I visited yesterday, under the
clear conviction that Paul's feet had stood
there many a time. It is the house of his
friend Clement, to whom Paul refers in his
letter to the Philippians. Clement was a
Christian convert in Rome, a man of standing,
whose house was often used for religious wor-
ship by the early disciples of Christianity.
Now, that house of Clement has been discov-
ered within a few years; and yesterday, in
company with an eminent archaeologist and
with Rev. Newman Hall (who has published a
volume on Rome), I went down into that
extraordinary subterranean dwelling. It
must be remembered that ancient Rome lies
buried at a depth of ten or fifteen feet, in
some places of thirty feet, under the present
city. Napoleon III. started the work of excavating
on a grand scale.

In visiting the house of Clement we first
entered the beautiful church of St. Clement,
which is very ancient. Beneath that church
stands still another and most elaborate church,
which was built about the year 350. We
lighted our torches, and descended a stone
stairway, which led into a church of the
same dimensions with the one above. By the
light of our tapers, we examined the quaint
old frescoes and inscriptions on the walls,
which must have been painted there over one
thousand years ago. In one of the frescoes
Clement himself is represented. The columns
of the church are beautifully fluted, and were
taken from the ruined temples of pagan Rome.
In one corner of this underground church is a
door which opens into a stone stairway.
Down that stairway we groped by torchlight,
and soon found ourselves in an ancient Roman
dwelling, whose walls give evidence of having
been built as far back as the days of the Ro-
man Republic. One arched room, whose
ceiling is finely carved, must have been good
old Clement's "best room," or parlor. An-
other was probably his "oratory." There are
other small apartments between these two.
Now, in these deep cellars—which were once
a warm, cheerful home—we have every reason
to believe that Paul's feet often stood, and his
courageous voice once rang in those very
walls! It was worth a voyage from America
to see the spot where the great apostle must
have attended a social prayer-meeting with
the "church in the household" of Clement.

Two more localities I sought for. One is
the site of Nero's judgment-hall, in which Paul
had his trial. That was probably the spot
now known as the "Basilica Jovis," or the
Palatine Hill. The other judgment-hall, in
which there stands a beautiful white marble
remnant of a tribunal, and which was thought
to be Nero's "bar," has now been identified
as the Emperor Domitian's who came after
Nero. But where was the Pretorian guard-
house, in which Paul was confined? Hitherto,
it has been supposed that the arched brick
apartments near the old wall of Romulus was
the spot. But they, and the caricatures
scratched on the walls by the soldiers, are as-
certained to belong also to Domitian's era.
Probably the Pretorium in which Paul was
held prisoner was that series of arched rooms
beside the Palace of Tiberius, and only a few
yards from the house of Tiberius's father. In
those arched rooms I stood yesterday. With
what thrilling emphasis did those heroic

words—there written—come into my mind:
"I have fought a good fight; I have kept the
faith; I am ready to be offered, and the time
of my departure is at hand!"

After standing in that sacred place, I did
not care to visit the spot—three miles from
the city—on which Romish tradition claims
that Paul was beheaded. The tradition is not
authenticated; and I was in no mood to be
imposed upon by Popish fables about "mirac-
ulous fountains." It was enough to have
seen the actual pavement Paul once trod, the
rooms in which he had once prayed and part-
aken of the Sacred Supper, and the guard-
house in which he once wore a chain for his
beloved Lord.—*Evangelical Christendom.*

DRIFTING SOULS.

It is a sorry sight to see a fairly well en-
dowed nature living a life that is fitfully and
adequately described by the word "drifting."
It is not less sorry because it is common. If
such things were rare and exceptional, that
fact would be somewhat comforting. But they
are all about us.

And if the drifters were thoroughly sad and
ashamed over their style of life; if they be-
wailed it with strong crying and tears; if
they struggled against it with an energy that
was even spasmodic and desperate,—even
then it would not be so pitiable a thing. So
long as the true ideal is kept in sight, there is
hope of rising above the lowest level of the
actual. A resolute protest against what is
unworthy, we may hope will be followed by
actual abandonment. He who really aspires
may yet rise. But when one is content to be
carried whithersoever the current would take
him, losing all high ambition to live an inde-
pendent life, maintain a positive attitude and
bear an individual character, there is little to
gratify and not much to awaken hope. The
slave who was always plotting for an escape,
whose agony would not let him rest, who
would fight to the death with blood-hounds
rather than be captured, and lie a week in the
swamp waiting for the clouds to scatter that
he might find the north star and follow its
beckoning to a distant and even a doubtful
liberty,—such a slave did not exhibit the full
terribleness of oppression. This came out in
the poor abject vassal to whom freedom was a
powerless word; who could hug the tyranny
that brutalized him; who found welcome mu-
sic in the clanking of his own chains; who
felt the lash to be no disgrace; who mounted
the auction block with a bound and a grin;
and who never tired of bragging over the aris-
tocracy of the master who owned him and the
value of the estate of which he formed a part.
In killing his higher ambition, treading out
his manhood and making him content to live
and die a chattel and a thing, the despotism
showed its worst elements and its most terri-
ble side. And so a soul that only drifts in its
moral life, shows us the most pitiable picture
when it seems satisfied with itself and its con-
dition.

The tendency to drift in the highest sphere
of life is the saddest of all. It is commonest
there too. It shows itself in several ways.
For example: Here is a man who drifts in re-
spect to his religious opinions. He does not
set earnestly about the work of finding the
truth. He does not study his Bible. He does
not interest himself to learn what it teaches,
what authority attaches to it, or what conse-
quences spring from its acceptance or rejection.
He hears all sorts of expositions it may be,
but takes no pains to sift them, and get the
truth separated from the error. The whole
list of issues, from high Calvinism to bald
atheism, passes before him like the sections
of a panorama, and they receive about equal
attention and deference. He hears the denials
of Free Religion and the dogmatism of science,
but drifts on and settles nothing. He has no
definite convictions. He is identified
with no set of principles. He lazily floats
along with what chances to be the prevailing
current of thought, held by no anchor, the
sport of every gust and eddy, everything by
turns and nothing long, without a single fun-
damental principle to cling to, or a solitary and
embodying truth to defend. Such drifting is a
pitiable thing for a man endowed with a hu-
man brain, and set and hidden by a divine
voice to "buy the truth and sell it not."

Here is another man who drifts equally in re-
spect to his moral purpose. He knows his high-
est duty. He hears the call of Heaven, bid-
ding him rise and give himself earnestly to sa-
cred tasks and ends. He knows the true path.
He is profoundly impressed at times with the
duty of walking in it. But he never rouses
himself in a manly way to meet his duty. He
only drifts. Now and then the strong current
of feeling in the community catches up his al-
most unresisting nature and bears it God-
ward. Those who do not know him are hap-
pily, thinking he is moving, under the direction
of his own settled purpose, to the gate of the
kingdom and will surely enter. But there is
far less than this in his case. There is no real
purpose by whose aid he moves. He is carried
in his passiveness. And when the tide of
surrounding feeling ebbs, he is stranded, and
lies inactive till some other current, setting in
just the opposite direction, floats him off and
bears him downward, meeting no special resis-
tance, awaking no strong protest, provoking no
earnest struggle.

Even within the church these drifting souls
may be found. And if the whole truth is to
be told, we must add that the pulpit is not
wholly free from them. They are samples of
religious routine. They just keep along in the
irresolute, lifeless way. They just echo the
general voice. They gauge the rise and fall
of the general feeling. They yield no momen-
tum. They plan nothing new. They never stir
and quicken other souls by their active
and vital forces. They can never be leant
on in an emergency. They are never to be
found standing in a breach. They move as
they are impelled or carried. Their virtues
are chiefly of the negative kind. They are to
be felt but little while they stay, save as bur-
dens to be borne; and they are but slightly
missed when they are gone, except that the
room they vacate is welcome for the occupa-
cy of living and positive forces such as they

always lacked. They only drifted,—at first
drifting in, then drifting along, and finally
drifting out into speedy forgetfulness.

All this is pitiable, always and anywhere.
But in the sphere of religion such an aimless
and yielding soul is a sight sad enough for
tears. It always stands for sin and peril, and
forever prophesies failure. The primary and
vital thing in the Christian life is positive and
resolute purpose. The yielding, aimless soul
is ever the world's servant and Satan's victim.
Only a royal and dutiful will gains God's fa-
vor and truly serves men. The independent,
personal life is alone victorious, and nothing
but strenuous, persistent and heroic endeavor
to win the truth and serve the soul is exalted
into honor and crowned with victory.

(From the Christian Messenger.)

"That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who
through faith and patience inherit the promises."—Heb.
iv. 12.

Dear Father, may my offering be
As Abel's was, pleasing to thee,
And may my walk at home, abroad,
As Enoch's was, be close with God.

May I plod on, and persevere,
As Noah did, though many sneer,
May I go forth at God's command
As Abram, left his native land.

May I submit when trials come
As Isaac did, that freborn son,
To give a tenth may I never fail
Like Israel, may I prevail.

Humble, and chaste, and true, and wise,
Like Joseph, may I grow and thrive,
With meekness may my life be crowned
Like Moses, faithful e'er be found.

To lead the tribes to promised rest,
Like Joshua, may I be blessed,
And may my time and strength be spent
Like Samuel, who by God was sent.

When'er I sin, may I repent,
As David did, when penitent,
And though I seem to be alone,
Elijah's God, I still will own.

When grief and trials on me roll,
And Satan tempts my wrenly soul,
With perfect patience then, like Job,
I still will bless my Maker, God.

Through all my journey here below,
Isaiah's spirit, may I show,
When Satan sows the church with tares,
O give me Jeremiah's tears.

To name them all would needless be,
Since in the main they all agree,
And O, how plain they is shown,
How I may reach the eternal throne.

And yet a clearer light is shed,
Since Christ has risen from the dead,
The way to glory now is clear,
And Jesus lives to bring us here.

Believe in Christ, obey his laws,
Take up thy cross, promote his cause,
Follow the light that He has given,
The only light that leads to heaven.

R. S. M.

ANTIOCH IN SYRIA.

BY JOSEPH FULLERTON, D. D.

There was a city called Antioch in the Pro-
vince of Pisidia. Paul and Barnabas preached
there with some success; but there was such
opposition they were driven away, and having
shaken off the dust of their feet as a testimony
against the inhabitants, they went to another
place. The Antioch more prominent in the
Scriptures as the scene of great wonders in the
early efforts to establish Christianity, was in
Syria, north of Palestine. It was founded by
C. 300, by Nicanor, and named in honor of his
father Antiochus. It was on the river
Orontes, twenty miles from where it falls into
the Mediterranean sea, was advantageously
situated for trade, and became so large that
in its greatest prosperity it contained about
500,000 inhabitants.

Josephus says many Jews resided there.
They had such freedom allowed them in their
worship that they won many of the Greeks to
their faith. This prepared the way for the
gospel when it was carried there.

The first account of the true faith in this
city was immediately after the stoning to
death of Stephen. The disciples of Christ
scattered after that martyrdom, but it was
only to proclaim the word, and plant the
standard of the cross in other sections. An-
tioch was one of the places visited. Great
numbers believed. News reached Jerusalem
and excited deep interest. The conversion of
Jews and Gentiles in one of the largest cities
was an occasion of great joy. The church at
Jerusalem immediately sent Barnabas to An-
tioch to help. He went, saw the grace of God,
was glad, exhorted them to all cleave to the
Lord, and many were added.

So great was the prospect of good that Bar-
nabas thought it best to have more done. He
went to Tarsus for Saul, then young in the
service of Christ. He brought him to Antioch
and they continued a year teaching and
preaching. And about that time the disciples
were first called Christians. But whether the
name was taken by themselves or given by
opponents is not certainly known.

The next event of special importance at
Antioch was the setting apart of Barnabas and
Saul for the work of the ministry. This was
later than the year they had preached there.
The work was done by fasting, prayer, and
laying on of hands.

The church prospered and became large.
But good churches are liable to divisions,
contentions and troubles. There arose diffi-
culty in this church about circumcision and
some other matters. This was settled by a
council held at Jerusalem. A letter contain-
ing the decision was sent to Antioch by Judas
and Silas. The letter was read to the church,
which accepted it and rejoiced in the consolida-
tion it gave. The messengers exhorted and
confirmed the members in the faith. Silas re-
mained there for a time. Then, or very soon,
Paul and Barnabas were there again, teaching
and preaching the word of the Lord.

This church also was favored by a visit
from Peter. He was zealous and useful, but

some erroneous views of his, relative to eating
with the Gentiles, Paul was obliged to reprove
and correct.

Paul, Barnabas, and others that preached
to this church were at length dead. But God
in goodness gave others. Ignatius, who had
been religiously instructed by the apostle
John, became Bishop of Antioch, A. D. 70,
and continued forty years, when the Roman
Emperor Trajan, visiting Antioch, summoned
him before him and ordered him to Rome to
be destroyed by wild beasts. His zeal, forti-
tude and faith were equal to the emergency.
He said, "Let fire and the cross; let com-
panies of wild beasts break all my bones; only let
me enjoy Jesus Christ. I would rather die
for Jesus Christ than rule to the utmost end
of the earth." He was brought into the am-
phitheatre, lions were let loose upon him, and
he went to heaven.

It is one of the glories of a good church that
while blessed with good ministers it raises up
others to go forth and bless the world. It is
generally believed that Luke, who wrote the
book bearing his name, also that of Acts, was
born at Antioch. He was a physician, and
aside from inspiration, wrote in a more learned
style than the others who wrote gospels. He
put down many things the others did not, all
highly interesting. Among them are the birth
of John the Baptist, the particulars of the
birth of the Saviour, Christ's conversation
with the doctors when twelve years of age,
the parable of the prodigal, the raising to life
of the son of the widow of Nain. St. Chry-
sostom was a native of Antioch, became a
preacher, but was sent into exile from Con-
stantinople, and died A. D. 407.

The church at Antioch flourished about 300
years, a power for good. From different
causes it declined and became extinct. The
city became small, and in time the Mohammedan
religion prevailed.

Antioch has been subject to great earth-
quakes. A destructive one took place in the six-
teenth century, another occurred August 13th,
1822, and laid much of it in ruins. Mr. Wolf,
a Jewish missionary was there and gave a full
description of its destructive power. In April,
1872, it was again terribly convulsed by being
shaken and rent. Many of its inhabitants
went down alive into the pit.

CHRIST'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Four men wrote the life of Jesus Christ.
They knew him, saw him, followed him, talked
with him, leaned upon his breast, handled
him, and satisfied themselves of his identity by
many infallible proofs, and yet in the whole
of their writings there is not one hint or word
concerning his bodily form, his features, or his
personal appearance, which can give us the
faintest idea of the outward semblance of the
Saviour of men. Every extant description,
picture, engraving, or sculptured representa-
tion of him, ancient or modern, is pure fancy,
fancy, or forgery. As unknown to us as the
image of the invisible God, there remains no
trace of any beauty in Christ but the beauty
of his holiness and grace and love,—nothing
to gratify our curiosity, captivate our fancy,
or charm or repel our sense. Can this omis-
sion be accidental and undesigned? Does it
not rather convey to us a lofty lesson? Can
we not see, in this seal of silence which the
Holy Ghost has set upon the lips of the in-
spired biographers of the Son of God, some-
thing that should shame the pertness of many
mortals who crowd themselves forward, and
parade their faces, and narrate their doings,
and make self prominent at every opportunity?
Can we not see in this what God
prizes, and what he deems of value to be trans-
mitted to mankind?

Over the early life, as well as the form and
features of Christ, is cast almost a similar
mantle of oblivion. And even his mature and
official life is by no means fully described.
Many other things did Jesus—so many that
if written an unbelieving world would not ac-
cept the books or give room in their minds for
the astounding record; much is passed over,
many things are omitted; no connected