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TERMS AND NOTICES.

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Religious Intelligencer.

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER 22, 1872.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

The story of Boston's fire, and the loss and suffering consequent thereon, is now known everywhere. The main facts were given in the full report, which appeared in the INTELLIGENCER of last week. To write any further details would be to inflict upon our readers a superfluity. Being at the scene of the conflagration, however, we may write a few things not uninteresting. We are not in the midst of the ruins, nor have we been. A guard has been stationed about the burnt district, and none but those whose business calls them there are allowed within the area, enclosed by a rope fence and blue-coated, rifle-armed soldiers. It is not that the ground is considered sacred because of the holocaust of the 9th and 10th, that the public are kept from encroaching upon it. Tottering walls are liable to fall at any time, and falling, they might crush the careless spectator. Regard for the heads, limbs and lives of those whose curiosity would lead them into danger is one reason why the place is under military guard. Then besides this, a crowd of spectators would much retard the work of clearing away the debris. So, with one eye to business and the other to the welfare of the "dear people" the guard has very properly been put on. We had the privilege of "walking round about" the ruins; and a sad sight it is. Boston's largest warehouses, her business palaces, the pride of the whole city, lie in ruins. Millions of dollars, the earthly all of many, are represented in the smouldering mass spread over the eighty acres traversed by the irresistible flames. No person could look upon the scene of the disaster and be without sad thoughts. The losers though seem to have put regrets aside, and have commenced preparations for rebuilding with a zeal and energy worthy a people who have won so great success in the past. Whole pages of the newspapers were filled with advertisements of new places of business. Some who occupied magnificent business palaces have hired dark rooms in small offices, while others have opened offices in their residences. Some of the announcements are quite amusing, for instance one firm heads its card with the words "Not dead yet," another, "Having been induced suddenly to remove," &c., while one firm who suffered more from robbery than from fire, express their "thanks to those who worked so diligently in removing their goods beyond the reach of the fire, but would be doubly thankful if they would either bring them back or indicate their whereabouts."

Some insurance companies have already paid their risks in full; some others will soon pay all, while more will pay only part or nothing. No business firms of any note have failed to suspend; they will be able to go on notwithstanding their enormous losses. It is proposed to lay out the burnt district anew. Those who have been in Boston know how crooked and narrow the streets were. The new blocks will be more uniform and the streets wider. This will be a great improvement, adding much to both the appearance and value of the property. Good will come out of evil; since it will effect that which, were it not that the fire has taken place, years of legislation could never have accomplished.

Contrasting this with Chicago's terrible conflagration the latter stands out as in every way far more disastrous. The area here burned over is not a twentieth, while the value of the property destroyed is not above one half, if as much. Though the suffering is very great it is not a tithe of that endured in Chicago. Neither was the loss of life nearly so great. In Boston not more than seventy or eighty houses used as residences were consumed, so that the homeless ones are few compared with Chicago's tens of thousands. There are a great many, however—principally clerks and factory-girls—who are thrown out of employment; and having only a living when at work they have now nothing to fall back upon. Many of the girls who worked in the factories owned their sewing-machines with which they worked, and these being lost, they are literally bachelors, homeless and workless. They are forced, however unwillingly, to depend for subsistence upon the generosity of the public until they can resume work. The prompt assurances of sympathy and generous offers of assistance from sister cities in America, and also from across the Atlantic, were most cheering. Hundreds of thousands have already been tendered. Some of the Boston people seem to think though no assistance is necessary—that they are fully able to take care of their own suffering. This may to some of them seem a sort of moral heroism. Perhaps they think it would be a humiliation to receive help from abroad. A part of the press takes this ground, and grows very indignant over the action of those who have arranged to receive and distribute the assistance so freely given by sympathizing cities, and condemn, in no measured terms, the Mayor and others who, from their intimate knowledge of the city's condition, assert that there must be intense and widespread suffering if help is not received. It may seem very nice and grand to these editors who have been unseathed, and those merchants who have lost thousands but have tens of thousands left, and who do not in themselves or families feel the effects of the calamity to cry out that there is no need of outside assistance. The poorer people who have lost all their possessions, and what is worse the employment that gave them their bread, can tell a different story. It is well that wise counsels have prevailed, and that the city will receive what has been so generously offered. To have refused would have been worse than folly.

In the work of clearing away for rebuilding, which is very briskly carried on, human remains are occasionally found. It is not known how many lives were lost. The police have been kept quite busy searching for stolen property, of which there is a very large amount, valued at \$300,000 or more. Large quantities have been recovered. But we must not write more of this. In a very few years the burnt blocks will be covered with buildings as fine as those so suddenly consumed. The rapidity with which Chicago is being rebuilt indicates what Boston will do. It was our fortune to see Chicago

during the week of its calamity, and now, somewhat strangely, we are in Boston during the week of its calamity. Assuming that all the destroyed wealth was legitimately secured, and that it was not wrong to possess it, yet when we see how it takes to itself wings—wings of flame—and in a few moments disappears forever, the injunction of the All-wise One has additional force, "Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven;" no moth, rust, nor fire can disturb or destroy that.

Young's Hotel, Boston.

STUDY TALKS.

NO. IV.—BY F.

A SERMON FROM NATURE.

How simply, and, if I may be allowed the expression, naturally does nature do her work. As, by the application of a few fundamental rules, the sculptor develops from the rude marble a perfect Apollo, or a life-like grape cluster; or the painter causes to stand forth on canvas a breathing Madonna, or a charming rural scene; so does nature, from a few grand principles, raise the vast mountain columns, build her mighty reservoirs, clothe the broad earth, and paint the wing of a beetle. Her streams all run toward the sea, her heated air ascends, her light diverges from its source. We never see, in her own course, a stone rising skyward, or an oak with its roots spread towards heaven, and its branches clasping the earth. She never contradicts herself; she is the model of consistency. She is the same in her principle of operations—away in a remote South Sea Island, as in the heart of a peopled continent. When I breathe her pure air in America, or in Europe, we never have it mixed in the same proportions. She never tones her voice, or restrains her stately steps, for sage or despot. The garment that suits her, she wears, be it green untrimmed, blue so deep that it moves and quivers as if alive, or a garland of creeping ivy, or the clinging tendrils of the grape-covered vine. When it pleases her, she hears the soft breathings of the south wind, or the hoarse scree of a storm blast, or the long moaning of the dying sea. "Yesterday, to-day, and forever," behold with what simplicity, with what adaptation, with what consistency she lives her life!... Is there no lesson to us from this? There should be. Man is of nature, not foreign to her. She is for him, not against him. Aided by her gravity, his axe strikes heaviest downwards, his boat most swiftly sweeps down the current, his balloon ascends. Let him reverse each operation, and toil and impossibility confront him. When he companions with her forests and fountains, treads her everlasting hills, and drinks in the pure life, that blows between the green floor and sapphire roof of her dwelling; there is he strongest in body, firmest in mind, purest in soul. When he contravenes her laws, she lays an arrest upon him; she chastises him, till he repents; she puts before him life or death, as authoritatively, and as potentially, as did the prophet before the people of old. Man and Nature should go in accord; and the former should, yes, must learn from the latter....

First, then, let me say that men should act naturally. The natural manner, in which the pure heart and answering mind direct and control all actions, goes much further in true social life than all the maxims of Chesterfield, and the silly compliments of the boarding schools. The natural talker is far preferable to him who stiffs his speech on affectation or pomposity, or to her who lispes ever so becomingly, or languishes in flowers of tone or expression. The natural walker I prefer to one who trips ever so daintily or struts ever so importantly. Give me a friend too, who, without a series of contortions and grimaces, meant to be extremely graceful, but which a Chinese juggler might well imitate, walks straight up to me, grasps my hand firmly, looks full in my eyes, and says, "I'm glad to see you." Study naturally. If the bird wishes to build its nest, it goes to look for hair and wool and moss, not otherwise. Let there be no seeking without a desire, no eating without an appetite. None but a fool or a sick man would fill his stomach with food, if there be neither relish or craving for it. The thirsty man drinks, the weary rests, the anxious searches. So in study. If you have no desire to understand the philosophy of consciousness, do not read Hamilton; if no curiosity to know the laws of combination, do not pore over chemistry. If you have a desire for something. Whatever that is, if honest, satisfy it. The very satisfying one desire creates another, yes, a host of others, and so, the field ever widening, the supply must ever increase. Do not fear that your desire to know is led directly to a very trivial object. The smallest rivulet opens into the sea; from the lowest step we reach the highest elevation. Who loves a little, that desires not to love more; who knows much, that does not reach still forward eager hands, straining eyes, a longing heart. Yes, towards the boundless sea of man's face set, and his back is towards all that he has seen and known. He glances at the present, but, with an earnest, intense gaze, strives to pierce the misty future. Parents should act more naturally with their children, and teachers with their pupils. The rule, I think, should be, no supply without a want; the appetite first, then the food. But see, baby cries for tarts, Johnny wants a brass sword, Maude desires to be dressed in white and attend the children's party; and each is gratified, though the first keeps nurse up all night with the stomach ache, the second slays poor tarts, or punches the eyes out of the house dog, and the third imbibes a feverish thirst for fiery and late hours, which shall prove the curse of her womanhood. In each case there was no great need on the score of necessity or reasonable pleasure. There should have been no gratification. Oh this silly inversion of children into grown-up persons; setting boys in the chairs of men, girls in the clothes of women! How it sets about on the world a host of wronging, halting, useless lives! Kitty and Bobby must come to the first table, and must be served first, or over goes the teapot, or forth peep the loud screams; and, of course, guests must smile, and insist that the dear little things be humored. In the course of an interesting conversation, Mudge asks this and that, and one must certainly respectfully defer to the great little one. In a seat beside me in a crowded hall sat three little boys, taking up more room than three grown men would. A lady and gentleman walk up the aisle, and finding all full, as they come down, linger at this seat, talking, reasonably enough, that there is room for them. But papa, who sits behind the three important youngsters, tells them, quite audibly, "Keep your seats, boys, they are yours," and to the gentleman and lady, "These seats are taken, sir." A superlative lesson of superlative selfishness that father taught those boys just now, and no doubt it will be well kept.

Now nature's method always is, first the seed, then the sapling, then the tree. The supply keeps pace with the need. First, she furnished the world with wood for burning; then when that became insufficient for the world's purposes, she opened a vast storehouse and gave them coal. When the ancient came down upon the sea coast, and the desire was in him to cross to the near islands, she taught him first to utilize her currents and float upon a tree trunk; then, to take advantage of her currents, and paddle the rude canoe; then to imprison her winds, and sail over the billow; and later, when the world needed, she has taught man

to use her water vaporized. For the ancient she gave sailing, for the present man there is not too much. Nature does always "cut her cloth according to the garment;" men would be wiser did they do the same.... Apply this same to teaching, and how absurd this cramming into little brains what they don't care for, and this leaving out just what they do care for. Not to repeat rows of spellings, and learn rules of number; but what is the true mode of, where does it come from, what grows in the green fields, what is that great mass of blue yonder with little points of light gleaming, whence the dew and rain, the snow and hail, what voice is that shouting through the heavens, what painter burnishing the glorious cloud land, what lives in the sea, teach me sweet sounds, beautiful colors, harmony and order. This is the longing cry of childhood, felt if not expressed; if not felt in all its fullness, "it is because centuries of neglect has crushed it almost to the death. Begin, O teacher, with little hearts and little intellects, feed them on the milk that mother nature affords in plenty, lead their young feet through paths where the violets peep out, and the wood lily nods; up to the looks, the shape, the colors of things; up further to the use of things; further still to the expression of this; further yet to reflection on this, to reasoning about it; on into the moral through similar gradations; on again into the metaphysical; and thus your work is ended; they are as old as you. Curiosity to know the thing, has turned into curiosity to know its uses; then to know its wherefore; then and forever to know the cause of all.

I like to see men's sympathies and charities run naturally. A lady, with a sweet face, comes tripping down the street in her warm sleigh robes, when little Midge, walking wearily under a sack of street pickings, slides on the frost, pavement, and, striking heavily on the cold stone, lies there moaning. The lady does not utter an exclamation about dirty beggars, and neglecting charities, and drive on to the jingle of merry bells; no, but stepping quickly out, she lifts up the poor fallen one, and with a sweet smile, and encouraging word, and a little coin in the hand, sends her on with a new light in her face, a new music in her heart, and a fair image to that memory clings; if she worship who she shall child her? "Tis the only God I see over head or saw." "O God bless the sweet lady!" says an eyewitness, and praise be to her natural manner, say I, which fashion had not strangled nor false custom enshrouded. More such are needed to redeem our world. Many men are so exorbitantly kind, so shamelessly charitable, so proudly humble, so miserably generous, so selfishly religious, that the contradiction of qualities, or terms rather, puzzles many really good people. Let me illustrate. You are standing in a somewhat crowded church. A man gives your coat tails a rude jerk, and, with an air of ineffable condescension, motions you to a seat in his pew. You take it, wishing through all the service you had remained standing; for on one side the eldest (quite the eldest by the way) daughter has gathered up her skirts as if the contact of plebeian tweed would utterly spoil the delicate fabric of silk, and on the other sits the father with the how-kind-I-am expression of countenance. Another carefully brings the forefinger down and the thumb up, so that all may see the gold bit before its final entry into the collection pouch; and after all 'twas only a paltry dollar, and he worth half a million. Another gives his wife in some such way that his name will appear in connection with it, in a yearly report, or financial abstract. Another wears, especially on Sabbath, a sanctified look, every edifying even to look upon, but ask him how the Joneses, poor but honest neighbors of his, are faring, and he tells you he does not associate with such people. Those are not altogether *arua vera* who, in an unlucky moment of enthusiasm, gives ten dollars to a mission, and for weeks after mourn its loss and their extravagance, crying out in the manner, but not with the spirit, of David, "O my gold, my piece of gold! Would I had kept thee, my gold, O my gold!"... Now all this could be remedied by a little naturalness. There is no necessity of a man playing the hypocrite. Neither the law nor the gospel take a man by the throat and make him show me a kind, or disgorge a ten dollars for the heathen, or wear a look of feigned humility. Ah! but fashion and custom sometimes do, and how many are more cowards before their own than to themselves and God. But my way of thinking is, that if you don't want to be kind, or generous, or humble, or charitable, for the sake of all that is good do not pretend that you do. When a man's secret thoughts and outward acts do not sympathize, he is false and dangerous. The rain falls when the air is storm, cannot longer hold it, the spring overflows when it is filled itself, the light reaches us only after it has lit up all to us. The perfume of a rose goes forth from leaves surcharged with it, the song of the lark warbles out from a little heart which runs over with song; and so only from the full heart of a man or woman can come the true expression of any grace. Better to be barren of virtues than to simulate them. But let us imitate nature in this too; for everywhere she bears a fullness. Her springs overflow, her roses all lavish their odors, her stars all radiate their light. Lovingly and freely she does her kind deeds, scatters her blessings, and spreads her beauties about us. Let us go and do likewise, ever cherishing a worthy ambition to be first in every true expression of goodness, gentleness, and truth. These be the virtues that enoble the living, these the garlands that keep green the memory of the dead.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS.

The friends of Rev. J. I. Porter, of Nova Scotia, will be pleased to learn that he is some better. Bro. Dowry writes that the fever is broken; and although he is not out of danger, it is hoped that with care, and God's blessing on the means used, he will be restored to his family and the church.

OBITUARY.

At Barrington, N. S., Sept. 8th, 1872, of consumption, Thomas O. G., beloved son of Isaac and Elvira Hopkins. The subject of this sketch in early life, was much impressed with divine things, loved the house of God and Sabbath-school. He returned home from sea but a short time before his death; a few days before his death he told his mother he expressed his desire to follow the Saviour in the ordinance of baptism, which he did at the earliest opportunity. It was a very solemn scene. After that his whole soul seemed longed for Christ alone. His prayer was to join with his dear friends was answered. The morning before his death he told his mother he was resting in sight of Heaven, and should soon be there. At two o'clock, p. m., with a beautiful smile upon his face, his happy spirit was released to join the glorified above. Sermon by the writer. Two years ago last July, his sister Sarah was brought to the home of her parents, as she said "to die." The writer visited her, and many blessed seasons were enjoyed in prayer and praise. She lived but ten days after her arrival, and then bade farewell to all her loving friends, and waved her dying hands in holy triumph, and on Sabbath evening went to join "the ship's company that sailed with the Saviour beneath." None who witnessed her triumphant death could help feeling the appropriateness of the following:

"Mark but the radiance of that eye,
The smile which gleams from that cheek,
The light of the glory night,
In language that no tongue can speak."

Every Five Baptist Family should have the INTELLIGENCER. The Ministers can do much towards introducing it. Will they not make it a point to urge the members of their Churches to subscribe? Every New Subscriber gets a Premium. Tell the people about the Premiums.

AGGRESSIVE AND PROGRESSIVE.

This is the law of Christ's kingdom. The Bible representations of it embody this fundamental idea. The progressive is the normal state of the church. She is progressive only as she is aggressive. Without aggression there must be retrogression. This is the law of the individual Christian, the local church, the sectarian church, and the universal church militant. Hence those denominations that have been distinctively aggressive, have also been distinctively progressive. In doctrine and polity they may not have come the nearest to gospel truth and order, but they have been the nearest to the "worldly" of the world's spirit, and the "worldly measures" are adopted in the furtherance of the church then does she become a "Babylon." She may indeed thus, like "Babylon the great," outwardly prosper for a time. She may gather to herself multitudes, and in pomp and in show attain to glory; but let not any one suppose that that success is the seal of God's approbation. It is a success which results from worldly forces, which the Lord abhors; and which he will overcome by the power of his spirit and truth, the two-edged sword that proceeds out of his mouth.

When the church is aggressive for Christ she will also be progressive. And the more she possesses of Christ's spirit and truth, the more sure and enduring will be her advance. It is all important that her activities be put forth wisely, and that she be not stimulated by the effervescence of a blind or short-sighted zeal, but with a broad and far-reaching view; and a strong and steady hand seizing all the advantages of the situation. Error is to be avoided, and the church must not needlessly suffer attack be made upon any company of the allies. Here is where the church of the past has wasted her strength. The forces of the church, whether particular or universal should ever be employed against the powers of darkness, for the redemption of the world. And the weapons employed in this warfare are not carnal, yet are they mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. Had the forces of the church never been arrayed against each other, the victory of Christ over the world had long ago been achieved. Too long have they striven to force upon each other uniformity in the letter, overlooking the unity of the spirit. Now that they are coming to a better understanding of each other and combine for the promotion of the common good, we behold a great and rapid progress of the church, a progress quite unknown to the days of primitive Christianity. The present is a favored era. It is big with promise. The church, after wandering these long centuries through "a wilderness of wilderness," is about to enter upon the promised possession. A golden portion of the land is already possessed. Nations have been born as in a day. Others, where Satan has held his seat through the ages, are now stretching out their hands unto God. The Lord calls to his church to stand forth her laborer. Never did richer harvest stand before the reaper.—B. Union.

ANTIQUITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Few of us ever stop to think how old the Bible is. Yet the Scriptures are believed by candid critics to contain the most ancient forms of truth now known to men. With the aid of chronological tables, any one may easily make profitable comparisons between the antiquity of the books and that of other writings and events. The Scriptures contain the only authentic history of the world before the flood. We find in the Pentateuch one or two stanzas of poetry composed in the ante-flood period. The Hebrew statutes were enacted a thousand years before Justinian reformed the Roman jurisprudence. In the Bible we have the record of chartered rights secured to the people more than two thousand years before Magna Charta.

What a sensation would be produced, if the first chapter of Genesis should appear for the first time in one of our newspapers to-morrow! Yet there is no doubt that chapter contains the oldest writing, twenty-five hundred years before the invention of printing. Xenophon's record of the conversations of Socrates, in his *Memorabilia*, seems an old book to us; yet similar topics were discussed in Ecclesiastes six hundred years before. The works of Tacitus, Plutarch, and Quintilian, are not modern; yet the books of the New Testament are older than these.

As to the book of Job, its age is beyond conjecture. Those who make it as modern as they can, are compelled to place its origin at least one thousand years before Homer. When Priam was king of Troy, Job was king of Edom. The name of Alexander has no modern sound for us, yet, when Alexander invaded Syria, the book of Job might have been read before him as the work of an author more time-honored than the name of Alexander is now.

The writings of Cicero are modern, compared with most of the Bible; and the most that the Hindus can justly claim for their sacred books, the Vedas, is that they were written five hundred years after the death of Moses. The Koran is a book fresh from the press, compared with the Scriptures.—Dr. Upen.

THE SLAVE TRADE AGAIN.

This monster of slavery, slain in America, still shows its hideous form in Africa. In the eastern portion of that country, the trade is carried on with all the old horrors. There are still found those base enough to engage in it, and by the most cruel means and deceit many hundreds are annually put under the lash. The system is maintained to supply the requirements of certain oriental nations, where a long established custom has given to slavery, in such countries, almost a divine character. Turkey, Egypt, Arabia, and Persia have, for several years, drawn from central and northern Africa eastward, annually, about 70,000 slaves, and have caused the death of six times that number. The sufferings and ample testimony is borne by travelers in Africa, such as Livingstone, Baker, the Rohlfs, and others.

But at length the British Government seems disposed to check if not wholly destroy the traffic. It is on the point of sending an agent, Sir Bartle Frere, representative of the Government of the Boston Advertiser to be thoroughly acquainted of the Boston trade to look into the business and provide for its suppression. Proposals are made to our own government to unite in the undertaking, and thus add to the glory of Great Britain in dealing with our own slaves. The correspondent relates how it is that so many thousands of negroes are killed in bringing away so few thousand slaves. Arab slavers, for instance, will proceed into the interior, set fire to a negro village, and in the confusion carry off hundreds of captives. Then there is an attempt at rescue, and the result is seen in the great proportion of the slain. Or else the slavers will incite different tribes to war with each other, then they will take sides with one of the tribes and the captives are taken. The chief of the tribe who is being pushed farther and farther inland every year, and the four or five hundred miles to be traversed between the villages and the coast are strewn every road with more or less dead bodies. There seems hardly any doubt that these statements are true, and that in this Christian age.

There is good reason, then, that there should be an attempt at suppression. Let England and America, with the help of such nations as would be ready to join with them, move in the matter, and its horrors could be reduced at once. Dr. Livingstone says, that for every slave that reaches the coast, ten negroes lose their lives. A recent examination of witnesses by the British House of Commons committee, only substantiates this statement. So that there is as good reason for exciting a feeling against the infamous traffic as ever existed in the days of the Panther or Fearless. The English arrangement with the ruler of Zanzibar, is such, that no great crime could be committed in dealing with the slave trade. It is a great pity that it is not the shadow of a reason for excusing it; and it is earnestly hoped that the nation may use its best efforts to stop the wicked trade.—Star.

An excellent revival interest is prevalent in the Free Baptist Church in Wells, Maine. The church has had a number of accessions recently.

Pen and Scissors.

A Baptist Church has been burned at Meng, China.

The fire was the subject of nearly all the Boston sermons last Sunday.

Chicago proposes to send about \$400,000 to the Boston Relief Fund! Not so bad for a city burned only a year ago.

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, the eldest son of Baron James Rothschild, of Paris, is engaged on the compilation of a family history of the Rothschilds from 1806 to 1871. The history will contain several interesting letters written by Napoleon I. and hitherto unpublished; also of other eminent statesmen.

Capt. Edward Winchester, of the steamer N. York, of the international line, in his 23 years of service has made about 1800 round trips between St. John, Portland and Boston, in the various steamers he has commanded, and has never lost a steamer or a man nor an accident of a serious nature has happened to a passenger under his care.

Dr. Merle d'Aubigne died during the night, it is said, and so quietly that his death was not known until morning. He had not complained of illness, the day before he attended chapel and partook of communion, and in the evening had family prayers in his own house.

The island of Ceylon is very beautiful, the scenery lovely and the soil productive in spices and many kinds of fruit; indeed, it is said that it alone might produce fruit enough for the consumption of the entire world. The natives, however, are far from pleasing. They are generally of short stature, very effeminate looking, apathetic, and such traits, that it is impossible to depend upon their word.

Rum's Work.—Nellie Hearne, aged 19 years, daughter of a very respectable parent, living in East Boston, committed suicide a few days ago. She was beautiful and accomplished, and was the idol of her parents and friends. She became the victim of intemperance, and being threatened with delirium tremens, she took small doses of morphine to quiet her nerves and also to allay the pain from neuralgia, from which she suffered severely. An overdose of the drug caused her death.

Safety on Railways.—Hall's Electric Signal System, for the use of railroads, to prevent the collision of trains, is said to be nearly completed. It is to be so arranged that the driving-wheel of a passing engine will strike a lever, giving operation to an apparatus to which is attached galvanic batteries. This apparatus throws out a mile ahead the usual red-lamp signal of danger, which is kept in sight till the train has passed at least a mile ahead. A signal lamp set behind the flags at night renders the train more conspicuous. The system is said to be also to be given at highway crossings. It is hard to predict what improvements will be made to the advantage of railroad travel and operations.

Grand Contributions.—The Chicago Standard states that the Baptists of Lafayette, Ind., contributed nobly on the occasion of the dedication of their new house of worship recently. The figures were as follows, says the Standard: "1st. \$19,000 were raised to pay off balance of indebtedness on the house. 2nd. \$16,000 were raised for the purpose of building a Sunday school and lecture hall. 3d. \$5,800 were raised toward a Free Church Library. 4th. \$50,000 were contributed by a brother for an orphanage. Here is a gross sum amounting to \$90,800. And all this was accomplished without noise or excitement, or pressure, except as the obligations and privileges of Christian benevolence rested upon a quickened conscience, enforced by an able pastor. And all this has been accomplished by a Baptist church in Indiana. Indiana Baptists hitherto have been remarkable for their *zeith* rather than their liberality. We repeat our brother's congratulations. "Three cheers for Lafayette!"

Forty Years in the Ministry.—The Rev. Dr. Cumming, the distinguished London divine, completed the fortieth year of his ministry about a fortnight ago, and when referring to the circumstance recently on Sunday, he took a retrospective and sentimental career in the Scotch church, Crown court. When he began his pastorate he had only a stipend of £200, but it increased with the remarkable success of his congregation, until it reached the "Episcopal salary of £1,300." He mentioned a number of the distinguished persons who during his long pastorate had attended his church. The large schools which are maintained by Dr. Cumming's congregation, and in which he takes an active interest, are of great benefit to the locality. They are in a more or less of a state of improvement. The Doctor recently preached before the Queen, and some of the papers suggest that he is in a fair way to become one of the Chaplains to Her Majesty, now that Dr. Norman McLeod is no more.

Reviews.—News of precious refreshments from the East have been coming in. This is cheering. The rush and weariness of summer is over, and the hearts of the people turn to spiritual concerns. That is wise and useful. Leisure hours, long evenings, are often used for dissipation, to degrade, to make people lower, viler, and more miserable. Satan holds protracted meetings for our ruin, and he is successful. The converts are legion, and very perishing. The missionaries of sin are more numerous, more persistent than preachers of righteousness, and the fruits are crime, degradation and misery. They work and work, and work, successfully; ought not Christians to do as well? Thank God, many are at work, and souls are being saved. Let us all enlist and rival the devotees of sin by your zeal and industry. The Lord will bless us; the fruits of our labor will be reform, elevation, purity, salvation; the Master calls to the harvest, and promises that we shall gather sheaves. Sinners need our help; they will perish if not brought to Christ.

Industry and Success.—The patient, painstaking industry of the Chinese is proverbial. An interesting illustration of it has appeared in the press, and two years ago, a small party of Chinamen, led themselves out to pick cotton near the town of Marion. Their leader, Ah Mann, began work at once, and on the first day picked twenty-two pounds. Before the end of the year not a negro on the plantation could pick more cotton than the Chinamen in a day as he did. He became popular and thrifty. Last spring, in company with six of his countrymen, he rented sixty acres of ground. The Chinamen ploughed the ground over several times. They uprooted the bit of grass and weeds, and reaped up every fence corner, and left no spot of the land in a slovenly condition. They then planted twenty acres with corn and forty acres cotton. These crops were gathered and carefully cultivated under the direction of Ah Mann. They were never "sick," never shirked a day's work; but, true to their rise to sunset, were continually in the field. The result was that their harvest of corn and cotton was the admiration of the county. They recently sent the first two bales of their cotton to Memphis, and the consignee reports that they have not seen in this year's market such well-grown and picked cotton as Ah Mann's. The whole neighborhood is now willing to aid these industrious Chinamen, with money and supplies. If they wish to hire larger plantations for next year. The people are much astonished that success follows so closely upon patient industry.

THE OTTAWA LUMBER TRADE.—The lumber trade of the Ottawa Valley with the United States, as our readers know, is on a gigantic scale. It is not generally known that the great trade of Ottawa with the United States, is very large, and constantly increasing. The United States Consul at Ottawa, furnishes to the *Free Press* the following copy of the amount and value of the exports from the port of Ottawa to the United States, for the year ending the 30th of September last.

Description.	Value.	No. Articles.
Doors,	\$25,710 00	16,699
Harness,	80 00	2,421
Horses,	599 00	1
Paper,	138 40	3,965
Feet Lumber,	\$1,650,128 94	141,472,289
Bds. Laths,	6,735 76	648,341
Outmeal,	450 00	brls., 100
Bull,	400 00	1
Pigs,	11 10	2,600
Shingles,	1,611 75	798
Sheep,	640 00	100
Settlers' Effects,	9,642 15	1
Cal Skins,	2,233 85	1,856
Mink Skins,	510 00	223
Fur Timber,	944 14	67,420
R. R. Ties,	1,340 00	67,400
Sundries,	250 00	1

Total value, \$1,701,810 17.
Total value of exports for the year ending 30th September, 1871, \$927,520.54. Increase over 1871, \$774,289.63.

More Fires.—The telegrams bring accounts of fires at St. Louis, and the burning of a Methodist College in Illinois.

A large store-house of Woodruff & Robinson's at the foot of Amity Street, Brooklyn, was destroyed by fire on Monday. The building covered an area of 130,290 feet and five stories in height, and had a grain elevator seven stories high. The grain destroyed is valued at \$400,000, and belonged to various firms in New York and was insured. The building was owned by Wm. Beard and was leased by Woodruff & Robinson. The latter lost \$50,000 on machinery; fully insured. The building was valued at \$150,000 and insured as follows: First, \$12,500; Merchants', \$12,500; Nassau, \$10,000; Phoenix, \$10,000; Zetna, \$10,000; Hartford, \$10,000; Sterling, \$10,000; and \$10,000 in another company, leaving Beard's loss not covered by insurance, \$100,000.

A fire broke out in Middle and State street block, on Monday forenoon. The fire lasted till near midnight. The losses were:

Carter, Warner & Co., 205 and 207, wholesale tea, coffee and spices, stock valued at about \$35,000; partial loss, fully insured. The two upper stories were occupied for storage purposes, where the fire is supposed to have originated from crates of crockery stored there from the burnt district. J. & W. Bird, three lower floors of 209 and 211, paints and oils; loss not ascertained. D. Webster, King & Co., glue manufacturers, had just moved into the fourth story, having been burnt out in the great fire; loss \$1,400, no insurance. Boston Dye-wood & Chemical Co., also burnt out in the big fire, occupied fifth floor with new stock, badly damaged by water; no insurance. Danforth, Scudder & Co., wholesale grocers, 201 and 203, fourth floors, badly damaged by water; fully insured. S. S. Pierce used fifth floor for storage of tea and coffee; fully damaged by smoke and water; insured.—Boston paper.

Peat-vent.—The papers say that pews in some of the New York Churches rent at \$3000 each. There ought to be good preaching there.

The soldiers under the command of the emperors of Austria, Germany and Russia, who recently held a conference in Berlin, comprise considerably more than half the military force of Europe. Thus Austria has an army of 933,051 men, 133,293 horses, and 1,424 guns; Germany has 1,052,500 men, 239,314 horses, and 2,022 guns, and Russia has 1,362,464 men, 324,760 horses, and 2,084 guns.

Jello is twenty four English miles in circumference. Its area, about thirty six square miles, is fourteen square miles less than that of London proper.

Drowned.—The