

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.

Vol. XIX.—No. 23.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1872.

Whole No. 959.

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THOMAS LOGAN

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MILLER & EDGECOMBE.

Frederickton, May 3, 1872.

The Intelligencer.

FATHER GAVAZZI'S ADDRESS.

This remarkable man is at present in the United States where he has for several weeks been addressing the people in different places, his object being to raise funds with which to establish an institution combining the advantages of a College and a Theological Seminary for the training of Evangelists to labour in Italy. The following his address in Princeton, N. Y.:

Before 1848 there was no evangelical chapel in Rome, nor a single Christian worshiper; though there were outside of that city many Jews, and also Waldensians. Through the action of Charles Albert, we were enabled to begin our labours, and from 1848 to 1859 we had in Piedmont some four or five principal congregations, with an average of three to four hundred communicants, and an average of 100,000 hearers. In 1860, our true work of evangelization began. It became general in consequence of the successes of Joseph Garibaldi. (Applause.) His commission to me was, "Go and preach the Gospel to your heart's satisfaction," and now we have congregations in all the counties from Palermo and Sicily to Piedmont. The regular congregations now number 100, the communicants 10,000, and the constant hearers 30,000. Compare this with the past, and your mathematical minds can calculate the ratio.

Some tell me, "You Italians see everything with a rosy colour." Well, perhaps so. I have hoped, but now my hopes are realized. I had hoped Italy might be free, and Rome free, and that I might there preach a free Gospel; but I said, "You will never see me in Rome unless the Pope be gone." For, without his departure, I regarded it impossible. But now Italy is free, and Rome is free, and I am free, in Rome, to preach the Gospel to my heart's satisfaction; while the Pope is in Rome, impotent to prevent me from preaching the Gospel in Rome, to his heart's dissatisfaction. A few years ago our colporteurs and evangelists were brought before the courts and fined for preaching Jesus Christ against the Pope's will; now the parliamentary explanation of the fourth article of the Constitution is that all creeds are free to worship according to their own ideas, and that all denominations are equal before Italian law.

A second difficulty is the opposition of the Roman Catholic clergy. I do not say the opposition of the people, for I like to bring responsibility home to whom it is due; and though we have been persecuted by the laity, literally, it has not been so in spirit, for the laity is really nothing; it is only a tool in the hands of the priests. An incident occurred not long ago which proves this. At Barletta, three of our evangelists were murdered, and one was burned; and the courts convicted the priests, sentencing them to ten years hard labour. At first they laughed at our idea of evangelizing Italy; but when they saw the people were coming to us, they opposed our efforts, they incited mobs against us, they attacked our schools, our homes, our funeral processions—everything that was public. Then they went to the landlords and endeavoured to persuade them not to rent to us. Then they went from family to family and tried to prevent the people from coming to our meetings. Then they tried slander, intimating that our large audiences were secured by pay. They next attempted to refute us in public discussions, but in every case our cause was triumphant. Let me advise all who are present, if you are ever engaged in discussion with a Catholic, stand on your own ground; deny what you deny, because it is not so stated in the Bible; and do not let them draw you off to Fathers, and Councils, and such like. I was called upon, lately, to prove that Saint Peter never was in Rome. (The sentences which follow were frequently interrupted by laughter and applause.) They piled up their arguments and quotations, but I swept them away with the broom of the truths of the Bible. But it was grand; just to think, a discussion, and that too, in Rome; it was grand! They called us to the discussion, and they paid all the expenses. Our opponents went out of the room with broken heads, not literally broken, but scholastically. Before this they had looked down upon us from above; now they pass by us with bowed heads, and eyes cast down. Ah! (This exclamation of delight, in a shrill tone, on a high key, called forth loud applause.) Some have said that the Evangelicals are afraid of persecution; but when I returned to Italy, after my last visit to America, it was to labour there, and to die there, if necessary. Well, that very same night the old man, Pius IX., said they must have no more discussions, and that ends it. It proves our victory, and that they were vanquished, not by the Evangelicals, but by the word of God.

The last difficulty I shall tell you of came from another quarter, and has retarded the work of evangelization at least ten years. It was this: When Germany, Switzerland, England and America heard that the door was open for sending the Gospel into Italy, they sent their agents only, and leave the Italians free to choose what form of Christianity they might prefer. I did not approve of the effort at the time, but was impotent to prevent it. These agents, however, when they found favour with the people, tried to establish their different denominations, and here was the trouble. The Gospel itself was new to the people, and when it was presented under many forms they could not tell which was the best form, or why there were so many, and they felt afraid to join themselves to any. Thus the Italians were divided into sects before they were united in Jesus Christ. Let me say frankly, it was a great wrong done to the Italians. These parties were not friendly for many years, and in Piedmont now you can see the consequences in unhealthy churches, living a consumptive life and dying a consumptive death. It would have been so in my own congregation but for the mercy of God.

Such being the case, and I compelled to accept it, we decided to go on hand in hand, as many congregations as would agree to work in harmony. The result was that we soon established the Free Christian Catholic Church of Italy. The congregations had suffered much from being supported by different societies, some by a party of ladies, others by a group of Christian men. Here was one supported by the Geneva Committee, another by the Nice Committee, another by the English Committee, and another by the American Committee. Many of these we brought together in 1867 under an "Evangelical Alliance Band." Thirty-three were represented at the first General Assembly held in Milan, and we made a beautifully short and Scriptural profession of faith. We there elected a Central Committee as the executive power of the Assembly during the year for the direction of the theological work. Another Assembly met the second year after in Florence, and there we drew up a short, simple and Scriptural constitution for the Church. This year we will have all things pertaining to the Church on a firm basis. I have been charged by those who would aid us, with being only an individual evangelist, and not representing an organization. Now I come to you as the representative of the Free Christian Church of Italy. "Free," because free from State interference. We have nothing to do with it. We want no Inquisition principles. But we preach respect to the State and obedience to law, but we are not dependent on it for our preaching. "Christians," some people often imagine, that the Italians, even when converted to Jesus Christ, retain something of their early Romanism, but it is a great mistake. We are no longer Papists. We are free, i. e., we are Christians, not of Popery or Romanism in our veins. When the Italians abandon it, they go to the other extreme. "Church of Italy"—because in all we have it is thoroughly and exclusively native. Accordingly it is the Church which commands the sympathies and the attachment of the Italians; and it is very natural, for every one likes his own best.

Many may ask here, as they did in Scotland and Ireland, "Are they not Italians?" Sure, but they were so secluded that few knew of them. They were persecuted in their early days, and had gone to Geneva for their education. When they came back they were now in Italy, and spoke a kind of French language. Hence their preaching and forms did not affect them. They wanted their own forms of character and their own profession of faith, and so having made a revolution in religion, they did not ask for a form to be given them. They secured one according to their own tastes; let me hope we shall go on hand in hand.

Some people have asked me, "Why did you not join the Waldensian Church, instead of forming the Free Church?" Why, because we cannot say why the Waldensian did not join the Free Church of England. The answer is as good as the question. It is a fact, whether we can explain it or not. After all, we have the same scope, the same object. I remember the old story of Jacob's ladder, which reached from earth to heaven, and it makes me think that the only difference between our Church and the Waldensian is that theirs comes down to us from the days of the apostles and ours goes up to the same time. They can choose which they prefer; and this is all the answer we have.

REFORMING ROMANISM.

I will not become a fool in my old age; and to attempt to reform Romanism is outright foolishness. In Europe there are many who do it, and they are called the old fools. It is irreformable. In the days of Luther, who could have reformed something, but now there is nothing to reform. During the war, while assisting in the hospitals, I saw that when a man's finger mortified, it was cut off to save the hand. If it was the hand, that was cut off to save the arm. If the arm was diseased, it was removed to save the body. But if the body was all gangrene, we did not cut off the body to save nothing. There is nothing to do but to commit it to the undertaker. So in the old days, when the fingers were sick you might have removed them; but now after the Council of Trent and the blasphemous utterances of the Vatican Council, to think about the reformation of Rome when Rome is all gangrene is foolishness. We cannot cut it off to save nothing of the Pope, and the sooner Rome is given to the undertaker the better.

"But what did you do?" Why, the simplest thing possible. We went back of the Vatican Council to the Tridentine, and back of the Tridentine to the Nicene, and back of the Nicene to the Apostles. We went to the Apostle Paul in Rome, and there we stand and say that is our Church, and we want the whole Christian, apostolic Church of Paul, and our Church must be that of the Epistle to the Romans. [Applause.]

AN UNPAID MINISTRY.

The calamity which I stand in dread of and which is, next to the withdrawal of the divine blessing, the greatest the church can suffer, is that the rising talent, genius, and energy of our country may leave the ministry of the Gospel for other professions. "A scandalous maintenance," Matthew Henry says, "makes a scandalous ministry." And I will give you another equally true: "The poverty of the parsonage will develop itself in the poverty of the pulpit." I have no doubt of it. Gentel poverty, to which some ministers are doomed, is one of the greatest evils under the sun.

To place a man in circumstances where he is expected to be generous and hospitable, to open his home as wide as his heart to the poor, to give his family a good education; to bring them up in what is called gentel life, and to deny him the means of doing so, is enough, for the hope of heaven, to embitter existence. In the dread of debt, in many daily mortifications—meetings, perhaps, some old acquaintance, whom he dare not ask to his table lest his more prudent wife would frown upon his extravagance—in harassing fears of what will become of his wife and children when his head lies in the grave—a man of cultivated mind and delicate sensibilities has trials to bear more painful than the privations of the

poor. It is a bitter cup, and my heart bleeds for brethren who have never told their sorrows, consoling under their cloaks the fox that knaws at their vitals.—Dr. Guthrie.

EXPERIENCE.

BY BISHOP J. WEAVER.

Say what you will, the knowledge derived from experience is more clear and certain to the understanding than all the knowledge which can be gathered from theory. Theory is not to be rejected, but whatever can be brought within the range of human experience makes the more clear and lasting impression upon the mind. The knowledge derived from experience is vastly different from that which flows from mere speculation. Men may reason and theorize from youth to old age, and still be in doubt, unless they can reduce their theories to some experimental test. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." He that has been wrecked shudders even at still water. "An ass does not stumble twice over the same stone." Experience, in many things, is an excellent schoolmaster; but he charges dreadful wages. But in this school we must learn something.

It was a blessed arrangement of our heavenly Father that he devised and caused to be executed a plan of human redemption that may not only be learned in theory, but tested by experience. "A hundred thousand tongues may discourse to you about the sweetness of honey; but you can never have such knowledge of it as by taste. So a world full of books may tell you wonders of the things of God in religion; but you can never understand them exactly but by the taste of religion." "Come," said the psalmist, "taste and see that the Lord is good." Taste for yourself. Blessed be God, we may taste and see. We need not depend upon what others say about it; we can come to the fountain ourselves and drink—drink freely, drink until our souls are full. Pure religion consists mainly in the affections,—not that it is destitute of principles, but we can test the theory by experience. It is a perfect system, affording thought for the head, experience for the heart, and practice for the life. These must all go together to constitute a Bible Christian. A vast number of persons have the theory of religion, but know nothing about the experience of it. One cold, frosty morning a celebrated Cambridge don accompanied some young persons to the ice. On the way he talked to them with such science about skating that they all expected to be left far behind. To their surprise, however, his scientific skill was very small, but his falls were woful. "Doctor," said one, as he helped him up for the twentieth time, "how is this?" "Easily explained—easily explained," said the bruised professor. "I, you see, am up in theory, but down in practice." That is precisely the condition of a great many religionists,—they are up in the theory of religion, but sadly down in practice and experience.

The doctrine of experimental religion is as clearly taught in the Holy Scriptures as any other doctrine. Every one may know beyond a single doubt that he has passed from death unto life; that he is an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ; that his Redeemer liveth. This knowledge of Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour brings to the heart more solid comfort than all the knowledge that flows from mere theory. Less than this personal experience will not do. Forms and ceremonies are well enough in their appropriate places, but they will not answer as a substitute for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. By this personal and experimental test we may know that revealed religion is true. But away from this revealed consciousness of sins forgiven, and the designing skeptic would soon lead a multitude away. But by means of this inward assurance, this internal force, many a redeemed soul is able to withstand a whole regiment of unbelievers.

"Pshaw," says the formalist, "there is nothing of it all. I have been in the church for twenty years, and have no such experience. I have gone through with all the forms and ceremonies, and have no such testimony." Very likely, indeed. And you are not alone. There are many others just like you. Thousands of men and women have been known as Christians of religion of many years, and are not Christians at all,—never were anything but drones—eating the shells and throwing the kernels away. But what saith the Scripture? "Whoever believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." What witness? Why, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." And, "Being justified by faith, we have peace in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." Can all this take place in the soul, and we know nothing about it? Men are not sticks and stones, but living, rational beings. Now, as certainly as the Bible is the word of God, no man is, or can be, a Christian without this inward experience. He must be filled with all the fulness of God.

Christians who have this inward assurance must not be content, yet on all proper occasions they must be willing to bear testimony to the truth. This they should do, not only because it will strengthen their own hearts, but because it may be the means of leading others to seek for it. From curiosity, a skeptical lawyer entered a meeting to hear Christian relate their experiences. He commenced to take notes, and after some time his own mind became so impressed that he arose, and said, "My friends, I hold in my hands the testimony of no less than sixty persons, who have spoken here this morning, who all testify with one consent that there is a divine reality in their own hearts. Many of these persons I know. Their word would be received in any court of justice. Lie, they would not know; and mistaken they can not all be. I have hitherto been sceptical in relation to the semesters. I now tell you that I am fully convinced of the truth, and that I intend to lead a new life. Will you pray for me?" "Thomas Binney was an ardent young convert and longed to do something for his master. Hugh Latimer was a zealous Roman Catholic priest,

who preached against the Reformation. Binney went to him, and told him that he wished to confess. In the privacy of the confessional he told him the whole burning story of his conviction, conversion, and new-found happiness. The spirit helped, and Latimer's heart was touched and changed. From that hour Latimer gave his life to the cause he had before opposed, and sealed his testimony with his blood." Christian, stand up for Jesus. Tell what he has done for your soul. Fear not.—*Telescope.*

JERUSALEM IN "THE SEASON."

Mr. Thomas Cook has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Times*, dated "Jerusalem, March 20." He says:—

On landing at Jaffa a modern feature of interest is presented in the group of new white houses in "the colony," where an abortive attempt was made by a party of American settlers to cultivate the land ceded to them for the purpose by the Sultan. Their "diggins" were comparatively unproductive, the moral character of the "institution" degenerated, and the scheme was abandoned by "Brother Jonathan," to be resumed by a party of German settlers, who are now carrying on successful operations in the orange groves and on the plains of Sharon; and to their indomitable energy and persevering industry the present aspect of the country is to be attributed. Both Hebrews and proselytes have had concessions made to them on these famous historical plains, and much money has been spent in establishing a model Jewish farm; but both the orthodox and the heterodox children of Abraham prefer commerce and money-scrambling to ploughing, digging, and sowing, and Germans and other Europeans are fast supplanting them in the land of their fathers.

Before arriving at Jerusalem, taking a circumlocutory tour through the wilderness of Judea, by Solomon's Pool, Hebron, Bethlehem, Mar Saba, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Jericho, and Bethany, I was struck with amazement by the herbarial and floral clothing of the mountains and the dense foliage of the valleys, where in previous years scarcely a blade of green or a tiny flower could be seen. Our encampment in the valley of the Kedron, near Mar Saba, where last year all was sterility and barrenness, was this year amid the fragrant perfume of a carpet of innumerable hues. In many places the crops of wheat and barley are most luxuriant, and I never saw Solomon's Pool so abundantly supplied with clear water. On arrival at Jerusalem I learn from those who take and register these observations, that although the actual rainfall had not been more than 17 inches prior to Monday last, yet the rains had come so comparatively gently and covered so unusual a length of time—from October to the end of February—that the beneficial results of 17 inches are more than equal to 24 inches in stormy seasons. All now desired is a continuation of the "latter rains" for a few days to the end of the month, and the promise of the spring will be more than fully realized in an abundant harvest—a great desideratum for the suffering poor of the city and surrounding villages.

But this season has brought to light old features of unparalleled interest. Lieutenant Warren had worked his way through much ground, to a partial view of those immense substructures of the Temple area that are now freely shown to visitors. Thanks again to a noble pioneer, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, less than a month since the Pasha of Jerusalem had a door opened from the legendary cradle-room of the Messiah to a vast succession of pillared and vaulted avenues which all the marks of the builders of the first temple, the beveled stones of the lofty pillars corresponding with the Scriptural representations of the construction of the buildings of Solomon's Temple. I did not count them, but there must be nearly twenty of these great avenues, and in each line of pillars there are over a dozen, all supporting the floor of the Temple area. My two score tourists all pronounced this the truest and grandest scene they had witnessed in Jerusalem, compared with which the legendary exhibitions above ground fall like masses of speculative debris.

The true light of the ancient city is underground, and the further these excavations proceed, the firmer will be the faith of Biblical students and explorers. Here is still a rich field for the Palestine Exploration Fund and the work of the committee. Germans both above and below ground, are increasing daily their strength and influence in and around the city, and the visit of the Grand Duke has contributed towards the consolidation of their strength. The new and greatly improved Mediterranean Hotel, close by the Jaffa gate, was chiefly occupied by the Grand Duke, the Duchess, relatives and suite, and that visit has been one of the liveliest events of the season. Two years ago the now truly popular Prince Imperial visited Jerusalem, and a present was made to Prussia of the old Church of the Knights of St. John, a part of which has been cleared and adapted to worship, which is now regularly conducted there, thus adding strength to the Protestant interest and to the German institutions of the city. Good Bishop Gobat still sustains his honourable position, and Christ Church on Mount Zion is still the united rallying point of British and German Protestants, the service being mutual and cordial.

May I close this unexpectedly long letter with another little story of personal delinquency which occurred in the precincts of this city? On the eve of Good Friday 1869, our camp of thirty odd tourists was robbed in the dead of night of money and articles of jewellery, watches, etc., to the amount of £650, £450 of which was in English and French gold, all paper being repudiated by the thieves. Through the activity and persistency of Consul Moore, the thieves were detected, and the first of them gave back all the articles and sixty napoleons. The second thief was captured some time following and his sheep, oxen, land, and a house at Bethlehem were made over to me. The cattle and horses realized about £200, and the house which is a new and strongly built one of two stories, on a terrace overlooking the shepherds' field, is moderately valued, at £100.

The property was made over to me on my petition to the Governor of Jerusalem, but there has been delay in selling it on account of the depression of trade and agriculture, and it is now in the market at the price of £100. I am anxious that it should be appropriated to educational uses, and if seventy-five ladies and gentlemen will send each a sovereign to 98 Fleet Street, I will give the thief credit for £100, and will make a transfer of this Bethlehem estate to the church, schools, and medical hospital of Mount Zion. I shall still, under excellent Turkish law, have a claim upon the thief for the balance of £150, which will not be cancelled by the three years' imprisonment of the two culprits.

I am pleased to close by saying that west of the Jordan there has not been a known robbery this season, and the health of the country is such as to render quarantine no longer necessary at any port from Alexandria to Constantinople.

Jerusalem, March 20.

ACTS THAT TELL.

If you wait for opportunities to do great things, you may never accomplish anything. The rain that falls upon the earth and makes the grass to grow and the flowers to bloom comes down in little drops. The great ocean is made up of drops of water; the ocean-beach that holds the great waters in their place is made of little sands. The grade of the great Pacific Railroad, over which millions of people will travel, was made, one little shovelful at a time.

Go forth then to labour, and by little deeds rather than heroic ones make your life sublime. Comfort the sorrowing, seek out the poor, and relieve their wants—reclaim the inebriate, dry up the orphan's tears, visit the afflicted, shed here a tear of sympathy, and there a tear of joy. Sing a song, offer a prayer, speak a word, cast a smile to cheer some desponding heart.

The Saviour will despise none of those little deeds. Even a cup of cold water given to one of earth's sorrowing children will not be forgotten.

Great will be your reward. In the day of reckoning, when the little and great deeds shall be weighed, when the improved and unimproved opportunities shall pass in review, then will Jesus say: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Come, then, enter with me into the joy of thy Lord, and heaven shall be yours forever. For inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Rev. J. L. Harris.*

TROUBLES.

Some good christians have a great deal of trouble in this world. The reason of it is that God is preparing them for very great happiness in heaven.

Last summer when in the city of Amsterdam, in Holland, I was very much interested in a visit we made to a place there famous for polishing diamonds. We saw the men as they were engaged in this work. When a diamond is first found, it has a rough outside, and looks just like a common pebble. The outside must be ground off and the diamond be polished before it is fit for use. It takes a long time to do this, and it is very hard work. The diamond has to be fixed very firmly in the end of a piece of hard wood or metal. Then it is held close to the surface of a large metal wheel which is kept going round. Fine diamond dust is put on this wheel, because nothing else is hard enough to polish the diamond. And this work is kept on for days, and weeks, and months, and sometimes for several years before it is finished. And if a diamond is intended to be used in the crown of a king, then longer time and greater pains are spent upon it, so as to make it look as brilliant and beautiful as can be.

Now Jesus calls his people his jewels. He intends them to shine like jewels in the crown he will wear in heaven. To fit them for this they must be polished like the diamond. God makes use of the troubles he sends on his people, to polish his jewels. And when they get to heaven, we shall see that it was indeed good for them that they were troubled.—*R. Newton, D. D., in Christian Weekly.*

THE WORKERS WE NEED.

What our churches need most is a class of unobtrusive toil-worms who work for Jesus from the sheer love they bear to him. Spasmodic piety—that heats up in revival seasons, and blazes for a few weeks like a bonfire—is common enough. It is as cheap, too, as the shavings grow weary of it. There is a type of godliness like that of Caleb, who "followed the Lord wholly," which every pastor rejoices in as a "perpetual feast."

Christians of that stamp are to be found in the prayer-meetings on rainy nights, and even when the spiritual atmosphere is as cold as the wintry storm without. They can swim "up stream" and against strong currents of worldliness. They do not make much noise during their meek, unobtrusive lives, but when they are gone how we miss them.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

A new spelling is proposed for the first word in the phrase "personal consecration to Christ." It should be *purse-and-all*. Those who scowl when the contribution-box comes around will please take notice.

A Protestant gentleman being triumphantly asked by a Roman Catholic, "Where was your church before Luther?" replied: "Did you wash your face this morning?" "Yes." "Well, then, where was your face before it was washed?"

A clergyman said the other day that modern young ladies were not the daughters of Shem and Ham, but the daughters of Hem and Sham.