

The Religious Intelligence.

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. 20.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1872.

Whole No. 956.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

ALBION HOUSE.

Miller & Edgecombe

Have great pleasure in intimating that a large portion of

NEW SPRING STOCK

Has been received per Steamships "Alexandria," "Caspian," and "Lady Darling."

A Beautiful Stock of
DRESS GOODS,
in all the leading styles.

MOURNING GOODS.

A rich stock in Fine Alpaca, Lustre Colours, Bartheles, Cape Cloths, Persian Cord, Metz Cloth, Figured Alpaca, &c.

COLORS TABLE COVERS.

Window Damasks and Moreens.

LLAMA CLOTHS.

A large stock of
BLACK DRESS SILKS,
to which they direct special attention.

Waterproof Mantles. Velvet and Sateen.

A large assortment of
LADIES' UNDER SKIRTS,
new styles.

Grey and White Cotton Tickings, Osnaburgs, Towellings, Table Linens, Printed Cottons, Cashmeres, &c. &c.

A large assortment of WHITE QUILTS, which will be sold at a bargain.

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An immense stock of Ladies', Misses', Boys' and Infants' Straw and Fancy Silk Hats. Flowers and Feathers in great variety.

A full line in
English, Scotch & Canadian Tweeds,
for Boys' and Gents' wear.

Collars, Gloves, Hosiery, Laces, Ribbons, Neck Ties, &c. &c.

LACE CURTAINS. WINDOW MUSLINS.

Parks' Cotton Warps.

The balance of stock to arrive per Steamers "Cambria" and "Olympia." Inspection solicited.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE.

Fredericton, May 3, 1872.

SEASONABLE GOODS!

THOMAS LOGAN

Is now showing a large Stock of the following Goods:

TABLE DAMASKS,

CLOTHS,

TABLE COVERS,

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DOYLEYS,

LINEN SHEETINGS,

PILLOW LINENS,

GREY AND WHITE SHEETINGS,

Pillow Cottons, Towelling,

OSNABURGS,

TICKINGS,

PATCH WORK,

QUILTS, TOILET COVERS,

GREY AND WHITE

Cottons,

SHIRT FRONTS AND SHIRTING LINENS.

STAMPED WORK,

SKEN AND BALL KNITTING COTTON.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, March 1, 1872.

The Intelligencer.

HIGH THINKING.

The apostle warns men not to think of themselves too highly, but to be soberly and soberly. And again he bids them, "Be not high-minded; but condescend to men of low estate." The difference between the value which a man sets upon himself, and that which his neighbours set upon him, is often very great. Men may under-rate themselves; and sometimes it is not till they are dead and gone that their neighbours find out their real worth. But there are, perhaps, more who are inclined to over-rate themselves; and there are many men, who, if they could buy themselves at their neighbour's price, and sell themselves again at their own, would make more profit than they can at any honest business.

Excessive self-confidence and self-esteem cause numerous evils. Many a man who, but for his vanity, might creditably fill his humble lot in life, through pride crowds himself forward into positions which neither his merits nor his abilities qualify him to occupy. He thinks too highly of his powers, and undertakes to do what he can never accomplish. He thinks too highly of his strength of character, and breaks down beneath some unexpected strain. He thinks too highly of the integrity of his principles, and under the pressure of temptation falls into grievous sins, which might have been avoided if he had realized his weakness and fled from the snares of the destroyer.

In thinking too highly of himself, a man is prone to think too meanly of his neighbours. As he goes up in the scale they go down. "I" is a large and straight letter; "u" a small and crooked one. The contempt of others, which is thus begotten, leads to injustice and wrong. Men's rights are disregarded, their feelings outraged, and their characters defamed, by persons who seem to suppose themselves above the reach of law or gospel, duty or principle.

Sometimes, in a church, a man thinking more highly of himself than he ought to think, imagines that he is able to manage and control the affairs and religious interests of hundreds of Christian people. For a time he succeeds. He coaxes the rich, flatters the strong, oppresses the weak, and despises the poor. By various arts, he carries his points. Good men sigh in secret places over the ruin which he directs, and over which he presides. Eventually the evil works its own cure. Men revolt from his tyranny, as from a hateful yoke. Churches break up. Congregations grow thin. Servants of Christ refuse to come under his impudent restrictions; and at last he finds himself alone. He has the ship, but the crew have left it. He is monarch of all he surveys, but his survey is extremely limited. He commands the craft and has steered it where the ebullient tide has left him stuck fast in the mud. Incalculable mischief is thus done to important interests. Many are stumbled, and fall by the way, and in the wreck which follows his stubbornness, freight and passengers are often lost.

Other men, thinking more highly of themselves than they ought, deem themselves the only fit persons to manage the interests and draw the salaries connected with some enterprise they call "the cause of God." They work hard to accomplish this end. They crowd themselves into positions where they are neither needed nor wanted, and which they cannot creditably fill. They pull wires, manage elections, secure votes, pack committees, control and shape events, and suppose in their blindness that by rigid adherence to sectarian traditions and party maxims, they shall be able to ride the wave, and direct the work of those whose hands and hearts and means are devoted to the work of Christ.

It is better to be lowly. A man who cannot get office without persuading his friends to nominate him is likely to be better off without office, while the office is very sure to be better off without him. He who blows his own trumpet may find that the wind is worth more than the music. No mill runs long on pumped water; and a reputation which depends on its owner's puffing and praising will hardly stand the shock of adversity nor the lapse of years. Tall men need no stilts to raise their heads above the crowd, and really great men need not proclaim their abilities nor boast of their powers. The Lord knows what every man is fit for, and he can find the place, and appoint the work best adapted to his needs. And he will do it, if we commit our ways to him, and are ready to yield our wills to his, and think soberly of ourselves, and content ourselves with his appointments.

Sometimes our lot may seem hard, but it is well to remember that those who deserve perdition, if saved from that, ought never to complain of anything else. We should remember, if Christians we serve a Master who "made himself of no reputation;" who by his own deliberate act severed himself from the loftiest honors of eternity—the glory he had with the Father before the world was—and became a man, a carpenter, a servant, a victim, a sacrifice for sin, hanging between two thieves upon a cross of infamy. What then have His followers to do with reputation? What have His servants to do with self-praise? What have His children to do with boasting of their works, even under the specious pretence of talking about the interests of the cause? Many a boasting and self-glorifying report of wonderful prosperity and success, leaves out and covers up the awful facts of pride, and envy, and strife, and sectarianism, and carnality, and uncharitableness, and vainglory, which the eye of God beholds beneath the outward show. And often when all this boasting and glorying is over, the best thing that could be reported might be that the people were sitting in sackcloth and ashes, and bewailing their pride, their worldliness, their boastings, and their sins.

God exalts the lowly, but brings down the proud. Before him disguises are vain, and cheats are useless. His eyes behold, his eyes lids try the sons of men. He knows us altogether. Past, present, and future are open to him. And he knows that our place is in the

dust. There and there only we are safe from falling and from shame. "Be not high-minded, but fear," is the voice of Inspiration to us. "Talk no more so exceedingly proudly," said the praying Hannah, "let not arrogance come out of your mouth: for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by His actions are weighed," 1 Sam. ii. 3. In His presence, here, as at the great white throne, let us abase our souls in dust, and "have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear," knowing that "though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly, but he knoweth the proud afar off."

FAMINE AND MISSIONS.

In the providence of God, Asiatic famines have in many instances afforded an opportunity to Christian missions of securing children for Christian culture, after seeking in vain in all other directions for an opportunity to educate them. Popular prejudice said, "the missionaries wish to kidnap the children; to boil them down into oil; to get their eyes for medicine; to make them up with opium; to use their hearts in divination; or in the case of girls, to send them off for wives in western countries." Particularly have such prejudices obtained respecting the girls of most heathen countries. But famine has strewn the highways with helpless infants, and homeless youth, who were at the pity of the wolves, and the property of any who chose to pick them up. Thus in India, our orphanages originated.

This, however, has perhaps not been the greatest avenue of moral power which Christianity has exerted over heathen peoples through famines. Almost immediately after the mutiny, a great famine swept over northern India, and Christian Europe poured out of its grain and of its gold to relieve the families of the very districts which more than any others gave inspiration to the terrible Sepoy Rebellion. The people of India were quite keen to appreciate that, as an exhibition of forbearance, of forgiveness, of magnanimity such as they were not wont to witness, and the missionary has ever since found himself able to illustrate the principles of the faith he promulgates, by recalling the relief afforded to those who had been so recently foes, in the hour of their direst necessity. It points the moral precepts of Christianity in a way that commands admiring assent.

Then, as a matter of fact, there has been no phase of foreign mission work that has commanded such enthusiastic support from our people as this orphan department; and none which has proven so effective to the cause of the whole scope of propagandism. The Christian family, the school, the native church, and its pastorate, are all keener in these institutions.

The question then naturally arises whether in its distinctive missionary, as well as its general humanitarian aspects, the famine that is now almost destroying the "ancient kingdom of Cyrus," the grand historic Persia, has received the consideration that it deserves, in this country. It is remote, to be sure, so far as one can speak of remoteness in these days, but that seems scarcely sufficient to account for our inaction. It is, perhaps, more because of our inability to realize in this well-watered land, the granary of the world, what is meant by famine.

I have lying by me a photograph of a crowd gathered in 1866, at one of the temporary feeding-sheds erected in Calcutta, to afford some relief to famine subjects. I know of nothing with which to compare this picture, except some of the photographs of starved men found in Andersonville prison. If one can look at those pictures, and imagine two millions of people perishing after that fashion, and add to it the millions more who barely survive, like the twenty thousand starving people who stalked into Calcutta alone in one month; he may catch some glimpse of the outer edges of the famine that swept over the Province of Orissa during two months of 1866; or of a like calamity which devastated Marwar, when, according to last year's official return to Government, a million and a quarter perished in that little State.

The details of such a terrible visitation are beyond human sketching. Food becomes scarce and costly. The poor have no longer money with which to procure it. Brass and iron pots are sold, earthen ones are being retained; doors and window frames are removed and sold for food, which is doled out in monthly rations to the household. The play of children ceases at the hearth, the noise of joy is hushed in the village. Everything is sold for grain; the bark of trees, pieces of old leather, fruits, roots, are all consumed. Now fathers barter their children, and wives abandon their husbands for bread; the village is deserted, and the roads lined with men and children flying for relief. Skeleton dogs gnaw the skin from skeleton men ere they are dead, in full sight of crowds too stolid, too indifferent, too weak, or too near dead themselves to do ought to interfere with the carnival. "Famished, demoralized, maddened, men cast cannibal looks, and full foul of each other." Pestilence follows in the train, and the stench from acres on acres of unburied bodies, attracts the vulture and the jackal. All animated life soon shares the calamity; the cattle are dead or dying; the very fishes perish in the beds of the shrunken rivers, and the official report of the famine in Marwar, made to the British Government, now lying before me says, not only the dogs, and the jackal, but the very field-rats died of starvation.

Agriculture, the arts, trade, manufactures—all avocations are abandoned. Labor is paralyzed. Seed for future crops unobtainable, and the few survivors are without ambition, as they are without solace. In their general misery they will never be anything but poverty-stricken toilers, and the inheritance of their children must be one remove from their own desolation.

It is fruitful to hear the yet more graphic picture of our missionaries sometimes depicting of isolated instances of poor wretches sitting on their skeleton haunches, crouching

blue marl, which, with both hands they are barely able to hold to their wasted jaws; of carts crowded with skeleton children crawling over their fellows dead in the same vehicle; of the brute force which was necessary, in making a tolerably equal distribution of a few grains of food to infuriated masses of men, women, and children, and of much beside from which the very steel of one's pen shrinks. O, might be done for Persia in this the hour of desolation. She has been bitter against our Christian faith. She expelled Pfander, one of the ablest missionaries of history from her territory. She has given inspiration to all efforts to destroy Christianity in Asia, but just because of all this have we the greater opportunity to exhibit Christian magnanimity and charity. We ought to arm our missionaries with this additional manifestation of our Christian sympathies. In all conflicts, present or future, with the forces of the green banner, Musselman prejudice and bigotry ought to be stormed by the recollection of the heart-care of American, as well as British Christianity. Shall we, can we help Persia?—*Zion's Herald.*

THE RHINE OF THE BORDER-LAND.

Rev. W. H. Bidwell, writing in the N. Y. Observer, has many good words to say of our noble St. John River. We publish his article as furnishing an interesting account of the impressions of an American's first trip up the St. John:

We confess admiration of noble rivers and Alpine mountains. The latter are the huge backbones and ribs of the world. The fertile valleys and luxuriant plains. They are the magnificent handiwork of God. They are the adornments of the world. Eden had four rivers. Palestine has three. There was not room enough for more. They are Bible emblems—fitting illustrations of the rivers of grace and salvation which flow down from the mountains of God's benevolence and love to bless and save our race. We have admired mountains and rivers in many lands. Snowy Hermon, Alpine ranges and the lofty Pyrenees fascinate our eyes. We have sailed on the Nile, on the Tagus, on the historic Rhine and the magnificent Danube. But the tide of our admiration rose higher when we sailed up the romantic waters of the noble St. John of the borderland. It was the first time. The air was balmy—full of oxygen and sparkling with electricity. A bright morning sun looked down from the blue heavens. The skies were cloudless. Old Sol was riding high in his celestial chariot. Our swift steamer, the *Roths*, ran up in a few hours from the city of St. John to Fredericton—the beautifully situated capital of the province—presenting to our admiring eyes a charming panorama of rural scenes—fine farms, luxuriant fields and meadows, and romantic shores and hills—some ninety miles in extent. It is the gem of the province.

The St. John is the grand artery of numerous tributary rivers and streams and pretty lakes and ponds, in which the great family of the salmon races have their home for the wants of travelling humanity. Along a distance of five hundred miles, the St. John receives the tributary wealth of waters into its capacious bosom, on which it carries down vast treasures of a culture and commerce, pouring them into the lap of its city companion. With no wish or intention of infringing the rights of other rivers, we are constrained to call the St. John the "Rhine of the Borderland." It may seem to lack the vine-clad hills, the feudal castles and the historic fame of that old, renowned river; but it does not. Its discoverer, in 1604, "found abundant grapes growing upon its banks;" and they grow there still. The old feudal castles are the numerous farm-houses and barns filled with plenty for man and beast. The historic fame is made up of battle-grounds of the olden time, fought by English and French veterans. A cannon ball fired at the battle on the banks of the St. John, 172 years ago, by the New England forces under Col. Church of Boston, of King Philip fame, was presented to us as a relic. If wine he wanting on the banks of the St. John, there are fountains of pure milk (so rare in New York), stores of butter and cheese and animal food, and such abundant salmon as the old historic Rhine never dreamed of. And, besides, it is near at hand, without the discomforts of an ocean voyage. A palace car can take excursion parties or families, over a fine road, in a few hours from New York or Boston, or from the romantic river scenes. Now that the great railway connection is completed to St. John, a large exodus of Yankees next summer is expected to swarm all over the maritime provinces. They will find courteous attentions and smiling faces of railroad officials, and cordial greetings everywhere.

And now a more particular panoramic view of this remarkable river, unsurpassed in some respects by any we have seen. Near the romantic mouth and colossal gateway of its rushing and roaring waters, the pride of the province, is the guardian angel of the stream. Like a loving couple, they are mutually dependent, and in no danger of a divorce. Beginning their historic career the same day, under the name of the sainted exile of Patmos, they sail down the stream of time, with increasing prosperity.

The advent of the St. John is unique and imposing. At its grand gateway, 640 feet broad, it presents to the eye of the beholder four roaring, rushing extractions each day—two outward and two inward. A magnificent and costly wire suspension bridge spans the tremendous chasm. It is a commanding standpoint for the spectator of the scene. The waters of the St. John come down in their power and might and rush through the gateway, as if advancing to the conflict with an enemy outside. It is the first attack in the grand battle of waters. Then the whole Bay of Fundy rises up in its majesty and might; backed by its ally, the Atlantic Ocean, to repel the attack, and combines all its tidal forces to drive

back the St. John through its gateway from whence it came. And thus the bloodless battle goes on unceasingly, from age to age. Who but God could thus pour in and pour out such a tidal force of waters! We pity the man who can stand and gaze at such a scene unimpressed with the grandeur of creative power! This whole region is the grand family gathering-place of tidal magnificence.

Come, then, all ye admirers of Niagara, next summer, and replenish your humanity amid these attractive scenes! And now step on board the steamer, near at hand above the gate, and let us sail up the St. John. In the first three miles we pass lofty mountain cliffs, like a narrow vestibule, which opens into "Grand Bay," seven miles long and five broad; and then we curve into "Long Reach," twenty miles in length and the river two miles broad. At the head of Long Reach is Belle Isle Bay, a deep inlet or lake, ten miles in length. Above this are broad intervals and rich islands. Next, see on your right a narrow lake thirty miles in length. A few miles further up you see the Jemseg, a deep channel which leads four miles into Grand Lake, which is thirty miles long and six in width, with many tributaries, of which Salmon River, fifty miles long, is the chief. All the way up you see from the deck of the steamer many fine farms, villages, country seats, tributary streams, and fertile fields, till you reach Fredericton, eighty-five miles from St. John. We visited the lumber works of Mr. Gibson, opposite Fredericton, on the rapid and beautiful river Nashwaak, where, he informed us, he makes 60,000,000 feet of lumber in a year, for the Boston and New York markets. We saw, so to speak, who was here awhile before his death, and was treated with deep reverence, and was surprised to learn that his "Notes" had been long used among the lumbermen of this region. We have only room in this brief sketch to allude to the "Grand Falls" up to which the steamers go, two hundred miles from St. John. The whole scenery about the Falls is truly magnificent. Two perpendicular falls of 60 feet each, or 120 feet from the basin above to the basin below. The rocky gorge is half a mile in length below the Falls, and 250 in breadth, and 240 feet deep; and is so impressive that the Indian tribes believe it the home of the Great Spirit, and for ages chose this spot as their sacred camping grounds. Expectation is on tip-toe to see a grand incursion of Yankees, and other travellers, next year, now that the great railroad chain is completed. And, so far as we are informed, the whole salmon family, or so many of them as may be needed, are ready to be caught and presented to the hungry visitors at the appointed time, in the sunshine of next June.

LITTLE SINS.

A merchant of San Francisco, during the infant days of the State of California, having escaped disastrous fires, grew rich and prosperous. He built a fine warehouse, partly upon solid rock, and partly upon piles, as it was convenient to have a portion of his establishment extend over the water of the harbour.

One night, a messenger came to him with the intelligence that the whole concern had fallen to the ground, and that bales and boxes of merchandise were thrown into the water. What was the cause? A worm, a mere mite when young, but nearly as large as one's finger when grown, and growing most rapidly, and multiplying in almost incredible numbers, had entered the piles. They had completely honeycombed the interior, rendering them incapable of sustaining any weight.

Is not this like the sins? Does not one beget another, and then another, multiplying to an alarming extent? A child does not become utterly faithless to his parents all at once. One small act of disobedience at first has led many, step by step in the course of crime, even unto the State's prison.

Another begins to deceive in little things. He does not become a notorious liar all at once, but commences by withholding the truth; then prevaricates; then utters small falsehoods; then larger ones, till his moral sense becomes sadly corrupt, if not entirely destroyed.

And thus, like the mite in the timber, these little sins eat into the very life of the soul, destroying its soundness, its health, and making it a mass of uncleanness, "whose end is to be burned." Beware, then, of little sins.

The above accident is also capable of illustrating another important truth. The merchant built his house partly upon rock, and partly upon piles, and stored his precious merchandise upon this seemingly secure foundation. But behold the disastrous result! So some souls build their hopes of future happiness, partly upon their own supposed good works; but as these can not possibly be pure and perfect, they fail in the day of trial, and cause a loss irreparable and never-ending to those who have so foolishly trusted them.

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

"But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon."—*Ec.*

ADVANTAGES OF PLAIN ATTIRE.

1. It would lessen the burdens of many who find it hard to maintain their places in society.
2. It would lessen the force of the temptations which often lead men to barter honour and honesty for display.
3. If there was less strife in dress at church, people in moderate circumstances would be more inclined to attend.
4. Universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship by the removal of many wandering thoughts.
5. It would enable all classes of people to attend church better in unfavourable weather.
6. It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptation to vanity.
7. It would lessen on the part of the poor, the temptation to be envious and malicious.
8. It would save valuable time on the Sabbath.
9. It would relieve our minds from a serious pressure, and thus enable us to do more for good enterprises.

VALUE OF TRACTS.

A missionary, journeying from Rangoon to Prome in 1870, makes these interesting records of the springing up of the good seed after it had long lain buried.

One old blind man, who was baptized years ago by Rev. Dr. Kincaid, learning of our arrival, walked with his wife and others three miles to visit us. We enjoyed with them a delightful season of Christian converse and prayer. He told us the story of his conversion. A tract given to him by some one belonging to the suite of Major Burney, political agent in 1835, was the means of light to his soul. On the reading of that tract, with no other human teacher, having never yet seen a missionary, he became convinced of the folly of idolatry, and abandoned it; although he was not baptized till years afterwards.

Known to this old man were several others like-minded with himself, who called themselves his disciples. Of these, two visited us, one of whom, after spending the whole day told us of another still, whom they regarded as a teacher. We requested to see him, and our visitor promised to inform him, on his way home, of our arrival, and where we might be found.

Not more than an hour after he left, a man appeared at the house, about thirty five years of age, who we at once knew, from his own account, must be the man referred to by our visitor. He gave us a cordial greeting as fellow-disciples of Jesus Christ.

Of the manner of his conversion, he said that he saw a boy passing in the street with a book in his hand. He asked to see it, then begged for it. At first the boy refused, but was finally persuaded to let him have it. It proved to be a bound volume of our tracts. He read it with the deepest interest. "That book," said he, "gave me all the knowledge I have of Christianity." From his conversation and his whole bearing, we doubted not the sincerity of his conversion, although he has not yet been baptized. We had great happiness in giving him a copy of the New Testament.

THE BIBLE GROWS WITH ONE.

Spurgeon says: If you come to the Holy Scripture with growth in grace and with aspirations for yet higher attainments, the book grows with you. It is ever beyond you, and cheerily cries, "Higher yet; Excelsior!" Many books in my library are now behind and beneath me; I read them years ago with considerable pleasure; I have read them since with disappointment; I shall never read them again, for they are of no service to me. They were good in their way once, and so were the clothes I wore when I was ten years old; but I have outgrown them—I know more than these books know, and I know more than these books teach. Nobody ever outgrows Scripture; the book widens and deepens with our years. It is true, it can not really grow, for it is perfect; but it does so to our apprehension. The deeper you dig into Scripture, the more you find that it is a great abyss of truth. The beginner learns four or five points of orthodox, and says, "I understand the Gospel, I have grasped all of the Bible." Wait a bit, and when his soul grows, and knows more of Christ, he will confess, "My commandment is exceedingly broad—I have only begun to understand it."—*Morning Star.*

A MINISTERIAL IMPROPRIETY.

A pastorate terminates. It may be best. And it might last longer if the people thought so. But when there is a demand for a change right or wrong, generally there is no alternative in the matter. The pastor settles in another place. Some of his former charge still hold on to him, yielding a feeble or reluctant support to their own meeting and the new pastor. He (the new one) feels it keenly, especially when he finds that his predecessor favors their disaffection, corresponding with them, visiting back and forth, and he, perhaps, receiving their presents. Oh, it is painful. A pastor needs the united confidence and support of all. He is entitled to it, if he is a faithful minister of Christ.

Why should a former pastor foster this un-union? Why cause his successor in office, pain? Why do that which will distract and injure the interests of the precious cause of Christ in the place? "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say."

A JAPANESE BED.

As I was about to pass my first night in a Japanese house, I watched anxiously the preparations for sleeping. These were very simple enough; a mattress in the form of a very thick quilt, about seven feet long by four wide, was spread on the floor; and over it was laid an ample robe, very long, and heavily padded, and provided with large sleeves. Having put on this night dress, the sleeper covers himself with another quilt, and sleeps, i. e., if he has had some years "practice" in the use of this bed.

But the most remarkable feature about a Japanese bed is the pillow. This is a wooden box about four inches high, eight inches long, and two inches wide at the top. It has a cushion of folded papers on the upper side to rest the neck on, for the elaborate manner of dressing the hair does not permit the Japanese, especially the women, to press the head on the pillow. Every morning the uppermost paper is taken off from the cushion, exposing a clean surface without the expense of washing a pillow-case.

I passed a greater part of the night in learning how to poise my head in this novel manner; and when I finally closed my eyes, it was to dream that I was being slowly beheaded, and to awake at the crisis to find the pillow wrong side up, and my neck resting on the sharp lower edge of the box.—*Pampelly's Travels.*

ANOTHER GREAT BAPTIST TABERNACLE has been built in the east of London for Rev. A. G. Brown, formerly a student in Mr. Spurgeon's college. It will hold 3,000 people, and has been erected in Burdett street, Row, at a cost of £12,000 sterling.