

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. 17.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1872.

Whole No. 953.

SEASONABLE GOODS!

THOMAS LOGAN

Is now showing a large Stock of the following Goods:

TABLE DAMASKS,

CLOTHS,

TABLE COVERS,

NAPKINS

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,

SKIN AND BALL KNITTING COTTON.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Frederickton, March 1, 1872.

ALBION HOUSE.

IMMENSE REDUCTIONS!

THE Subscribers, in tendering their sincere thanks to their friends and the public for their past favors, now beg to inform them that they intend running a

Cheap Sale,

to continue until the 1st March, of Seasonable first-class

DRY GOODS,

In order to make room for a large SPRING IMPORTATION just ordered from England. The Stock has been thoroughly overhauled and reduced to such prices as can not fail to effect a speedy clearance. Attention is directed to the following

SPECIAL LOTS:

140 pieces Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, from 5 to 12 cents per yard less than former prices;
60 pieces Tweeds and Winceys, at cost;
25 pieces Grey and Brown Alpaccas, at 12, 15 and 18 cents, former prices 18, 22 and 25 cents;
6 pair White Blankets, at \$2.50, former price \$3.00;
12 pieces Fancy Flannel Shirtings, at 20 and 24 cents, former prices 30 and 35 cents;
2500 yards Light Prints, at less than cost;
Waterproof Cloth and Velveteen Jackets, much below the regular prices.

WOOL GOODS,

In Clouds, Breakfast Shawls, Hoods, Scarfs, Ties, &c., &c., at cost prices.

A NICE LOT OF

LADIES' UNDER SKIRTS,

at cost prices.

GREY AND WHITE SHEETINGS,

GREY AND WHITE COTTONS,

A Large Stock which will be sold at less than Wholesale prices.

Your inspection is solicited, as the reductions are bonafide.

PARKS COTTON WARPS,

In all colors, Nos. 78 and 9.

MILNE & EDGECOMBE,

Successors to the late JOHN THOMAS.

Frederickton, Jan. 20, 1872.

The Intelligencer.

GREENLAND'S ICE MOUNTAINS.

BY THE REV. DR. J. P. SEWMAN.

THE GREENLANDERS.

The entire population of North and South Greenland is estimated, in round numbers, to be about 10,000 souls, and of these 250 are Danes. The natives are called Esquimaux, derived by some from the Algonquin word Eskimautick, which signifies "eaters of raw fish." Although authorities differ as to their race, yet all whom I saw had the unmistakable cranio-logical and facial characteristics of the Mongolian—the pyramidal head, the almond eye, the tawny complexion, and the sparse beard. The men are well proportioned, broad-shouldered, and their average height is five feet. As they gain a living by hunting and fishing, they are swift in the chase, strong to encounter the bear and the walrus, and they launch the spear with great precision. The kayak, their favorite boat, is ten feet long, two feet broad in the centre, and one foot deep, and in form is not unlike a weaver's shuttle. The bottom is rounded, and has no keel. The frame is of whalebone, kept stretched by little beams, is covered with seal or walrus skin, and is water-tight. In the centre is a circular hole of sufficient size to admit one body, and the boat is so light that it can be carried on the arm or head with ease. The Esquimaux are so accustomed to these fragile boats, that for pasture they perform some daring feats. I saw one of them turn over sideways into the water, and remain with his head down and the bottom of his boat up during nine seconds, and then by a stroke of his paddle he came up, spouting like a whale.

The Esquimaux women are peculiar for the softness and smallness of their hands and feet. In person, they are short and slender, and some of the girls are quite handsome. Their grotesque costumes of seal-skin and of other furs do not impart elegance to their appearance; yet the neatness of their habits and the modesty of their demeanor are not unworthy a higher civilization.

From Cape Farewell to Upernivik there are thirteen Esquimaux villages, the number of inhabitants ranging from 100 to 1000 souls each. These towns are along the coast, and are laid out without regard to regularity. The homes of the poor are low structures of stone, cemented by turf instead of mortar, not more than eight feet high, and covered with a flat roof of turf. The entrance is a long, low, narrow passage, through which we were compelled to pass on all fours. The window is of seal-skin, dried, which is white and transparent. Within are benches used as seats during the day and as couches during the night—the bedding being composed of reindeer-skins. The homes of the Danes and of the better class of natives are larger, more comfortably arranged, and not unlike a small American farm-house. As a whole, the Esquimaux are industrious and moral. They hold to the monogamic and not the polygamic form of marriage. The best hunter is the favorite of all the maidens, and he experiences no difficulty in winning the hand and heart of the prettiest damsel of the Greenland village. It was my happiness to visit many families in which parental affection and filial love were displayed, and in which comfort waited on simple competence. The paternal rather than the municipal is the form of government under which these people live. When disputes arise between families, and cannot be settled by the parties themselves, the case is brought before the Danish governor, who acts in the capacity of a justice of the peace, and as a court of final appeal the case is laid before the Inspector-General, whose decision is final.

THE CHURCHES.

The amount of capital invested by the government of Denmark in all Greenland, in vessels, stores, and official residences, is something more than \$1,000,000, and the annual revenue is about \$30,000. The natives hunt and fish, and are allowed a percentage on all they bring to the government storehouse, which is paid them in money or in articles of food and raiment. In addition thereto, the Danish Government pays the salaries of the officials, builds churches and school-houses for the people, and also supports the teachers and pastors. Nearly one-half of the entire population are recognized members of the Lutheran Church. There are but few Moravian missionaries in Greenland, their principal missions being in Labrador. At Jacobshavn and at Godthaab, the Lutherans have seminaries for the education of young men for the ministry. They have two classes of religious teachers; ordained pastors and catechists. The latter receive from \$50 to \$300 per annum; young ministers receive \$800, and those of riper years, \$1400 a year. In Disco, the catechist receives \$1000 per year and some perquisites. He is required to record births as they occur, baptize the children at an early age, prepare them for confirmation at the age of fourteen, to teach school during the week, and preach on Sunday. He is allowed a fee for each baptism, burial, and so much for each child in the day-school. The present catechist was born in Greenland. His father was a Dane and his mother an Esquimaux. Following the example of his father, he married a native, and is the father of several children. He is well educated and is held in high esteem.

On our first Sabbath in Disco, Captain Davenport and myself went on shore to attend divine service in the Esquimaux church. The edifice stands on a hill, and will accommodate 100 persons. It is a neat structure with a bell-fry, in which is a small bell to call the Greenlanders to worship. The door of the main entrance is kept white as the driven snow, the symbol of the purity of the place. Within is a broad central aisle, flanked with wooden benches without backs. The altar-rail is a semicircle, three feet high, surrounded with a kneeling-cushion covered with red cloth. Inside the altar and on a high table was a marble statuette of Christ, with benignant face, and hands outspread over a pewter goblet for the sacramental wine. In the corner to the left

was a washstand, and on it a white bowl and pitcher for baptismal purposes. In the opposite corner was the sugar-box-like pulpit, painted blue, just large enough for one man, and high enough to hide the person of the preacher or except his head. As in the earlier days of Methodism, the men and women sat apart. As in America, so in Greenland; there were more women present than men, and fewer men than boys. The services consisted of singing, prayer, and sermon. The catechist appeared the most solemn-looking man out of the grave; there was a cringing dread depicted on his countenance, when he raised his eyes to God in prayer, which was repulsive; it lacked the joyous glow of a happy soul. His sermons were from Luke 19: 30—"He beheld the city and wept over it." A Dane who was present, who understood the Esquimaux and could speak English, assured me that it was a very good sermon; yet I sought in vain for an answer to the question: "What do these Esquimaux Lutherans know about experimental religion?"

A SERMON ON SHIPBOARD.

On that same Sabbath, religious services were held on board of the Congress. It was an impressive occasion. I had preached in London, in Cairo, in Jerusalem, and now in Greenland. In that congregation, there were Caucasians, Mongolians, and Africans. There was Captain Davenport, the official representative of our Government; the Inspector-General of North Greenland and his wife; near him Captain Hall and the heroic crew of the Polar; beyond them were 100 Esquimaux men and women, attired in their picturesque costumes of furs; while as a background to that living picture were 200 of the crew of the Congress, representing nearly every European nation. To cover the temporary pulpit, Captain Hall brought the identical American flag which had been carried further north than any other national banner; the same which had been carried by the gallant DeLafayette, the indomitable Kane, and the scholarly Hayes, on their several Arctic expeditions; the same which Hall himself now has at his masthead. That old flag seemed doubly dear to all our hearts. At the appointed time, that congregation of many nations rose and sang.

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
And then was preached a sermon on the power of personal religion.

HAPPY OLD AGE.

Nothing so smooths out wrinkles from the brow as a sound Christian experience. When the heart is full of peace, the face is apt to be full of smiles. The countenance, as a faithful index of the soul, cannot do otherwise than manifest the joy which reigns within. The best way to make a good face is to cultivate a good heart. It is one of the compensations for the decay of nature, that age can derive a serenity and lustre from the radiant spirit of piety, which renders it so attractive as to forbid all thought of diminished power and every feeling of repulsion. "Everything is beautiful in its time. If the glory of young men is their strength, the beauty of old men is the gray head." The gray head is a crown of glory when it is found in the way of righteousness. All things young and tender draw by their sweetness and promise; innocence is associated with them, and there is a charm in original freshness for the hardest nature; hence, all men delight in young children and young animals; but equally, age which is ripened by large and healthful experiences, mellowed by happy and generous views of God and humanity, is an object of universal recognition and pleasure. The happy old man is never envied or hated, but always congratulated and loved. Having passed the rivalries and strifes of life, he usually receives the full measure of consideration which is his due.

We say the happy aged man is never envied; yet truly, if any man's state is to be coveted, it is his. "Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof." A journey safely ended, a work well finished, a battle fought and the victory won; surely to end a life with a good conscience, to arrive at advanced years with a character unimpaired, a faith undimmed, and a spirit unbroken—this is a consummation of all others most to be desired. We look at a child, and while we are drawn toward its simplicity and are impressed with its promise, yet a cold shudder creeps over us as we think of the possibilities which the little nature compresses within it. What an uncertain path it must tread! To how many dangers it must be exposed! So that, in the presence of the joy inspired by childhood, there obtrudes the terrible misgiving as to its future and ultimate safety. But no such doubts come when we look into the calm eyes of the veteran Christian, whose habits of goodness have become so fixed as to make his final salvation almost if not wholly a moral certainty. We would think it a great privilege to be about us. These aged saints of God, who, if they have not already been there, are quite as sure to be as if their feet had already touched the pavements of gold, and the crowns of glory had already pressed their victorious brows. One of God's best gifts to his Church is that he allows such to linger among his people in every community, whose names are household words, synonyms of piety, and whose presence is a holy fragrance in the congregation and in the home.

If there is a peculiar satisfaction in contemplating age purified and gladdened by piety, there is an equally intense pain in looking at an old person who is destitute of the comforts of religion. It is a sad sight to see an aged man, whose days are few, insensible to its claims, a sad sight; but to see him not only insensible, but wicked and frivolous, is both painful and pitiable. There is something so far removed from good sense, as well as good religion, for a person under the weight of years to attempt to cheat himself and everybody else by assuming, in the very shadow of the grave, a light and trifling manner, that one

scarcely knows how to restrain contempt. Respect for gray hairs and a sorrow which overbalances all other bad feelings alone check and hold it back. How such hate to grow old! to what tricks do they resort to stave off the approach of decay! They try to light a fire on the outside which should be lighted within. Their experience is, in many things, very pleasant, but it is not the experience which worketh hope, the Christian hope. The flowers of the heart lie withered in a dead past, which can never return: no buds of promise, looking out toward the sunlight of the sky, swell in their souls. The past is gone, and there is no future of immortal life to beckon the heart away. The eye catches no lustre from the radiance of heaven, the brightness of the adorable Lamb, and now is dimmed both from infirmity and despondency. While the aged believer is like the mariner who, as he nears the end of his voyage to the Spice Islands, is already regaled with the sweet odors of the clime he seeks, the aged irreligious man is as one sailing toward the frozen seas, with whom the chilly breath is felt long before the seas are reached. The cheerlessness of an old man whose heart knows nothing of the warmth of divine love and Christian faith is indescribable. Nothing shows so great a stress of God's mercy and is a greater proof of the power of the gospel than that even such coldness and gloom can be dispelled by the Spirit of God. Through the hard crust of inveterate habits of impiety, grace can and does often penetrate. The aged sinner need not despair, for even his wilful heart may revive with all the freshness of a spiritual joy, which is the foretaste and pledge of eternal bliss.—Methodist.

THE STORY OF A VOLCANO.

Volcanoes can never be trusted. No one knows when one will break out, or what it will do; and those who live close to them—as the city of Naples is close to Mount Vesuvius—must not be astonished if they are blown up, or swallowed up, as that great and beautiful city of Naples may be, without a warning, any day.

For what happened to that same Mount Vesuvius nearly eighteen hundred years ago, in the old Roman times? For ages and ages it had been lying quiet, like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot, filled with people who were as handsome, and as comfortable, and (I am afraid) as wicked, as people ever were on earth. Fair gardens, vineyards, olive-yards, covered the mountain slopes. It was held to be one of the Paradises of the world. As for the mountain being a burning mountain, who ever thought of that? To be sure, on the top of it was a great round crater, or cup, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines, full of bears and deer. What sign of fire was there in that? To be sure, also, there was an ugly place below by the sea-shore, called the Phlegræan fields, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground, and a lake Avernus, over which poisonous gases hung, and which (old stories told) was one of the mouths of the Nether Pit. But what of that? It had never harmed any one, and how could it harm them?

So they lived on merrily and happily enough, till in the year A. D. 79 (that was eighty years, you know, after the Emperor Titus destroyed Jerusalem), there was stationed in the Bay of Naples, a Roman Admiral, called Pliny, who was also a very studious and learned man, and author of a famous old book on natural history. He was staying on board with his sister; and as he sat in his study, he called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Vesuvius. It was in shape just like a pine tree; not, of course, like one of our branching Scotch firs here, but like an Italian stone pine, with a long straight stem, and a flat, parasol-shaped top. Sometimes it was blackish, sometimes spotted; and the good Admiral Pliny, ordered his sister and sister-in-law to go and see what it could be. The earthquake shocks had been very common for the last few days; but I do not suppose that Pliny had any notion that the earthquakes and the cloud were hanging over the top of Vesuvius. However, he soon found out that they had, and to his cost. When he got near the opposite shore some of the sailors met him and entreated him to turn back. Cinders and pumice-stones were falling down from the sky, and flames were breaking out of the mountain above. But Pliny would go on; he said that if the people were in danger, it was his duty to help them; and that he must see the strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed. But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly, and left them nearly dry, and Pliny turned away to a place called Stabiae, to the house of his friend Pomponianus, who was just going to escape in a boat. Brave Pliny told him not to be afraid, ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and then went to dinner with a cheerful face. Flames came down from the mountain, nearer and nearer as the night drew on; but Pliny persuaded his friends that they were only fire in some villages from which the peasants had fled, and then went to bed and slept soundly. However, in the middle of the night they found the courtyard being fast filled with cinders, and, if they had not woken up the Admiral in time, he would never have been able to get out of the house. The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall; and Pliny and his friends, and the sailors and the slaves, all fled into the open fields, amid showers of stones and cinders, tying pillows over their heads to prevent their being beaten down.

The day had come, by this time, but not the dawn for it was still pitch dark as night. They went down to their boats on the shore, but the sea raged so horribly, that there was no getting on board of them. Then Pliny grew tired, and made his men spread a sail for him, and he lay down on it. But there came down on them a rush of flames, and a horrible smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives. Some of the slaves tried to help the Admiral upon his legs, but he sank down again, over-

powered with the brimstone fumes, and so was left behind. When they came back again, there he lay dead; but with his clothes in order, and his face as quiet as if he had been only sleeping. And that was the end of a brave and learned man, a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

But what was going on in the meantime? Under the cloud of ashes, cinders, mud and lava, three of those happy cities were buried at once. Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiae. They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the furniture and the earthenware, even often jewels and gold, behind, and here and there among them, a human being who had not had time to escape from the dreadful deluge of dust. The ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii have been dug into since, and the paintings, especially in the city of Pompeii, are found upon the walls still fresh, preserved from the air by the ashes which had covered them in. When you are older, you, perhaps, will go to Naples, and see in its famous museum the curiosities which have been dug out of the ruined cities; and you will walk, I suppose, along the streets of Pompeii, and see the wheel tracks in the pavement, along which carts and chariots rumbled two thousand years ago. Meanwhile if you go nearer home—to the Crystal Palace, and to the Pompeiian Court, as it is called—you will see an exact model of one of these old buried houses, copied even to the very paintings on the walls, and judge for yourself, as far as a little boy can judge, what sort of life these thoughtless, luckless people lived two thousand years ago. And what had become of Vesuvius, the treacherous mountain? Half or more than half of the side of the whole crater had been blown away; and what was left, which is now called the Monte Somma, stands in a half circle round the new cone and new crater, which is burning at this very day.

True, after that eruption which killed Pliny, Vesuvius fell asleep again, and did not awake for one hundred and thirty-four years, and then again for two hundred and sixty-nine years; but it has been growing more and more awake as the ages have passed on, and now hardly a year passes without its sending out smoke and stones from its crater, and streams of lava from its sides.—Good Words for the Young.

LONG LIFE.

Rev. C. E. Ferrin, pastor of the Congregational Church at Hinesburgh, Vt., has given to the public an elaborate and valuable article on the subject of "Long Life to the Righteous." After stating that God promises special protection to his children, and bestows health and long life and other good gifts in answer to prayer, he proceeds to give the result of his observation for fifteen years in the town of Hinesburgh. He says:

The whole number of deaths given in this record is 336. Of these, 302 were given in 20 years of age, and no church-member died under 20 years of age. Of these 302, 90 were members of an evangelical church, and 112 were not, though at least 28 of these left comforting evidences to their evangelical friends that they died in the exercise of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

The number of these 90 church-members who lived to be 60 years of age is 5; 2; of church-members who lived to be over 50 years of age, 18; of the others, 11: of church-members who lived to be over 70 years of age 42; of others, 24: of church-members who lived to be over 60 years of age, 55; of others, 43. The whole number of church-members who died under 60 years of age is 35; of others, 69; of church-members who died under 40 years of age is 27; of others, 56; of church-members who died under 40 years of age is 17; of others, 46; of church members who died under 30 years of age is 10; of others, 33. Reducing the calculation, so as to show what would be the proportion of deaths of these two classes of persons, in one hundred who die at these ages, the result is, that out of 100 persons who live to be over 60 years of age, 77 are church-members, 23 are not; of 100 who live to be over 50 years of age, 67 are church-members, 33 are not; of 100 who live to be over 70 years of age, 69 are church-members, 31 are not; of 100 who live to be over 60 years of age, 61 are church-members, 39 are not. Out of 100 deaths under 60 years of age, 39 are church-members, 61 are not; out of 100 deaths under 50 years of age, 37 are church-members, 63 are not; out of 100 deaths under 40 years of age, 32 are church-members, 68 are not; out of 100 deaths under 30 years, 27 are church-members, 73 are not.

These figures are intensely significant; and when it is conceded, as it must be, that some church-members are very deficient in living graces, and do this very scrupulously in many respects, it appears justifiable to say that the chances of life from 20 years old and upwards are at least two to one—may we not say more than two to one?—in favor of those who keep the commandments of God.

The record, already examined with respect to adults, contains the deaths of 134 persons under 20 years of age. Of these 34 belonged to families where one or both of the parents were members of an evangelical church, and 100 to other families. The ratio is nearly as three to one in favor of Christian families. Though it is not possible to say precisely what the ratio of these two classes of families has been to each other during all these fifteen years, it is certain that the number has been nearly equal, as the whole record of adult deaths would show, and especially when modified by the fact that in many families only one parent is a church member.

Another comparison involves no such uncertainty, and yet is quite as significant as the former. The average age at death of 34—all that belonged to Christian families is 7.26 years; of the hundred others, 3.20 years. The ratio is more than two to one in favor of the Christian upbringing of children, even for our low standard of it. What would it be if parents kept, and taught their children to keep, all the perfect law of God?

The most startling fact of the whole record appears in the great number, and the greatly disproportionate number, of deaths in unchrist-

ian families, of those precious little innocents, that had not vital force enough, or did not receive wise and religious care enough, to live beyond the first year; in believing families the record is six; in other families, forty-one. The ratio is nearly seven to one against those families where God is not worshipped, and his word not regarded; and this, too, without counting those numerous cases of both premature and immature births that never come to the knowledge of the public, and never find place on the records of the parish minister.

RANDOM READINGS.

Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly are we in the habit of paying for its counterfeit.

No person ever got stung by horns who kept away from where they were. It is just so with bad habits.

True religion shows its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

The nearer we live to Jesus, and the closer our walk is with him, the less inclination we have for pursuits and pleasures in which he is not the object.

Have the courage to drop the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced he lacks principle. "A friend should bear a friend's infirmities," but not his vices.

Live as in God's sight, mindful of thy position as a child of God, and as a servant of Jesus. Meditate on his word; pray always. Then you will know when to close and when to open the lips; when to listen; and how to behave, if wrongfully accused.

JOY.

Not by appointment do we meet Delight And Joy; they heed not our expectancy. But round some corner in the streets of life, They on a sudden clasp us with a smile.

—Gerald Massey.

There is more joy in enduring a cross for God than in the smiles of the world; in a private, despised affliction, without the name of suffering for his cause, or anything in it like martyrdom, but only as coming from his hand, kissing it, and bearing it patiently, yes, gladly, because it is his will.

KINDNESS AND LOVE.

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

"When my mother says no there's no yes in it." Here's a sermon in a nut shell. Multitudes of parents say "No," but after a good deal of teasing and debate it finally becomes "Yes." Love and kindness are the essential elements in the successful management of children; but firmness, decision, integrity, and uniformity of treatment are no less important.

HINTS ON SPEAKING.—Resist the temptation of circulating ill reports; spread them not at all. If you cannot speak well of another, at least do not speak ill of him. Never speak ill of another behind his back. Why should you consider his character of less value than your own? Speak of others as you would were they present; speak as a friend of him who is absent, and cannot speak for himself.

The prevailing sin of the day is self-indulgence. It is eating like a canker into the life of many of our churches. It leaves Christ's ministers to address empty pews on unpleasant Sabbaths. It robs Christ's treasury to keep up a showy "turn out." It hangs a bough of profession over on the church-side of the dividing wall, yet its roots are deep down in the soil of world. It is often ready to deny Christ, but seldom ready to deny self.

PROVIDENCE has a thousand keys, to open a thousand doors, for the deliverance of His own.—Rutherford.

For each one of us no business can be of more pressing moment, of more urgent importance, than the discovery of our besetting sin.

The only religion possible to man is the religion of penitence. The righteousness of man cannot be the integrity of the virgin citadel which has never admitted the enemy; it can never be more than the integrity of the city which has been surprised and roused, and which, having expelled the invader with blood in the streets, has suffered great inward loss.

A good, finished scandal, fully armed and equipped, such as circulates in the world, is rarely the production of a single individual, or even of a single coterie. It sees the light in one; is brooded and nurtured in another; is petted, developed and attains its growth in a third, and receives its finishing touches only after passing through a multitude of hands.

THERE are many things which claim a portion of our time, thrusting themselves upon us. Should we not watch with jealous care these intruders, and allow nothing to come between us and our God?—Congregationalist.

SURE I am that it is better to be sick providing Christ come to the bedside, and draw by the curtains, and say, "Courage I am thy salvation! than to enjoy health, being lusty and strong, and never to be visited of God.—Rutherford.

THE THREE RS.—Dr. Ryland's advice to his young academicians was: "Mind, no sermon is of any value, or likely to be useful, which has not the three Rs in it—

Ruin by the Fall.
Redemption by Christ.
Regeneration by the Holy Spirit.

Of himself, the Rev. Royland Hill remarked "My aim in every case is, a stout, lusty call to sinners, to quicken the saints, and to be made a universal blessing to all."—Sidney's Life of Rev. R. Hill.

Charity loses its benign influence when heralded by ostentation. Certain good should never be relinquished for uncertain hopes.